

THE
BAILLE
1876-

V O L.
9.-10.

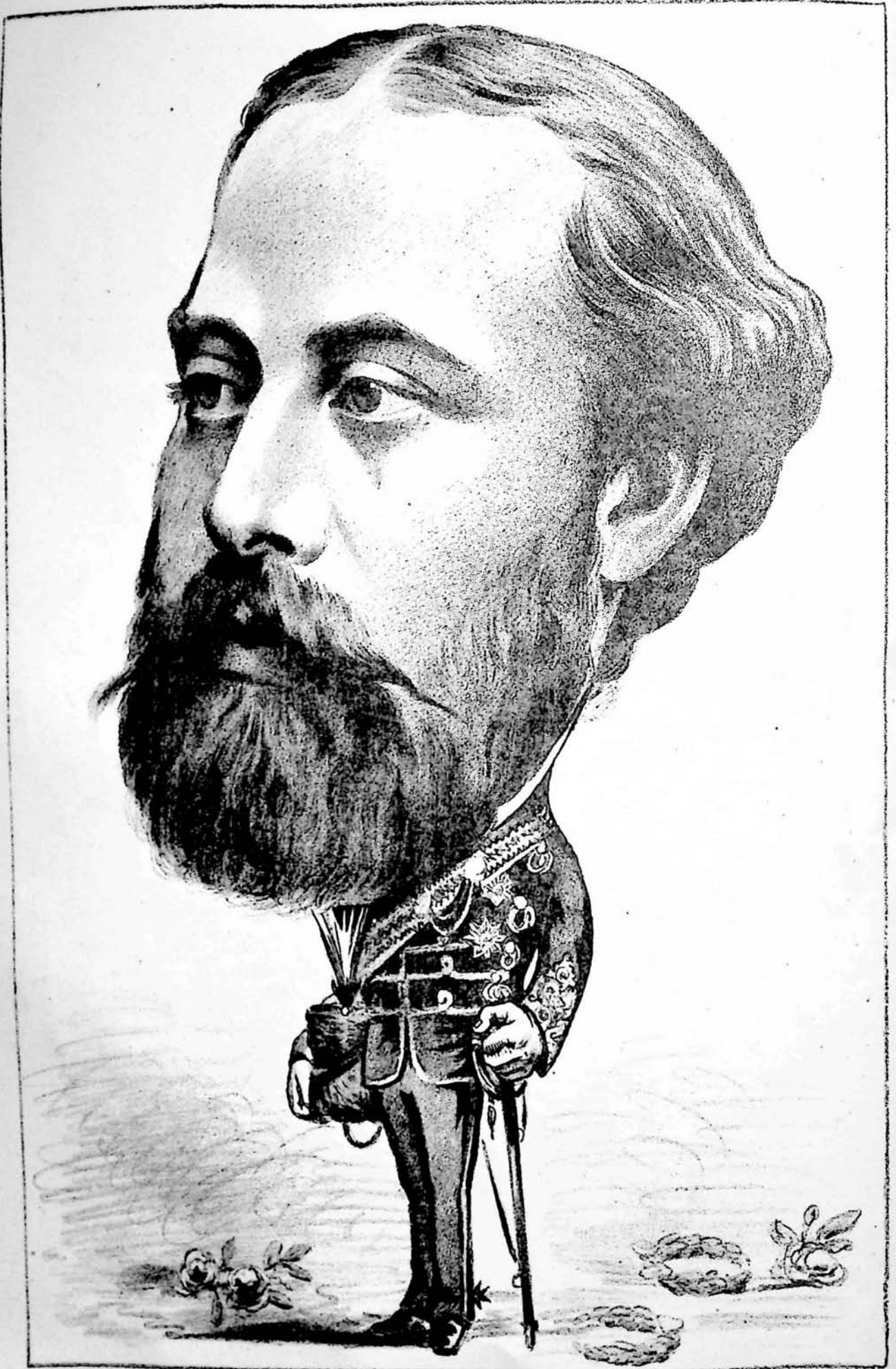
The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

MEN YOU KNOW.—VOLUME IX.

- 209. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
- 210. FERGUS FERGUSON.
- 211. JOHN TAYLOR, JUNR.
- 212. HENRY IRVING.
- 213. FRANCIS WILLIAM CLARK.
- 214. JOHN M'CALLUM.
- 215. JAMES THOMSON.
- 216. JAMES B. RUSSELL, M.D.
- 217. GEORGE C. M. DOUGLAS, D.D.
- 218. JOHN T. CARRODUS.
- 219. ALEXANDER FORRESTER.
- 220. WILLIAM DICK.
- 221. JAMES WHITE.

- 222. JAMES LEITCH.
- 223. RICHARD (LORD) HOUGHTON.
- 224. JAMES MORRISON GALE.
- 225. JAMES A. AITKEN.
- 226. WILLIAM BLACK.
- 227. JOHN MARSHALL LANG, D.D.
- 228. W. R. M'PHUN.
- 229. CHARLES SANTLEY.
- 230. GEORGE GRAY.
- 231. HUGH BLACKBURN.
- 232. UNCLE HENSON.
- 233. WILLIAM AULD.
- 234. JOHN SIMS REEVES.

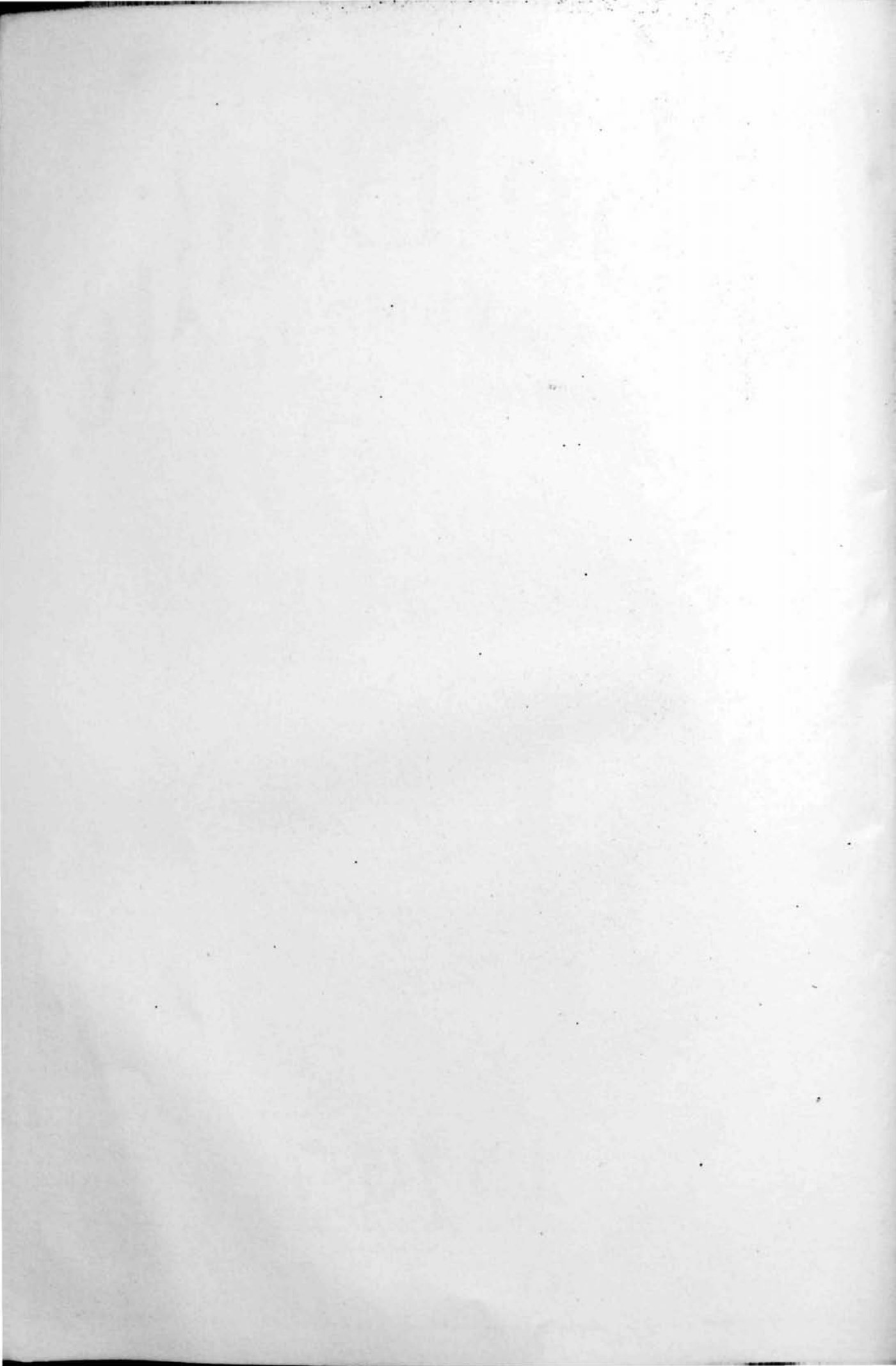


The Baillie

VOLUME IX.



1876-7



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 209 Glasgow, Wednesday, October 18th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 209.

THE BAILIE sincerely sympathises with Lord Provost Bain in this his great trouble. For days he has been the sorest-trying personage in the West of Scotland.

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.

So spake William Shakespeare through the mouth of the great Cardinal over three hundred years ago, and what was true of the Tudors in 1530 is still true of the Guelphs in 1876. H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES is a Prince from the tip of his coronet to the heels of his boots. He is gay and gallant, he has the graceful presence and winning manners of the monarchical caste; but he is also as mindful of his dignity, as conservative of his favours as any autocrat of them all. In his dealings with Mayors and Provosts, and parochial notabilities generally, ALBERT EDWARD manifests an indifference for their wants and wishes which is altogether kingly in its way. He makes no show of disguising his feelings concerning them. They are bores, to be avoided if possible, and when their presence must be borne there is no need to pretend that it is other than a necessary evil. A cup of physic is always a cup of physic, and to call it Falernian or wine of Cyprus will not improve its flavour by one iota. This, or something like this, was at the bottom of the rather cavalier treatment experienced by our city authorities in 1868; this, or something like this, is at the bottom of the very cavalier treatment they are now experiencing in 1876. How far the Lord Provost has brought the worry on himself, the BAILIE will not now inquire. It is sufficient for the Magistrate that

VOL. IX

the dignity of the city is being maintained. We all know the parallel which is sometimes drawn between Sir John Falstaff's "good shallow young fellow, who would have made a good pantler, who would have chipped bread well," and the present Heir Apparent to the Throne. To the BAILIE'S mind, however, the two men, alike as they may be in externals, have but little in common in those things that lie below the surface. "Harry Monmouth" and "BERTIE" are both of them gallant gentlemen; the later Prince, like the earlier, has quaffed his cup of sack with Ned Poin at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap; but the son of Albert and Victoria could as little have ordered the execution of Alan Blanchard in cold blood as he could have conceived the political moves which ended in Henry V. being declared Regent of France, or led that fierce charge at Agincourt when a handful of starving Englishmen broke the ranks of the proud chivalry led by the Duc d'Alencon. The PRINCE OF WALES has all the necessary qualifications to render him popular with the nation at large. It is understood that his leanings are in favour of Toryism, but, unlike his father, he never dabbles in politics. He is a capital rider across country, a good shot, a spirited yachtsman, and is addicted to out-of-door sports of every description. His tastes, indeed, are those of his countrymen at large. He can appreciate the fun of a song by Arthur Lloyd, and he would rather laugh with Toole than with Jefferson. Then the PRINCE has a fine, healthy delight in travel. No chief of a ruling house ever rambled so much over the world as he has done. He visited Palestine with Dean Stanley, the United States with the Duke of Newcastle, and Lucknow with Lord Carrington. Paris is almost as familiar to him as London, and he never seems to tire of moving, when in England, from one district to another. The attack of fever to which he was subjected a year

or two ago greatly increased the very general liking that had previously existed for the person of His Royal Highness. For the hour he was the popular hero over the entire length and breadth of the land. We all sorrowed at his illness, and we all rejoiced at his recovery. To-day, when he is present in Glasgow, the BAILIE knows that his townsfolk will put their best foot forward. Royal visits are few and far between in the West of Scotland. Those of the cynical persuasion have had enough and to spare of sneers for the past day or two, but on Tuesday (to-day) our population will be on the streets, and wigs will be tossed in the air, and the universal cry will be "God bless the PRINCE OF WALES," to which the Magistrate will only add "Health and long life to our stout Lord Provost, Sir Jeems the Fifth."

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT the Police Commissioners held their monthly meeting on Monday week.

That it was a "nicht with" our Rubbart, and he made it lude.

That it was great fun to the reporters who were taking notes.

That personal abuse does not add to the dignity of the Commissioners.

That when our Rubbart's excited, his sentences grow involved, and his grammar gets somewhat peculiar.

That he says, "If I accuse people of interrupting me, the simplest, honestest way is to point out the party interrupting me."

That Rubbart is a member of the Schuil Brod, and above the most lively rules of grammar.

That he calls the "Regent" a despot and a tyrant—only think, the Regent a despot and a tyrant!!

That smugger under his wrongs (?) he told the tyrant and the despot—"You'll maybe can hear me when you'll no can help it."

That there is some dreadful meaning hidden under those mysterious words.

That Chapel House, in his most winning manner, tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, but it was no go.

That the retiring member for the Fourth Ward made his last effort in the Council to open the Fountain Garden gates.

That he made a good appearance, but failed to open the West gates; and the working man can't go through.

That the Town Council whitebait supper—at which the retiring members usually indicate if they wish to go back again—came off on Tuesday last.

That amongst other declarations, the joking member for the Second Ward is pledged to stand.

That some of the candidates are sadly in want of a war cry.

STATUS OF STATUES.

Ars est celare artem.

"Concealing of art is of art the perfection."

And proofs of our skill in such art are not scanty;

For instance, our statues take "in this connection,"

And see how conceal'd, the *in statu quo ante*.

But then this "perfection of art" we evince

But rarely—it's not ev'ry day we've a Prince.

Costume for the Chief Magistrate—The Auld-bairn.

The Habbits of the Savang.

SIXTEENTH AVENUE, Noo York, Oct. 1, 1876.

SIRR,—Sence I hev arriv to heer with my live Savang, Mister Barnum guesses it wood only be perlite to let the Britishers no sumthir about the habbits of the critter sence he were bagged in the Kibbel; so I send yew a korrekt kotation from the kattylog of our Muzeeum, ritten all by myself:—"No. 1,000,001. Spedshimen of the mail savang (*savangicuss Britannicuss*) It were sekewered for this killexion at grate eckspence. His habbits is peakoolier. He brakefusts in bed on tee, hamm, and Hucksley; he bites hiz nales till dinner-time, when he tux in consoomedly, taiks Shaixpeer and appel-dumplin for dezert, and conkludes with lite wines and Martin Tupper. Then he goze inn for forty winx, all the time performin a number of toons on hiz noze, in varyus kees. When he waiks, he bites the remaneder of his nales, and after tee and toos maiks trax for his eskritwar, and pegs on, riting paypers—this bein hiz cheef objek in life. Dewritin this bizniss, he jiggers hiz left leg; twiddles th 3 last hares on his hed; maiks faces at his payper; and dabs hizself all over with ink, till he i like the spotted lepperd (third compartmint tev the rite). Hiz midnite ile is O.P. Bourbon, at a doller a pint.

"After bed-time he hev tew be watched, as one nite, at 3 in the mornin, he was kotched a scramblin up a chimley-can, with a lamp in hiz hand. He sed he was gwine to try the effekt of Sir Wilyam Tomson's winkin-lite in a noo klimate.

"This kewrious cuss will reed wan of hiz paypers 3 times daily at 12, 4, and 8, when two cents a-hed extra will be charged. No pusson will be alloud to taik notes, sence Mr B. hev arrainged with the Press for a supply of stuff for prentin when thar is a skairsity of paddin."

With my best respex, I am, yeurs,

JON. CHAUBAKKE, B.M.

N.B.—This noo spellin ov my naim iz kopypyrite.

"SEE OORSELS AS ITERS SEE US."—A local criticaster in an article entitled "How to Read and what to Read about," says:—"It is an excellent plan to have about one always the pocket edition of some favourite author, to whose pages you can turn. *Let it not be carried about for show.*" The Ass says that advice like charity, ought to begin at home. Twiggez-vous!

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d, from CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram Street, or 121 Buchanan Street.

Adventures of a "Distinette."

A CERTAIN stationer who always sells his customers along with his goods introduced my species into Glasgow. Marshalled on a card, attached to which was a gushing paragraph setting forth our Parisian atrocities, we became stationary in his window for a short time, but were cheerfully discarded as the six-pences flowed in.

I was bought by a young man whose curiosity urged him to acquire me, though the dignity of eighteen summers made him ashamed of my possession. He tried me stealthily in his trousers pocket as he sped along, pressing his finger gently, as if half afraid of producing a series of startling explosions.

Anxious to give me a fair trial, he no sooner reached his office, than he rushed for the safe, shut the door and cracked away in that retreat for half-an-hour.

At the end of that time he had had enough. He then saw I was too dear at a penny, and, conscious of his late degrading employment he sneaked into the office, and was very humble, even to the "boy," all the rest of that day.

My penitent purchaser's little brother was not ashamed of me. His favourite amusement was to conceal me in his pocket, and stroll along the street cracking me vigorously under the nose of every passenger, on each of whom he bestowed a wink that plainly said "Wait a minute. I'll astonish you, I'll make you jump." The worst of this sport was that nobody seemed to notice it.

Craving for excitement he timidly experimented with me in school one day.

Spinning out of the window, I left him doing his own cri-cri over his tingling fingers. Lying in the gutter I was cheered by the voices of my compatriots, and felt with pride that we were giving a tone to society.

A ragged urchin picked me up, and with him I attended the meetings of the Foundry Boys' Society, where I studied sacred music, and such melodies as—

"While I do live and the stars do shine,
I'll drink no more of the ruby wine,"

adding, by my presence and hearty participation, not a little to the harmony of the meetings.

Alas, for human gratitude, we were outlawed, and ruthless monitors confiscated us right and left. My master was leaving the hall one night squeezing me fondly with his thumb and fore-finger, when I was rudely torn from his grasp.

Clenching his fist, he looked up and beheld a sanctimonious young man, frowning through his spectacles with terrible severity, which so awed my poor master that he dropped the idea of vengeance like a hot potato and slunk sadly away.

This promising Christian (an M. & S. convert) keeps me for his own use, and in his possession I do a lot of mischief, as nobody suspects such an exemplary young man; indeed, if anybody did, my master would put on his spectacles and frown suspicion into the middle of next week.

He attended a prayer meeting last night, and so well did I behave, that all the small boys in our neighbourhood were summarily ejected on suspicion. If we are not discovered, which is impossible, we shall thrive better in sacred than in secular society, there is so much scope for roguery among the innocents.

Good-bye.

New Meanings of Old Words.

DR JOHNSON says custom determines the fate of the English language. We live to see the apophthegm verified:—

- AUNT, ant, noun common—a stingy, stinging, hoarding insect.
 AUNTY, ante, noun, invariably active—taking precedence.
 BROTHER, noun, m s t i regular—a bother.
 BUTTER, noun, active in summer—batter.
 pas ive in winter—bitter.
 incessantly active all the year round—butterine.
 CARP, noun, irrep'essive'y active everywhere—an unpalatable, un-social, unwelcome fish, allied to the stickleback. Eschew him.
 CHUB, CUB, noun, slightly masculine—a beardless, blubberly, adolescent fish, vulgar'y called a hobbledohoy, overcome with lass(i)itude. Pity him.
 DAB, noun, common—in extremely flat, contemptible fish. At school, a booby; at cricket, a fag; in love, a laggard; in business, a sluggard; in song, a chromatic degree under pitch; to'erated at the side of a quadrille, or foot of a contra-dance; universally "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Pass him.
 DAIRY, a noun, too common—a shop, decorated with phosphorescent matches, pitch fire'ights unorthodox biscuits, unripe apples, suspicious oatcake, veteran bacon hams, imperceptibly rather than beautifully growing less; all that fancy can suggest to impart the de-iderated *gout* to the lacteal luxury; grub-room, bed-room, visiting parlour, scullery, washing-house, with *generous* water-tap, all in one, attached. Enter not.

A NIGHT OF THE RAIN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Uneasy lies the head on Prince of Wales's feathers,
Between its dreams a-night, and various sorts of weathers.

The Factors' Association—The Republic of letters. (He-haw)!

PROPHET V. KING.—Tom Wittiman says his governor won't shut up the office on the day of the royal visit because he prefers a profit to a king.

To our Readers, &c.

GOOD Friends, you may not think it, but 'tis now
 Four years since first the BAILIE made his bow
 Before a public not at all too prone
 To welcome comic journals like his own;
 Since, in these years—a period but brief—
 The few like ventures have all come to grief.
 His Worship, therefore, feels a conscious pride
 That he, where others failed, should still abide—
 A hearty, healthy, jovial old fellow,
 Becoming, as he ages, ripe and mellow.

'Tis curious that the Prince and the Princess
 To-day, come, like His Worship, through the press;
 To-day, like him, are having a review;
 To-day, like him, are founding something new.
 'Tis well! for thus our Visitors will see
 With what delight and eager bursts of glee
 The citizens of Glasgow can combine
 To greet the founding of our VOLUME NINE!

For after all, what is a Postal Wing?
 It is, in truth, a very common thing—
 Not really worth (can any body doubt it?)
 One half the mighty fuss that's made about it.
 But VOLUME NINE!! Ay, there you have a Pile
 That better merits ev'n a Prince's smile!
 In human nature its foundations lie.
 On double columns it is reared on high—
 Fair shafts of wit on wisdom's basement built,
 Their capitals by fun and frolic gilt;
 Its roof with cunning jests is fretted o'er;
 Rich clustering puns are trellised on its floor;
 Around its walls, above and eke below,
 Are graven figures of the "Men you Know;"
 And, in the rear, if onward you but pass,
 You'll find the grotto sacred to the Ass.

But truce to this; for, ere this jingle ends,
 His Worship begs to thank his "troops of friends,"—
 Both those who read and those who advertise,
 For in their hands his fortune really lies:
 Through them, his borders have been much extended,
 For them, what faults there were have been amended.
 Henceforth, believe it, he will do his best
 To find, ev'n in dull times, the cheery jest,
 To baffle misery with sharpest wit,
 And rouse the care-worn with a timely 'hit.'

To-day, forgive him, if, when deafening cheers
 Of loyal welcome greet his gladsome ears,
 He blows a sounding blast on his own horn,
 Rejoicing o'er the birth of his Ninth-born!

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are getting capital audiences at the Royal with the "Shaughraun." But this is just what the piece, and the way it is set and acted, deserves. Miss Rose Massey is quite "awfully fetching" in the part of *Claire*. Her love passages with *Captain Mollinoux*, otherwise Mr G. C. Murray, are the most delightful bits of sentiment you could imagine. To sit in the stalls and watch the billing and cooing between the pair, you can hardly help thinking they are quite in earnest.

Then the *Harvey Duff* of Tom Nerney is a really splendid bit of acting; O'Grady has all the broad humour needed to personate *Coun* to the life; and little Miss Ryan—why, Miss Ryan is just the *Mrs Asthore* that one of your poetical friends celebrated in musical verse a fortnight ago.

Mr Wm. Glover is about to take his departure for Liverpool, where he will see to the production of "Ship Ahoy!" in the Am. hi. Goston will be the *Joe Basalt* of the cast, Charley Groves the *Solomon Tudge*, and Dewhurst has been engaged for Wm.

Rignol's old part, *Captain Anderson*. The piece ought to draw out the Liverpudlians.

The Mr Ferguson who plays *Robert Ffolliott* in the "Shaughraun," bears a striking resemblance to Edwin Brooke, who was a favourite in playgoing circles during his stay in the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street. Ferguson is very young, and he has all the dash and vigour of youth—a characteristic of adolescence which it is always pleasant for fogies like you and I, BAILIE, to meet with.

Following Charley Collette and his company, we shall have at the Gaiety another spell of the national drama. It isn't "Rob Roy" this time, but "Jeanie Deans," which is, as played by the Gaiety Company, one of the most successful of Scotch pieces. Gourlay will be the *Dumbie Dykes*, Miss Eloise Juno *Janie*, and Miss Gourlay *Madge Wildfire*. After that, *que voulez-vous?* Miss Juno, I may mention, is a native of Edinburgh, and was some nine years leading lady at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

"Our Boys" will then have a 'three weeks' run, and give place to Mr Bernard's pantomime, which is progressing in preparation. Among the engagements completed are those of Miss Alexina Anderson and Mr H. Coulsone, an "eccentric" from the Queen's Minstrels, and several minor lights of approved ability.

Charley Mathews is said to be building a villa for himself on the shores of Lake Como.

At the London "Folly," late the Charing Cross, Lydia Thompson is about to produce a second edition of "Blue Beard," together with a new version of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Lal Brough plays *Pecksniff* in this last.

Arthur Cecil, the popular character actor, is a barrister, and has chambers in Brick Court, Temple.

John Hollingshead, who has taken the London Opera Comique, probably opens with Collette in "Bounce." Will it pay? It never has yet, though it's a lovely house.

I fancy, says a London friend who knows a thing or two about theatrical matters, that the "Duke's Device" at the Olympic is not so successful as could be wished. I hear, he adds, of fresh engagements by Henry Neville for a new play at this house. Fisher is one of the new comers.

Charles Wyndham's Crystal Palace Dickens' dramas are proving quite a hit.

Coghlan, whose "Brothers" is about to be produced at the Court Theatre, has another new play ready.

When "Joe" retires from the London Globe, her place will be taken by Alfred Cellier's "Tower of London," an operetta already produced at the Prince's, Manchester, with success.

J. S. Clarke's connection with the Haymarket will shortly terminate. I hear that Graves, the celebrated publisher of engravings in Pall Mall, has taken it, and that he's anxious that the Kendals should manage it for him. Of course, at present that is out of the question; but next year, perhaps, very likely. Eh?

Mr Bernard of the Gaiety was present enjoying himself in the stalls of the London Prince of Wales, over "Peril," a few nights ago.

The glories of Astley's are to be revived. The celebrated old spectacle of the Battle of Waterloo is to be reproduced, in which it is said over 1000 men and beasts will appear.

The libretto of Fred. Cowen's new opera, "Pauline," is an adaptation of Lytton's "Lady of Lyons," by W. Hersee, father of Rose Hersee, and himself a musical critic. I fancy Lytton will not be improved from what I hear.

The *Times*' dramatic critic, young Master Mowbray Morris, who has been catching it so hot from the managers of the London theatres, is a nephew of Mr Editor Delane, and a godson of Walter, the proprietor of the paper. Morris is desirous of being relieved from his critical functions, and sent out to Servia as a war "special."

A number of gentlemen, including the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Walter S. Raleigh, and Theodore Martin, entertain hopes of starting a National Theatre in imitation of the Theatre Francais at Her Majesty's, which has never been occupied, except by Moody and Sankey, since it was re-built. 'Tis a fruitless project, I fear. One of the features of the scheme is a proposal that artists of position should take moderate salaries and inferior parts

if called upon to do so, and all for pure love of art. Art is good, but when one has a wife and child—

An old friend of yours, my Magistrate, I mean Mr James Christie, the artist who limned for you the features of "Railway Jock," and of a score of other "Men you Know," is doing good work in oil. I was in his studio in Paisley the other day, and was quite charmed with a "Head of an Old Man," which recalled in some measure the style of the Flemish masters. He had also a clever *genre* picture, the subject of which was a group of miners playing cards; and two capital portrait groups. Christie, who is a student of the Royal Academy, returns to London this week, after a lengthened stay in Scotland. Next summer, should the fates prove propitious, he proposes to spend in the *ateliers* of one or other of the more prominent Continental artists.

When in Paisley I had also a peep at a delightful flower-piece painted by Mr Charles Hayes, a gentleman who, were he to devote less time to teaching, and more to real artistic work, would soon become a favourite among picture connoisseurs in the West.

Mr Airlie has provided a treat for his friends at Saturday's City Hall Concert. Madame Sinico, Signor Campobello, and their well-known company are to appear.

By the way, talking of the Royal visit, did you hear the rumour that it is not intended to restore George Square to the condition it has been in for some time, but to pave it all over. Of course, the proprietors will have something to say to this; but don't you think it would be a great pity to do away with almost the only "oasis" in the centre of the city. It never was made a great deal of in the way of ornament, but when a fellow got a glimpse of the grass in hurrying past intent on other thoughts than green fields, it did him good.

May I remind your readers that last week's "Man you Know" is to be on view in the City Hall on Thursday evening, when he will open the course of Science Lectures with a discourse on "Fermentation."

The Greenock Folk are Saying—

THAT the parsons mustered strong on the anti-licensing platform.

That their utterances showed that there is little to choose between Presbyterian and Popish Intolerance.

That "Saint Thomas" surprised many by playing the part of a spiteful political agitator on behalf of one of his session.

That the shipbuilding youth should keep a calm sough about the "trade."

That few men with the same antecedents, and property communications, would have cared to venture on such a platform.

That the Club-ites will have to look to their ways if his "serene puffed-up-ness" becomes the occupant of the Corner House.

That the G.T.'s hope to secure the reversion of the Provostship for him by gradually packing the Council with their creatures.

That they will manage it too unless the general body of electors exert themselves to stop their little game.

That recent bankruptcy revelations in the building trade are of "National" importance.

That if all accounts are true there is a good deal more to follow in the same line.

That lots of heckling is anticipated at the approaching Ward Meetings.

That the Levan horse is still first in the running for the Blue Riband.

AUX BARRICADES!

(Argyle Street, Saturday Night, 11.30 P.M.)

Toby—"Look here, Bill; ain't this jolly? Blowed if it ain't like Rotten Row!

Bill—"Shut up! What d' y' ken about it? The posts, man, are tae keep ye f' fa'in on tae the street. Jist grup them as ye gang along, and ye'll man hame without ony bother.

[*Exeunt, singing "Home, Sweet Home."*]

Quavers.

THE advent of H.R.H. has caused such attendance at the rehearsals of the Choral Union as is seldom seen in the Lesser City Hall. Of course, this means that a capital opportunity will be afforded of seeing the royal pair at the foundation stone. The Union will sing "Old Hundred," the National Anthem, and "God B'ess the Prince of Wales."

The Pollokshields Musical Association are to study Gade's "Zion" this season, and it looks, by the by, as if there was to be a run on this little work, for it is of a sort that suits smaller choral societies pretty well, and is being chosen accordingly.

In the Crosshill neighbourhood another very suitable composition is in favour just now—Farmer's Mass in B Flat, given by the Prospecthill Society last year. Two choirs have taken it up this season, the one connected with Queen's Park U.P. Church, and the other with the Wesleyan Church in Cathcart Road.

The first-named of these is a new society in a sense. The musical talent in the church had been allowed to run to waste, and the singing generally to get into a very bad state; but now an effort is being made to recover something of lost prestige. So, besides their usual work, they are going in for hard study of Farmer's melodious piece of music; and they intend to produce it with orchestral accompaniment, the composer having lent the parts. One thing would be found an improvement—singing the Latin words in place of the English. The latter, which the choir is using, do not suit the music nearly so well as the Latin, to which majestic original the music has clearly been written.

The Wesleyan choir is a smaller one than the other, but it is in enthusiastic and tasteful hands.

On Wednesday night the Glasgow Sol-fa Choral Society give a concert of sacred and secular selections in the City Hall.

The choral music is of a broad character, Handel predominating in the sacred pieces, and Bishop, Danby, and Byrd holding place among the secular. Dr Peace contributes a couple of organ solos. The programme is further enlivened by some songs.

Your contributor is unab'le to do any more for you this week, his loyal feelings being rather beyond command. He begs the favour of insertion of the following humble adaptation, to the present joyful circumstances, of a verse of the Linley-Brinley Richards national anthem:—

Behind the wooden pilings,
And from the rows of rails,
Come let the cry re-echo,
Long live the Prince of Wales.
With princess and with princeling,
He comes to George's Square,
To lay the stone of building,
That soon will rise up there.
Behind, &c.

NOT THE GLO'STER.—When Councillor Neil said that Lord-Provost Bain in his robes looked like Richard the Third, surely he did not mean that with His Lordship it looked "all dicky."

THE SECOND COURSE.—If the Prince of Wales dines at Blythswood instead of in Kelvin-grove, it must be remembered that not only does His Royal Highness take a title from Renfrew, but also that of a large portion of the city over which His Lordship reigns, Colonel Campbell is the "superior."

"The Deil amang the Taylors"—Mr M'Dermid at the Free Church Presbytery.

DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART, ETC.

Whether or not right roll'd the ball,
That Jeems should sympathy let fall,
"This was th' unkindest cut of all."

More Hydropathic Information.

"I'LL trouble one of you fellows for a light, and then I've got something more to say about Melthorn. Thanks; now we can begin comfortably.

"For a young man who wants to marry, there's no place that I know of can hold a candle to Melthorn. Splendid collection of assorted female loveliness always on hand, from the bread-and-butter miss of sixteen to the mature and well-developed widow of goodness knows how many summers, on the rampage for a husband for the third or fourth time, as the case may be; and each individual female loveliness apparently perfectly willing to have a try at matrimony.

"The greatest favourite of the lot while I was there was a young lady called, *par excellence*, The Heiress, who was currently reported to have a thousand a year. I can't say as to the truth of that, but I can depone that she wore a couple of very nice diamond rings and a capital set of false teeth. Well, that girl moved about from dewy morn till dewy eve, surrounded by a crowd of never less than sixteen fellows, all desperately in love with her—thousand a year. Thirty-two hands assisted her to put on her shawl as she went out, and to take it off when she came in; thirty-two hands simultaneously helped her to potatoes at dinner, till the girl was actually barricaded in by vegetables; sixteen arms were promptly offered to conduct her to the piano when she was going to favour us with a little music; and thirty-two flew up stairs to fetch her fan, the happy man who secured it coming back with a radiant smile, and the other fifteen dropping into the room at intervals in an aimless way, trying very hard to look unconcerned. If any one of the sixteen could have got her alone for five minutes of course he'd have proposed at once, but none of them ever could; and to propose in the presence of fifteen grinning rivals would require more courage than you'll easily find in the nineteenth century.

"Unfortunately I'm not a marrying man myself, but I strongly advise some of you rising accountants, and stockbrokers, and people of that sort, to run down to Melthorn. I suppose she's there still; and perhaps the crowd won't be so big now. Then there was our sentimental tenor vocalist, deeply attached to a little chit of a girl who used to play his accompaniments for him, and at whom he warbled his amatory strains in the most painfully obvious way. He was really a very good singer, but I'm afraid the

effort of throwing a tender expression into his high A's, and trying to look affectionate while almost black in the face with his vocal exertions, will prove too much for him one of these days.

"You must know the gas in the Melthorn drawing-room is always screwed off at 10.30 prompt, whatever is going on. As a rule, when 10.30 came, our tenor would be agonising over 'Once Again,' or 'The Maid of Athens,' or 'If Doughty Deeds,' with Miss Lucy pounding away at the piano as usual, and of course, the gas invariably went out right in the middle of a verse. I rather think the tenor must have sworn a good deal inwardly.

"Eh? Is it eleven? All right, then, my dear, we're just going.

"Then there was the comic man, who sang songs and did conjuring tricks and ventriloquism, and made speeches after—a long way after—Maccabe, and gave recitations and made himself generally idiotic.

"Hullo! By Jove! they've turned the gas out on us next! quite reminds me of Melthorn, upon my word. Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to grope our way to the door."

To My Old Umbrella.

MY blessings on thee, ancient friend,
Now, like thine owner, near thy end;
To match with thee I know of none,
Thou art a perfect paragon.

Long, long ago when love was young,
Fond hearts beneath thee found a tongue,
And often blessed the passing shower
That brought the shelter of thy bower.

Thou'st been at times, thou'st been elf,
As part and parcel of myself;
And here I say it in thy praise,
Thou'st helped me in a thousand ways:

To thunder forth the loud applause,
To drown with din the weak ing's jaws,
To keep at bay the midnight foe,
To smite abrupt the intrusive toe.

Thou'st never played me scurvy trick
With broken rib or splintered stick;
Nor, though the storm did roar and flout,
Hast ever turned inside out.

But once in all thy long career
Thou gav'st thy master cause for fear;
'Twas when my friend, forgetful Jack,
Took, and forgot to bring thee back.

A staff to help me in mine age,
A shelter from the tempest's rage,
And, when 'twas windy on the sea,
A sail the children made of thee.

And now, ere yet my song is o'er,
I hug thy kindly ribs once more,
And say to thee, my old umbrella,
"Goodbye! thou art a rare good fellow."

Pursuit of Royalty under Difficulties.

POOR little Toddler has been much exercised over the Royal visit for the last few days. Naturally he was desirous to get a good view of the Prince and Princess, but how it is to be done is rather a poser. The little fact that Toddler barely touches five feet in his highest heeled boots renders it necessary that he should find some coign of vantage from which to view the procession. His first impulse was to join the Volunteers, and be reviewed on the Green with the other gallant defenders of our country, but calm reflection convinced him that he could not hope to master the intricacies of the goose-step before Tuesday. Then he thought of becoming a Freemason, and reviewing H.R.H. at close quarters under cover of a fancy sash and a coloured apron, but his wife very properly objected, on the ground of the late hours and convivial habits fostered by lodge meetings. A front seat on a grand stand next suggested itself to his fertile brain, but a second look at the alarmingly temporary appearance of these shaky structures made him decide not to court destruction in that way. His next idea was to disguise himself as a policeman, or as a waiter at the Lord Provost's luncheon, but Toddler felt that either of these plans would require more nerve than he possessed for their successful execution. When last heard of he was debating the relative advantages of concealing himself under the seat of the Prince's carriage, and of climbing to the top of the fountain in the West End Park.

"Hue" and Cry.

OUR animile, like the other Ass, Mr Bottom, has been having his head scratched as to what colour he should hoist. Turkey-red might be deemed to have a political significance; of mordants he wouldn't stand the hazard of the dye; purple might be supposed to take from last session's Indian imperialism; of green he wouldn't have it thought that there was anything of the kind about him; orange is too suggestive of Dutch courage; and blue of "ta force" generally, and "ruin" in particular;—he goes in for olive, and greets H.R.H. orientally, O-LIVE FOR EVER!

COMING EVENTS, &c.—The other night saw a sword hanging over the house of Blythswood, and Colonel Campbell upon his knees. The handle was towards the Baron of Renfrew, and the blade towards a baronet.

"Thou art not what thou Seem'st."

A DOUCE old-fashioned citizen has asked the BAILIE what it is that decent sober Glasgow has been and done that it should be so caricatured, "motley'd," and "robed" like to the Lord-Provost and his "cabinet." Is it that, being the second city of the empire, its "offence is rank;" or can it be that "the expectancy and rose of the fair state" is to be "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw?" His Worship has put on his considering-cap and will digest the whole matter between this time and the elections.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM STARK, ARCHITECT.—Why was it that Q. in last week's "Monday Gossip" spoke of the spire of St. George's Church as a "Stark" steeple? Because "beauty unadorn'd's adorn'd the most," this steeple in its naked truth being the most beautiful in Glasgow.

GEE-UP, NEDDY!—The Ass has a regard for not only nationalists, but for the fitness of things generally, and hence he has decorated his stall with thistles in honour of himself, and with leeks in honour of His Royal Highness.

ON THE TAPIS.—Looking at the upholsterydom in which the city is all but smothered, the Ass is of opinion that if the Lord-Provost be made a knight, it must be upon carpet consideration.

Consolation Steaks—Those of a solatium dinner.

Knight Errand-ry—Paying royal visits.

What the Ass is Straining for—A (k)night of the thistle.

New Lighted on a Heaven-kissing Hill—Visitors to-night to the Park will for once see that luminary of learning, the University, burning the midnight oil.

A Lady in "Waiting"—Mattie for the procession.

Illuminated Letters—"Æ" and "A."

A Seat of Learning—A professional chair.

"Herald"ic Supporters—Advertisers.

The Man now Missed from the Council—Banner-man.—The wright man, *etc.*

Wright Men in the Right Place—The workmen of the Messrs MacCall as a body of royal "archers."

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "SLATEFIELD."—His Lordship is to be Sir James, so that you must now sink his youthful title, "Toffy Jamie."
- "PARK TERRACE."—There will scarcely be time to show the bouquet-holder to the Princess, but you may rely on Spiritualism, *apropos* of Dr Slade, being the topic of conversation at lunch. This is an exclusive "tip."
- "EAST-ENDER."—Bailie Thomson should have told his tale about the Collector of Police Rates to the Horse Marines.

* * * The title-page for Vol. VIII. of the BAILIE is now ready, and can be had from the Publishers.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1876.

THE BAILIE'S last number brought his fourth year and eighth volume to a close, and his Worship, as is his custom upon similar occasions, steps forward to address a few words to his constituency, the public. The reader need not take fright at this Parliamentary expression. He will

not find one word about the Eastern Question—not a single allusion to Bulgaria. No; it is the BAILIE'S purpose simply to refer briefly to what he has done in the past, and what he intends to do in the future. His readers must be sensible of the efforts which he has already made to merit the patronage which is being every week more widely extended to him, but he does not intend to rest on his oars. Having made broad his boundaries, and beheld ephemeral rivals perish on all sides, he pauses for a moment, but only in order to prepare for fresh flights. His motto, in short, is, and ever will be, "Excelsior"—as Mr LONGFELLOW hath it in very bad Latin. He has encouraged his young men to redouble their exertions, and he knows that he can depend upon them. Those gay and festive youths who do the "Thumb-nail Sketches" and "Roundabout Papers," with an occasional "toothpick criticism" of the theatre, have been provided with unlimited credit for gloves, ties, button-hole bouquets, &c., together with a roving commission "about town." Then, his Worship's poets, "wot he keeps on the premises," have been incited to fresh endeavours by a large importation of the original waters of Helicon (in assorted bottles—not unlike Apollinaris), to which, in combination with Encore Whisky, they take very kindly indeed. On the strength of various effusions, more or less asinine, the Animile claims a place among the Magisterial *sacri vates*. This claim has meanwhile been admitted; but Asinus is so determined upon carrying out Mr ALEXANDER POPE'S injunction to "drink deep" of the Pierian spring (not forgetting the attendant Encore), that his Worship is seriously contemplating the revocation of this privilege. As for the omniscient "Q.," he is becoming more startlingly omniscient every day, and *entre nous* the BAILIE is getting just a little bit afraid of his preternatural acuteness. All the other departments are in an equally effective condition, and there are, besides, in contemplation, "novelties too numerous to mention," as the advertisements say. It may interest the classical public to learn that Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS, Esq., who has been recreating for some time back at Baiæ, or Brighton, or Salernum, or Crieff, or somewhere, will in all probability return to town at an early date, and resume his observations of men and manners in the Second City. This sketch of the BAILIE'S programme should, he thinks, prove satisfactory, and he now steps once more behind the curtain, which rises on the drama of

"VOLUME THE NINTH."

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the Hammermen are monopolising all the seats of honour in the Trades' House.

That the annual dinner oratory was below the average; no "big" men being present there were floods of small talk and dulness from sma' men.

That the closing "scene" was as lively as could well be.

That Saracen Macfarlane set the ball a rolling by claiming in tones that were neither "childlike nor bland," precedence for the Hammermen over the other crafts.

That Deacon Convener Gilchrist and his craftsmen are giving him very small thanks for his officious zeal.

That the barricades in the streets are both ugly and expensive.

That they will make "the luncheon" the dearest "feed" any city ever had to pay.

That the election of Dr Kirkwood would be giving a fourth member to Glasgow.

That both Professors Dickson and Gairdner have done harm to their own candidates.

That it is the old story—wisdom is a very different thing from "learning."

That Ferniegair says his "soul" is in this election.

That the "publicans" wish his "body" was there also, or anywhere except in the Licensing Courts.

That an Edinburgh medico has been presented to the Physiological chair.

That the presentation has been approved by Professor Gairdner.

That the next time Professor Gairdner is called to consult with Dr. Ebenezer Watson, we may expect—an opinion.

That it will be a case of "Doctors differing."

That the patient will suffer accordingly.

That the elections are approaching.

That the retiring candidates are once more willing to place their services at the disposal of their respective constituencies.

That somebody must retire and make room for Ex-Lord Dean of Guild King.

That when Mr King is returned he will be cock of the walk.

That the *Herald*, following the lead of the BAILIE, insists that Mr King is to be the next Lord Provost.

That the *Mail* is still harping on Bailie Collins.

That Bailie Collins was Dr. Cameron's chair-man.

That one good turn deserves another.

That last week's ward meetings were lively.

That Councillor Neil was in great form at his meeting.

That he began well by kissing the rod and submitting himself to the *Bailie's* superior judgment.

That he took his revenge for the Lord-Provost's snub by hurling ridicule at him.

That the comparison to Richard the Third was a real "hit."

That it was too bad of Treasurer Osborne to talk about the "irreconcilables" as the meanest creatures on the earth.

That this was rather Butterine than Butter.

That the Lord-Provost should "shut up" Neil by making him a Bailie.

That Sir James Watson's long experience in the Improvement Trust has well qualified him for being Dean of Guild.

That Bailie Morrison is about to celebrate two returns.

That one of these is his return for his Ward.

That a ward with such a representative ought never to be in chance-ry.

Common Good.

THE inexhaustible bottle we have seen, nobody's child we have heard of, but what on earth is the Common Good? It is a puzzle to Town Councillors of all shades of intelligence, and were it not for the fact that it seems to afford a supply of money to pay for things which would otherwise be grudged very much, we would look on it as being another chimera of the "public benefit" order. Treasurer Osborne says it is worth about £350,000. Would he be surprised to learn that it is simply the property belonging to the burgh, and which was granted to it centuries ago for the benefit of its inhabitants? Hence the name. It ought only to be applied for the good of the citizens as a body, and it is understood to be expended for general municipal purposes which, but for the existence of this fund, would need to be met by levying a rate for the purpose. The ratepayers pockets are saved to the extent of the income of the Common Good, and it is therefore a miserable quibble to talk as if the ratepayers had nothing to do with its application.

BY YOUR LEAF.

If beauty unadorn'd's adorn'd the most,
Then surely Glasgow may not beauty boast,
Where naked truth, too bare to bear being seen's
Disguis'd in flags, or hid 'neath overgreens.

Palace-aid—The Prince at the Post-Office.

A Few Citizen Knights.

THE BAILIE understands that public opinion is somewhat divided at present as to when a loyal and patriotic public functionary may consider himself fairly entitled to the reward of a knighthood. Like his esteemed friend Lord Beaconsfield, the Magistrate is a great stickler for precedent, so he has put himself to the trouble of examining ever so many musty old books of reference, in order to unearth the following instances of richly-earned and well-bestowed honours. He now gives this fund of information to the world, and leaves a discerning community to draw its own conclusions.

During the progress of the Emperor Sigismund of Germany through his dominions in 1182, he came without any warning to the little town of Bangagen. Unfortunately, it happened to be a *fete* day in a neighbouring town, and, with the exception of the mayor and two small boys, the place was quite deserted. The mayor, however, was a man of resource, and rose to the occasion. Hastily despatching the smaller of the two boys to ring a merry peal on all the door-bells he could reach, he organised his neighbour into an impromptu masonic procession, by the aid of a few coloured handkerchiefs and a wooden sword, and started him triumphantly through the streets. He then seized a barrel-organ, a big drum, and a mouth harmonium which happened to be lying handy, and proceeded to oblige the Emperor with "Der Perfecte Cure," "Les Deux Obadiahs," and other popular music of the day. His subsequent performance of the Sailor's Hornpipe and the Highland Fling was admitted by competent judges to be almost faultless; and contemporary historians are unanimously of opinion that in knighting the mayor and giving the small boys twopence each, Sigismund only did what was expected of him.

The banquet given to Philip XIX. of Spain by the mayor of Stuffamanca, during his visit to that town in 1512, seems to have been an affair of almost incredible magnificence. Cold mutton, hotch-potch, minced collops, stewed steak, oxtail soup, mixed pickles, mock turtle, and countless other delicacies were there in the wildest profusion, while of the ginger beer, apollinaris, soda water, lemonade, and raspberry vinegar there was literally no end. His Majesty was so delighted that he insisted on knighting the mayor on the spot, and although the poor man begged to be excused in the most piteous tones, the monarch would take no denial. After a short but des-

perate struggle, he was forced on his knees by the combined efforts of three brawny footmen, and the necessary tap on the shoulder was administered with a fish-slice, which happened to be in the royal hand at the moment. The royal shins were pretty severely kicked while conferring the honour on his refractory host.

The occasion of the birth of an heir in 1472 to the royal house of France seemed a fitting opportunity for the town of Haute-gush, in Burgundy, to present a loyal address to the then king, Francis V. Accordingly, the mayor started for Paris, accompanied by the town-officer, and provided with the necessary vellum. Oddly enough, other 715 provincial mayors were there at the same time on the same errand, and in order to prevent any invidious comparisons being drawn, it was determined to knight the whole 716. A small steam thrashing machine was procured, and on the eventful day the 716 martyrs knelt down, the machine ran along the line, bestowing a smart slap on each provincial shoulder it encountered, the crowd cheered, and the imposing ceremony was over. By some unlucky accident, however, the town-officer of Haute-gush got in the way, and received the all-important slap that was meant for the mayor. The mayor vainly tried to convince the heraldic officials that there was a mistake somewhere, and that he ought to be the knight; they obstinately refused to see it, and the town-officer was duly proclaimed Sir Jacques Brun. The poor mayor went home broken-hearted, and never smiled again.

“THE FUR THAT WARMS A MONARCH, WARM'D A BEAR.”—If the “Cabinets” (!) robes be edged with ermine, might not—in compliment to a distinguished member thereof—those of the Council be trimmed with Martin-sable?

Another Encroachment on the Green—The royal visit.

A Beautiful Bulgarian Gull—The story of the Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem.

T H E G A I E T Y,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

MR CHARLES COLLETTE,

In Mr ALFRED MALBY'S New and Successful Comedy
BOUNCE,

And his celebrated Patter Farce

CRYPTOCONCHOIDSYPHONOSTOMATA,
THE GRAND SNOWSTORM SPECTACLE.

PREMIERES DANSEUSES,

Miss TESSY GUNNISS and Miss CLARA MORGAN;

and the Greatest SKATERS in the Kingdom,

THE AUSIN BROTHERS and HESS.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

THEATRE-ROYAL, GLASGOW
 Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.

Engagement of DION BOUCAULT's latest Success,
 THE SHAUGHRAUN.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY) October 17, at 7'30, and
 Every Evening till further Notice,
 THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).
 Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY,

The Great London Drama

NO THOROUGHFARE,

Dramatised from the Christmas Story by CHAS. DICKENS and
 WILKIE COLLINS.

With New Scenery and Effects.

To conclude with the Sparkling Comedietta,
 A HUSBAND FOR HALF-AN-HOUR.

Doors Open at 7 p.m.; Performances commence at 7.30.
 Second Price at 9 o'clock.

A SHORT LIST OF BOOKS WORTH NOTICING.

PEASANT LIFE in the North, Six Tales of
 powerful interest, illustrating Scottish Life, published at
 9s, offered post free for 3s 11d

In His Name, a Delightful Tale for Sunday Reading, illustrating
 the Dawn of Christianity out of the Dark Ages, handsomely
 bound in cloth, gilt edges, 246 pages, published at 3s 6d,
 post free, only 1s 9d

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's Plan in the At-
 mosphere and its Elements, a Series of Ten Lectures by
 Josiah P. Cooke, one of the writers in H. S. King & Co.'s
 International Science Series, bound in cloth, published at
 2s 6d, now offered post free only 1s 6d

A Parisian Family, a Tale illustrating French Life, translated
 by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," handsomely
 bound in cloth, gilt edges, published at 5s, now offered post
 free for 2s 4d

MEMORIAL VOLUMES OF DR MACLEOD.

Dr Norman Macleod's Splendid Work, "Peeps at the Far East,"
 full of Illustrations, very handsomely bound, published at
 21s, now offered post free for 8s 6d

Dr Norman Macleod's Lesser Writings, "Sketches of Character,"
 containing Wee Davie, Our Bob, Billy Buttons, &c., pub-
 lished at 10s 6d, now offered post free for 4s

Dr Norman Macleod's very popular Scotch Story, "The Star-
 ling," a book to read and read again, 392 pages, published
 at 6s, now offered post free for 3s 5d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 125 INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots
 and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for
 some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say
 with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest
 and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises
 enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited
 according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT,
 75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nel-
 son Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SCRAP PHOTOS, in Great Variety,
 A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

CITY HALL,

19TH OCTOBER, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, D.C.L., LL.D.
 Subject: "Fermentation."

9TH NOVEMBER, R. A. PROCTOR, F.R.A.S.
 Subject: "The Giant Planets."

23RD NOVEMBER, SIR C. WYVILLE THOMSON, LL.D.
 Subject: "The Conditions of the Antarctic Regions."

11TH JANUARY, PROFESSOR ODLING, M.A., F.R.S.
 Subject: "A Glasgow Discovery in the Chemistry of Gases."

24th JANUARY, WILLIAM PENGELLY, F.R.S.
 Subject: "The Antiquity of the Cave Men."

15TH FEBRUARY, PROF. ALLEN THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.
 Subject: "The Evolution of the Brain."

Tickets for the Course, 1s, 2s, and 4s To be had of the
 Principal Booksellers, and the Treasurer. *Reserved Seats,*
(Numbered) 8s To be had only from Mr Macleod, D.
 Bryce & Son, and the Treasurer and Secretary.

JOHN BROWN, Secretary, 96 Buchanan Street.
 GEORGE DAVIDSON, Treasurer, 90 Sauchiehall Street.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The demand for Reserved Seats for the Course has already far
 exceeded expectation, and the space available for other Classes of
 Seats is daily becoming more limited. In order to avoid dis-
 appointment, therefore, the public are respectfully advised to
 secure their Tickets early.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

THIRDrd SERIES OF CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,
 IN THE CITY HALL.

CONDUCTORS:

MR H. A. LAMBETH, MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

CHORAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio
 "S. T. PAUL."

TUESDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, Herr GADE'S "ZION,"
 GOUNOD'S "GALLIA," and ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER."

MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, HANDEL'S Oratorio "MESSIAH."
 (Ninth Annual Performance.)

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAYS, 21ST and 28TH NOVEMBER, and 5TH, 12TH, and
 19TH DECEMBER, and THURSDAY, 21ST DECEMBER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Reserved Seats.	
	Area.	Galleries.
A. Entire Series—Nine Concerts.....	£2 15 0	£1 10 0
B. Six Orchestral Concerts.....	1 17 6	1 1 0
C. Three Choral Concerts.....	1 1 0	0 12 6

The above Rates are for Single Tickets. All Tickets are Transferable.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the
 principal Music-sellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Acting
 Secretary and Treasurer, 68 West Regent Street, to whom
 intending Subscribers will please send their Names, with the
 Number and Class of Tickets they wish reserved for them.

The choice of Seats will be regulated by the order in which
 applications are received.

JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary.

MACCABE THE REIGNING SENSATION OF GLASGOW.

HENGLER'S CIRQUE. EVERY EVENING AT 8. 1/2
GRAND TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION OF
MR FREDERICK MACCABE,

In his Improved, Revised, Renovated, and Re-Embellished, 2
Entertainment,
BEGONE DULL CARE!

A Vocal, Ventriloquial, Musical, and Sartorial Melange.

MACCABE—The delineator of curious characters representing all manner of odd people.

MACCABE—The unapproachable ventriloquist, conversationalist, mimic, and musician.

MACCABE provides a choice entertainment, full of fun, rich in instruction.

MACCABE gives you a royal laugh and sends even dyspeptics home in capital good-humour.

MACCABE fills Hengler's Cirque, West Nile Street, Every Evening except Sunday.

MACCABE enjoys the patronage of the best people of Glasgow and its vicinity, as well as of the best people from a distance who visit the City.

MACCABE—HENGLER'S CIRQUE—

EVERY EVENING at 8. SATURDAY at 7.30.

In Twenty-four of his Original

PERSONATIONS AND SONGS!

Elegant, Novel, and Diversified, replete with intensely Comic Incidents. Every taste suited. Beautiful Melodies, Piano Recitals, a superb Exposition of Ventriloquism and Character Delineations.

ADMISSION—Stalls, 3s; Area, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery, 6d; Private Boxes to hold Six, 12s; to hold Twelve, 24s. Children Half-price, except to Gallery.

Plan may be seen, and Seats secured in advance, at Ticket Office, Hengler's Cirque, between 11 and 4 Daily.

Doors Open at 7.30; Carriages Ordered at 10.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION,

1ST CONCERT, HAYDN'S "SEASONS," 2ND
JANUARY, 1877. 2ND CONCERT, GADE'S "CRUSADERS,"
30TH MARCH, 1877.

Subscribers' Tickets, One Guinea and 10s 6d, to be had from the principal Musicsellers.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY—21ST OCT.—GREAT EXTRA COMPANY!
GRAND CONCERT

By the following Celebrated Artistes, Italian Opera Company.
Madame SINICO.

Mlle MILIA CHIOMI

Signor BETTINA.

Signor MONARI-ROCCA.

Signor ROMILI.

Signor CAMPOBELLO.

Mr LAMBETH, Organist. Signor ROMILI, Conductor.

See Programmes. Reserved Seat and Two Shilling Tickets at Office, 7 West Regent Street.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

THE BAND OF H.M. 26TH CAMERONIANS AND PIPERS
WILL GIVE A

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

on the evening of

SATURDAY, 21st OCTOBER, from 7 to 9 o'clock,
and every Saturday Evening during October.

Admission—Subscribers Free; Non Subscribers, Sixpence.

N.B.—Family Tickets, valid for 12 months from date of issue,
£1 1s; Single do., 10s 6d; may be had at the Gardens and 155
West George Street.

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND HYDROPATHIC COMPANY (LIMITED).

KILMALCOLM ESTABLISHMENT.

CAPITAL, £30,000 IN 3000 SHARES OF £10 EACH.
Payments—10s per Share on application; 10s per Share on allotment; remainder as required; each Call not less than three months apart.

Provisional Directors.

JAMES HAMILTON, Esq., (ex-Bailie) Shipbuilder, Glasgow.

JOHN MOWAT, Esq., (Councillor) Merchant, Glasgow.

JOHN E. NELSON, Esq., of Messrs Willis, Nelson & Co., Glasgow.

ALEXANDER M. WADDELL, Esq., Miller Street, Glasgow.

JOHN THOMSON DUNCAN, Esq., Accountant, Glasgow.

GEORGE LAMB, Esq., Timber Merchant, Glasgow.

CHARLES E. IRWIN, Esq., Merchant, Glasgow.

JOHN BROADFOOT, Esq., The Finnieston Brass Foundry, Glasgow.

DAVID KINGHORN, Esq., General Manager, London and Glasgow Shipbuilding Company, Glasgow.

Bankers.

THE ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Auditors.

Messrs J. & W. GRAHAM, C.A., Glasgow.

Architect.

T. L. WATSON, I.A., 137 West Nile Street, Glasgow.

Secretary.

ROBERT YORSTON, 157 West George Street, Glasgow.

It is proposed to form this Company under the Limited Liability Acts, with the object of making more accessible to the inhabitants of Glasgow and neighbourhood the benefits afforded by Hydropathic Establishments; and in the meantime to erect an Establishment at Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire.

The Village of Kilmalcolm is now a well-known summer resort. The quiet pastoral beauty of the place, its great salubrity, attested by the longevity of its inhabitants, its fine air, pure water, and rural walks, all point it out as one of the best situations for health, and a site commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect to the south and west has been secured on moderate terms. An independent and ample supply of water from the heights above the site can be made available at a moderate cost. The water has been analysed by Dr Wallace, Public Analyst, Glasgow, and pronounced by him to be excellent in quality. There is a station on the line of the Glasgow and Ayrshire Railway at Kilmalcolm, and it is within 40 minutes by rail from Glasgow, 20 from Paisley, and 15 from Greenock.

To erect and furnish such an Establishment with all the needful and most approved appliances, with accommodation for 150 persons, and provide the necessary working capital, it is estimated that from £25,000 to £30,000 will be required, a proportion of which only will be called up, the remainder being got on Mortgage. An average weekly attendance of only 60 would yield a dividend to the Shareholders on the capital required of not less than 8 per cent.; but from the success of similar institutions. it may be reasonably expected that a higher average attendance may be reached, and a correspondingly increased dividend realised. *About one-half of the whole capital has been already subscribed.*

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, Plans of the Building, Reports by the Engineer, and Analysis by Dr Wallace, may be seen at the Office of the Secretary, 157 West George Street, Glasgow. Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers of the Secretary. In the event of no allotment being made, the amount deposited will be returned without deduction.

157 West George Street, Glasgow,
9th October, 1876.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

TRY GALLOWAY'S
CHORAL RESTAURANT,
115 WEST NILE STREET,
FOR LUNCHEONS OR SUPPERS.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the **ORDINARY**
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

THE BLYTHSWOOD,
248 ARGYLE STREET,
50 Apartments.—JOHN LEARY, Proprietor.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combin-
ed with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9.
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.

Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"**BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE**."
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, and AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tions palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press, Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

GLASGOW SKATING RINK,
BURNBANK HALL, GREAT WESTERN ROAD.
SEASON, 1876-77.

This Magnificent Rink has been RE-DECORATED, and the
FLOOR RE-LAID on improved principles. It now affords
the LARGEST and one of the BEST SKATING SURFACES
in Great Britain.

The Rink is Open to the PUBLIC daily as usual—

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

„ 2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.

„ 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons are the SELECT
ASSEMBLIES, restricted to MEMBERS of the SKATING
RINK CLUB and their friends (by Ticket).

Books of Tickets may be had Gratis of the Managing Director
at the Hall. **ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.**

The Celebrated Rink Band is always in attendance.

FORSYTH'S ULSTERS

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

CONFECTIONERY.

FOR SPECIALTIES in SWEETS Visit

PETTIGREW'S

GLASGOW ROCK ESTABLISHMENT,

109 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

All Confections supplied by M. P. are of Finest Quality and
Guaranteed Purity.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

How to Shine in Society.

USE

ROSS'S BLACKING.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

JOHN M. SIMPSON,

CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,
CARPET AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMAN,

DEALER IN WORKS OF ART,

60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,

191 MAXWELL STREET, AND 16 FOX STREET,

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON,
LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. BEVERIDGE & CO., WHOLESALE AND EXPORT PICKLE, SAUCE, AND KETCHUP MANUFACTURERS, 85 and 87 Surrey Street, Glasgow.—A. B. & Co., by important additions and alterations, have greatly extended their Works, which are now the largest of the kind in the West of Scotland.—Orders by Post, from Town and Country, will have prompt despatch. A. B. & Co. guarantee the quality and purity of their Manufactures.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Store, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Fickins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,
181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.
SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Careful y Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,
Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

OVERCOATS!

PERFECT IN STYLE AND FIT,

AT THE

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY, FIFTY-FOUR TRONGATE.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURER,

68 JAMAICA STREET, Two Stairs Up.

THE stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance
HIGH CLASS FELT HATS FOR GENTS., YOUTHS, & BOYS, NEWEST STYLES. Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at $1/2\ 1/2$, $1/9\ 1/2$, $2/9$, and $3/$, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS for 4s and 6s each, the Best Value ever Offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies, Misses, and Boys, Felt, Straw, and Velvet, Hats, all at wholesale prices. ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS
Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent.'s cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaltesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black. Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.
SINGLE HATS OF ALL KINDS RECEIVED.

H. S. MACDOWALL & CO.'S

"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,

PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.



CITY IMPROVEMENT.

NOTHING is more striking to one who may have been absent from the City for a short time than the astonishing rapidity in which old and antiquated Buildings of the last decade disappear, and new ones of vast proportions, artistically designed, chastely and elegantly decorated, rise in their stead. Amongst the many Buildings of which this may be said, none more so than the large new Block, now completed at the foot of Buchanan Street, a little beneath the Argyle Arcade, rising upon the site of a time-honoured house, one of the first, if not *the* first, ever erected in the Street. This handsome, imposing pile stands boldly forth in gigantic contrast to the ancient structure, and forcibly marks the rapid strides of architectural design. It is five storeys in height, with attics, has about 60 feet of frontage, and extends about 120 feet back from the Street, whilst the front elevation is richly and highly decorated; it is certainly one of the finest of that class of property in the Kingdom.

Messrs SHORT AND STEWART, Manufacturers and Patentees of Umbrellas, Portmanteaus, Trunks, Bags, and Travelling Requisites, occupy the large double Corner Shop in front, their Premises have an exceedingly attractive appearance, which is further enhanced by four splendid hanging Lamps, having for their object both beauty and utility, for, whilst adding greatly to the general appearance, they are good advertising mediums, and light up their windows in quite a novel and pleasing manner.

It is an old saying and popular proverb that "There is nothing like Leather," and really when one visits an Emporium such as this, and finds it endless and impossible to enumerate the novel, curious, and multitudinous articles made for the use and comfort of the Tourist and Traveller, whether by Road, River, or Rail, they are convinced of the verity of the adage. A special feature of the Emporium is Games. There are Games for Out-door and Games for In-door recreation, of every description—a collection calculated to astonish and delight in its vastness and variety—and as this is the only House in Scotland which makes Game Implements a specialty, the Department, whilst proving a source of unflinching gratification to the recreation loving Public, will undoubtedly repay the energetic Proprietors for the discriminative skill and care shown in the collection.

Amongst the many interesting Parlour Games and Pastimes suitable for the Winter Evening's amusement it may not be out of place, in view of the approaching Season, to detail a few of the many Novelties which are sure to become Special Favourites. And first in the List for Public Suffrage stands—Women's Rights, Vote by Ballot, No Favour or Affection, Election Games. These are succeeded by Race Games, Jerome Parks, Hypodromes, Squirrels, Chopped Niggers, Life's Mishaps, Pilgrim's Progress, Cannonade. Then following hard after in hot haste comes "John Gilpin," Life's Vicissitudes, Funny Fellows, Chiromagic, Leap-Frog, Bear Hunt, Sally-come-up, The Whitworth Gun, Tweers, See-Saw, Happy Faces, Frogs and Toads, Magic Babies, Spelling Bees, Hard Lines, Mrs Brown, Witches' Cauldron, Concoid, Malakoff, Electric Mountebanks, Mangola Cockamaroo, Patchesierocanneau, Troetropemoffillisahn, and Ujijigwalioricosianz. But, hold, why attempt to name what cannot be described suffice; it to say that to be appreciated these must be seen, and that an hour or two could be profitably employed in unravelling the mysterious mysteries connected with Parlour Pastimes, at

Messrs SHORT and STEWART'S
BRITISH SPORTS EMPORUIM,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.



Registered for Transmission Abroad.

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 210. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 25th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 210.

WHEN it was proposed to make Thomas Carlyle a Doctor of Laws, he declined, on the ground that his brother was a doctor already, and it might cause some confusion at the gates of heaven. Possibly the Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON of Queen's Park U.P. Church might make a similar objection, as the other Fergus Ferguson is a Doctor now, and the confusion (which some people *will* make between them) might become worse confounded. A number of years ago when the FERGUS now of Queen's Park made his appearance for the first time before the U.P. Presbytery, as a Theological student, and some suspicion was felt owing to the identity of name with the F. F. who left the denomination with Dr. Morrison, it had to be allayed by one of the fathers of the Presbytery introducing the young man as "Judas not Iscariot." It is "Judas not Iscariot" whom we introduce to our readers this week, as one of the "Men you Know," and one who is worth knowing better. The first point that will astonish some of our "suburban" readers is that FERGUS FERGUSON of Queen's Park, although a remarkable man, was not born in Paisley. He was born in "the ancient city" over which the BAILIE exercises benignant sway. Here also his young idea was taught to shoot and shoot to some purpose. Here also he attended college, in the classic days when the University had its home in High Street—the days of "Logic Bob," "Moral Will," and "Field-Marshal Ramsay." The power and earnestness of thought that FERGUS began to develop here, made itself still more felt when he went to the Theological Hall in Edinburgh. It showed itself at times in an unhappy disposition to peer over the verge of things, no matter how venerable they might be, to see what they were rest-

VOL. IX

ing on. This habit is said to have given a good deal of uneasiness to various "fathers and brethren." His reputation as a youth of unusual penetration and grasp of thought had spread amongst the U.P. Churches even before he was licensed as a preacher; and though this kind of man is not much in request in some congregations, and though his style of preaching was rather concentrated for the popular powers of digestion, he was not licensed long before he received several calls—one of them from Dalkeith, which he accepted. He was ordained there in 1864—succeeding Dr. Joseph Brown, who had come to Glasgow. The first acquaintance that "the world" as distinguished from "the church" made with FERGUS FERGUSON of Dalkeith was in 1869 when, in the midst of the general alcoholic jubilation over the birthday of our national poet, he uttered his philippic against Burns, against the idolatry of genius apart from morality, and against what he declared to be an extenuation and encouragement of the vices that carried poor Rabbie to his grave. This memorable sermon brought upon him, as might have been expected, a storm of indignation from all parts of the country, including of course a charge of shot and shell from Dundee. But even those who denounced him were compelled to recognise the courage and force of his onslaught. It was felt that here was a man who, whatever were his convictions, was not to be deterred from expressing them. Other sermons and addresses of his appearing in print also began to attract attention to him as a fresh and original thinker. Thinking, however, is dangerous in some places, and in 1870, FERGUS was up before the Church Courts on a charge of heresy. He had been lecturing through 1st Peter; had come to that passage about the spirits in prison; had been reckless enough to go down into that much-disputed passage to see for himself what it led to;

and had reported a result that gave more hope for the heathen than orthodoxy had sanctioned. There was an elder in the congregation rejoicing in the name of Dodd, whose righteous soul was vexed by the whole style of Mr FERGUSON'S dealing with the Scriptures, and his fashion of ringing all the Westminster and other coins on that counter to see that none were counterfeit. Mr Dodd had borne long with this, but interference with the damnation of the heathen was too much for him, especially when some quizzical acquaintance looked into his shop next day and remarked "There's hope for auld Davie yet." So he carried the case to the Presbytery. It caused a stir in Edinburgh; but the older and more managing divines were just succeeding in making it plain that Mr FERGUSON did not really mean what he had seemed to say, when Mr Ferguson rose and said he meant it all, and that he demanded and claimed as a Protestant minister the right to investigate freely any part of Scripture whether it should prove consistent or inconsistent with the Westminster Standards. The case was carried to the Synod, and after endless logomachy, brought to a termination by the aid of a series of extraordinary propositions that seemed to reconcile everything and allow everybody to shake hands. Then followed the publication (at the request of Mr Ferguson's congregation and friends) of a volume of his ordinary sermons, which not only showed the *calibre* of the man but showed that he was considerably more orthodox (especially on the inspiration of Scripture) than those who had been prosecuting him for heresy. In 1873, he received but declined a call from one of the largest and most influential congregations in Edinburgh—the congregation of Rose Street, left vacant by the sudden death of Dr. Finlayson. About this time he published a volume of sermons by his old friend, the Rev. George Morrison of Gourrock, to which he prefixed what was called a preface, but what in reality became the nucleus of the comet with the sermons as a tail. His preface was to some extent an impeachment of the Confession; and a plea for freer thought and the freer development of individual character. The heresy-hunters, however, have let it alone, having probably learnt a wholesome lesson from their previous encounter with its author. Soon after, he received and accepted a call from Queen's Park U.P. Church, vacant by the accidental death of the Rev. Mr Spratt. There he now ministers to a large and thoughtful congregation; and there the BAILIE intends some time when

he wants something to think about to go and hear him. Mr FERGUSON is at present publishing, in the denominational magazine, a series of philosophical papers entitled "Fragments of Criticism," dealing mainly with the scepticism of the time. He was nominated for one of the U.P. professorships; but a charge of heresy, true or false, is not soon forgotten in a Scottish denomination; and all U.P.'s are not as keen-sighted as those about Queen's Park.

Hee - Haw!

WHAT a "brave boy" oor George is! No content with his political triumphs, he now essays the heights of science, and last week went forth to battle with such a Goliath as Tyndall. George "asked the audience to suspend their approval of Professor Tyndall's remarks on vivisection," whereat the audience laughed and hissed and cheered. Oh, Geordie, Geordie! did you never hear what that wicked wag, the late Rev. Mr Sydney Smith, said about Earl Russell's varied accomplishments? You're a very decent M.P., George, but you can't be *everything*, you know.

The Toon Council o' Seestu.

THIS is the Toon Council of Seestu. This is the Provost that proposed a plan to improve the Toon of Seestu.

This is the Treasurer, cautious and slow, that moved to delay the plan the Provost proposed, to improve the Toon of Seestu.

This is the joker from Erin-ho-ho, that backed the Treasurer cautious and slow, that moved to delay the plan the Provost proposed, to improve the Toon of Seestu.

This is the Bailie frae Chapel Hoose, that sat in the Council dumb as a moose, afraid of the joker from Erin-ho-ho, that backed the Treasurer cautious and slow, that moved to delay the plan the Provost proposed, to improve the Toon of Seestu.

This is oor Rubbart that craws sae croose, he's no like the Bailie frae Chapel Hoose, that sat in the Council dumb as a moose, afraid of the joker from Erin-ho-ho, that backed the Treasurer cautious and slow, that moved to delay the plan the Provost proposed, to improve the Toon of Seestu.

This is the Council, dacent and douce, that approved of the plan before the Hoose, in spite of oor Rubbart that craws croose, that's no like the Bailie frae Chapel Hoose, that sat in the Council dumb as a moose, that's afraid of the joker from Erin-ho-ho, that backed the Treasurer cautious and slow, that moved to delay the plan the Provost proposed, to improve the Toon of Seestu.

Unpunished Burglary—The rob(b)ing of the magistrates.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.—One of the duties of the "Glasgow Mission to the Deaf and Dumb" is, it seems, "to attend to the bagatelle-table." It would be interesting to learn the nature and object of this "attendance." Are the committee supposed to mark for the players, or to see that the table doesn't run away, or what?

Roundabout Papers.

No 5.—ON A GRAND STAND.

“YES, I think these two seats should do, so we'd better make ourselves as comfortable for the next two hours or so as it's possible to be on a hard board covered with doocedly thin red cloth. Daresay by the end of that time we'll be inclined to believe that there are some things quite as uneasy as wearing a crown, whatever the immortal bard may say to the contrary. We'll have lots of time to inspect our companions in misery anyhow, for want of something better to do.

“I don't think female loyalty does justice to its personal charms when it appears in a waterproof, and with a handkerchief tied over it's hat; but of course, as you say, that is simply a matter of opinion. However, it's a comfort to find that there are some girls with souls above such petty economies; for instance, look at these two Electros. Catch them putting a handkerchief over their hats! Eh? By Jove, you're right, it *would* require a table napkin to cover a hat of that size; three feet across, if it's an inch. According to the present fashion, the rule seems to be the emptier the head the wider the hat. Between ourselves, the two young ladies would have had a much better view from the paternal Electro's shop window in Trongate than they have here; but then that wouldn't have been 'de reegoor,' as Miss Lucy would say.

“The man they have with them is Reginald Punter, Esquire, or Dicky Punter as he is generally called, his washerwoman only knows why. How on earth Punter was allowed to join the Oriental Club, and how the dooce he gets his living, are two things no fellow can understand. He has no income to speak of, no connections to speak of, no business to speak of, no brains to speak of; his only occupation is to twirl his moustache, his only care to manage his eye-glass, and his only aim to marry an heiress. As yet he hasn't been very successful in his little matrimonial attempts; I rather think the average heiress is too wary a bird to be caught with chaff of the Punter sort. The poor fellow must be getting conscious of this himself now, or he wouldn't have descended to the Electro level. Upon my word, I hope he'll succeed this time; and after all, you know, Miss Lucy and he wouldn't make a bad couple. They're about equally useless, equally selfish, and equally silly.

“There's a pair of turtle doves of a different species just in front, Tom Sparkerson and little

Miss Flaxenare. I understand Poor Tom only screwed his courage to the proposing point last Friday, and already his future mother-in-law has informed all her friends of the interesting fact, 'in the strictest confidence of course, you know.' No doubt mutual affection and undying devotion and all that sort of thing are very nice in their way, but billing and cooing, so very much *coram populo*, has rather an odd look. Love doesn't only seem to be blind himself now-a-days, but to expect that everybody else is so too. It's to be hoped, for the Flaxenare's sake, that Tom has quite finished sowing his wild oats, and, let me tell you, he has had a pretty fair crop of that particular grain in his day. If he hasn't heard the chimes at midnight pretty frequently, it has simply been because he had imbibed so much—well, let's call it cucumber—before that hour as to render him quite incapable of hearing anything. However, that's neither here nor—

“Hallo! Good gracious! You don't mean to say that that's the Prince's carriage past! Well, if that's not enough to make a saint swear, I'm—blessed! Here have we waited for two mortal hours to see the fella, and now he's passed without our getting a look at him after all. Hang it!”

“To't Sir Knight!”

ONCE a year our papers are largely filled with reports of the proceedings of a harmless lot of dry talkers yclept the “Convention of Royal Burghs.” Nobody reads their “transactions,” and nobody beyond themselves cares a rap about them, yet this fossilised institution served Lord Provost Bain for a tag to his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet. Surely our worthy coming knight must have been sorely “gravelled for lack of matter” when he attempted to make out that Scotch Legislation received its best impetus from such a lot of fogies.

EDUCATIONAL.—Much has been said of late about the manner of Inspection in Ayrshire. There can be no doubt that, however excellent the teachers of that county may consider their pupils to be, they have much difficulty in obtaining the *Hall* mark for them.

“Grant”ed—To the Prince the Master-Masonship *pro tem.* at the Post Office.]

Illuminated Missiles at the University—The rockets.

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d, from CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram Street, or 121 Buchanan Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—There is nothing new to report in our local theatricals this week. The "Shaughraun" is continuing to fill the Royal, and it will continue to do so for a couple of weeks to come.

When the "Shaughraun" goes, we are to have Mr Henry Irving. He makes his first appearance on the evening of Monday the 6th of November.

There will be a short season of Italian Opera at the Theatre Royal at the close of Mr Irving's engagement.

We are to have a turn of Scotch pieces at the Gaiety when Charles Collette leaves on Saturday. Why don't they put up "The Gentle Shepherd" when they are doing the National Drama? This delightful little pastoral hasn't been played in Glasgow for a score of years at least. It would bring out a class of people who are seldom seen inside the walls of a playhouse.

Our old friend, Joe Eldred, is at the Prince of Wales' this week. He appears in the "great London drama" by Messrs Conquest and Pettitt, called "Sentenced to Death," the nature of which may be guessed from its title. It is of the broadly sensational type, abounding in situations of the "thrillingest" description, and is now produced for the first time in Glasgow after achieving considerable success in London. Mr Eldred is said to be great in the "character part" of *Hoyley Snayle*. I must not omit to add that, on the occasion of his benefit on Wednesday evening, our friend is to give an imitation of Lord Beaconsfield—a performance, my Magistrate, which I can guarantee to be intensely funny.

What a success Mr Airlie scored at the City Hall on Saturday! The house was packed, and the concert proved the most brilliant one the Abstainers' Union have given us this season. Mlle. Chiomi has ingratiated herself wonderfully with the Glasgow folks, and no wonder; she sings superbly. Sinico was not, perhaps, so evenly grand as she generally is, but how she sang "Home, Sweet Home!" Of the others, Bettini, one of the finest dramatic singers on the boards, and Campobello, claimed next honours. Next Saturday we are to have the Cremona Musical Union, and the following week the programme will be furnished by a number of clever artistes including such names as Albani, Zare Thal erg, and Vianesi.

"Ship Ahoy!" with Mr Dewhurst, Mr Gofton, and Mr and Mrs Groves in the leading parts, will be played to-night for the first time at the Liverpool "Amphi." The piece is to be produced under the general superintendence of Mr William Glover.

A London correspondent tells me he dined with Mr Bernard of the Gaiety at the Albion tavern on Saturday night week. Mr B. does travel about a bit, says my friend. He had gone from London to Paris, from Paris had made a straight track for Manchester, whence he returned again to London.

Do your readers know, my Magistrate, that Mr Harry Kemble, so long at the Theatre Royal, more recently of the London Court Theatre, and who was the other day at the Gaiety, and is now a member of the famous company collected by Miss Marie Wilton at the London Prince of Wales, is a grandson of Charles Kemble, and consequently a nephew of Fanny Kemb'e, and a grand-nephew of John Philip Kemble and Mrs Siddons? Isn't that an ancestry to be proud of?

Fred Robson, son of the Robson, has been engaged by John Hare for the London Court Theatre. He will have a part in "Brothers." Mr Hare, by the bye has been very unwell, and the rehearsals of "Brothers" have suffered accordingly.

So far the re-opening, a week ago, of the London St. James's Theatre, by Mrs John Wood, hasn't proved a success—indeed, I guess I wouldn't be far wrong if I termed it an out-and-out failure. The piece which is being played is called "Three Millions of Money," and is an adaptation of a French farce entitled "Les Trente Millions de Gadateur."

The Helen Barry autumn season at the London Court Theatre closed on Saturday week. I wonder how much it cost Miss Helen in hard cash.

Fred. Leighton, R.A., the coming President of the Academy, is scouring the country for the loan of pictures for the Winter

Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy. He was in Liverpool last week.

You will be glad to know, my Magis:rate, that the City Hall Committee of the Town Council have resolved on a second series of Saturday Afternoon Organ Recitals. These will begin early in November, and will be presided over, as before, by our worthy city organist. The organ, which has been in the hands of a London builder undergoing considerable improvements for months, will just be ready for the opening recital. The hall was crowded at each of the sixteen recitals which were held last winter, and I've no doubt that those of the coming season will be equally popular. May I hint, however, to Mr Lambeth, that he might give us more this winter than he gave us last of our national melodies—those melodies which he discourses with so much sweetness and pathos and power.

That Hydropathic Institution about to be erected at Kilmalcolm will be the place of the kind for Glasgow folk; and not a few of our middle classes spend a good portion of their spare time now-a-days in water cure establishments. The district is pleasant, healthy, and easy of access; a capital board of directors has been got together; and in the architect, Mr T. L. Watson, the company has secured one of the most competent members of his profession in the city.

A really splendid collection of pictures is now on view in the Corporation Galleries. There are two pictures there of the Hungarian Munkacsy that I would go twenty miles to see any day. Then Oakes, Fortuny, and De Nittis, not to speak of James Bertrand, MacWhirter, Israels, Vicat Cole, Dupre, and Fantin are all represented, and represented well.

Do you remember R. H. Roe's work, BAILIE? He was a capital painter of animals, in our good city, some twenty years ago, when many of us Greybeards wore our beards and hair of their natural colour. One of the finest specimens of his work that I have seen came under my notice lately. It represents a pair of magnificent eagles about to enjoy their evening meal on the carcass of a defunct mallard, which the female bird has clutched within her claws. The tone is rich, warm, and natural, and our feathered friends, living and dead alike, are splendidly depicted. The water, perhaps, is somewhat hard and wooden in its fall, but with that exception the entire execution and composition of the picture is very pleasing. It is in the possession of William Colvin, Esq. of Craigielands, who has also a small picture of a deerhound by the same artist capitably depicted. Such a spirited group as the birds form would quite enliven the walls of our exhibition, if we had any painter amongst us who excelled in that line. You feel at once that no one could have "hit off" the eagles in so effective a manner who had not seen the birds in their native haunts. Pity it is that the race is so nearly extinct now, though only some four winters ago no fewer than three were trapped in Glenfalloch, at the head of Loch Lomond.

Those who care to see really fine pictures must not fail to visit the very high-class exhibition at Thomas Laurie & Son's. When I tell you that such men as Sant, Sir John Gilbert, Millais, and Sir Noel Paton, with many others of equally high standing, are splendidly represented, I have given a good reason why all lovers of "good work" should go and see for themselves.

I must not fail, ere concluding, to notice the death of our kind and amiable friend, T. Clark, A.R.S.A. Greatly beloved by all who knew him, he is deeply and deservedly lamented. His work, without being, perhaps, of a very high class, was always pleasing and agreeable, and partook in some degree of the same character that we so admire in Alexander Fraser's pictures—only the dash and vigour, and magnificent gorgeousness of colour, were alike wanting.

As might have been expected, I find, in looking over the catalogue of the Kirkcaldy Exhibition—which closed its doors, by the by, a week ago—that I omitted several of our Glasgow contributors—amongst others Aitken, Allan, Miller, and the Rev. R. Kiach Thom, who had a couple of pictures hung. The Edinburgh contributions were numerous and important, including works by Perigal, Douglas, Lees, Waller Paton, Steell, Chalmers, and Brodie—Academicians; and Smart, Beattie Brown,

Cassie, M'Donald, Wintour, Lockhart, T. Clark, and Val-lance—associates; and by men who are making themselves a name outside the Academy, such as Nesbitt, Aikman, White, Noble, Mackay, Reid, and many others. The fact is, that the spirited effort of the Kirkealdy folk fairly enlisted the sympathy of the profession; and, with sales amounting to a mere trifle compared with the larger Exhibitions, the walls were covered with pictures from some of the best easels in the country. Let us hope that the walls of our own galleries will be much more largely supplied from the same, and kindred, sources than they were last year. The feeling of disappointment caused by the marked absence of anything like an abundant supply of Edinburgh pictures, was very great amongst the Glasgow public. Urge your old friend Sir Dan, BAILIE, to use his influence this year, to secure us of the very best that the Academy can send over.

Besides the picture that you spoke of some weeks ago, I see that your friend, Crimean Simpson, has the Royal commands to paint another of the same subject, the unveiling of the Prince Consort statue in Edinburgh; this, however, of a smaller size, being destined to the Queen's album. I understand that Mr Simpson is somewhere in the neighbourhood of this his native city.

It is said that the erection of a Music Hall in the vicinity of St. George's Cross is contemplated. A "swell" restaurant, to rival in appointment the gorgeous establishments of Spiers & Pond, is also, I hear, to be opened in the same quarter. The lessee will be Mr Geo. H. Burnside, of New City Road.

Talking of Brinley Richards' loyal song, sung last week by the Choral Union to the Prince of Wales, there may be many of your readers who don't know that the chorus is made up of the music contained in the following lines—

"From Greenland's icy mountains;

Ah never look so shy;

The flag that braved a thousand years;

Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

Q.

Why I Didn't See the Prince.

BECAUSE I am not acquainted with any of the Councillors or Ward-committeemen who had tickets to give away.

Because I didn't approve of the arrangements.

Because I objected to pay anybody's rent by giving an exorbitant price for a window.

Because I thought the barricading of the streets an enormous waste of public money.

Because my wife wanted a new bonnet and dress for the occasion.

Because I detest seeing Provosts and Bailies making King Richards and Venetian Senators of themselves.

Because I knew a good many of the Masons would be "merry."

Because constables on a day of that kind are apt to use their batons indiscriminately.

Because I wanted to be the only man in Glasgow who hadn't "seen the Prince."

"Where," asks Peter, "have we seen the doubles of the Bailies in their robes?" "Was it," he further inquires, "among the choristers who chant the 'Conspirators' Chorus' in 'La Fille?'"

One for a Spelling Bee—Cryptoconchoid-syphonostomata.

Cartsburn on the Rampage.

GREENOCK has had a licensing meeting, and among the speakers was the minister of Cartsburn Parish Church. Among the other foolish remarks of the rev. gentleman was the following:—"No one should be allowed to use intoxicating drink unless he paid police and other taxes, and when he fell into arrears his drink should be cut off—the amount of drink supplied to each individual to be regulated by the amount of taxes he paid. The Magistrates should order that all drunk and incapables brought before them should have their hair shaved off. Wife-beaters should be formed into a chained gang, and compelled to sweep the streets." Not much faith, hope, and charity there, surely.

ANENT A CERTAIN BAILIE.

Don't robes suit Bailie M.? He's grand,

As all declare who see 'im:

Let's hope he'll thus bequeath himself

Unto his own Museum!

ANENT ANOTHER.

But who is this ungainly man

Of ermine robes partaker?

Why, no—it surely cannot be

Long Thingumbob, the Baker!

The Great Unknown.

A STREET Lounger" describes in the *Herald* last week's show, and, after commenting on the melancholy appearance of the Bailies in their "robes," observes, "There was one face, however, happy in its innocence and honesty, as it looked out on the show unconscious that it was part of it. That Magistrate must not be named." Thanks, friend Lounger, for thy delicate reticence, but it was unnecessary. "That Magistrate" may be named. It was the BAILIE!

A "PRINCESS" OF DENMARK.

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers!"

Great annexation feat—Bringing "Wales" into Glasgow.

A Royal Visit—The rain of Jupiter-Pluvius. Decoration by umbrellas.

The Ass on the Robes—There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It has been taken.

Three Feathers in the Prince's Cap—"Opening" the railway, reviewing the Volunteers, and laying the stone. "Ich dien."

The Mountains coming to Mahomet—Hill-head, Cross-hill, and Mary-hill, hill-uminating in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Glasgow! What next annex'd?

A Cry from the Eagle.

DEAR BAILIE,—Once or twice kind friends have laid my grievances before the public, but as those letters had no effect on Bailie Macbean, or the powers that be, and a sympathiser having supplied me with a sheet of paper, an envelope, a stamp, pen, and ink, I venture to make a personal appeal to your Worship, knowing your proverbial sympathy for the weak and defenceless.

Well, here I am, and have been for a considerable time—much too long—and here I am likely to remain. Well, “what must be needs be;” but if I am to be kept as a *rara avis*, at least I might be made comfortable. Fancy me, that used to be monarch of all I surveyed—free and happy—kept here in a miserable cage, and stared out of countenance by a lot of ignorant boobies that don't know whether I am “a howl, a heagle, or an 'awk.” This is bad enough; but just fancy! my guardians think—the idiots—that because I used to live on the mountains, I don't need any shelter; so, would you believe it? I have no shelter night or day—cooped up in a cage open in front, at the sides, and above!! I am exposed to hail, rain, and snow. How on earth do my guardians think I feel? or do they ever think of it at all? How I wish, BAILIE, you would put Bailie Macbean in beside me for one day to get a soaking; or one night, to get a shivering. Now, if they would give me a little house in one corner of my cage, to which I could retire, or even roof my cage, I would be grateful, and try to live as long as I could, to gratify sight-seers. Say a word, BAILIE, for

THE EAGLE IN THE WEST-END PARK.

The Seven Wonders.

I WONDER how much the Prince's visit will cost.

I wonder what was the good of it.

I wonder how the Prince and Princess enjoyed it.

I wonder if the Prince wouldn't rather have had his image there instead of himself.

I wonder that the proverbial “Queen's weather” isn't hereditary.

I wonder how many people got home squeezed to jelly, and how many were preserved.

I wonder how many had headaches next morning, and how many hadn't.

Dandy-lions—The Magistrates in their robes.

A Great Bore—Sir John Hawkshaw's tunnel.

This Picture and That.

LAST week's meeting of the Magistrates' Licensing Court was interesting in more ways than one. In the first place, we had a distinct teetotal manifesto, as follows:—Bailie Torrens—“We never give reasons.” Bailie Collins—I object to inferences being drawn.” Right you are, your Honours. As long as you give no reasons, and as long as the public refrain from drawing inferences, you and your policy will prosper. As Bailie Morrison observed, however, you “cannot object to people drawing inferences.” He should rather have said, “You cannot *help* people drawing inferences.” And, further, it is to be feared that the public will continue to be so unreasonable as to want “reasons,” in spite of your objections. The sitting was also distinguished by a most just proceeding on the part of Bailie Morrison, who presided. Finding that the teetotal clique was in overwhelming force on the bench—or, as he discreetly put it, believing that “the prejudice of some of his colleagues in the Magistracy might affect the voting”—he adjourned the Court. Bravo, Bailie Morrison! You showed pluck as well as justice, and you shall not lose your reward.

The Greenock Folk are Saying—

THAT the ex-cloth clipper showed the white feather very early in the fight.

That the Prentice hand was too generous by half in waiving his nomination as he did.

That had he stuck to his colours he would have got support, if only on account of his shabby treatment by the Committee.

That what the result of the match now on between the China and Calcutta clippers will be, is very doubtful.

That it is a queer affair altogether.

That the spirit of the defunct Charles Street grocer must feel sorely perturbed at what is doing in local politics.

That the chosen of the Second Ward will have to content himself with something less than the Provostship.

That his patronising notice of the young shipowner must have been highly appreciated by that gentleman.

That from his style of delivery it is supposed that he has been practising street preaching during his retirement from political life.

That the political butcher rather had the better of it in his discussion with Sir John.

That the Dean and his fellow-starter should have no difficulty in disposing of their opponents.

That the bracketings of the candidates show that politics, as well as poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

That as every useful scheme has originated—according to his own account—with the Dean, it would never do to let him be shunted, even should the “brither Scot” come into the field.

“Some one,” observed Granny last Wednesday morning, “has said that Argyll Street is the finest street in the world.” Right you are, old lady. You said so yourself last Wednesday morning; but—do you call yourself “some one?”

A "Royal" Growl.

THE BAILIE has received the following epistle, comment upon which is needless:—

DEAR BAILIE,—Some sensible man addressed to you some time ago a letter dwelling upon the horrors of New Year's Day in Glasgow. I now take up *my* pen to protest against the monstrous annoyance to which the sensible portion of the community (including myself) were subjected last Tuesday. I didn't shut my office (why should I? I should like to know); and, thank goodness, two or three people with whom I do business followed my example. I had to walk about a good deal, and was unable to avoid the barricaded streets. Barricades, Mr BAILIE! Is not this, I ask, a free country, and have I not a right to cross the street at any point I choose, without being stopped by fences, and policemen, and soldiers? Bah! But the barricades were not all. If they had even left me the pavements, I might not have complained. But no, Sir! By the sanction of the "authorities" (save the mark!) half of these were taken up by stands "for the convenience of the public!" Say rather for the profit of a few speculative shopkeepers. Then the crowds, Sir. How, may I ask, came these people to be allowed to block up the thoroughfares as they did, incommoding men of business? If Grumpy and I, and two or three other Growlers (our club is the Growlers'), stop to say Good-night at the corner of a street, on a Saturday, we are promptly "moved on;" and yet there were these thousands of good-for-nothing loafers permitted to make a no-thoroughfare of Sauchiehall Street! Why, Sir, it's preposterous, perfectly preposterous. Well, Sir, as I was making my way along as well as the rain, and the mud, and the barricades, and the stands, and the loafers, would allow me, suddenly some carriages and soldiers passed, and before I knew where I was, I was charged by the mob from behind. My hat was knocked off and trampled under foot, my umbrella sent flying goodness knows where, and my remonstrances and threats received with derision—absolutely, Sir, with derision. I appealed to one of the policemen inside the barricades, and he murmured something vague about "the Prince of Wales." Prince of Wales be—blessed! What do I care about the Prince of Wales? Can't he mind his own business, and let me mind mine? I understand, Sir, that the Lord Provost (who, as a business man, ought to be ashamed of himself) is responsible for this turning of the city upside down. Acting on this belief, I have

sent his lordship a bill for my hat and umbrella (forty-shillings-and-sixpence, Sir, in all) which I trust he will attend to when he has *quite* recovered from his present excitement.

Meanwhile I am, Mr BAILIE, yours disgustedly,
KER MUDGEON.

VOX POPULI.

War! War! is now the threatening cry
That bursts on every ear—
Let, therefore, Britain's voice be heard
At once, distinct and clear:—
However Eastern skies may now
With thunder-clouds grow murky,
Our Lion ne'er shall lift a paw
To help a wretched Turkey!

Another Richmond in the Field.

THE following has been sent to the BAILIE for publication, but he fears that its authenticity is very doubtful:—

To the ELECTORS of the TENTH WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to your prodigious requisition it is with intense pleasure and gratification that I accept the proffered honour. I have long been before the public in varied capacities, but would never have aspired to the "character" of a Town Councillor except on your anxious solicitation. A radical change is needed in the municipal body; even the front of their buildings is not on "the square," and what could one expect to find within? As my fellow citizens are aware, I have tried many schemes; oft repeated failure has inured me to defeat, but such experience should conduce to success in the present undertaking. No one regrets more than myself that I have hitherto been unable to realize my ambition of being a public benefactor; that, however, need not stand in the way of an adequate recognition of my humble efforts by a discerning public. I need not say that if elected I shall be all things to all men, and do my best to promote the interests of my fellow-citizens, not forgetting those of your obedient servant,

Balmanno Brae.

J. M. C.

THEM TAXES.

George Square, Wednesday, 11 a.m. Two Arabs viewing the "demolition" in honour of the Prince.

Urchin of 6 years (to his chum)—"We'll be heavy taxed for a' this, Tam."

A contemporary talks of the crowds last Tuesday as "labouring under loyal excitement." Loyal? ahem! Wasn't there something besides loyalty in a good many instances?

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "W. S. P."—The BAILIE is always anxious to oblige a lady; but as the colloquy you forward appeared in his column some months ago, he fears he must deny your fair friend the honours of print.
- "—."—Thank's. His Worship will continue to protest against the sort of thing to which you refer.
- "ST. ENOCH SQUARE."—The phenomenon to which you refer was doubtless the result of a too Arden(t) loyalty.
- "J.F."—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
- "EASTERN."—You're an Eastern atrocity.
- "R." (Edinburgh).—It is not known to the BAILIE that the Hon. Sec. for the Home Department was on his visit to Glasgow a Cross aider on Knight-errantry. Neither is it known that he was a-Cross at Crosshill.
- "12TH WARD."—"J. B." may be "sly and sleekit," but you should not have accused him of dealing in "clever quirks."
- "PARK TERRACE."—The Prince wished the BAILIE's advice on a matter of national importance, and never asked whether the party you named was a gentleman or not. It was a "single-handed crack," and no eavesdroppers.
- "TRONGATE."—It was not bad for the boys to salute the Hamilton Volunteers, in their sooty-coloured dress, with cries of "Sweep-we-ep we-ep!" but the woman who cried out "There's sixty days!" when a certain Bailie passed, did much better.

CORPORATION GALLERIES,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Times—"Very wholesome. Maybe safely used."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Public Health—"Should be in general use."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."
- The ENCORE WHISKY.
Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1876.

IT has long been a reproach to us that we know little of art; and the endeavours of Tuesday-week, when art was freely in the hands of the people, when "each indulged his genius," were mostly so many proofs, gross and palpable, that we deserve it. The opportunity had come, and we were unequal to it. Not knowing principles, we could neither largely design nor delicately detail. There was here too much, and there too little; the escaping of the "richness," but the securing of the "gaudiness;" the not knowing when to end, as with sorry distrust we had not known how to begin. There was the mighty maze, but without the plan—either the low-toned and mean, for fear of being vulgar, or the profuse and glaring, that it might not be thought mean; discontinuous lines and discontented colours. We were great in one thing, the commonplace—stringing flags across the street, "like baby-clouts a-dryin'," disguising honest stone and lime in red baize and greenery, and "playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven" as masquerading churches; as we were small enough in two—the conception of ideas, and the expressing of them. And "the trail of the serpent was over it all" in the bad grammar of "TO LET" upon "stands" of wood rough from the saw, and "grand" in only as they had space for sight-seeing, stands less in honour of the Prince than Plutus. The money-making and the "cheap and nasty" were well managed because well understood. In this also were we great. Some few "decorations" had some small pretensions (and many made great), but these might be almost counted upon the digits. On the whole, the "decoration" of the Royal route was a wretched failure, a witness to the popular ignorance of the first principles of art. The sun seemed to be ashamed of such a sorry sight, and the rain in pity descended, as if to blot it out like the tear of the recording angel.

Ballast for Sale.

THE appointment of the Stipendiary Magistrate more than two months ago took away the "occupation" of at least two of the Magistrates' Assessors, but the whole four of them are still sticking to office and drawing their salaries. Are the members of this legal quartette so unconscionable as to accept some £400 a-year each for acting as Assessors in the District Courts, and where are the vaunting economists who allow them to do so? Even before Mr Gemmel was appointed their duties were not heavy, though their pay was handsome, and he is now receiving £1000 for doing more than half of the work that previously came before the Assessors. Is the city to pay twice for the doing of the work? If two at least of the legal quartette party don't gracefully demit office, the citizens will require to dispense with their services. Will nobody take a bargain of them?

THE ROBES.

"Man, proud man!

Drest in a little brief authority."—*Measure for Measure.*

"O for a 'Lodge' in some Vast Wilderness!"

HOW the people did mope and yawn over that everlasting long-drawn out procession of moist and melancholy masons last Tuesday! Poor souls! Their Right Worshipfuls looked right pitiful, the only lively-looking characters being the Tylers, who doubtless, representing their class, enjoyed the messing and moistening of so many miles of decent broad-cloth. Next time our worthy masons muster in force, to lay a stone on a wet day, may it be ours to join that 'Lodge' for which poor Cowper longed in the line just quoted.

In Re Vestiaria.

MY DEAR BAILIE, — Our old friend Granny remarks that last Tuesday "Mr Pryde, University bookseller, had the figure of a *divinity student*, with the well-known old red gown and academical cap, strapped to the space over his shop door." The old lady goes on to remark that the figure "was a gross caricature." It certainly was, if Mr Pryde intended it to represent a divinity student. I think, however, that he is better up in University matters than not to know that divinity students wear neither gowns nor "academic cap." Perhaps the information may be new to Granny. Yours,

NON-TOGATUS,

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the big "show" being past, the next thing to find out is the cost of it.

That the public will get it *all* to pay in one way or another.

That the play was not worth the candle.

That the Lord Provost's newest notion is that the landlords should pay all the taxes.

That the landlords and factors will be sure to oppose the proposal.

That it does not matter much to the tenants, as they will get the whole to pay in the end.

That his Lordship thinks we should erect a grand Town Hall and Municipal Offices.

That such a mess has been made of the Ingram Street buildings it may be as well to leave things as they are and bless the bunglers.

That the new bridge across the river looks like being a "job" for the "guid o' somebody."

That Glasgow is going to promote several bills in Parliament next session.

That one of them is the Conservancy Board Bill.

That the suburbs are up in arms against it already.

That the folks who get up to London on the deputations expect to have a good season.

That Mr Postmaster Hobson was introduced to the Prince on Tuesday.

That the introduction wasn't made by Lord Provost Bain.

That the initiated allege there was a reason for this.

That when Bailie Morrison saw his robe he smole.

That the fur on the robes is not of the hare apparent.

That it is far furriner.

That the cocked-hats look cocky.

That so do their wearers.

That the dignity of the Magistracy of Glasgow ought not to need either maroon or ermine.

That a man's a man for a' that.

That Magistrates are but men.

That they are "men you know."

That the M'Hardy family have a vested interest in the Scotch county police.

That Mr Marwick has endorsed Bailie Morrison's views on the transfer question.

That the teetotal clique should feel sat upon.

Captain Peter M'Craw says that Tuesday's Review took place in presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the "raining" power.

Unhappy Toddler.

LITTLE Toddler is a most unfortunate man. In spite of all his anxiety and all his exertions last Tuesday, he didn't manage to get even a glimpse of the Prince. Early in the morning he extemporised a scaffolding against a shop door in Trongate, out of a couple of stout walking sticks and an empty cigar box, but unfortunately, just at the critical moment, one of the walking sticks gave way, and by the time Toddler was picked out of the ruins of his grand stand by a friendly policeman, the Prince was almost at the Green. The undaunted Toddler then made for Elderslie Street, and secured a capital seat at a window in first-rate time for the return journey. He would have had a splendid view this time, but for the fact that a confounded banner, with "Welcome" written on it in large letters, which the spirited proprietor had hung above the window, fell on his head with a bang just as the royal party came in sight. Disappointment number two. Then he rushed to George Square, and after standing for three hours with another man's umbrella dripping down the back of his neck, he discovered that he was right behind a big brute of six feet two, and that, so far as seeing was concerned, he might as well have been at home. Since then Toddler has renounced monarchy and all its vanities, and become a Red Republican of the most pronounced type.

THE SUN WITH ONE EYE SEES ALL THE WORLD.

I' the p'ay, "Fair Penitent," somewhere I've read,
 "The glorious sun himself for you looks gay,
 He shines for Altamont, and for Calista;"
 But, for our Prince and Princess, he instead
 Of shining, joined in general holiday,
 And, kindly cruel, "cut" each tawdry vulgar vista.

A Free Coup—A fall down stairs.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The relationship of the Welsh rabbit to the hare-apparent. Why the Heir-apparent was asked to visit Glasgow. If the happy thought of the robes was to command respect or occasion ridicule. If the Lord Provost will be knighted.

The Ass wishes it to be clearly understood that, whilst in his preface to "Volume the Ninth" his "Master" talks of preparing "for fresh flights," the old gentleman has by no means become "flighty," and that as the old un's motto "is, and ever will be, X-celsior," his, the Ass his, motto "is, and ever will be, XXX-celsior." Hee-hee-haw!

"Our" Heart's in the Highlands.

A WEAKLY weekly sheet, published at Barrhead, and rejoicing in the appellation of *The Renfrewshire Independent*, thus informs "our readers" in a recent number:—"Having been this week on a tour in the Highlands, we beg to apologise for the scarcity of local and general news." Now, who is "we"?—the Editor, or all the staff—or is the Editor the staff himself?—a question not to be asked! My conscience! Fancy the Editor and all the staff enjoying themselves on the hills, and leaving their paper to go to the dogs! "We" can't just see, however, how their absence could account for the scarcity of news. Had the Editor the one pair of scissors away with him, cutting heather instead of hacking up a newspaper, or is he the only one in the establishment proficient in the use of that most useful machine? "We" pause for a reply. The BAILIE is wont, when he leaves the comforts of the Sautmarket behind him, also to leave some trusty chieils to look after things, so that whether his Worship is under the shadow of Saint Mungo's tower, or up in "cousin Rab's country," his invaluable sheet comes out as usual, and banishes *ennui* from Glasgow till the next number appears. But though they do these things otherwise at Barrhead, Our Editor doesn't seem to be such a bad chap after all. To make up to the readers the dreadful loss of the "general and local," he proposes to give them something good. Next week, he goes on to say, we will publish the first part of an account of our tour!

TONALT IN A NEW LIGHT.—"Ta force" have discovered a new duty. It is, when assaulted by one of the public, to deprive him of his loose cash. And yet some people accuse the gallant fellows of want of zeal and intelligence! Why, here they are inventing and performing new duties for themselves; and men who do this will surely not neglect the duties prescribed for them by others.

A MACAW-LAY ON THE ROYAL VISIT.

To mak' all right on royal route
 M'Calls two took; for first, about
 The right of way, M'Call the wright
 Put palisades, enclosing 't quite;
 Police M'Call the way then led
 On steady steed in stately tread.

Here's a significant announcement:—"Found, a large gold medal, at the approach to the St. Enoch Square Station, on 17th October." It is understood that the question of the day in magisterial circles is—"Wha lost the medal?"

Tyndall on Fermentation.

MAGISTRATUS MEUS,—Here we are again, breathing an atmosphere of gas and science within the chocolate-coloured walls of our City Barn. We are packed like pigs in a poke to hear the mighty Tyndall discourse on "Fermentation"—appropriate subject for a week during which there has been such a fizz all over the city. On the platform there is a reading-desk with a pair of candles, both of which stand squint, out of compliment, doubtless, to the well-known eccentricities of science-lecturers. At eight o'clock Dr Allen Thomson, followed by Tyndall and a long string of after-dinner dignitaries, makes his appearance. An introductory word or two, and the Professor jumps into position amid "thunders of applause." He has had his hair and beard trimmed since he sat for his likeness in the BAILIE, and looks an older man than his portraits usually represent him. He fidgets somewhat at first, and causes a little fun by blowing out one of the squinting candles, and depositing it on the floor. In a voice clear, measured, distinct, he tells us that his young ambition science-wards was first fired by reading the pages of a Glasgow magazine. See that, your Honour! Who knows what genius of the after-time may tell the next generation how he, too, drew his first inspiration from the pages of the BAILIE?

Now for the lecture. Would you believe it, it was almost from first to last an exact repetition of Huxley's presidential address to the British Association some years ago. At the beginning, the teetotallers received a sad blow. Nature, and not man, makes fermented wine. The vine grows its own yeast, and grape juice needs no human interference to turn it into intoxicating wine. It is a case of *must*: and what *must* be, *must*. He only is the *barmecide* who kills the yeast and spoils the wine. Let "unfermented" people take a note of that. Far better surely it is to have honest *yeast* than confounded *maggots*.

But the lecturer went on to show that there is a general seediness all through the air, causing all sorts of fermentations in man, beast, and vegetable. Fevers, mortifications, mouldiness, are the names by which its growths are known to us, and science is doing its best to catch and squelch said seeds or germs. Cold benumbs them, heat kills them; but as we cannot freeze our patients nor boil them, this knowledge is, so far, useless. But Tyndall is on their track, so hey for the Millennium in less than no time,

Our lecturer virtually said, Let dogs, mice, or

other small deer, suffer as martyrs to science, so long as there is a chance of thereby saving the lives of thousands of human beings. Let the little brutes be fermented so that you and I, BAILIE, may not be tormented.

George Anderson, M.P., at the close of the lecture, said that he could not go in for this altogether, and he was hissed for his pains; indeed, had he been beside me he would have stood a chance of being vivisected himself; but he only meant to say that he would confine such work to skilled hands, and not let every brutal blockhead skin, stab, poison, poor dumb creatures under the name of experiment.

But *quantum suff.*—Yours continually,
POP. SCI. LECT.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

'Twixt Masons' Barrow, Choral's Barrow,
His Highness' stand, if high, was narrow;
Confin'd the width, but free the height—
So that he got not out of site.

Loyal Proverbial Philosophy.

THE more on the grand stand the merrier for the proprietor.

Faint heart never got a front seat.

A nod from the Princess is as good as a wink from the Prince.

A contented mind and a champagne lunch while waiting for the procession are a continual feast.

He's a wise volunteer who carries a waterproof.

A seat on a balcony is worth two at a window.

It's a long Freemason's procession that has no ending.

An umbrella in time saves a dooce of a wetting.

It's an ill transparency that blows out every other minute.

A friend who has a window in George Square is a friend indeed.

A prince in a closed carriage is better than none.

Every Magistrate's robe has an ermine lining.

An illumination at night is the rough's delight.

Red bunting cost little, and is worth much.

Wise men erect grand stands, and fools take seats on them.

Needs must when the mounted police drive.

There's no smoke without fire-works.

The nearer the barricade, the farther from comfort.

Magistrates propose, the Prince disposes.

"No Thoroughfare"—Maxwell Street.

High Art—The decoration of the apex of the Nelson obelisk.

THEATRE-ROYAL, GLASGOW

Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.

DION BOUCICAULT's latest Success,
THE SHAUGHRAUN.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY) October 24, at 7.30, and
Every Evening till further Notice,
THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Last Five Nights of MR CHARLES COLLETTE, as
BOUNCE,

And his celebrated Patter Farce

CRYPTOCONCHOIDSYPHONOSTOMATA,

Last Nights of the SNOWSTORM BALLET.

Box Office Open from 10 till 2. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

THIS (TUESDAY) EVENING, OCT. 24,

Production, for the First Time in Glasgow, of the highly-
successful London Drama, entitled

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

New Scenery by Mr THOS. EVANS.

Engagement of MR JOSEPH ELDRED for his great Imper-
sonation of "HOVLEY SNOYLE."

To conclude with the Popular Farce,
THE SECRET.

Doors Open at 7; Commence at 7.30.
Second Price at 9 o'clock.

LAMBETH'S SELECT CHOIR.

GRAND SERVICE OF SACRED MUSIC,

KIBBLE PALACE, BOTANIC GARDENS,

ON THE FAST-DAY, 26TH OCTOBER.

Tickets—1s each—at Swan & Pentland's, 49 Buchanan Street,
and 331 Sauchiehall Street; and at the Palace Gate.

Special Cars to and from St. Vincent Place and the Palace.

GLASGOW & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW FAST, THURSDAY, 26TH OCTOBER.

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 25th and 26th OCTOBER,
Return Tickets issued at Glasgow will be available to return on
day of issue, or any day up till and including MONDAY, 30th
OCTOBER, but by Trains only which have the Class of Carriage.

TO ARRAN AND BACK,

Via Ardrossan, allowing Five Hours in Arran, on THURSDAY,
26th OCTOBER, in connection with Train leaving Glasgow,
(Bridge Street Station) at 8.15 a.m.; returning from Lamlash at
3 p.m.; Brodie at 3.25 p.m.; in connection with Train leaving
Ardrossan at 5.10 p.m.

RETURN FARES—2nd Class and Cabin, 4s; First Class and
Cabin, 5s 6d.

GREENOCK SECTION.

In addition to the Regular service of trains special First and
Third Class Trains will be run between Glasgow St. Enoch and
Bridge Street Stations, and Greenock Prince's Pier Station as
required.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.
Glasgow, 23rd October, 1876.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

THIRD SERIES OF CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,
IN THE CITY HALL.

CHORAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, MENDELSSOHN's Oratorio
"ST. PAUL."

TUESDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, Herr GADE's "ZION,"
GOUNOD's "GALLIA," and ROSSINI's "STABAT MATER."
MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, HANDEL's Oratorio "MESSIAH."

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAYS, 21st and 28th NOVEMBER, and 5th, 12th, and
19th DECEMBER, and THURSDAY, 21st DECEMBER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, (SINGLE TICKETS.)

Reserved Seats.

Area. Galleries.

A. Entire Series—Nine Concerts.....£2 15 0 £1 10 0

B. Six Orchestral Concerts..... 1 17 6 1 1 0

C. Three Choral Concerts..... 1 1 0 0 12 6

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the
principal Musicsellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Acting
Secretary and Treasurer, 68 West Regent Street, to whom
intending Subscribers will please send their Names, with the
Number and Class of Tickets they wish reserved for them.

The choice of Seats will be regulated by the order in which
applications are received.

JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary.

MACCABE—HENGLER'S CIRQUE.

THIRD AND LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE TRI-
UMPHANT CAREER IN GLASGOW OF

MR FREDERICK MACCABE,

In his Original, Mirthful, and Ventriloquial Entertainment,
REGONE DULL CARE!

The popular and artistic success of Mr Maccabe's present en-
gagement is without parallel in Glasgow. The audiences which
have honoured his matchless performances during the past three
weeks are the greatest and most fashionable ever gathered to
witness an entertainment.

MACCABE EVERY EVENING at 8.

SATURDAY at 7.30.

In Twenty-four of his Original

PERSONATIONS AND SONGS!

Elegant, Novel, and Diversified, replete with intensely Comic
Incidents. Every taste suited. Beautiful Melodies, Piano Re-
citals, a superb Exposition of Ventriloquism and Character
Delineations.

ADMISSION—Stalls, 3s; Area, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery,
6d; Private Boxes to hold Six, 12s; to hold Twelve, 24s.
Children Half-price, except to Gallery.

Plan may be seen, and Seats secured in advance, at Ticket
Office, Hengler's Cirque, between 11 and 4 Daily.

Doors Open at 7.30; Carriages Ordered at 10.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 28th OCT., 1876.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The Celebrated CREMONA MUSICAL UNION,
Who will give their Grand Entertainment of Vocal and Instru-
mental Music!

During the Evening the Company will appear in Full Nautical
Costumes, and in the New and Elaborate Costumes of England,
France, Spain, Bohemia, Turkey, Russia, Greece, and Italy.

Doors Open at 7; Band Performance at Half-past 7 o'clock.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

A. BEVERIDGE & CO., WHOLESALE AND EXPORT PICKLE, SAUCE, AND KETCHUP MANUFACTURERS, 85 and 87 Surrey Street, Glasgow.—A. B. & Co., by important additions and alterations, have greatly extended their Works, which are now the largest of the kind in the West of Scotland.—Orders by Post, from Town and Country, will have prompt despatch. A. B. & Co. guarantee the quality and purity of their Manufactures.

A SHORT LIST OF BOOKS WORTH NOTICING.

- PEASANT LIFE IN THE NORTH,**
Six Tales of powerful interest, illustrating Scottish Life, published at 9s, offered post free for 3s 11d
- In His Name,** a Delightful Tale for Sunday Reading, illustrating the Dawn of Christianity out of the Dark Ages, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 246 pages, published at 3s 6d, post free, only 1s 9d
- Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's Plan in the Atmosphere and its Elements,** a Series of Ten Lectures by Josiah P. Cooke, one of the writers in H. S. King & Co.'s International Science Series, bound in cloth, published at 2s 6d, now offered post free only 1s 6d
- A Parisian Family,** a Tale illustrating French Life, translated by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, published at 5s, now offered post free for 2s 4d

Memorial Volumes of Dr. Macleod.

- Dr Norman Macleod's Splendid Work, "Peeps at the Far East,"** full of Illustrations, very handsomely bound, published at 21s, now offered post free for 8s 6d
- Dr Norman Macleod's Lesser Writings, "Sketches of Character,"** containing Wee Davie, Our Bob, Billy Buttons, &c., published at 10s 6d, now offered post free for 4s
- Dr Norman Macleod's very popular Scotch Story, "The Starling,"** a book to read and read again, 392 pages, published at 6s, now offered post free for 3s 5d.

ROBERT LINDSAY, 125 INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 75; TRONGATE; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SCRAP PHOTOS, in Great Variety,
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND HYDROPATHIC COMPANY (LIMITED).

KILMALCOLM ESTABLISHMENT.

CAPITAL, £30,000 IN 3000 SHARES OF £10 EACH.
Payments—10s per Share on application; 10s per Share on allotment; remainder as required; each Call not less than three months apart.

Provisional Directors.

- JAMES HAMILTON, Esq., (ex-Bailie) Shipbuilder, Glasgow.
JOHN MOWAT, Esq., (Councillor) Merchant, Glasgow.
JOHN E. NELSON, Esq., of Messrs Willis, Nelson & Co., Glasgow.
ALEXANDER M. WADDELL, Esq., Mil'ner Street, Glasgow.
JOHN THOMSON DUNCAN, Esq., Accountant, Glasgow.
GEORGE LAMB, Esq., Timber Merchant, Glasgow.
CHARLES E. IRWIN, Esq., Merchant, Glasgow.
JOHN BROADFOOT, Esq., The Finnie-ton Brass Foundry, Glasgow.
DAVID KINGHORN, Esq., General Manager, London and Glasgow Shipbuilding Company, Glasgow.

Bankers.

THE ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

Auditors.

Messrs J. & W. GRAHAM, C.A., Glasgow.

Architect.

T. L. WATSON, I.A., 137 West Nile Street, Glasgow.

Secretary.

ROBERT YORSTON, 157 West George Street, Glasgow.

It is proposed to form this Company under the Limited Liability Acts, with the object of making more accessible to the inhabitants of Glasgow and neighbourhood the benefits afforded by Hydropathic Establishments; and in the meantime to erect an Establishment at Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire.

The Village of Kilmalcolm is now a well-known summer resort. The quiet pastoral beauty of the place, its great salubrity, attested by the longevity of its inhabitants, its fine air, pure water, and rural walks, all point it out as one of the best situations for health, and a site commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect to the south and west has been secured on moderate terms. An independent and ample supply of water from the heights above the site can be made available at a moderate cost. The water has been analysed by Dr Wallace, Public Analyst, Glasgow, and pronounced by him to be excellent in quality. There is a station on the line of the Glasgow and Ayrshire Railway at Kilmalcolm and it is within 40 minutes by rail from Glasgow, 20 from Paisley, and 15 from Greenock.

To erect and furnish such an Establishment with all the needful and most approved appliances, with accommodation for 150 persons, and provide the necessary working capital, it is estimated that from £25,000 to £30,000 will be required, a proportion of which only will be called up, the remainder being got on Mortgage. An average weekly attendance of only 60 would yield a dividend to the Shareholders on the capital required of not less than 8 per cent.; but from the success of similar institutions, it may be reasonably expected that a higher average attendance may be reached, and a correspondingly increased dividend realised. *About one-half of the whole capital has been already subscribed.*

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, Plans of the Building, Reports by the Engineer, and Analysis by Dr Wallace, may be seen at the Office of the Secretary, 157 West George Street, Glasgow. Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers of the Secretary. In the event of no allotment being made, the amount deposited will be returned without deduction.

157 West George Street, Glasgow,
9th October, 1876.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

TRY GALLOWAY'S
CHORAL RESTAURANT,
115 WEST NILE STREET,
FOR LUNCHEONS OR SUPPERS.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the **ORDINARY**
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

THE BLYTHSWOOD,
248 ARGYLE STREET,
50 Apartments.—**JOHN LEARY**, Proprietor.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone exten-
sive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furni-
shed in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combin-
ed with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.

Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE."

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tions palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press, Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

GLASGOW SKATING RINK
BURNBANK HALL, GREAT WESTERN ROAD.

SEASON, 1876-77.

This Magnificent Rink has been RE-DECORATED, and the
FLOOR RE-LAID on improved principles. It now affords
the LARGEST and one of the BEST SKATING SURFACES
in Great Britain.

The Rink is Open to the PUBLIC daily as usual—

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

„ 2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.

„ 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons are the SELECT
ASSEMBLIES, restricted to MEMBERS of the SKATING
RINK CLUB and their friends (by Ticket).

Books of Tickets may be had Gratis of the Managing Director
at the Hall. ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

The Celebrated Rink Band is always in attendance.

FORSYTH'S ULSTERS

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

CONFECTIONERY.

FOR SPECIALTIES in SWEETS Visit

PETTIGREW'S

GLASGOW ROCK ESTABLISHMENT,

109 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

All Confections supplied by M. P. are of Finest Quality and
Guaranteed Purity.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES

ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN,"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

How to Shine in Society.

USE

ROSS'S BLACKING.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

JOHN M. SIMPSON,

CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,
CARPET AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMAN,

DEALER IN WORKS OF ART,

60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,

191 MAXWELL STREET, AND 16 FOX STREET.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,

PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

BOWMORE DISTILLERY,

COUNTING-HOUSE, - - - 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON, LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,
181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.
SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Carefully Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,
Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

Single Hats at Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

THE stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance
High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, & Boys, Newest Styles,
Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{9}$, $2\frac{1}{9}$, and $3\frac{1}{9}$, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.
THE BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet, Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent's cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

NO CHARGE FOR DYEING BLACK.

Blue, Green, Purple, and Other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.

SINGLE HATS OF ALL KINDS RECEIVED.

See our Show Windows (100 Feet Long), 72 JAMAICA STREET.

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia 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. 211. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 1st, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 211

WHAT a dull Election-time this is, to be sure. Year by year the citizens appear to take less and less interest in matters municipal. Year by year our Town Councillors are being drawn from a lower strata of our population. While our Ru'glen neighbours are having men like Colonel Reid of Gallowflat, Mr Stirling, yr., of Kippendavie, and Mr Hamilton of Muirbank, contending for their suffrages, we of the second city have to be content with—Mr James Methven Cunningham! One section of the BAILIE'S readers are probably familiar with Mr Cunningham's antecedents, and another section are not, and the state of the latter section is more gracious than the state of the former. Surely this *laches* on the part of the city aristocracy will in time bring its own reward. The interests of Glasgow are too great to be intrusted to petty shop-keepers, or what is worse still, to members of that smart, do-nothing class, so rife in busy centres of population. This has ruined the municipal government of New York; and it is rapidly ruining the municipal government of Liverpool. A few years more of the same inertness on the part of what ought to be our responsible citizens, and Glasgow will find herself in the power of a Tammany Ring, out of whose clutches she will not be easily extricated. Boss Tweed, Oakley Hall, and John Morrissey are peculiar to no nationality; they can flourish as luxuriantly on the banks of the Clyde as on the banks of the Hudson. It was not always thus in the good city of St Mungo. Not to go so far back as the days of "my faither the Deacon," our best men felt proud, up till within these past few years, of the honour of representing a ward in the Town Council. Our Bailies were our foremost citizens, and the roll of our chief magistrates is

VOL. IX

one that will compare favourably with that of any corporation in the kingdom, London itself not excepted. One of the oldest, and also one of the best specimens of this *ancien regime*, is Ex-Bailie JOHN TAYLOR, jun. Mr TAYLOR, with the exception of Mr John Mitchell, Master of Works, is the oldest member of the Town Council. For a quarter of a century, he has represented, uninterruptedly, the electors of the 16th Ward. At last year's election he wished to retire in order to make room for a younger man, but his constituents, wise in their generation, refused to receive his resignation, and sent him back to the Council almost in spite of himself. Mr TAYLOR was made Depute-Water Bailie so long back as 1853, Water Bailie in 1854, and a magistrate of the city in 1855. He duly served his term of three years on the bench, retiring from Bailie-dom, though not from the Council in 1858. In 1865 he again had magisterial honours thrust upon him, but on this occasion he only remained one year within the charmed circle. The public life of Mr TAYLOR has been marked by intelligence and earnestness. He never thrusts himself forward; he never seeks distinction for distinction's sake. Usually a supporter of the majority, he has, time after time, taken a course of his own when his party has seemed to him disposed to sacrifice principle to expediency. Long a member of the Water Committee, in the affairs of which he is perhaps better instructed than any other Councillor, Mr TAYLOR is also a member of the Gas Committee, a director of the Blind Asylum, and a patron of Hutchesons' Hospital. Personally he is a general favourite. He is emphatically a gentleman of the old school—one justly entitled to tread "the croon o' the causey." To people who don't know him he may seem stuck-up and unapproachable, but this is only in seeming; in reality he is suave and pleasant, and without any affectation

or pretence whatever. Noisy folk sometimes object to Mr TAYLOR that he speaks but seldom in the Council, but they ought to recollect the old proverb that "he kens muckle wha kens when to speak, but far mair wha kens to haud his tongue."

University Notes.

THE tug of war approaches, but it is expected the "tug" will be of the mildest, since the force is on the one side. The Lord Advocate is "trumps," but he would have been trumper if he had given the Physiological Chair to his namesake. Never mind; Professor Gairdner, with his usual sagacity, prophesies that a great and extraordinary era is about to begin with the new order of things. Said era is to be dubbed the M'Kendrickian Era, and if its success be measured by the euphony of the appellation, it will be an extraordinary era indeed. However, Professor Gairdner has just been appointed one of Her Majesty's physicians, which means, most likely, that he is to be selected to fill Professor Laycock's place in Edinburgh.

Lord Advocate Watson, in his strong desire for M.P.-ship, is about to conciliate the local legal fraternity by appointing one of "the wise men of the East" to rule over them in the Sheriffdom. This M.P. culiar pol'cy, though it may dwarf, will not affect the final issue, since there are always some to cry, "Alas! good soul!" even of the man "who would stab their grandmother."

Of Dr Kirkwood, 'tis a pity that neither in health nor in politics is he so robust as his friends could desire. The BAILIE hears that some of the medicals are going in for him because he is a Doctor! But some of his own party have deserted him because he won't go in for Disestablishment. How on earth can they expect a man calling himself Kirkwood to vote for so suicidal a thing? Kirkwood is ecclesiastical timber, and everybody knows that it is not yet ready for the burning. One Stark, cleric of Duntocher, has been the Doctor's electioneering agent. Would it be too much to augur, from that circumstance, that it is all UP with his chances of success?

Disconsolate taxpayers may pick up courage. Bailie MacBean will come out a full-fledged Magistrate next week. The month he makes the rounds of the District Courts he'll collect as much in fines as all his colleagues do in the other six months. Asinus expects there will be 2d a pound off the police rates next year.

Full Many a Flower, &c.

IT is not often that Mr Jeems Martin unearths unrecognized philanthropy—except when he discourses of Mr Jeems Martin—and, therefore, it is fitting that any such unusual proceeding should be chronicled. He has discovered that the philanthropists of the age are the railway companies, who "throw open, and leave open large lungs in the city, admitting sweetening air all through the city, and the more they had of that the better and healthier would be the people." Disinterested railway companies! Which is the most disinterested of the lot, Jeems, so that the BAILIE may know how to encourage virtue by investing his spare cash in its shares? And, by the way, speaking of shares, in which company is Mr Martin chiefly interested—or disinterested?

An Eastern Atrocity.

IN the course—perhaps we should rather say coarse—of Councillor Martin's address to his constituents the other evening, James so far forgot the dignified decorum and unbending propriety which invariably characterize his public appearances, as to say in reply to some interruptions, that he "abominated a senseless brainless cry." If this be so, what untold agonie must James endure, while listening to his own speeches!

A Lost Day.

MR PETER M'STINGY, so celebrated in commercial circles for his devotion to business, wants to know why the authorities could not have arranged that the Prince's visit should occur on the Fast day. If this had been done the decent people could have gone to church, the roughs could have seen the Prince and sensible business men would have saved a day. It is the most lamentable instance of want of forethought that Mr M'Stingy has met with during his whole business career.

ART *versus* JUPITER PLUVIUS. — A very "Young Medium," who took his holidays late this season, in order to catch the sombre tints of October, has returned after a fortnight's perpetual downpour, grim-humouredly declaring he did not succeed very well in "canvassing" the district he had betaken himself to.

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d, from **CARMI** CHAEL'S, 161 Ingram Street, or 121 Buchanan Street.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the Sheriff-Principalship of the County is vacant.

That the salary is £2000 per annum.

That the local bar are sorry Sheriff Murray isn't a candidate for the post.

That the three likely candidates are Sheriff Clark, Mr Roger Montgomerie, M.P. for North Ayrshire, and Professor Norman M'Pherson of Edinburgh.

That if the Lord Advocate carries the seat for the Universities Sheriff Clark will be the man.

That if he doesn't, Mr Montgomerie will become Sheriff of the County.

That in either case Mr M'Pherson will be left out in the cold.

That if Dr Anderson Kirkwood is elected member for Glasgow and Aberdeen, then Lord Advocate Watson may find a seat for North Ayrshire.

That Councillor Martin did not get a very fair hearing at his Ward meeting.

That he is becoming better "fun" every day.

That the Lord Provost should get the MS. of Jeems's deep and emphatic condolence resolution exhibited in Bailie MacBean's Museum.

That Mr James Methven Cunningham, would-be Town Councillor and a lot of other things, seems a practised hand at making assertions and insinuations.

That he is "awbody's man and his ain."

That he is a leaky vessel, and if elected would tell more about the civic scandals than the public would care to hear.

That there is no chance of his having the opportunity of assisting to mend the flaws on the civic 'scutcheon, so that he will have plenty of timeto try to patch up the many "rents" in his own.

That Councillor Hamilton told a few wholesome truths to his constituents last week.

That in endorsing the BAILIE'S remarks on the misapplication of the common good and police rates it was unnecessary to refer to him as a gentleman.

That Pollokshields is about to become a burgh.

That the villa people in Pollokshields are anxiously asking "who is to pay the piper?"

That the Burns statue has been cast.

That it is to be unveiled on Rabbie's next birth-day.

That "it'll be a credit tae us a'."

That Bailie Collins has eaten the leek anent the Patronage Act.

That the tongue is an unruly member.

That Bailies are but men.

That a lame attempt is being made to get up an agitation in favour of keeping George Square entirely open.

That it would be a job for somebody.

That that "somebody" might be the Val de Travers Company.

That it would make a glorious free sliding rink for the boys during the winter.

That they would make it lively for the people in the hotels on frosty nights.

That the Rev. David Taylor was looking important on the top of a car the other day.

That when half-way up the Renfield Street brae the horses would not draw.

That it was not known whether it was owing to conscientious scruples on the part of the horses or the weight of the Dover Street Kirk.

That at all events it required an extra tracer.

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying

THAT the municipal campaign has begun.

That the men of the First Ward send back the Treasurer to complete his third decade.

That the nomination of the Second Ward meeting was "A. L." a joke. Faugh-a-ballagh.

That a doctor's certificate is a fine thing to break a fall.

That the way being clear, there comes a chiel frae Castlehead and Speirs the price.

That he has made up his mind to go in for the Ward at any price.

That the Third Ward has buckled on its armour again.

That the G T's wished to unbuckle it, but their Young nominee wasn't green enough to tackle the job.

That there will be a tough fight in the Fourth Ward.

That the engineering department is pretty efficient.

That the engineer knows the value of a flank movement, and the use of the "needle gun."

That after the fight is over, Captain Cook expects to be *Gazetted* and the old veteran to *Herald* another victory.

That in the Fifth Ward our Rubhart is cock of the walk.

That all the fun was at the Fifth Ward meeting.

That Councillor Mac is an amooing cuss.

That even Chapel House came out in the comic line, and made a creditable appearance.

That his friends were glad to hear from himself, "that not a drop of brandy has been held in my pocket since we last met."

That he maybe kens better where to put it.

That the Bodies will be glad when the fight is over and the victory won.

MRS MALAPROP AND THE GREAT POWERS.
—Mrs M. was informed the other morning that the representatives of the Great Powers were to meet in order to ascertain the precise meaning of the word "Autonomy." "Such ignorance!" she exclaimed, "as if every common doctor and sturgeon in the country did not know that Autonomy means the cutting up of dead cartridges in the intersecting-room!"

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—This is the last week of "the Shaughraun" company at the Theatre Royal. When the people who "know a thing or two" learned three weeks since that Mr Glover was going to run "the Shaughraun" for a month they shook their heads, looked unutterable things, and said "well it wasn't what they'd have done." The result has been of course that William knew his own business a good deal better than the outsiders did. The audiences have been capital ones ever since the piece was put up; indeed it has grown in public favour nightly all through the engagement. Now that its run is drawing to a close, I venture to think that the houses will be even better than before.

When the "Shaughraun" company leave the Royal, they are going to Dublin with Boucicault's drama, which they will play in the Irish capital for five weeks.

Mr Henry Irving opens at the Royal next Monday as *Hamlet*. He has been playing *Matthias* in Edinburgh, may we hope for a representation of the part in this city?

Mr Bernard's company, recruited as they are by Miss Juno and Mr Gourlay, will be sure to distinguish themselves in the "Heart of Midlothian," which begins to-night. The piece previously was a "hits" with nearly the same cast, and crowds it is certain will be the rule at the Gaiety during its present run.

Mr Cooke, of the Prince of Wales, is about to abandon melodrama for a season. He has engaged the Beatrice Company, who will, it is to be hoped, appear in the old favourite performances. At all events, we are to have the old favourite performers, Wenman, Andrews, Edwards, Harvey, and the rest, with, of course, Mademoi-elle herself. Mr Cooke also tells me that he is negotiating with Mr Talbot, who is now on his way home from America, for a round of Shakespearian parts, and that his pantomime is well advanced.

The inimitable Maccabe quits Hengler's Cirque at the end of the week. His performances have packed the large building nightly. Yet many, on account of the shortness of his visit, will have failed to see the popular Frederic in "Begone Dull Care." Those who can contrive to spend an evening with him before Saturday should stand not upon the order of their going.

What beautiful "bills" Maccabe always has. I speak of not only his magnificent coloured posters, but also of those admirable lithographs that are to be seen in the shop windows. As "the apparel oft proclaims the man," I would take these alone as an evidence of Maccabe's sympathy with art. When anything is to be reproduced by the thousand—by lithographing, or by casting—it is surely worth while to bestow a little care and cost upon the original.

Among the audience at the London Prince of Wales on Thursday last were Mr Gladstone and one of his sons. Between the acts of "Peril" the ex-Premier went round to the green-room and spent some time chatting with the players. He was pleasant, says one who was present, in his old-fashioned courtesy, especially to the ladies of the company, and he asked many questions concerning matters theatrical. He also seemed greatly struck off with the elegance of the region "behind the scenes." The performance of "Peril" appeared to interest the right hon. gentleman very much, and he laughed heartily at its more amusing passages.

"Joconde" was a moderate success on Wednesday at the London Lyceum, but Wagner spoils a theatre for lighter work, and a light French opera, however pretty the music, falls flat after the blare and din of the "music of the future." Mr Santley is responsible for the libretto of "Joconde," and the London papers praise his work as smooth and pleasant.

Henry V. has spelt ruin to John Coleman—at least "ruin" in the conventional sense, since he has now proclaimed himself a bankrupt. The theatre is to be kept open, with Mr Coleman as Manager, so long as the receipts barely cover the expenses.

Mr Cecil Beryl, who has been on tour with H. M. Pitt's Comedy Company, is, I hear, in treaty for the Globe Theatre in this city.

Carl Rosa gives morning performances at the London Lyceum next month.

Titians has been ill at Manchester.

A new cantata is to be produced at Brighton shortly, music by Frederick Clay, the words adapted from Moore's "Lalla Rookh" by W. G. Wills.

There is a talk of reviving "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Haymarket. I don't believe it, for where are your substitutes for the Kendals in the title roles?

Albery is writing a new comedy, and Reece a new burlesque, for Johnny Toole.

There is a report that the London Criterion is to be devoted to comic English Opera.

Arabella Goddard is drawing big houses to her recitals at St James's Hall. She is engaged by John Boosey for the Ballad Concerts this winter.

Augustus Harris, stage manager of the Prince's, Manchester, is engaged to produce the Crystal Palace pantomime for Charles Wyndham.

It is reported that Mrs Hermann Vezin will shortly appear as the *Countess* in a translation of "Les Danicheff."

Fred Leighton is said to be engaged on a cartoon of "War" for the South Kensington gallery.

Middle. Bianchi is engaged to be married to Mr Stephen Gatti, of the firm who conduct the promenade Concerts at Covent Garden.

A new comedy, called "Flirtation," has been accepted for the London Strand.

W. H. Swanborough, of the Strand, starts for the provinces with an entertainment (written for him by Mr Oswald Allen) on November 6th.

The Chippendale tour ends November 4th.

The French plays have begun at the Royalty, but neither plays nor acting appear to be of a very high class. The London press and public are getting over the foreign craze, and begin to think native talent is not to be despised, after all.

At the London Folly "Pecksniff" is not well spoken of. It is a farcical play, composed of two or three scenes from "Martin Chuzzlewit," but neither Brough nor Edwin seem to be suited in their parts. The burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe" is to be produced at this theatre on the 11th November.

I found rather an interesting allusion in a biography, in the *Greenock Telegraph* last week, of the late Rev. Mr Williamson of Aberdeen. Mr Williamson, it seems, was a native of Sugaropolis, and the writer in the *Telegraph* mentioned that, when a boy of 14 or 15, he started, together with three of his companions, a Juvenile Temperance Mutual Improvement Society. Curiously enough, in after life Mr Williamson and two more of the quartette became clergymen, while the fourth was no other than Mr Lindsay, now of the Gaiety Theatre. I can't tell what species of preachers the "Juveniles" turned out, but I know that Lindsay is an actor of rare skill and intelligence. Where will you get finer studies of character than his *King William* in "Clancarty," or his *Rashleigh* in "Rob Roy?" and as for comedy, why, I take it that his playing of *Jack Wyatt* in the morning performance for the "Frazer Fund," was equal to any representation that has been given of the part, either in or out of London.

I hear that Docharty, who has been working up in Skye this autumn, is purposing to start soon for the south of France, Italy, and possibly for Syria and Egypt. Such an entirely new class of subjects (for his brush) as he will meet with in these countries will no doubt, under his faithful treatment, prove very attractive, and we shall look forward with much interest to see the pictures that he produces. At the same time, I am sorry to say, that his projected tour is to some extent necessitated by the state of his eldest son, the young fellow of whom I spoke to you, in the summer time, as working with his father down at Helensburgh. Those who know both father and son will cordially join in hoping that the journey may prove in every way a beneficial one. I don't suppose that our friend's absence will interfere with a due representation of his work on the walls of our forthcoming exhibition, as he has been painting hard for several months, and I trust he will give his "ain folk" something larger and more important than three out of the four pictures he sent last season.

Agnew has brought us down a collection of pictures, which

though, in the opinion of some who have seen it, if scarcely as good as on the occasion of his previous visit, is yet a very fine one, and contains some splendid paintings. Peter Graham's "Waiting for the Fishing Boats," Ansdell's "Ready for Breakfast," Tom Faed's "Little cold Footsies," and many other high class pictures from various easels, are exceedingly attractive, and there is little doubt that the Annans have judged wisely in again opening their galleries for Mr Agnew's use.

I saw Woolnoth on Friday evening. He has found some charming stuff about the Holy Loch this autumn, whilst his picture of the Lockwood Oaks near Moffat is, I understand, highly appreciated by some of the first judges of art in our city, so that when I named it to your Honour earlier in the season it appears that I did not over rate its qualities.

I do not know whether the new Union Bank is to be a better building than the old one, but I certainly am sorry in seeing removed from Ingram Street the noble Doric frontispiece by David and James Hamilton. Many notable buildings have been taken down of late, and it is to be regretted that in most instances there has not been made of them a trustworthy drawing. An exception was the Porterfield Mansion on the line of East Ingram Street, of which an excellent drawing in sepia was made by Mr A. D. Robertson.

I quite agree, BAILIE, with what was said in the "Man you Know," John Burnet, about the Stock Exchange. It may be the right thing, but it is in the wrong place. But the first time you are in Buchanan Street, just step up so far, and see the exquisite carving. I don't care much, mind you, about those four quarters of the globe sort of fellows that spring out of the ferns and lilies of the capitals—these, clever though they be, are of those grotesqueries of art that "cannot but make the judicious grieve"—but the combined vigour and delicacy, powerful in the whole, but graceful in the particular, of the flowers and foliage, are worthy of all study as admirable examples of realistic art. I regret that I know not the name of this skilful carver.

When you give your promised "day's hearing" to the Rev. Mr Ferguson of Queen's Park, you will—if, when at worship, you can look at form and colour—see a kind and degree of classic ornamentation no less unique than beautiful. For once, there was the right man in the right place. The architect was permitted to complete his work instead of having to leave it to be finished by either those who had no sympathy with its peculiar genius, or who knew nothing of the key-note on which it had been begun.

I see that the Institute of Architects has elected the "Man you Know," Mr Burnet, president. Who, I wonder, is to succeed Sir Daniel Macnee as Chairman of Council of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts? To take a position that has been held by such men as Graham Gilbert, the great colourist, and Macnee, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, it will be admitted, I think, that we have scarcely yet any painter; and since the death of Greek Thomson—no less a critic than an artist—we have had certainly no architect. Q.

"Wae's me," says frien' Jeems Kay, "for the pair Free Kirk. According to the late Dr Norman Macleod—and his brother Donald, of Park Church, 'agrees with his judgment'—the Free Kirk have no right to build a church in the same large (not *small*, as Donald puts it) square that contains an Established one; they have no right to take a distinctive name for their church that already graces an Established one; they have no right to have worship at the same hours as the Established Church; and 'it is anything but a graceful act to open a Free Kirk the very day that Norman leaves for India.'" My conscience!

An "Era"-ble Tale.

THE BAILIE does not affect a deep knowledge of matters theatrical. He enjoys a good play; but the mysteries of "the profession" are to him unknown, even as was the French of Paris to Master Chaucer's Prioress. Under these circumstances, it may be imagined that the *Era* newspaper—the actor's guide, philosopher, and friend—is to him as a sealed book. "Q.," and his Worship's young men take a huge interest in this journal; but should the BAILIE himself happen to glance at it after their perusal, he does so with marvel and something akin to awe. And what wonder? Look at its advertisements! Look at the following advertisement for a pianist, which, after opening intelligibly enough, proceeds in this mysterious manner:—"Must also be able to VAMP WELL. NOTICE: NO NERVOUS OR SENSITIVE PERSON NEED APPLY. A comfortable situation for a COMPETENT person, BUT a 'queer one' for an 'INcompetent.' So PRETENDERS BEWARE!" Now, what on earth is all this about? What is "vamping?" Is it anything in the vampyre line? and if so, why not say, in conventional language, "none but vampyres"—the BAILIE could recommend several—"need apply?" *They're* not nervous or sensitive, goodness knows. In conclusion, his Worship would observe that—looking at this announcement, its redundancy of startling capitals, and its appalling obscurity—he cannot recommend any "nervous or sensitive person" to "apply" to the advertisement columns of the *Era*. They are productive of bad dreams.

PERFORMANCE MORE THAN PROMISE.

Tenth Ward Electors! With re-ward
There's gratitude. This debt that's just
You'll pay, if you your votes record—
CONVENER OF TH' IMPROVEMENT TRUST.

Mustard and Pepper.

ONE "Betsy Mustard or Ferguson," having a case in the court of Session last week, undertook to conduct it herself. As she condescended to pun on her own name, the BAILIE need not apologise for saying that her speech was as highly-seasoned as might have been anticipated from her appellation. In spite of sundry confidential communications to the Bench, and fist-shaking at opposing counsel, the lady was heard patiently; but his Worship understands that the feeling in the Parliament-house is not yet very strongly in favour of admitting the gentler (?) sex to the Bar.

New Meanings of Old Words.

(Continued.)

DECORATION, noun, extensively improper—The acme of art (?) concealing art; in Athens, subjective, in Britain, objective; the apex to the climax of the modern upholsterer, artist, and horticulturalist, in a lit(t)eral obscuration of the beautiful and permanent, by the trumpety of the transient; Nature and Art veiled and violated by ignorance; a hideous eclipse of a greater by a lesser luminary; the sex dressed to death, buried in be-dizenment. Wail over the atrocity.

DIVE, noun, totally improper—a spiritual recess or crypt into which the needy, seed, and greedy plunge to bathe their burning brain; where you may enjoy (?) the "shades of evening" even by noontide; and where the shadows of their former selves flit on and flit off. Avoid it as Hades.

DUCK, noun, masculine or feminine—middle-aged, waddling, twaddling bipeds, overflowing with mutual endearments when observed by equals and superiors, tyrants and termagants to inferiors; alone together, continually pecking one another. Return not their visit.

ENCUMBRANCE, noun, objectionably collective—Brats, the offspring of Fabulinean misake; anti-vital husian obstacles, erroneously chronicled as olive branches; blessings to the rich, curses to the poor; e.g., gardeners, groomers, coachmen, &c., to snobs of poor estate. An idote—eat (?) as our canine and feline redundancies: ten minutes under *aqua pura*. Dance over their enviable exit.

EVANGELIST, noun of multitude, masculine or feminine—signifying assumption, arrogance, assurance, authority, conceit, and condemnation, concentrated; found sparsely in the pulpit; profuse, and, in greatest power and purity, interrupting the purlieus of crowded thoroughfares; howling and scowling at the demons of their own creation; spiritually allied to sufferers from D.T. Distrust such fanatics.

FAST, verb, preternaturally active—galloping on the loose; pleasure first, business nowhere; beer, billiards, and bills; IOU, and you owe me and everybody else; amours, *ad infinitum*; jollifications, *ad nauseam*; turn out, tandem—turn in, to bed, in boots—turn up, for toilet, at noon—turn down, for breakfast, at luncheon—turn over a new leaf, never; early on, and early unaer, the turf. Epitaph—*Rip*.

FAST-DAY, noun, regularly autumnal and vernal—a hol(y)(i)day charitably appointed by "the Church" for the enjoyment of the masculine and feminine jejune community; and the especial benefit of waggonette and dog cart hirers; toll-bars and rural hotel-keepers; coasting steamers and their stewards to whisky-and-watering-places; railways, and every means of exit to our suburban spiritualities; with an exactly corresponding loss to our edible and bibulous establishments in town; a cobweb of the Reformation, moderns too fly for it. Brush it down.

The Coming "San Bough."—The C.C.C. about to make his debut.

ALIKE WITH AND WITHOUT FAIL(L).—The BAILIE is glad to see that since the royal visit Glasgow has taken to mending its ways.

THE WRIGHT MEN IN THE WRONG PLACE.—Under whomsoever's control George Square was during royal-visit-week, it seems to have been almost ever since under that of the Woods and Forests.

SUNTO PERPETUA.—It is generally understood that the reason for paving over George Square originated in the desire to have flags as perpetual reminiscences of the Royal visit. It is also intended to make the space thus acquired, a "grand stand" for loungers.

The "Basin" of the Clyde.

SO long since sunk in City soil,
To whom belongs this Roman bowl—
The man not *infra dig.* to toil,
On Manuel, whose dig-out's the whole?
To whom belong'd it when 'twas hid?
There's not a clue by which to ask it.
Was't first from tell-tale poisons rid,
Or fell it from some bowl-wife's basket?
Did this "remain" in Roman delf
Take rank with Lares or Penates?
Or graced it but the kitchen shelf
When toom'd from p'rritch or pitawties?
A delfic oracle 'twas, p'rhaps,
On Haloween, when basins three,
'Mang Sabine girls and Latin chaps,
Were ranged and changed—fair, foul, or free.
It may have whirl'd upon a pole,
(See Malabar, if not Belphegor);
Or, as a crackdish, caught a drole
For some old classic "jolly beggar."
Or p'rhaps have been at church a "plate,"
And brimful been of bronze *denari(i)*;
But be whate'er its tale or fate,
It's this, I'm not an antique ware-y.
antiquary.

A Fast-day Episode.

SCENE I.

George Square, Thursday Morning, 10 30. Enter to Mr Tibbs Mr M'Sank, in black go-to-meetings and a "lum."

Mr M'S. (boldly)—"Good morning, Mr Tibbs. You're rather early for church, ain't you?"

Mr Tibbs (in walking coat, brilliant tie, and a "jerry," hesitatingly)—"Ye-e-s, rather. But you see a fellow can't sleep so long through the week as he does on a Sunday; and, the fact is, I like a stroll before the bells begin. You're out early, too."

Mr M'S.—"Oh, no. You see it's a long walk to Sandyford, and I always like to be in good time. So you must excuse me. Good morning."

Mr T.—"Morning." [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

First-class Compartment, Helensburgh Train, 10.44½.

Mr Tibbs (addressing four admiring companions)—"Awful bore—met that solemn beggar, M'Sank of our office—bound for church, of course—gave me credit for similar intention—didn't undeceive him—hope he'll—"

Guard (sharply)—"This way, sir; room for one here. Come, look alive!" [Bang.]

(Enter Mr M'Sank precipitately.)

Mr M'S. (fiercely)—"Confounded shame that a party should be split up like this! Hope you gents don't object to smoking. Why! How the— Mr Tibbs!"

(Tunnel hides any visible signs of embarrassment that may be felt.)

Fast Days with a Vengeance.

THE BAILIE has often been grieved to see the way in which the average citizen treats our half-yearly Fast days. To say that a modern Fast day is more honoured in the breach than the observance, and that it is too frequently a "fast" day in quite a different sense from that contemplated by the grave founders of the institution, is keeping strictly within the bounds of truth. The Magistrate feels that this is an appropriate moment to lay before the degenerate readers of his sparkling pages a few particulars as to how some other nations spend their Fast-days.

The authorities of Solemanca in Spain had all along found the greatest difficulty in getting the inhabitants of the place to observe Fast days with the proper amount of rigour. People persisted in devouring their accustomed steaks and chops and ham and eggs and things with the utmost obstinacy, in spite of all that could be said; till at last a dyspeptic mayor hit on a brilliant plan. On the eve of the Fast day he had the entire population arrested on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and sentenced them, *en masse*, to 24 hours' imprisonment, with bread and water diet. The plan worked admirably, but next morning when the hungry prisoners were released, there was rather a rumpus. They seized the Mayor and the entire Council, the Sheriff's Officer, the Rates Collector, the Master of Works, the Town Crier, the two policemen, and every other official in the place, and locked them up on bread and water for 30 days. Since that unfortunate affair, there has never been another Fast day held in Solemanca.

The people of Festivon, in Southern France, on the other hand, take very kindly to their Fast days; indeed, they are always bothering their magistrates to appoint one, on some pretext or other. In 1712, they sulked for a whole week because they were not allowed to have a Fast day on the occasion of the young king of France paying a visit to their town. When they were asked to decorate the streets, and make things generally gay and festive for once in a way, they revenged themselves by only hoisting the flags half-mast high, hanging the houses with black bunting, and whistling the Dead March in Saul, instead of the National Anthem. When they do have a Fast day, however, they come out very strong indeed; in fact, starvation is about the word for it. They would actually starve themselves to death, but a watchful

magistracy keeps its eye on them, and at the critical moment a detachment of soldiers is sent round the town, with instructions to administer chicken soup and Liebig's Extract of Beef at the point of the bayonet.

At Levanto, in Sicily, they have a very nice way of managing things. Magistrates and people alike have a rooted aversion to Fast days, but they can't help having one occasionally, just to be like other folk. When the eventful day dawns, the inhabitants form in procession, headed by the magistrates in their robes of office, and march into the next parish, where of course there is no Fast day. The local flute band, which accompanies them, starts with "Old Hundred," or "Martyrdom," or something of that kind, but as the day advances the music gradually assumes a more secular character, till at length the procession crosses the parish boundaries to the inspiring strains of "Tommy, make room for your uncle." The day is then spent in the most rollicking way, and at night they straggle home more or less deviously, the band endeavouring unsuccessfully to perform "Old Hundred" once more as they re-enter Levanto. Headaches are almost universal next morning, and soda water is in great demand.

—♦♦♦—
"CORBIES WINNA PICK OOT CORBIES' EEN."—
A Paisley guardian of the peace was sent sixty days to jail last week for a vicious assault on a brother constable. Several Bobbies, who gave evidence, said they were walking on the other street and heard a scuffle, but "they did not think they should interfere."

—♦♦♦—
At a bankruptcy examination last week the Trustee stated that the bankrupt's books had been "kept in Hebrew." A goodly number of bankrupts, not of the Jewish persuasion, have allowed their stocks to be kept by Hebrews.

—♦♦♦—
Speaking on the Poor Law Bill last week, Provost Wilson of Govan, who dearly loves a joke, said that the "Chairmen of the three City Boards, with their Inspectors, would have a conference, which would be a very innocent meeting." Only fancy! a Parochial Board gathering turning out an innocent affair!

—♦♦♦—
"THE COMING K——."—We excuse you this time, Levernholm, but as you are sorry for it, and don't mean to shirk your public responsibilities next November, the BAILIE dismisses you with an admonition.

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "FOOTBALL-PLAYER."—It is quite natural that you should be surprised that the Queen's Park have not a large balance at their bankers, seeing that they must make such a "pile" out of their gate money. Making money and saving it are, however, different things.
- "FREE CHURCH STUDENT."—In your prayers don't forget the lady who has left all the money to the dining hall fund. It will enable you to see new beauties in loaves and fishes.
- "CONSTABLE."—You must not swear, even although one or two of your superiors did a good deal of plain and fancy work in that line on the 17th.
- "PROCURATOR."—Certainly a man must live; but he must work if he wants to live. Two of the Assessors must get work elsewhere, as they can't be allowed to live off the city.
- "ROWLEY."—Your "bons mots" are *les plus mauvais du monde*.
- "ANOTHER ASS."—The Ass repudiates you.
- "J. M. S."—The feebleness of your joke is only equalled by its antiquity.

CORPORATION GALLERIES,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

PICTURES! PICTURES!! PICTURES!!!

Oil Paintings, Water Colours, Coloured Photos.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

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

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1876.

THE BAILIE is an optimist. He takes a very cheery view of life, and—figuratively speaking—the glasses of his revered spectacles are of the most delicate shade of rose colour. Yet there are occasions when he is inclined to sigh "Ichabod!" Of these occasions the present is one. From the festival of Hallowe'en verily hath the glory departed. When the BAILIE, lifting his eyes from the pages of BURNS, and realising every detail, looks about him, he rubs his eyes with surprise. In country districts, it is true, much of the old hilarity prevails; but that hideous thing "gentility" has pervaded even the farmhouse, and it is well known that to be merry is dreadfully "ungenteel." As for the city, there many of the ceremonies pertaining to the festival would be impracticable. For instance, the bold reveller who should invade some suburban nursery in search of a kail-stock would be very likely to spend the rest of his Hallowe'en in durance vile. But even the in-door ceremonies have fallen greatly into disuse. Old fogies like the BAILIE would like very well to see the young folks enjoying themselves; but the young folks—that is, the "young men and maidens"—look askance at the suggestion that they should "dook" for apples, or essay the fortune of the three bowls. His Worship has, indeed, seen the feeble compromise resorted to of bobbing at the apples with a fork; but even the children now-a-days seem dreadfully afraid of "spoiling their things." Little chits of girls, when they are invited to a Hallowe'en party, go more intent upon waltzing and precocious flirtation than upon the sports proper to the season. In short, once more "Ichabod!" The subject is a sad one, and the BAILIE begs to excuse himself from dwelling upon it further.

Agricultural Returns — Home-going Irish
reapers.

ROGER HENNEDY—DIED 22nd OCTOBER, 1876.

STREW flowers. Strew flowers upon the coffin lid ;
Strew greenery gay sad sable signs amid,
Ere dust to dust's in death's dank darkness hid.
Plant flowers. Plant flowers around, and o'er his tomb—
Perennial flowers that in *memoriam* room
Show modest grace, shed fragrance, simply bloom.
Like to his worth his work. Though wide between
The mien retiring, and the ardour keen
In "Clydesdale Flora" leaves that keep his memory green.

“Sixty Days” Again.

THE other day Bailie MacBean sentenced a woman to sixty days' imprisonment for stealing a pair of boots and an odd one. She made light of the matter (the boots were only gutta percha) instead of doing the usual “tears and shrieks” dodge, or making an appeal to his Worship for mercy. For this further offence, which Bailie MacBean called contempt of Court, he sentenced her to—other sixty days! What is the world, and what, above all, is the citizen Magistracy coming to? Only sixty days for “contempt of Court!” Absolutely no more for chaffing the Water Bailie than for stealing a pair of shoes and an odd one—and the shoes, too, of the kind called gutta percha. My conscience!

XXX-celsior!!!

THE other night Asinus telegraphed to the office from the Trongate that he had seen a great comet blazing in the east, and which he believed was a certain sign that something extraordinary was about to happen in the oriental situation. Sometimes, however, when Mr Asinus has a glass, he sees “twa munes the nicht,” and it is at least possible that the “certain sign” may be of the TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY, and the comet's tale towards “the situation” some important intimation regarding the price of Ready-mades or the quality of Bespokes.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TENTH WARD.—Grahame in describing a snow-storm, says “the tombs lie buried.” Thus bury the Southern Necropolis!—without heaping “dirt” on it.

“What is the difference,” inquired Peter of Asinus the other day, “between a
Carpe diem and a
Carpe(t) knight?”

“None,” replied the long-eared one, “for,” he added, “the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!”

Where to spend a Fast-day—“Holy” town.

Cabby and the Match.

Scene—Neighbourhood of Queen's Park. Exciting match at football on. Cab rushing past with Party just in time for the train, as he thinks. Suddenly, cab stops.

Party inside (craning his neck dickie-wards)—
“Hi! hi! Why the — do you stop?”

Cabby (excitedly standing up and looking towards the game)—“Hooray! Stick in, Geordie. Now—now—”

Party (poking at Cabby with umbrella)—
“Idiot! Will you go on? I shall lose the train.”

Cabby jumps down as the ball nears the goal to get a better view.

Party left sitting, and swearing generally. His chance of reaching his goal is at an end for this day.

The Parish Dog.

MR WALLACE, the Inspector of Govan Poor, has been entrusted with the performance of a delicate duty. He has been adjured to sell a dog that formed part of the chattels of Crookston Hall, which property has been acquired by the Board. It would never do to keep a dog when one can bark oneself. Friend Launce has well said, “O 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies.”

CLEANLINESS BEFORE RESPECTABILITY.—“Two respectable persons want washing and dressing. Apply,” &c. Thus ran an advertisement in a hapenny contemporary, last week. It is certainly a very laudable thing to find respectable people alive to the necessity for personal cleanliness; and doubtless some benevolent member of the Turkish Bath League will lose no time in giving them the “washing and dressing” they require.

In addressing his constituents last week, Mr Martin observed that “if there was anything reported in the papers, it would be the cry of a brainless individual”—and after that the papers were cruel enough to give a full report of Mr Martin's speech.

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.—The Edinburgh Shoemakers have struck at last. If they'd come to an understanding they shouldn't go beyond it.

A Bridle Party—A harness-maker.

The Cabmen's “Rest”—The surplus of the proper fare.

Quavers.

THE word "grand" has been much misused in relation to concerts, but surely it may be correctly applied to that of Saturday evening in the City Hall. Albani, the most angelic of vocal artists, and Thalberg, the sprightliest, are *les deux* enough to draw, let alone an entire troupe from Covent Garden, with instrumentalism to boot. That the hall will be crowded to excess is certain.

As the above is truly to be a display of high art, so last Saturday's concert was as truly one of low art. When costume and other accessories are employed on the platform, one may be sure that the singing or playing isn't of a class to attract without them, and the rule held good on the occasion in question.

By the by, the ubiquitous and talented "Q." of your Worship's highly respectable staff of contributors, was rather at fault in his praise of Mrs Osgood the other week. Does your Worship know that that lady was not nearly *as good* (please excuse the pun) a vocalist as she was expected to be. The usually discriminative critic of the *Herald* as to vocal acquirement had overdone his trumpeting "on this occasion," and led more than "Q." astray. Mrs Osgood, in a sentence, sings in a superior style, but has a thin, high-set, and dry voice—of true American quality, in fact.

It was quite a stroke of genius that Kibble Concert on the Fast night—a bold step but evidently one thoroughly appreciated. They have clearly enterprise as well as taste in the Choir. Well, to get better in among the upper ten than they are, let them try the effect of a distinguished name or two, vocally or instrumentally, at their subscription concerts. Something of the kind is certainly necessary—whether rightly or wrongly is a question there isn't time now to discuss.

The Bellahouston Musical Society, under Mr W. Moodie, are to practise Van Bree's cantata, "St Cecilia's Day." The composer is quite unknown in this country, though not of this generation, and has written a great deal of music of all sorts. Taking up the work in question implies the possession by the society of a capable solo soprano. It is a very melodious composition all through, in the Weber school somewhat.

"TWERE A CONSUMMATION, &C."—Sandy Macdonald, M.P. is (says the *San Francisco News Letter*) at present in California with the object of testing its suitability for emigrants. Perhaps, were Sandy to extend his tour to Hong-Kong, and there to remain, with the object of testing its good qualities as a home for the discontented, it would be the most patriotic thing he ever did in his life.

One of the applicants at the Licensing Court stated that since his previous unsuccessful application there had been no change in the circumstances; on which the Chairman (Bailie Morrison) remarked, "And there's no change here!" How travel does sharpen the intellects of some people, to be sure!

Morrison's Pills—The Licensing Court decisions.

The Animale has made a discovery. It is that "The Glasgow Old Apothecaries' Company" in Virginia Street have been granted a licence. Won't there be a rush by young Glasgow for pick-me-ups on Sunday mornings.

What a Day he Had!

WHAT a Mark Tapley of a fellow is Ex-Deacon-Convener Smith, candidate for the Seventh Ward! He actually "had a jolly day" on the memorable 17th of October. At least so he told the electors last week, and this is how he managed it:—"He went to the review and enjoyed it very much, and then he went home and treated his friends to a champagne lunch; and he thought he did a loyal thing and a right thing. He thought the Provost had put himself greatly about and had spent a large amount of money, and he hoped that none of our tradesmen or work people were any the poorer. Our warehouses and shops had been made busy, for many ladies had got new bonnets—and maybe dresses—who would not but for the visit have thought of them. He did not think the visit would cost anything like £10,000. He was told there was some old fund that did not touch the taxes. Where it came from he did not know, but still there was a fund, and they had a way of adding to it from certain revenues; and he would try and find out all about it by-and-by. In short, he was loyal enough to say he rejoiced in the visit, and he hoped there would be nobody who could say he had suffered from it." There! Doesn't it sound for all the world like the letter of a schoolboy home for the holidays? "Had a jolly good tuck-in, and went to the pantomime," and so on. Well, well, the BAILIE will forgive the delightful vagueness of Mr Smith's references to "some old fund" and "certain revenues," for the sake of the cheery optimism which pervades his remarks. A man who is capable of being jolly under such circumstances as those of Tuesday fortnight is a man to be admired. And after all, this is doubtless the proper tone to take now; if for no other reason, at least on the ground that there's no use in crying over spilt milk. The mischief, if mischief there was, is done, and what's the use of growling over it? Mr Smith's little speech is the sort of thing to take the nasty taste out of our mouths and restore smiles to our faces.

A Pungent Widow—Mrs Mustard.

American Notes—Greenbacks.

There is no truth in the rumour that Charley Collette has been coaching-up Bailie Collins in the part of "Bounce."

A "Base-'Un" suggests that poor Granny has been forced to seek solace for the unkindness of her friends in the "bowl."

"TIS FALSE!"—There is no truth in the statement that worthy Provost Bain, when riding in solemn state in his "grand carriage" on Tuesday week looked "Sir-ly." Despite the rain, he was quite proud of the day's proceedings.

UNIVERSITIES OF GLASGOW AND ABERDEEN.

THE LORD-ADVOCATE'S RETURN.

The COMMITTEE for Securing the Election of the LORD-ADVOCATE MEET DAILY in No. 7 RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION ROOMS, 172 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Justices sit there Daily from 11 till 3.

THE GAIE TY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

To-night and every Evening,
MR W. GOURLAY,

The greatest Scottish Comedian, as DUMBIEDYKES; and
Miss ELOISE JUNO,

The celebra ed Scotch Comedienne, as JEANNIE DEANS,
in addition to the already powerful variety Company in a power-
fully dramatised version of Sir Walter Scott's

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual

THEATRE-ROYAL, GLASGOW

LesseesMessrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.

Last Five Nights of DRON BOUCICAULT'S latest Success,
THE SHAUGHRAUN.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY) October 31, at 7'30;
THE SHAUGHRAUN.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

LesseesMessrs GLOVER and FRANCIS.

Engagement of MR HENRY IRVING.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, and till further Notice,
H A M L E T.

Mr IRVING will be supported by Miss ISABEL BATEMAN,
MR T. SWINBURNE, and the principal Members of Mrs
BATEMAN'S Lyceum Company,

*Seats may be secured at the Box Office dai'ly from 11 till 3.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

The Directors have the honour to announce that they have made arrangements with Mr GYE of the Royal Italian Opera Company, Covent Garden, for a GRAND CONCERT by the following celebrated Artistes of the Royal Italian Opera Company, Covent Garden:—

MD'LE. EMMA ALBANI, Soprano.

MD'LE. GHIO'TTI, Contralto.

MD'LE. ZARE THALBERG, Soprano.

MD'LE. GAUL, Solo Pi niste.

SIGNOR PIAZZI, Tenor. SIGNOR SCOLARA, Baritone.

SIGNOR GHILBERTI, Bass. MR RADCLIFFE, Solo Flute.

SIGNOR VIANESI, Condu tor Director of Music and

Conductor at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Tickets now ready, to be had at Swan & Pen land's Music
Warehouse, 49 Bucha an Street, and at the Office, 7 West Re-
at Street. Reserved Seats at Swan & Pen land's only.

Temporary Office—7 W. Regent St. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

TO-NIGHT, the Historical Drama, in Four Acts, entitled
CATHERINE HOWARD; OR, THE COTTAGE, THE TOMB,
THE THRONE, AND THE SCAFFOLD.

Special Engagement of Mr WALTER CROSBY, who will
make his re-appearance at this Theatre as ATHELWOOD, EARL
OF DURHAM.

To conclude with a Comic Drama.

Nov. 13—MD'LE. BEATRICE and COMPANY.

Nov. 20—Mr JAMES TAYLOR and ADA ALEXANDRA
and COMPANY.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

THIRD SERIES OF CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,
IN THE CITY HALL.

CHORAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio
"S T. PAUL."

TUESDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, Herr GADE'S "ZION,"
GOUNOD'S "GALLIA," and ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER."
MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, HANDEL'S Oratorio "MESSIAH."

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

TUESDAYS, 21ST and 28TH NOVEMBER, and 5TH, 12TH, and
19TH DECEMBER, and THURSDAY, 21ST DECEMBER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, (SINGLE TICKETS.)

	Reserved Seats.	Area.	Galleries.
A. Entire Series—Nine Concerts.....	£2 15 0	£1 10 0	
B. Six Orchestral Concerts.....	1 17 6	1 1 0	
C. Three Choral Concerts.....	1 1 0	0 12 6	

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be had from the
principal Musicsellers, and from Mr John Wallace, Acting
Secretary and Treasurer, 68 West Regent Street, to whom
intending Subscribers will please send their Names, with the
Number and Class of Tickets they wish reserved for them.

The choice of Seats will be regulated by the order in which
applications are received.

JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary.

GLASGOW YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL LECTURES.

THE FIFTH LECTURE OF THE COURSE

Will be delivered by

The REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., London,

This Evening (Tuesday), at Eight o'clock.

Subject—"Koll Call of the Christian Dead."

Admission, 6d.

Tickets to be had at the Rooms of the Association, 280 George
Street; or at the City Hall Doors.

"LITTLE COLD TOOTSIES."

By THOMAS FAED, R.A.

The *Herald* says of this Grand Picture:—"This simple inci-
dent, which one has seen so often, is charmingly illustrated, and
executed with all the technical skill of the artist."

AND 150 HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS,

NOW ON VIEW,

From the Col'ection of Messrs Thomas Agnew & Sons,
London, Liverpool, and Manchester,

AT MR ANNAN'S GALLERY,

153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Admission, with Catalogue, One Shilling,

From 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.

MACCABE—HENGLER'S CIRQUE.

FOURTH AND LAST WEEK OF THE TRIUMPHANT CAREER IN GLASGOW OF
MR FREDERICK MACCABE,
In his Original, Mirthful, and Ventriloquial Entertainment,
BEGONE DULL CARE!

The popular and artistic success of Mr Maccabe's present engagement is without parallel in Glasgow. The audiences which have honoured his matchless performances during the past three weeks are the greatest and most fashionable ever gathered to witness an entertainment.

MACCABE EVERY EVENING at 8
SATURDAY at 7.30.

In Twenty-four of his Original
PERSONATIONS AND SONGS!

Elegant, Novel, and Diversified, replete with intensely Comic Incidents. Every taste suited. Beautiful Melodies, Piano Recitals, a superb Exposition of Ventriloquism and Character Delineations.

ADMISSION—Stalls, 3s; Area, 2s; Second Seats, 1s; Gallery, 6d; Private Boxes to hold Six, 12s; to hold Twelve, 24s. Children Half-price, except to Gallery.

Plan may be seen, and Seats secured in advance, at Ticket Office, Hengler's Cirque, between 11 and 4 Daily.

Doors Open at 7.30; Carriages Ordered at 10.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2½d, 1s 9d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent.'s cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.

Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),

72 JAMAICA STREET.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

**HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,
BY AUCTION.**

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON TUESDAY,
7TH NOVEMBER,

**PUBLIC SALE OF AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF
HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,**

Choice specimens of the most eminent Masters of the English, French, and Belgian Schools, comprising desirable Works by

Stanfield.

Shayer, Senr.

P. F. Poole, R.A.

Frith, R.A.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

T. S. Cooper.

Chas. Baxter.

F. Goodall, R.A.

E. Landseer, R.A.

W. Collins, R.A.

W. Muller.

E. Verboeckhoven, &c., &c.

Besides 11 fine Drawings by Erskine Nicol, R.A.

The Works are of a quality and Painted by Artists seldom offered by Auction in the Provinces, and have been selected with great care, discrimination, and taste, under the most advantageous circumstances, by a thoroughly competent judge, who has consigned them for realisation.

ROBERT M'TEAR & Co. will Sell the above,
by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St Vincent Place, on Tuesday 7th November, at One o'clock.

On View, with Catalogues, day prior to Sale.

Note.—The Proprietor is prepared to guarantee every Picture as the genuine work of the Artist to whom it is attributed in the Catalogue.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 30th October, 1876.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.

The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

**THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.**

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Café, and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

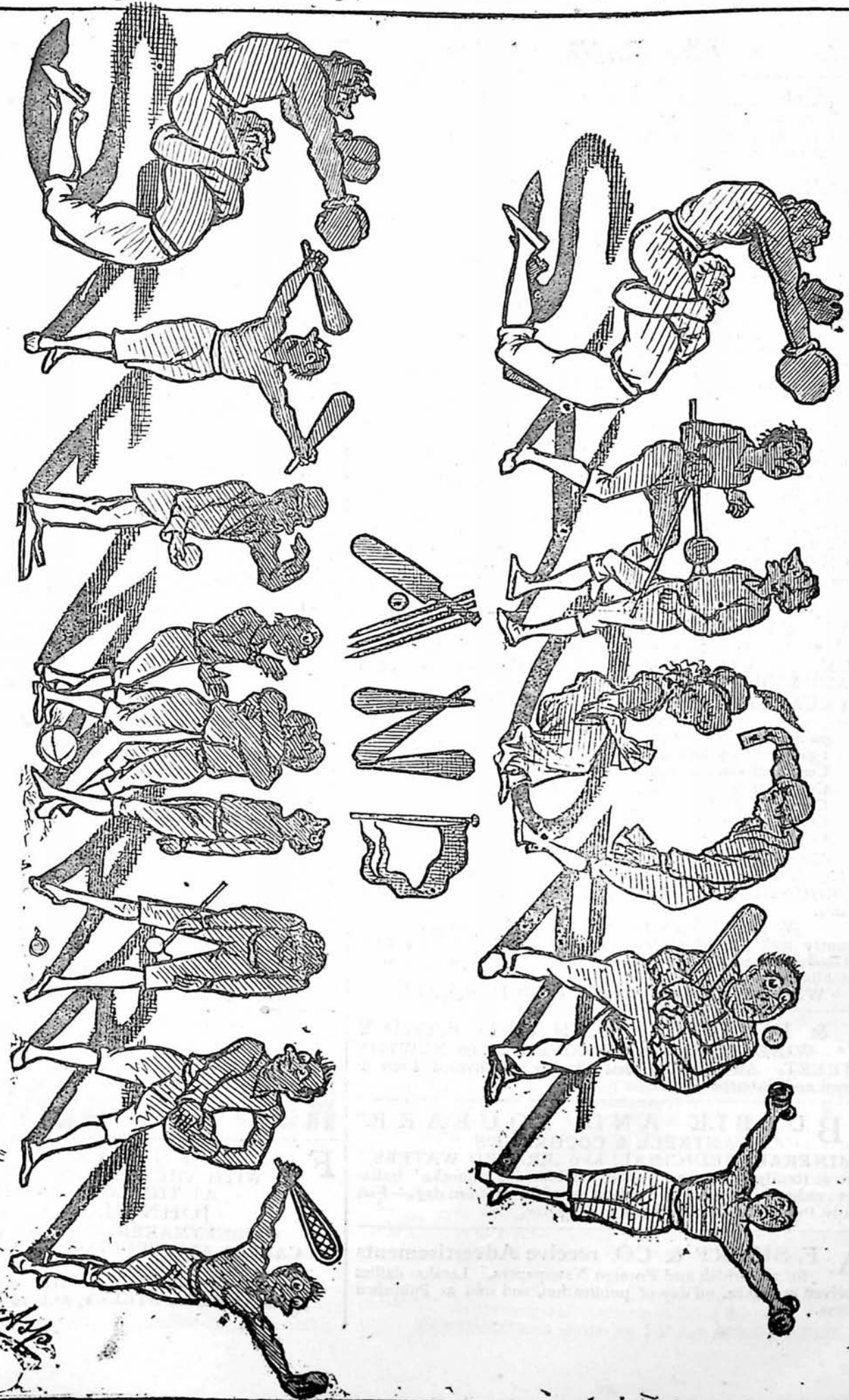
Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

A. BEVERIDGE & CO., WHOLESALE AND EXPORT PICKLE, SAUCE, AND KETCHUP MANUFACTURERS, 85 and 87 Surrey Street, Glasgow.—A. B. & Co., by important additions and alterations, have greatly extended their Works, which are now the largest of the kind in the West of Scotland.—Orders by Post, from Town and Country, will have prompt despatch. A. B. & Co. guarantee the quality and purity of their Manufactures.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SCRAP PHOTOS, in Great Variety,
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.



18, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Drawn and Coloured by Christie & Crockett.

Artists and Color Printers, 40, St. Enoch Square.

Chapman

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the **ORDINARY**
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

THE BLYTHSWOOD,
248 ARGYLE STREET,
50 Apartments.—**JOHN LEARY**, Proprietor.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.

Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"**BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE**."

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tions palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press. Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

GLASGOW SKATING RINK
BURNBANK HALL, GREAT WESTERN ROAD.
SEASON, 1876-77.

This Magnificent Rink has been RE-DECORATED, and the
FLOOR RE-LAID on improved principles. It now affords
the LARGEST and one of the BEST SKATING SURFACES
in Great Britain.

The Rink is Open to the PUBLIC daily as usual—

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

" 2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.

" 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons are the SELECT
ASSEMBLIES, restricted to MEMBERS of the SKATING
RINK CLUB and their friends (by Ticket).

Books of Tickets may be had Gratis of the Managing Director
at the Hall. ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.

The Celebrated Rink Band is always in attendance.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH
SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny A cibades for 30s.

" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.

" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.

" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.

" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.

A great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

CONFECTIONERY.

FOR SPECIALTIES in SWEETS Visit
PETTIGREW'S

GLASGOW ROCK ESTABLISHMENT,

109 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW

All Confections supplied by M. P. are of Finest Quality and
Guaranteed Purity.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

How to Shine in Society.

USE

ROSS'S BLACKING.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

JOHN M. SIMPSON,

CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,
CARPET AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMAN,

DEALER IN WORKS OF ART,

60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,

191 MAXWELL STREET, AND 16 FOX STREET.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO.'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES
ARE THE BEST FOR
FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,
AND ALL
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.
See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,
71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,
13/6, 16/6, 20/.
ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,
HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON,
LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE
DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can
now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID,
City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to
insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent
capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat
Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready
for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,
181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.
SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Carefully Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,
Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

FORSYTH'S

ULSTER

COATS,

OVERCOATS

AND

INVERNESS

CAPES,



ULSTER

COATS,

OVERCOATS

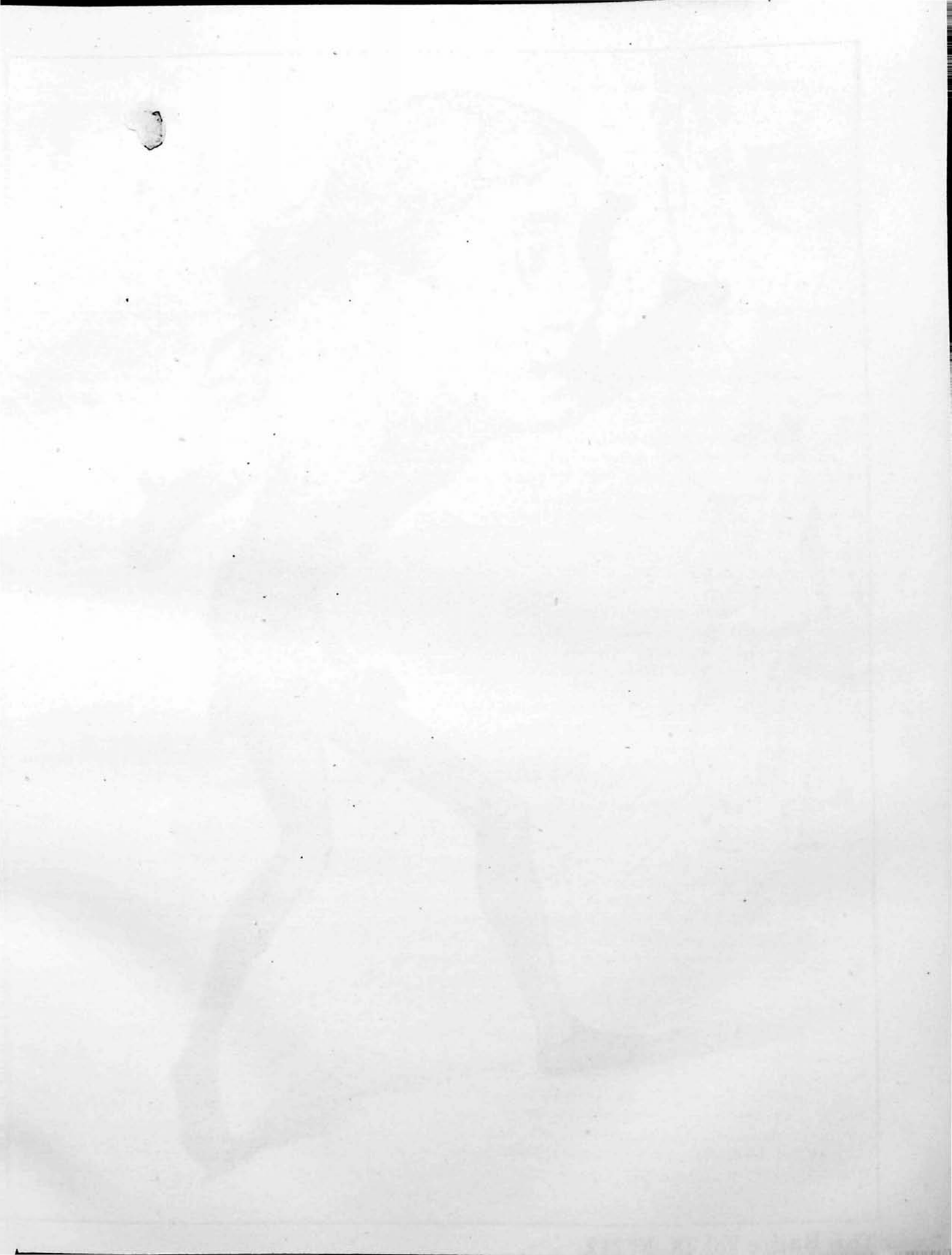
AND

INVERNESS

CAPES,

5 RENFIELD ST.

GLASGOW : Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia 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. 212 Glasgow, Wednesday, November 8th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 212.

YOUR player is usually a "Man you Know." In spite of the fleeting nature of their triumphs, in spite of their caste—they are vagabonds by the law of the realm—we all become personally interested in our actors, we are willing to be made acquainted with what kind of people they are, whether their lives off the stage are like their lives on the stage, why it was that they adopted the mimetic art as a profession, and what manner of views they hold regarding us, the common vulgar, who are separated from them by a line of footlights, which, though neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, still serve to form an impassable barrier between the world of feigning and make-believe and romance, and the cold dull world of everyday life. Not one of us, from the highest to the lowest, but would feel the prouder for a bow from Charles Mathews, or that we were able to boast we had been poked in the ribs by Johnny Toole. Of all present day actors, however, no single individual commands a title of the interest attaching to the personality of Mr HENRY IRVING. He is not the Betterton or Kemble of his generation. His success has been as astonishing as that of Edmund Kean. With none of the stage *savoir faire* of Garrick, he has contrived to gain even a more commanding position towards the public life of his generation than did the "abridgement of all that was pleasant in man." While still comparatively young—Mr IRVING is only in his thirty-eighth year—he occupies the leading place on the national stage. And his success has been attained in the face of fearful odds. It was by no usual road that his present eminence was won. While yet a boy he determined to be an actor—told us himself, in his speech at the Theatrical Fund dinner a year ago, how he used to

watch his favourites as they passed in and out of the stage doors of the different theatres—and after an unsuccessful attempt to secure a footing on the London boards became a member of the company of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal. From Edinburgh he went to London, where, together with the late Harcourt Bland, he appeared at the Princess's in a piece named "Ivy Hall." The drama, however, was weak, and was soon withdrawn, and with its withdrawal IRVING retired to the provinces—retired, indeed, to Glasgow, where he accepted an engagement from Mr Edmund Glover, and appeared first on the 9th April, 1860. In Glasgow he remained a couple of seasons, his chief hit all this time being the part of *Prince Jung Bahadoor of Nepal*, in a melodrama illustrative of the Indian revolt. Manchester was his next location, and in Manchester he remained five years. Among his successes in Cottonopolis were *Dombey*, in an adaptation of Dickens' novel, *Robert Macaire*, *Jeremy Diddler*, and *Fem Dalton*. Here he also played *Laertes* to the *Hamlet* of Edwin Booth, of G. V. Brooke, and of Walter Montgomery, and here he first attempted *Hamlet* itself, this being on the occasion of a benefit he received on the 20th of June, 1864. After a short visit to Liverpool, the "Man you Know" again found his way to London. He had joined the company of Miss Herbert while it was making a tour in the provinces in 1866, and when it returned to the Metropolis and opened at the St. James's he took a foremost place in its ranks. His first notable success was in the character of *Doricourt* in a revival of Mrs Cowley's "Belle's Stratagem," but he also played *Harry Dornton* in the "Road to Ruin," and *Rawdon Scudamore* in "Hunted Down," and gained considerable popularity by so doing. From the St. James's Mr IRVING migrated in 1868 to the Queen's Theatre, which he left in the following year for the Gaiety, his most important

parts at both being *Bob Gassit* in "Dearer than Life," and *Mr Chevenix* in "Uncle Dick's Darling." His next important engagement was with Messrs Montague, James, and Thorne when they opened the little Vaudeville in the Strand in April, 1870. The first piece was Halliday's "For Love or Money," and in it Mr IRVING played the part of the adventurer *Alfred Skimmington*. His position all this time may be guessed by the estimation in which he was held by the London critics. While at the Queen's he was reckoned of less account than Charles Wyndham, who was the *Charles Garner* of "Dearer than Life," so at the Gaiety the *Joe Lennard* of that very wooden gentleman, Mr John Clayton, was preferred to his *Chevenix*, and at the Vaudeville Mr Montague's minikin grace found more acceptance than did his studied representation of a present day *chevalier d'industrie*. In the June of the same year, however, the production of "The Two Roses" "changed all that." Mr IRVING'S representation of *Digby Grant* placed him in the foremost rank of his profession, "The Two Roses" ran for something like twelve months, and at its close the "Man you Know" took a holiday, reappearing on the stage of the Lyceum in the September of '71, in Mrs Bateman's adaptation of "La Petite Fadette" of George Sand. *Alfred Fingle*, in Albery's so-called comedy of "Pickwick," was his next part, and then, on the night of the 25th November, '71, "The Bells" was represented for the first time. The *Mathias* of Mr IRVING at once became the talk of London. There was no stint in the praise of the critics now. Acting so intelligent and so intense had not been seen for years. He had freed himself at one blow from the fetters of the miniature art which seemed to have taken full possession of the stage, cramping the energy and dwarfing the style of the most promising actors of our day. "Charles I." followed in the September of '72, and "Eugene Aram" in the succeeding April, both plays being by W. G. Wills. Then came the "Philip" of Hamilton Aide and the "Richelieu" of Bulwer. All four plays were successes. It was seen that Mr IRVING'S triumph in *Mathias* was no isolated hit. He was now, beyond all question, the most popular actor in London. But something was still wanting to his fame. He had never appeared in Shakespeare, and his enemies, shrugging their shoulders, remarked that he was capital at—melodrama. On the last day of October, therefore, two years ago, the play of "Hamlet" was represented at the Lyceum, with Mr IRVING in the leading part. "Macbeth" and "Othello"—

not to speak of Mr Tennyson's drama of "Queen Mary"—have followed since, and all three have been received with the most lively divergence of opinion, but even the people who have been sorest in their attacks on Mr IRVING have borne ample testimony to his ability. He is told that he is becoming extravagant in his intensity—that his mannerism is eating him up—that his style is stiff, strained, and impossible—that he—But why prolong the string of commonplaces? Is not mannerism, is not intensity, is not the "impossible" genius? Are not these the very terms we apply to the work of Mr Browning, and Mr Swinburne, and Mr Holman Hunt? Was there ever a mannerist like Victor Hugo? is not Mr Carlyle extravagant in his intensity?—the impossible why *Lear* is impossible, and *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. A man's own personality, especially the personality of one who lives so much in the eye of the public as Mr IRVING, is always a delicate subject to meddle with, but it can do no harm to mention that he is shy and reserved among all but his very few intimates. In the theatre he seldom speaks save on matters of business. He has a mania for water, being frequently "rubbed down" between the acts of a drama, while, on the other hand, his chambers in Bond Street, which are littered with books and pictures and those nice nicks that an artist insensibly gathers round him are sacred against the intrusion of sweeping brush and dustpan. The "Man you Know" manifested his indifference to the ways of the world by attending at the funeral of Mr Bateman in a brown overcoat and check trousers. He showed how superior he is to petty rivalry by the splendid tribute he paid to Salvini on the occasion of the dinner to the Italian tragedian at the Junior Garrick Club in the May of last year. More than the most of those who bulk largely in the esteem of the world, HENRY IRVING has succeeded in

. . . turning the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold.

The BAILIE understands that an uneasy feeling prevails among a number of medical tyros on the subject of Dr. Clark's lecture at the Royal Infirmary last week on "The Comparative Anatomy of Man and the Higher Apes." It is thought that the Doctor intended some personal reference to the students before him. Will he explain?

To "Dr." Slade and others.—"Ne'er let your spirits go down."

Roundabout Papers.

NO. 6.—AT A HALLOW-E'EN PARTY.

“WELL of all the stupid parties going, I think a Hallow-e'en one is about the stupidest. It isn't in human nature to enjoy telling fortunes with a bowl, or to get excited over diving for apples with a fork; and there's a decided sameness about burning nuts after the first twenty minutes or so. However, since we are here, let's imitate Mark Tapley, and be as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

“After all, it's not bad fun watching other people making fools of themselves; for instance, look at poor Dick Twitterer, standing on a chair with a fork in his teeth deeply intent on the bobbing apples below, and looking even more supremely idiotic than usual. I'll lay you three to one in half-crowns that he doesn't—quite so; missed, of course. That's a way Twitterer has; a confirmed habit of missing things. He began life in the most brilliant style by quarrelling with a rich maiden aunt and consequently losing a fortune; then he very cleverly just missed a partnership with old Contango the eminent stockbroker; and now I hear he has managed to miss that eligible Mrs Wattshername, a widow without encumbrance except a very heavy balance at her bankers. Perhaps he's not so much to be pitied on that account though, for if all tales be true, the deceased Wattshername found matrimony a rather trying affair.

“Hallo! there's the lively Miss Florry Larcom pinning a handkerchief to Dick's coat-tails. Poor Twitterer!

“Miss Florry's quite a celebrity in her way too, and not a bad way either. Eh? My dear boy, you're much too critical; I think she's rather good looking, and as for the nose—well, we'll call it *retroussé*, if you like; but to say you could hang a hat on it is an awful exaggeration—unless you mean a small sized hat, of course. Anyhow, Miss Larcom is a very jolly girl. If you want to be dragged round the room in a waltz by the coat-collar in the most muscular way, or pulled helplessly through a square, or knocked about on Lochburnie till you're black and blue all over, or trotted up and down Buchanan Street and through the Arcade for two hours at a time, or anything of that sort, she is just the girl for your money. Besides—but this in the very strictest confidence if you please—she carries one of the nicest little cigarette cases you ever saw. I can't say that she positively relishes her surreptitious weed,

but at all events she has got beyond the stage of turning ill in public. Then she's a capital musician, an energetic rinker, an accomplished flirt, and up to no end of slang. Why, she's a regular nineteenth century Admirable Crichton in petticoats.

“The one superintending the nut burning operations? That's Miss Julia M'Vox, the celebrated amateur soprano, and one of the stroke oars of the Kelvin Musical Association. She has really a very pretty voice and knows how to use it, but her little head has been completely turned by her friends' praise, and now she puts on as many airs as a Nilsson or a Patti. I've heard her say myself, in the most patronizing way, that Albani's rendering of Elsa, in *Lohengrin*, was 'really not at all bad, you know!' Just fancy that! Of course she's an enthusiastic Wagnerite, and turns up her nose at Beethoven and Mozart and all these other old-fashioned fogies.

“Eh? You'd like to know her, would you? My dear boy, what are you thinking of? What do you know about music? Don't suppose you can tell the difference between a demi-semi-quaver and a metronome; she'll find out in three minutes that you're an impostor. However, if you're quite determined—come on then, and I'll get you introduced; the peril be on your own head!”

Pour Encourager les Autres.

A LONDON periodical, which is constantly asserting that it is *not* a comic paper—a thing nobody ever accused it of being—thinks it a fine and manly thing to sneer at Captain Nares and his gallant comrades, because they failed to discover the North Pole. The Cockney witling, while kind enough to admit that the explorers did their best, insinuates that they ought to be snubbed for their pains. Nothing is easier than to gain a cheap reputation for smartness by sneering at merit, and the BAILIE merely gives this particular sneer publicity in his columns, on the principle that a farmer acts upon when he nails vermin to his barn-door.

“Dr.” Slade attended a soiree the other evening, and observed ingenuously that “he had not been affected on hearing the sentence. He had expected it, as three weeks since he had dreamed that he was sentenced to three months' hard labour.” Of which one can only say that the “Doctor” had an inner consciousness of his merits.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT from the Lord Provost's account to the Council of the Royal "show," it might be thought that no one had seen it but himself.

That he was dreadfully late in thanking the Volunteers for turning out.

That it will be a long time before they thank him for causing them to do so.

That all the same the city is to give them £500.

That the city is also to pay for illuminating the University, and for the fire-works.

That when the big bill is presented it will be found that the city has to pay sweetly for a great many other things which ended in smoke.

That application is to be made to Parliament to consolidate the City Trusts.

That if the movers in the scheme know what they want done they don't seem to be able to explain it to any one else.

That it will likely result in a bigger muddle being made of things than at present.

That all of a sudden some person has discovered that the city should borrow £120,000 for a new street improvement scheme.

That the Val de Travers in Gordon Street has been ordered to be lifted at last.

That unquestionably that is a street improvement.

That James Methven Cunningham's little game is again played out.

That the Sheriffship has not been filled up yet.

That it doesn't suit the interests of the Lord Advocate to do so.

That the delay doesn't suit the interests of the many litigants who have had their cases hung up for months.

That if an Edinburgh man is appointed some people will have to swallow a good deal of what they have been saying lately.

That Dr M'Kendrick is already installed as a favourite at Gilmorhill.

That Dr Gairdner has not got promoted to Edinburgh.

That the appointment was not in the hands of the Government.

That the dogs have had their day in Glasgow.

That "Tonalt" has been most profitably employed during the past few days.

That Captain M'Call has been commendably prompt.

That he believes that "prevention is better than cure."

That the Licensing Courts are over for another year.

That a "new ane" is hardly to be got now-a-days unless you're an ex-Cooncillor or a teacher.

That the mark was fairly hit by the shrewd wag who wrote above the door of the Court last Tuesday—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

That the Eagle in the Park should be presented with the freedom of the city.

SAMUEL BENNETT—DIED 30th OCTOBER, 1876.

HEART, Head, and Hand in all he schemed an' did,
As when in lanes and wynds he outcasts taught;
Or "loop'd and window'd raggedness" he led
Our streets along, and honest poortith brought
To whare was "supesflux"—and with it, pity;
Or, when with Lamp of Lite and Truth, he sought
To lighten, brigh'ten, darkest dens of city;
Or when for "People's Rights" with tongue and pen he fought.

The town of his adoption sought his rule.

It ne'er knew wiser: Insight deep and clear;

The pleading ardent, but the judgment cool;

Pure motive; zeal; the power to persevere.

He rests in peace. The works Death let him end

Might be his monument, were't not they mere

But preface make to what may still extend

From schemes his foresight saw,—and yet may help to rear.

Justices' Justice.

A MAN was tried before two Justices at Pollokshaws last week for assault. As there was only one witness of the alleged crime, the Justices were advised that in law that was not sufficient evidence. Their Honours concurred in this ruling, but said it had always been held sufficient in their Court, and thereupon imposed a fine of fifty shillings! Imagine the customs of the Justice Shallows who preside at Pollokshaws being held to override all the acts of the British Parliament. Clearly there are still queer folk in the 'Shaws.

Perhaps Second Sight—The BAILIE seeing several of his fellow-citizens on the "alert" to reach the top of the "poll."

Deserving of a "slating"—Leading warders in the Ninth that have "cut" their wisdom teeth.

To the Electors of the "Fourth" Estate.—*What's "Watt"?*

Mechanical Engineering ahead of Art—(See *Mr Poynter's Liverpool Lecture*)—The travelling crane at the Union Bank.

"WOOD" AND MERIT AN' A.—Although the BAILIE does not go in altogether for "Age before Honesty," he observes that one of the candidates for the Ninth is, if nothing else, at least vene(e)rable.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Provostship hinges on the result of the Third Ward voting

That it the "trade" wins, it will upset the "morality and religion" pot.

That it will be a sore blow to the Treasurer if he proves to be the odd man out.

That it is amazing what things men will condescend to do for the purpose of securing a Provost or Bailieship.

That the clap-trap West-End Park speeches of Codlin and Short were unworthy of candidates of their professed intelligence.

That the credulity of the Dalrymple Street huckster in supposing that he could command a majority of the ward is as amazing as it is amusing

That the poor man evidently is not aware that the big gun has been specially loaded to prevent him from making a fool of himself and the ward.

That the next electioneering cry may possibly be "Who's to be Member?"

That if so a certain ex-Provost who has been making himself officiously prominent in the present contest is likely to come to the front.

That the actings of the chairman of the Oddfellows' Concert showed what a thoroughly odd fellow he is.

That the Sheriff-Substitute's interpretation of charter party law completely puzzles the shipowners and the lawyers.

That the donor of the Watt Museum deserves the thanks of the community for his handsome gift.

That it is hoped such generous conduct will induce other wealthy townsmen to follow his lead.

That the conversazione was a successful squeeze.

That it must comfort the hearts of teetotal visitors to the museum to notice how entirely the sugar interest has discarded the use of the bottle.

Hold, Enough!

VERILY, these robes are the bane of our Lord Provost's life. The Herald of Tuesday, commenting on the fact that his Lordship had proposed to send the Queen an album of photos of the Water Works, says, "We hope room will be reserved for photographs of the Magistrates in their new robes." Come, come, Granny, this is too bad! We all know that the Bailies look ludicrous enough in the robes, but after we have had our laugh at them we are content to let them rest.

TO BAILIE MORRISON—ADVISEDLY.
"Lay not the flatt'ring 'auction' to your soul,"
But leave no stone unturn'd to head the poll.

The BAILIE'S lively contemporary the World observes, in a paragraph as remarkable for its good taste as its accuracy, that "the last governor of any of the Indian presidencies who visited the Andamans was Lord Mayo." As it happens, Lord Mayo was no more governor of any of the Indian presidencies than Queen Victoria is Lord-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire; but a journal so brilliant as the World can apparently afford to dispise facts.

Hallow-e'en Wishes.

IT is a well-known fact that if anybody shuts himself or herself up in a dark room at midnight on Hallow-e'en, and wishes earnestly for anything, the wish will become an accomplished fact within a year. Some of the BAILIE'S friends have complied with the necessary conditions, and are now in a state of delightful expectation.

Miss Lottie Bluedanube wished that she might be invited to four hops a-week all through the season, and that every second dance might be a waltz. She positively detested squares.

Mr Bob Cavendish wished that the price of the best bird's eye might fall to a penny an ounce, and the primest Havana cigars to five shillings a hundred. There would be some pleasure in life then.

Miss Nettie Miniver wished that papa might become the least bit in the world more liberal, so far as her dressmakers' and milliners' bills were concerned. People can't be expected to make perfect guys of themselves by always going about in dresses six months old.

Mr Jack Lackcash wished that his governor at the office would see the propriety of giving him a decent advance this year. He didn't call ten pounds an advance at all.

Miss Rosalind Gushington wished that some eligible young man of prepossessing appearance would turn up soon. She doesn't know how it is, but really all the nice fellows now-a-days seem to be so awfully poor, and all the rich ones so dreadfully old, that a girl never quite knows what to do.

Mr Charles Singlebliss wished that he might be preserved from proposing to anybody. Had had some very narrow escapes lately, and the dread of falling a victim soon was rapidly turning his hair grey.

Mr Peter Grumper wished he were comfortably back in bed. Couldn't imagine how on earth he had been such an ass as to begin this tomfoolery. Would serve him right if he got an attack of rheumatism or neuralgia, or ague, or something.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Q.—"Say, what d'you call that thing that was at the Gaiety—Crypto, &c.?"

A.—"Oh! Coll-ette—anything."

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d, from CARM - CHAEL'S, 161 Ingram Street, or 121 Buchanan Street.

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT the municipal fight still rages in the Fourth Ward.
That the "manufacturer" has engaged a powerful spirit medium.

That he has more faith in the speerits than in the needle gun.
That the engineer is like to be hoist with his own petard.

That the trades unionists never forgive an offence nor pardon an opponent.

That Captain Cook will not be drowned in the Cart this bout.
That the wee Causeyside Cork, "*Pater et ego*" is no match for the barly Cook!

That the auld Bailie is a very good Councillor, and there is lots of good stuff in him yet.

That the "Home Ruler" is fechtng for his ain hand, but he will be nowhe at the close.

That in the Third Ward the "man in armour" kept the list against all comers.

That in the Second Ward there was sparring, but no fight.

That the baker turned tail at the bold front of the coalman.

That the Schuil Brod met on Tuesday

That there was an interchange of courtesies between St James and Chapel House.

That Chapel House declined to pay his bairn's schuil fee for a quarter, as he had been a month absent.

That being a member of the Schuil Brod, he kens the right thing to do.

That Chapel House questioned the good taste of St James in bringing the subject before the Brod.

That St James had the best of the argument.

That his style is too severe for the goody-goody of Chapel House.

Quam Mutatus ab Illo!

SHADE of Sandy Russel! Could you but have revisited the glimpses of the moon in Cockburn Street, Edinburgh, on Thursday night last, and looked over the shoulder of the clerical party who finds your "auld shoon" so very much too big for him—*what* a shindy there would have been! Cox's séance with Slade would have been nothing to Wallace's séance with the spirit of Russel. Better still, Scottish journalism would not have been disgraced by the article on the Universities Election which appeared in Friday's issue of the *Scotsman*. The first sentence of that article described the conduct of an honoured gentleman as "disgusting" and "dirty," and the contest in which he is engaged as "degraded." The remainder of the effusion is in a similar strain. Once more, Shade of Sandy Russel! for thy strong thought we have coarseness, for thy incisive satire mud-throwing! You overstepped the mark a little sometimes, it is true, but never descended to this; and, at the worst, there was always the seasoning of genius to make the dish palatable. On the whole, it would be decidedly better for the proprietors and readers of the *Scotsman* if Dr. Wallace would resume his complimentary title of "Reverend" together with his cassock, and return to the scene of his former labours. He has clearly found the shield and lance of Alexander the Great too heavy for him.

An Overture on the Organ.

AN attempt was made last week to play an overture on the Free Kirk organ. At the outset, four or five grim characters who objected to harmony, on principle, were discovered sitting on the bellows, and it was, at one time, feared there might be no performance; but Dr Adam made them get off so as to give the music a chance. The organ was then duly opened. The manuals, or cleishmaclavers, were three in number. First and top-most was the swell-organ consisting of those who wished to imitate swell Churches in the matter of instrumental music. Next, and lower down, was the choir-organ composed of the advocates of kirk-choirs; and then very low down, in fact so low as to be operated on by the toes of the performer, was the peddling-organ, consisting of the miserable beings who grunt and growl at everything in the shape of progress. The performance commenced on the upper or swell-organ, and the Sub-urban stop being pulled out, we had a capital solo melodious and effective. After that, however the affair was marred by the wind getting into the wrong pipes. Sometimes the discords were hideous; sometimes mere "suffs" of ineffectual wind were heard; then, over sixty of the stops refused to work, and in the end the overture was brought to a stand-still. It is needless to remark that Dr Peace did not preside at the instrument. Notwithstanding this disaster, we learn that a very large number of accomplished Free Kirk musicians are determined to have the organ rebuilt, the manuals altered, and obstinate stops removed, so that when next the overture turns up, the performance will have every chance of being successful.

How Good a Thing!

THERE was a beautiful little scene of brotherly love and everything else that was pretty in the Town Council last week, when Mr Neil was "battered up and slithered down" by the Lord Provost and Bailie Salmon for his "liberality" in providing a temporary home for the Mitchell Library. It must have been quite a novel sensation for John, and the BAILIE only trusts that it will not have the effect of spoiling him, and staying him in his noble path of looking after the pence and letting the pounds take care of themselves. The flattery of the great is not conducive to the maintenance of Spartan simplicity.

A Feast of "Lanterns"—Hallowe'en.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—All Glasgow will this week be flocking to the Royal to see Irving. He opens to-night in *Hamlet*. The company he has brought with him seems a strong one, and includes Tom Swinbourne, whom we haven't had in the city for a long time, young Walter Bentley, and Miss Isabel Bateman.

When Mr Irving was formerly in Glasgow, I recollect of him being one of the Literary and Artistic Society's excursion party to Ardentilly. He had been playing some Red-Indian part the night before, and, likely because thereof, he, if I may so use the word, "improvised" a characteristic headdress of a bandana circled with, instead of feathers, beautiful ferns or brackens. But there have been changes in the L. and A. since then, BAILIE. The last excursion it had was to Dumbarton Castle, and of the number was one, the death of whom all Dumbarton is now mourning, Provost Bennett.

"Jeanie Deans" will run another week at the Gaiety. Miss Juno has scored a big success in the piece, which is, all round, capitally acted by Mr Bernar's company. You see, my Magistrate, that they are going to put up "The Gentle Shepherd" next week. I don't, of course, mean to say that the management are entirely indebted to me for the suggestion of producing Allan Ramsay's pastoral, but you must confess that the advice I gave was a sound one. *Palman qui meruit, &c.*

At the Prince of Wales, where there are indications of a revival of faded glories, Talbot is starring it in Shakespeare. I wonder how he is after his Transatlantic trip. In the bill of the play, I recognise the familiar name "Mr Dobson."

The revival of "Clancarty" at the London Olympic is a great artistic success. The critics all say that it is as well, if not better, played than when it was first produced. Miss Bella Pateman has made a hit as *Lady Clancarty*, Miss Cavendish's old part, and Flockton has outshone Sugden in *King William*. "No thoroughfare" is underlined for the 12th inst.

"True till Death" has also hit the audiences at the Standard. Henry Marston, who has emerged from his retirement, appears in it, together with Wm. Rignold and Mr W. Branton. The counting is splendid.

Miss Litton returns to the stage, from which she has been absent for some time (saving a Gaiety Matinée or so), at the Opera Comique, where Mr and Mrs J. F. Young are also engaged to follow Collette in "Bounce."

Miss Cowen, a daughter of the late Mr Cowen, Mapleson's sea-urser, has scored a success at her readings in St. George's Hall. She is a pupil of Mrs Stirling, and sister to Fred Cowen, the musical composer.

The French plays are not prospering at the Royalty. The days, artists, and scenery are poor, and the prices of admission very high.

Siodene and her troupe sailed on Thursday for America. They are there on the 20th.

"Richard III" is now doing well at Drury Lane. The controversy with the *Times'* critic, which Mr Chatterton has so extensively advertised, has had the effect of filling a hitherto only moderately attended house.

Fanny Josephs and Rose Coghlan join the Criterion troupe "Hot Water." Miss Leighton is engaged for the "Daniell" at the Globe when her Queen's engagement ends.

Mulvini intends returning to London early next year to play *Clarel*.

Another Skating Rink opened in Glasgow, and yet another to be opened on Friday evening! Who can say that the rollers had their day? I was over the other night looking at the grand festive scene opened in Pollokshaws Road, and found asphalt covered with skaters. It is under the direction of Koppel, who also manages the Burnbank Rink. The establishment to be opened on Friday is in Dennistoun, so that all rollers of the city are now supplied, and you will have a wide choice, BAILIE, if you think of trusting yourself upon rollers—and, the way, a little exercise of that kind would do your rather massive figure no harm, eh?

Had a nice run out in the country since I last saw your

Honour. Circumstances and the South-Western took me into the neighbourhood of Gatehouse, in which little town the now-celebrated Brothers Faed first saw daylight, and where now in a summer residence they can, at will, enjoy their well-earned "otium." It is always interesting to talk to the country folk of any one from the locality who has attained to eminence or celebrity. To them he is the one great man, be he painter, poet, or general. "It was John, Sir!" one old fellow said to me, "he got an old man to sit down to his Bible and read as hard as he could, and then he made him a bit ragged like in his clothes, and it was a 'gran' picture—made thousands by that picture, he did." I'm not at all sure that he didn't think John the greatest man of the whole lot for his achievement in that particular case. If he could have seen Tom's "Little Cold Footsies," in Agnew's present collection, he might, perhaps, have changed his mind a little, for the extreme sweetness of it might have charmed even such an old fogy as he.

By the way, your Honour's old friend, Sir Daniel, was having a look at it and the rest of the collection on Friday, and seemed in capital cue. He retains the chairmanship of the Council of the Institute, having from his first appointment as President of the Academy expressed his willingness to do so, and on that we may reasonably ground a hope that a better feeling will exist between the two bodies that he represents in future, than can be said to have existed of late. There has, however, been one great change made in our own society—the energetic honorary secretary, Mr Whitelaw, having resigned the office he so long and so ably held, to the great regret of those with whom he was associated. Assuredly no man had the interest of the Institute more thoroughly at heart. The newly elected members of the Council at the general meeting were Mr Anderson (of Carlton & Anderson), and Mr D. Murray.

It is, I find, Docharty's second son, and not the young painter, who accompanies his father, A. K. Brown, the artist, making up the party. They leave Glasgow about the middle of November. A pleasant journey to them, in which wish I know your Worship will join me.

W. Leiper has been refreshing himself, after the severe studies of his architectural profession, by a few days' agreeable sojourn with Colin Hunter at Ballantrae. We'll hope to see more of the Ballantrae scenery from both of the two, BAILIE, in our next Exhibition.

Our old townsman, M'Culloch, now a London water-colour painter, has been staying a few days amongst us. He does capital work, and is a very good fellow. The king of good fellows, himself, no other than your bosom friend, Wm. Glover, has been, I hear, surpassing himself this summer amongst the beauties of the Holy Loch, where a friend of mine was neighbouring with him for two pleasant months.

Have you seen Cramb's photo. of James Lambert, the "Hero and Martyr," BAILIE? I came across one the other day which had been sent to a Glasgow friend by your dear friend Charles. Read the author.

May I ask you, BAILIE, to convey the thanks of your musical readers to Mr Airlie for Saturday night's City Hall Concert? When was anything finer, when was anything so fine heard in Glasgow than Albani's singing of *Elizabeth's* prayer from "Tannhauser?" The "Casta Diva" was also rendered as only a great artist could render it. Next Saturday we are promised a "great Scotch night"—the first Scotch night of the Season.

CAVE CANEM—*Dog Latin.*

'Twas ever the way of puppies, each class, O,
Each dog has his day, and then has his lasso.

George Square, *log.*—D'ye see anything "green" about me?

"THE BAILIE" *do.*—Yes, in so submitting to be outraged.

What's a Fact—The Rev. Robert of Ladywell,

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"GRUMPS" asks what loss society would sustain were every football player to kick the bucket instead of the ball. The BAILIE has taken the subject to avizandum, and in the meantime refers his interrogator to the members of the Queen's Park Club.

"ELECTOR."—All municipal candidates are "honourable men."

"J. H. T."—The phrase, "What a day we're having!" was originally made use of by the Emperor Nero, on the occasion of the burning of Rome.

"SPIRITS"—Your joke about Slade hailing from Pencil-vania is not quite new.

"SNOOKS."—You're a disagreeable creature. Put that in your pipe and oblige the BAILIE.

ULSTER COATS.

FORSYTH, RENFIELD ST.

CORPORATION GALLERIES,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

PICTURES! PICTURES!! PICTURES!!!

Oil Paintings, Water Colours, Coloured Photos.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

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

ULSTERS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS'
ULSTERS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable
Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English
Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by
experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,
151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1876.

THE BAILIE has heard many complaints, and given vent to a few on his own hook, as the constant refusal of tramway guards to stop their vehicles when passengers, not over anxious to ascend or alight. He is now in a position to announce that the practice will henceforth cease and determine. SYDNEY SMITH'S remedy against railway accidents is well known, and something resembling his prescription has been administered in Glasgow. On a recent occasion the LORD PROVOST OF THE SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE was forced to run some distance after a car, and on asking the guard why he did not stop, was told that they were tied to time and that "he (the guard) had not time to stop!" My conscience! Fancy the spectacle of the Honourable J. trotting in the mud after a tramway car, and being contemptuously snubbed by a common guard! It is, of course, impossible that the unhappy guard knew who his would-be passenger was, and it is better to draw a veil over the poor wretch's fate. He was probably offered his choice, *à la* Fair ROSAMOND, of a dagger or bowl by Queen ELEANOR in the person of the Chairman of the Tramway Company. As for the appalled Council to whom his Lordship unfolded this "horrible tale," it is impossible to conceive the outrage which their feelings must have sustained. No doubt, "As he went on the war-path, There was silence deep as death, And e'en Martin held his breath, For a time!" At the same time, the consolation remains that the outrage inflicted on our municipal chief is pretty sure to put an end to a variety of outrages hitherto inflicted on the public. Every tramway guard will in future keep a sharp look-out, and to alter the words of the Divine Williams, "fear each man a magistrate," at least. Oh, that an over-zealous Tonalt would arrest a Bailie!

One Effort More.

(L—D P—V—ST B—N, *loq.*)

DEAR me! Three blessed weeks—yes, three,
Have, since the Visit, flitted by.
I hear no hint of th' honour due;
To-day, as then, plain James am I.
'Tis strange! 'Tis passing strange! Yet stay,
Methinks Her Majesty should see
Some pictures of the Water-works,
They may remind her of poor me.
I'll get an album straightway made—
The thought it strikes me's rather bright—
Whene'er she sees it, she will say,
"Oh, I forgot. Make Bain a knight!"

Coming it Strong!

A LADY is reported to have said in the Queen's Rooms last week, while urging the claims of a sailors' mission, that "one of the first subjects which she spoke about was temperance, for she found that was the most prevalent sin, and led to all the other vices." Now, the BAILIE isn't a teetotaler—he doesn't believe in teetotalism—but he would not go so far as to call teetotalism a sin or a vice, or to say that it led to other vices, except small ones. As for temperance, why, he believes in temperance in all things. This lady really goes too far. She might come down on the teetotalers without denouncing temperance. There's a medium in all things.

Too Honest by Half.

AT a meeting of believers "Mr Harrison said he had been looking up cases bearing on Dr. Slade's sentence, and gave an account of a case in which the full Court of the Queen's Bench had decided that sleight of hand was a very different thing from palmistry." Perhaps so, but it *was* candid to admit the sleight-of-hand so openly. The Doctor himself then said he had expected the sentence all along. Well, certainly no one could possibly know better, what he deserved.

The son of one of the Assessors has had a fine "place" made for him as clerk to the Stipendiary Magistrate, and the Town Council have munificently given him a salary of £200 a year. He is a decent young lad of delicate constitution, but happily his duties are light and unimportant.

If Flowers were strewed upon the path of Slade, wouldn't he trample on them?

The Cuddy wants to know if the Russian *ulti-pomatum* sent to Turkey was anything like Bear's grease.

Study v. Smoke.

LAST week, a new college was founded at Cambridge. It is called Cavendish College, and is to be conducted on the cheap, "without," as Granny sententiously puts it, "the gratification of useless, if not questionable social pleasures." Among the "questionable social," &c., the old woman clearly includes smoking, which is not to be indulged in at Cavendish. It is therefore by no means improbable that the Cambridge students who sport the clay, will adopt as their motto "Cut Cavendish," and the new establishment will, accordingly, be doomed.

Professor What you M'Call 'im's Speech.

A CERTAIN clinical professor gave an inaugural address last week. In the course of his extraordinary harangue, he described professors as "grown birds of varied plumage, *labouring harmoniously to reach a goal*; and," he continued, "it was accordingly their duty, in the session which was just commencing, to sit upon the students to see what could be brought forth." Picture the venerable fowls endeavouring to reach a goal by sitting upon their student-eggs! Surely such a figure was worthy of Colney Hatch. At another place, the Professor hinted that by "putting on the screw," students' prospects might be "shipwrecked," and, indeed, that there was a risk in this way of "polishing the medical student off the face of the earth." The BAILIE is fairly at a loss to understand how the putting on of a screw can result in a shipwreck, and when he learns that the same process may effect a "polishing off," he is utterly flummoxed. After this, who will say we need to bring a man from London to personate the character of *Professor Muddle*?

What's Posterity Done for Us?

WHAT admirable and economical substitutes are the Board Schools in country districts for the obsolete parish schools is apparent from this little story:—A new school was lately built by the School Board of the parish of Kilmarnock, Dumbartonshire, at the cost of about £1000, and capable of accommodating 90 pupils. Of the expected 90, only one has so far turned up, and there seems no prospect of a speedy increase in the attendance. It is said that the members of the Board expect the roll to be filled somewhere in the 20th century, and that they are eloquent upon the advantage of legislating for posterity.

Too Much!

"JAMES BAIN, Lord Provost," has affixed his official signature to a proclamation which has spread consternation throughout the city. His Lordship gives public notice that "from the date hereof till further notice, any dog or other animal found within the city which appears, or is suspected to be in a rabid state, or which has been bitten by any other dog or animal suspected to be in a rabid state, or which is at large unmuzzled and without a collar having the name and address of the owner legibly engraved thereon, will be DESTROYED, and the statutory penalty enforced against the owner thereof." The sting of the proclamation lies in the italics and capitals, which are the BAILIE'S own. Had the terrible threat been levelled solely against dogs, none of the human species need have been alarmed save the sad dogs, the jolly dogs, the puppies, and the curs. But "any other animal! Bless my soul, my Lord Provost! we're all animals." You're an animal yourself, if it comes to that. And do you mean to say that we are to be all DESTROYED if we don't go about with muzzles and collars on? The BAILIE is a long-suffering man, but this infringement of the liberty of the subject he will *not* stand. Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!

MORRISONIANISM IN THE TENTH.

Experience, judgment, sober sense,
Are better sure than poor pretence.
As houses flamed in wisdom, claim
"Improvement" o'er mere cunning-hame.

A Re-seat Stamp—The return of the *ex-es*.

The Language of Flowers—The decision in the Slade case.

All that was necessary for launching H.M.S Nelson on Saturday—A Fairfield and no favour

The keeper of the Regent Hotel failed to appear when called for examination in bankruptcy—*Sic transit gloria Munder*.

A BUNDLE OF STICKS.—The Conservancy Board seems to be made of a "would" that is hard, knotty, cross-grained, and easily set fire to. It may perhaps warp less when better seasoned.

Bailie M'Lean of Govan thinks we should be in no hurry towards doing anything to prevent the pollution of the Clyde. "Like good wine," this gentlemen tells us, the proposed "bill would improve by keeping." Would it? Suppose it were kept for ever, would it be mellow by that time?"

The Beginning of the Bazaar Season.

VERY fine, indeed! And this is what it has come to, is it? You must have your bazaar, to which not only two-legged lambs are led to the slaughter, but where, as in the case of a gathering of this kind in the Crown Halls last week, the pastor of the flock reckons it a huge joke to have a "ram with four horns" tethered to the front of the platform. As the BAILIE has always been a Scowler at such proceedings he Grieves to note this melancholy transaction. The enterprising flesher who brought the beastie all the way from St. Kilda need not have reminded the worshippers in the parish church of Cowcaddens, for whose benefit the bazaar is understood to have taken place, how near their edifice was to Milton Slaughter-house.

Milk, Whisky, and Ice.

IT rejoices the heart of his Worship to observe the well-deserved raid which is being made upon the sellers of adulterated milk. The man who supplies a child with "reduced" milk, is as surely poisoning it by slow degrees as if he were to drop regular doses of arsenic into the fluid, and he should be treated as an enemy to society. The BAILIE only wishes that the same course were pursued with the whisky of the community. He isn't speaking for himself, of course, but the Ass assures him that the liquid in question is "gey bad the noo." The Animile went out on his rambles the other evening, starting from Virginia Street, on his way to the North Pole. He made "several"—as he calls it—stoppages on the way. It was not, however, till he reached Mr Bertram's sanctum at the Caledonian Station that he found something to his taste, and, settling down, failed honourably, like Captain Nares, to discover the object of his search.

"GIFF-GAFF MAK'S GUID FRIENDS'."—At the last meeting of Council, Mr Adams moved a cordial vote of thanks to the Lord Provost for "the manner in which he had performed his onerous duties during the Royal visit." There may be some doubt regarding the Provost's knighthood, but there can be no uncertainty regarding Councillor Adams' elevation to the Magistracy.

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES."—In these warlike times isn't it pleasant to read a notice like the following:—"No. 3 Battery, 1st L.A.V., is requested to meet—to appoint a committee to make arrangements for annual re-union."

Quavers.

FOR their first concert this season the Amateur Orchestral Society, in the care of Signor Zavertal, are practising Mozart's Symphony in D, Op. 88 (he wrote six in that key, which is a comfortable one for the violins); the same composer's Idomeneo overture; and Flotow's Indra overture. They are likewise practising the accompaniment to a pianoforte concerto by Hummel, and may probably also take up Weber's overture, "Ruler of the Spirits."

The principal works to be brought forward by the Hillhead Vocal Association, at their two concerts this season, are Haydn's Mass in C No. 2, Bruch's "Fair Ellen," and probably Gade's "Crusaders"—Signor Zavertal, conductor, as before.

The relationship of the two societies is a very useful one, not only for concert purposes, but for mutual musical improvement, and it is to be hoped the connection may be long maintained. Haydn and Gade are the favourites this year, we notice, and yet how markedly different is the music of the two!

A concert of sacred music is to take place in Langside Established Church this (Tuesday) evening. The programme is a highly attractive one, being full of choice selections from the best sources. We notice an anthem, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake," with the name Hilton attached. Is our old friend Farrant to be no longer credited with the familiar anthem, or is it a different composition? Hullah attributed it to (a party by the name of) Johnson, whoever he might happen to be. But about the concert, the music is not only good, but it is to be sung mainly by members of a now celebrated "Select Choir" of the city, and to be conducted by Mr James Allan.

While the Free Church ministers frown down the desire of their people for organs in aid of worship, other churches freer than theirs (in this respect at least) are doing their best to provide the wherewithal to purchase them. For instance, St Ninian's Episcopal in the south side, the choir of which has begun a series of fortnightly concerts in Crosshill with that view. The first was given last Tuesday evening in a newly-opened hall there. The music was well chosen, but a little refinement of performance seems desirable.

Next Tuesday the Choral Union give the first of their attractive series with Mendelssohn's "St Paul." It is gratifying to hear that the subscriptions are this year better than ever they have been.

"Sixty Days" Again.

ONE of the men on board "Bob Campbell's" river steamer *Vivid* attempted to put out a galley fire the other night, but unfortunately it began to smoke again, and this being observed by a policeman led to a case being made of it. Other Bailies usually punish such a simple contravention of the Harbour Bye-Laws by a fine of a crown or half-a-guinea, but Bailie MacBean in his wisdom ordered "Bob's" man to pay £5, or go to prison for 60 days. It was the Bailie's last sitting at the River Bailie Court.

The prorogation of Parliament was made public at the Edinburgh Market Cross on Wednesday. We are told that "a detachment off the 78th Highlanders, under command of Lieut. de Bath Hatton formed the guard of honour," but that "the Sheriff-Clerk was the returning officer." Poor 78th! to set out as a guard of honour, and to return in the custody of the law!

An Arctic Lay.

AND so they're back, and yet the Pole
 Stands unapproachable and far;
 And old Jack Frost's the only Jack
 That e'er beat Jack, the British tar.
 Yet many men were on th' Alert,
 This Northern Pole to catch a glisk o';
 But the Discovery, alas!
 Stopt short on t'other side of Disco—
 Poor fellows! There, 'mid ice and snow,
 They struggled northwards, hale or sick:
 Say, was't not cruel that at last
 The Pole should play a scurvy trick?
 Let this console—we've reached a point,
 The highest touched on Arctic bel';
 And let us boast our men have braved
 The coldest cold that can be felt.
 Let's fill a bumper to our crews!
 Let's give three cheers for "Father" Nares!
 Our British tar is still the same—
 What man *can* do, he willing dares!

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).
 Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
 Engagement, for Six Nights only, of
 MR H. TALBOT,

The Eminent Tragedian, who will make his First Appearance in this Country after his highly-successful Tour Round the World.

TO-NIGHT, (MONDAY,) NOVEMBER 6,
 Shakespeare's Grand Tragedy of

M A C B E T H.

Macbeth.....Mr H. TALBOT.
 Lady Macbeth.....Miss ELIZA THORNE.
 (Specially engaged.)

Box Office open from 12 till 3 o'clock.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

MADemoiselle BEATRICE'S COMEDY DRAMA COMPANY for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, Nov. 13. Seventh Year of the Organisation of this Company. Change of Programme every Evening.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

LesseesMessrs GLOVER and FRANCIS.

MR HENRY IRVING,
 For TWELVE NIGHTS only.

EVERY EVENING till further Notice, at 7.30,
 H A M L E T.

Box Office Open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

To-night and every Evening,
 MR W. GOURLAY,
 Miss ELOISE JUNO,

And the GAIETY COMPANY, in Sir Walter Scott's
 HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES.

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER.

R. A. PROCTOR, F.R.S.

Subject—"THE GIANT PLANETS."

ADMISSION TO ORGAN GALLERY, 1S; PROMENADE, 6D.

Doors Open at Seven P.M.; Lecture at Eight.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 11TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

In view of the Eminent Success last Season, the Directors have arranged for another Great Night with Sir Walter Scott and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

ARTISTES:

- MISS BESSIE AITKEN, Celebrated Scottish Vocalist.
MISS JESSIE SIMPSON, Eminent Scottish Vocalist.
MISS MINNIE BELL, Celebrated Dramatic Reader.
MR HAMILTON CORBETT, Celebrated Scottish Tenor.
MR W. H. DARLING, Eminent Scottish Tenor.
MR JAMES HOUSTON, Celebrated Scotch Comedian and Comic Vocalist.

MR BERGER, Pianist.

Admission, 3d, 6d, and 1s.

Temporary Office—7 W. Regent St. JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

"LITTLE COLD TOOTSIES."

BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

The *Herald* says of this Grand Picture:—"This simple incident, which one has seen so often, is charmingly illustrated, and executed with all the technical skill of the artist."

AND 150 HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS,
NOW ON VIEW,From the Collection of Messrs Thomas Agnew & Sons,
London, Liverpool, and Manchester,AT MR ANNAN'S GALLERY,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Admission, with Catalogue, One Shilling,

From 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2½d, 1s 9½d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent's cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchesse, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Back.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.
Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
72 JAMAICA STREET.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

FIRST CHORAL CONCERT.

CITY HALL.

TUESDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, MENDELSSOHN'S Oratorio
"ST. PAUL."

Principal Vocalists—

- MADAME EDITH WYNNE.
MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.
MR EDWARD LLOYD.
MR LEWIS THOMAS.

GRAND ORCHESTRA of over FIFTY Eminent Performers.

Chorus—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

Organist—Mr T. BERRY. Conductor Mr H. A. LAMBETH

Tickets (8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s) of Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buchanan Street. Admission One Shilling.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.45.

Subscriptions for the Series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts can still be received at the Secretary's Office, 68 West Regent Street, at the following rates:—

	Area.	Galeries
A. Entire Series—Nine Concerts.....	£2 15 0	£1 10 0
B. Six Orchestral Concerts.....	1 17 6	1 1 0
C. Three Choral Concerts.....	1 1 0	0 12 0

The above Rates are for Single Tickets. All Tickets Transferable. JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Mari-chal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nervous Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

A. BEVERIDGE & CO., WHOLESALE AND EXPORT PICKLE, SAUCE, AND KETCHUP MANUFACTURERS, 85 and 87 Surrey Street, Glasgow.—A. B. & Co., by important additions and alterations, have greatly extended their Works, which are now the largest of the kind in the West of Scotland.—Orders by Post, from Town and Country, will have prompt despatch. A. B. & Co. guarantee the quality and purity of their Manufactures.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that every body can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rotherham.

SCRAP PHOTOS, in Great Variety,
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

CITY IMPROVEMENT.

NOTHING is more striking to one who may have been absent from the City for a short time than the astonishing rapidity in which old and antiquated Buildings of the last decade disappear, and new ones of vast proportions, artistically designed, chastely and elegantly decorated, rise in their stead. Amongst the many Buildings of which this may be said, none more so than the large new Block, now completed at the foot of Buchanan Street, a little beneath the Argyle Arcade, rising upon the site of a time-honoured house, one of the first, if not *the* first, ever erected in the Street. This handsome, imposing pile stands boldly forth in gigantic contrast to the ancient structure, and forcibly marks the rapid strides of architectural design. It is five storeys in height, with attics, has about 60 feet of frontage, and extends about 120 feet back from the street, whilst the front elevation is richly and highly decorated; it is certainly one of the finest of that class of property in the Kingdom.

Messrs SHORT AND STEWART, Manufacturers and Patentees of Umbrellas, Portmanteaus, Trunks, Bags, and Travelling Requisites, occupy the large double Corner Shop in front, their premises have an exceedingly attractive appearance, which is further enhanced by four splendid hanging lamps, having for their object both beauty and utility, for, whilst adding greatly to the general appearance, they are good advertising mediums, and light up their windows in quite a novel and pleasing manner.

It is an old saying and popular proverb that "There is nothing like Leather," and really when one visits an emporium such as this, and finds it endless and impossible to enumerate the novel, curious, and multitudinous articles made for the use and comfort of the Tourist and Traveller, whether by Road, River, or Rail, they are convinced of the verity of the adage. A special feature of the Emporium is Games. There are Games for Out-door and Games for In-door recreation, of every description—a collection calculated to astonish and delight in its vastness and variety—and as this is the only House in Scotland which makes Game Implements a speciality, the Department, whilst proving a source of unflinching gratification to the recreation loving public, will undoubtedly repay the energetic Proprietors for the discriminative skill and care shown in the collection.

Amongst the many interesting Parlour Games and Pastimes suitable for the Winter Evening's amusement may not be out of place, in view of the approaching Season, to detail a few of the many Novelties which are sure to become Special Favourites. And first in the List for **Public** Suffrage stands—Women's Rights, decided by Ballot, No Favour or Affection, Election Games. These are succeeded by Race Games, Jerome Parks, Podromes, Squirrels, Chopped Niggers, Life's Mishaps, Pilgrim's Progress, Cannonade. Then following and after in hot haste comes "John Gilpin," Life's Vicissitudes, Funny Fellows, Chiromagic, Leap-frog, Bear Hunt, Sally-come-up, The Whitworth Gun, Tweers, See-Saw, Happy Faces, Frogs and Toads, Magic Babies, Spelling Bees, Hard Lines, Mrs Brown, Witches' Cauldron, Concoid, Malakoff, Electric Antebanks, Mangola Cockamaroo, Patchesierocanneau, Trætropemoffillisahn, and Ujijigwalioricosianz. Hold, why attempt to name what cannot be described; suffice it to say that to be appreciated these must be seen, and that an hour or two could be profitably employed in unravelling the mysterious mysteries connected with Parlour Pastimes, at

Messrs SHORT and STEWART'S

BRITISH SPORTS EMPORIUM,

3 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the **ORDINARY**
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9.
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in **PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS**
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All **GOODS** Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE."
CANRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tions palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press Belfast, Dublin and Glasgow.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London daies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

GLASGOW SKATING RINK
BURNBANK HALL, GREAT WESTERN ROAD.
SEASON, 1876-77.

This Magnificent Rink has been RE-DECORATED, and
FLOOR RE-LAID on improved principles. It now is
the LARGEST and one of the BEST SKATING SURFACES
in Great Britain.

The Rink is Open to the PUBLIC daily as usual—

From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

" 2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.

" 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons are the **SENIOR**
ASSEMBLIES, restricted to **MEMBERS** of the **SKATING**
RINK CLUB and their friends (by Ticket).

Books of Tickets may be had Gratis of the Managing Director
at the Hall. **ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING.**

The Celebrated Rink Band is always in attendance.

"ULSTER" COATS
AND
INVERNESS CAPES
FORSYTH, RENFIELD ST.

CONFECTIONERY.
FOR SPECIALTIES in SWEETS &
PETTIGREW'S
GLASGOW ROCK ESTABLISHMENT
109 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.
All Confections supplied by M. P. are of Finest Quality
Guaranteed Purity.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
SMART SHAPES FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

How to Shine in Society.

USE

ROSS'S BLACKING

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE
WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
JOHN M. SIMPSON,
CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,
CARPET AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMAN,
DEALER IN WORKS OF ART,
60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,
191 MAXWELL STREET, AND 16 FOX STREET



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO.'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,

PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,

COUNTING-HOUSE, - - - 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE
DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can
now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M. DIARMID,
City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to
insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent
capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat
Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready
for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,
181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.
SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Carefully Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,
Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.

NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,
HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPREN-
TICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON,
LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

By kind permission, the Splendid BAND of Her Majesty's
26th CAMERONIANS will Play at the

GRAND OPENING,

On FRIDAY, 10th Nov., at 6-30 p.m., of the

Dennistoun

Skating

Rink.

The Magnificent Floor and Ventilation are unequalled.

SKATES IN SPLENDID CONDITION, AND EVERY COMFORT THAT
THE MOST FASTIDIOUS RINKER COULD SUGGEST.

OPEN DAILY—

MORNING.

10-30 till 1,

AND

2-30 till 5-30.

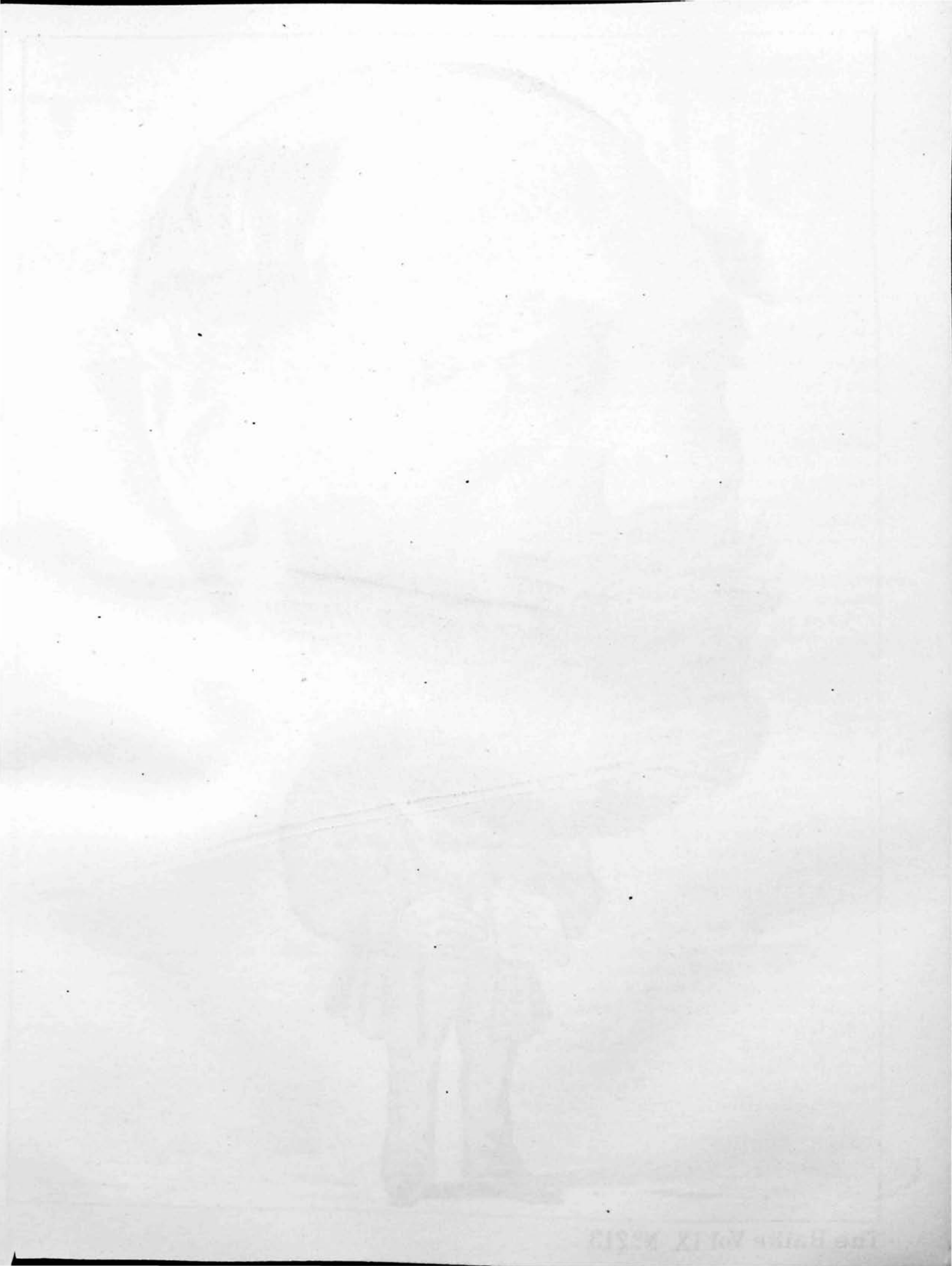
EVENING.

6-30 till 10.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

SKATES FREE.

MUSIC IN ATTENDANCE.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 213 Glasgow, Wednesday, November 15th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 213

IT is an old cry, that things are all going to the dogs, that the present is inferior to the past, and that the men of to-day are not as good as those who have gone before them. Not unfrequently what gives cause for such remarks is to be found in altered circumstances and the absence for a time of men of surpassing ability in some particular line of thought or action. Thus, recent legislative changes have brought such a crowd of untrained youths into our Law Courts that a casual observer might conclude that pleading, both oral and written, was to be numbered among the lost arts. So the bar in the Supreme Courts has probably never been less rich in talent, especially in the senior ranks, and this barrenness applies to both political parties almost alike. This is clearly seen in the mediocrity of the Edinburgh aspirants to the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, which has been the engrossing topic of the Parliament House for the last three weeks. Putting aside the absolutely incapable crew, to whom such an appointment is the hope they love but (wisely) fear to own, we have the M.P. for North Ayrshire, respectable and deserving well of his party (who would willingly reward him), but unfortunately lacking in the necessary qualifications; the Edinburgh Professor of Scots Law, a man of very limited practice and insufficient experience, who having failed to make the law clear to his students is seemingly thought fit to apply it to the affairs of the inhabitants of Lanarkshire; and the Sheriff-Substitute at Cupar-Fife, an over-rated or hitherto strangely-neglected light, whose advent, it is alleged, might raise Cain among the mild-mannered gentlemen who frequent our Courts. These being the prominent outside candidates, it may well be wondered

VOL. IX.

why, apart from electioneering tactics, the Lord Advocate should have any hesitation in appointing the most suitable candidate alike in experience, ability, and acquaintance with the duties of the office, who is supported by all his colleagues and the bulk of the profession. FRANCIS WILLIAM CLARK is the son of a gentleman who for many years practised as a writer in Stirling, and who is now laird of what Sir Walter Scott, for want of another word, called "dark" Ulva's Isle. Having selected the paternal profession, "The Man you Know" studied at Edinburgh University, and was called to the Bar in 1851. Like many other ambitious young men who have visions in which horse-hair wigs and stuff gowns play an important part, Mr CLARK had for a considerable time to occupy himself with study and hope. He never enjoyed more than a moderate though select practice, but like other eminent persons who for generation after generation have paced the same venerable Hall in comparative obscurity, he improved his leisure by writing a learned and useful book on the Law of Partnership. This gave him a wider reputation, and led in 1867 to his being brought to Glasgow as a Sheriff-Substitute, and it is within the mark to say, that the diligence and ability with which Sheriff CLARK has discharged his duties have gained for him the respect of the bar and the confidence of the community. As a judge, he is free from that dangerous "intellectual smartness" which is so fruitful of erroneous decisions, by causing an opinion to be formed before the facts and the bearing of legal principles on them are fully mastered. Sheriff CLARK is well read in law and general literature, and is an accomplished and effective speaker. His frequent appearances at public meetings and social gatherings, or on the platform as a lecturer, have made him more than usually popular with the citizens. His readiness to aid any good

cause is the outcome of his frank, manly, and unselfish nature. His attainments, and his considerate conduct of the business brought before him, make him a favourite with his colleagues and the profession. Unlike any of his competitors for the vacant Sheriffship, Sheriff CLARK has the inestimable advantage of being practically acquainted with the work of the office and of having an intimate knowledge of the various mercantile questions which form the greater part of the business of our Courts. The administrative and ornamental duties are also quite within Sheriff CLARK'S range; and the appointment of a man of his ability, learning, and experience, would in no way detract from the dignity of the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, or diminish it in public confidence. A man at his time of life—47, we think—should be at his very best, and fitted to enter upon a lengthened career of usefulness and distinction in the public service.

A Perfect Treat.

AN enterprising firm of Greenock tea-merchants advertise as follows:—"The subscribers having secured a choice parcel of new season's, and being blended with the finest Moning and Souchong, is a perfect treat to connoisseurs." It would be interesting to learn how the subscribers feel when blended with Moning and Souchong, but, even under these trying circumstances, they should not ignore Lindley Murray. At present they "is" anything but a treat to connoisseurs in grammar.

WEDNESDAY'S MASSACRE.

Scene—Bar, Police Station, Wednesday last.
(Enter Policeman leading a strayed goat.)

Bar Officer—Weel, Dugald, what's this you've got?

Dugald—Och, she'll think she'll pe a retriever.

Bar Officer—Man, dae ye no ken a nanny-goat frae a retriever? Hooever, gang an' get it drooned, for it's every bit as dangerous.

(Exit Dugald with nanny-goat.)

ONE RESULT OF THE POLL AT IRVINE.—(Clerk to Employer).—I have to attend a meeting of Council to-day, and wish you to remain in the office in case any person calls. And, here are some additions which you might run up while I am absent!

As the BAILIE intimated last week he would be, Mr Adams has now been raised to the magistracy.

Are?

ARE the defeated candidates for municipal honours satisfied with the intelligence of the enlightened electors?

Are the owners of valuable dogs content with the rash proceedings of the Glasgow police?

Are the public thoroughly pleased with Mr Collins' and Mr Neil's explanations concerning the Tenth Ward fiasco?

Are none of James Methven Cunningham's committee going to give us their version of the story?

Are the twopenny pies any bigger owing to the dog slaughter?

Are the police about to introduce the "Q. Drunks" prosecution into Glasgow?

Are the disappointed Councillors delighted at the appointments to the Magistracy?

IN RE THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Excepting taken to the new Stock Exchange being built after the design of a Venetian Palace, but a little consideration will show that there is probably undesigned—fitness in this, for when a person goes in for speculation he is pretty well to go to the dog(s). The brokers know their own business best.

It appears that when a Greenock outfitter cashes a seaman's advance-note, he considers it reasonable and proper to charge 600 per cent on the transaction. Such at least is the inference to be drawn from a case recently tried in Superior Court. If such transactions are frequent, it might be almost as good a thing to be a Greenock outfitter as to be a United States official.

A CANARD.—*On dit* that the Hon. J. B., being asked the other evening to select a poet's motto for himself, chose the following from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith":—

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a (k)night's repose!"

The BAILIE gives the above little anecdote what it is worth.

"Stop the train! The Duke o' Argyre comin'!" is a remark said to have been heard one day on the platform of Dundas Street Station. "Drive on, Bill, we're tied to time, and only the Lord Provost," is the latest from the tramway guard.

A Musical Painter—Do-ré.

A Patronage Minister—The Lord Advocate.

Proctor on the Planets.

DEAR BAILIE,—Last Thursday, we had a show of giants in the City Hall. Mr Proctor, a contributor to *Good Words* and other scientific publications, was the showman. On entering the hall we beheld, at the back of the platform, a huge show-like canvas such as we see at the caravans at the fair, only in this case there was a fine picture of nothing. The whole thing—"Giant Planets," big screen, and stilted lantern led us to the conclusion that we were at the Crownpoint of science, and it only wanted the blare of trumpet and the bang of drum to complete the illusion. At eight, the Provost and the Proctor came, and the usual tail of learned and unlearned men. A few words of diluted science from the chairman, and then the lecturer stepped to the front. He is a smart gentlemanly man of moderate height, with his hair parted after the fashion of the *Middle Ages*. His talk is rapid, and not too distinct; but, *horribile dictu!* the mean man plunged at once into his subject without a syllable about "grand old Scotland," or "your vast commercial city;" never uttered a complimentary word about our "great civic star" in the chair, or referred to any inspiration derived from a defunct Glasgow magazine! No, he made for the skies at once by means of a rope made up of "strands of argument," and there he remained, playing at hop-step-and-jump among "figgers" and calculations that took years to make out, but which his audience were expected to swallow right slick off as soon as uttered. It seems that the stuff necessary for world-making was originally, when it was thin, stirred round and round by some invisible porridge-stick, that, as it cooled, it got lumpy, and that the big lumps were planets and the little 'uns asteroids; that they were like the man with the cork leg, for once set a-going on this merry-go-round they could not stop. The little worlds got cooled first, but Jupiter and Saturn—the Gog and Magog of the solar system—are big, hot, soft youngsters, given to smoking and lunacy, having, both of them, a set of superfluous moons. You see they have only been in existence a few millions of years, and what, under these circumstances, could you expect but that these giant planets should not yet be fit for the company of decent people. Mr Proctor, though performing high jinks among the stars, jinks which only such as Sir Wm. Thomson could really enjoy, had some lucid intervals. The splendid views of the planets thrown on the screen were a kind of compensation for wander-

ing brains. According to these, Jupiter, as seen through the most advanced telescopes, resembles a Swedish turnip lit up on a Hallowe'en night, Saturn is an ugly-looking beggar of a "neep," stuck in a basin as representing his rings. Of course, we had *spectrum analysis*, à la Lockyer, but *his* emaciated tooth-combs were not a circumstance compared with the rainbow-tinted spectra of Proctor. We rather suspect, however, that after the lecture was over the brains of the auditory were in a condition of muddle melancholy to contemplate. Astronomy, somehow, is like castor oil. When it is suddenly forced upon us nausea—mental nausea—is sure to follow.—I am, beloved Star, thine truly,

POP. SCI. LECT.

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT the fight in the Fourth Ward is over.
 That it is doubtful if the best man won.
 That the Council could have "better spared" another man than the auld bailie.
 That the engineer can give a good account of the needle gun.
 That the manufacturer believes in purity of election.
 That he denies having been floated into the Council by the influence of the spirit medium.
 That the *residuum* believe in the influence of the speerits.
 That, whatever others may think, the manufacturer says he enters the Council *lotis manibus*.
 That Captain Clark has gained some experience that will be useful next time he starts on a voyage of discovery for the poll.
 That the Council met on Friday to elect bailies, &c.
 That the fight took place the day before in private conclave.
 That there was some good fencing between oor Rubbart and the Regent.
 That the Regent had the best of the bout with three or four palpable hits.

Confusion worse Confounded.

AT a Fourth Ward meeting Mr Crawford and Mr Mullen wished to know the candidate's opinion of certain "relations between England and Ireland." And the BAILIE wishes to know what relation relations between *England* and Ireland may have to a *Scottish Town-Council*. And perhaps Principal Caird may excuse His Worship when he wishes to know if, when in his lecture, His Reverence speaks of "the great English repository of Art," he means "the British Museum." But it may be when Mr Caird spoke it was in an *English University*.

QUERY BY A QUERULOUS SHAREHOLDER IN THE "COMMON GOOD."—Will the Hon. J. B. consider himself in full dress now, when he has on his gown, although he has not a (k)night hood to complete it?

Reflection upon the cases of Slade and Monck—Spirits, like water, find their own level.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—So Irving is drawing at the Royal, in spite of the querulous attacks that have been made on him in certain quarters. As you have taken up the part of theatrical critic this week yourself, it is needless for me to say what I think of the "Eminent 1." There were various points of detail connected with his *Hamlet*, about which I am deeply interested. Where he gets all his fans for the "play scene" is one of these. Another concerns itself with the pipe on which he asks *Rosencrants* and *Guildestern* to play. How much do these pipes cost? How many has he broken in his day?

Of course Mr Irving is not fettered by the stage traditions of "Hamlet." His entrance with a torch in the scene where the King kneels down to pray, and also the little bit of "business" where *Hamlet* stabs *Polonius*, and then steps forward to examine the head of the dead courtier as it projects from behind the arras, were both invented by Sir John Gilbert, who used them as illustrations in "Routledge's Edition of Shakespeare." The introduction of a child, whose head is caressed by *Hamlet*, in the closing scene of the play, is borrowed from the *Laay Macbeth* of Miss Faucit, that admirable artist having so stroked the head of *Fleance* while her husband was sending *Banquo* and his boy into the toils set for them.

Irving gives us "The Bells" on Thursday, "King Charles" on Friday, and "The Bells" again on Saturday.

Maccabe, the inimitable Maccabe, appears at the Royal on Monday. He is to play *Myes-na-Coppaleen*.

This day fortnight, the Mapleson Opera Company open at the Royal.

As a generation has arisen who are not familiar with the theatricals of twenty years ago, it may be of interest to mention that there has been no performance of the "Gentle Shepherd" in Glasgow since the year 1859. It took place then at the old Duncannon Street Theatre. As an instance of the big entertainments given in those days, I may mention that, in addition to Allan Ramsay's pastoral, there were on the bill "Henry IV.," "Rob Roy," and a ballet. Tom Powrie played *Pattie* and *Rob*.

The property-man at the Gaiety has been at his wits' end regarding a certain viand to be furnished for this week's business. He has, however, been extricated from the dilemma by the aid of the restaurateur, and we will have a bit of realism on the stage in the "Gentle Shepherd," in the nightly production of the "great chieftain o' the piddin' race." As to its disposal, the majority of the members are desirous of "schweearing off," and the hapless swipers are destined to the martyrdom of indigestion. It will be, I have no doubt, a different matter with the sheep's head, to which the "native comedians" ought to do every justice.

Business should take a decided turn at the Prince of Wales this week. Madlle. Beatrice has advertised an almost new bill every evening, including that delightful comedieta, "A Cup of Tea." What a pity it is that we are not going to have "Nine Points of the Law," a piece in which Tom Wenman is simply perfect.

The Prince of Wales pantomime will be the "Sleeping Beauty," and among the company engaged for it is Miss May Holt, who played here about a couple of years ago or so in "Grandfather's Nell."

Amory Sullivan, a young fellow who in the profession is known as T. S. Amory, and who is a son of Barry Sullivan, got married last week to Miss Adeline Stanhope, whom Glasgow playgoers will recollect as having made many admirers here when she played along with Wybert Reeve.

It is not improbable that Charley Groves will appear in the Gaiety pantomime as a villain of the deepest dye, a character which suits him to a T, as every one will admit who saw his *Varney* in "Kenilworth."

Allen Thomas, who was the *jeune premier* at the Prince of Wales last season, has been engaged to fill an important part in A. D. McNeill's forthcoming pantomime at the Princess's, in Edinburgh.

We'll all feel gay when Mrs Groves appears in the Royal again, which I understand she is going to do in "The Bells," on Thursday.

When Joseph Jefferson was in Glasgow, I mentioned to you that he painted pictures as well as performed plays. He is represented in Mr Deschamps' newly-opened fine art gallery in New Bond Street, London, by a painting of Loch Ard.

Irving and Shakespeare can draw in Glasgow. The receipts at the Royal are something like £170 nightly.

"What an afternoon" the Literary and Artistic had on Saturday! An immense gathering turned out to meet Irving. We can summon up spirits from the vasty deep, but—

At the London Court Theatre, "Brothers," Coghlan's new play, is not a success. The acting is excellent, especially that of Hare, Kelly, Anson, and Deane. Miss Ellen Terry is, however, a failure. The "Quiet Rubber" was revived on the second night, and Val. Prinsep's comedieta is in active rehearsal.

Collette is doing well in "Bounce" at the Opera Comique. "Committed for Trial," by Gilbert, originally produced at the Globe, is to be re-written for the Criterion. Arthur Sketchley and Burnand are also engaged on a play for this theatre.

Burnand's "Matched and Mated" is a success with the German Reads. The same author furnishes the book of the pantomime "Robinson Crusoe" at the Royal, Manchester.

Miss Jennie Lee is ill. "Poor Joe" moves on from the Globe to the Standard when the former theatre revives Boucicault's "Hunted Down" (originally produced at the St James's under Miss Herbert), and a new operetta, "A Will with a Vengeance."

The London Queen's has closed.

Brough's "Invisible Prince" will be revived at the Globe at Christmas, with Miss Lee. We know something of the "Invisible Prince" in Glasgow; at least, the Theatre Royal Pantomime before last bore a striking resemblance to it.

"Married in Haste" has been played with success at the Stadt Theatre, Berlin. Good for Byron, eh?

There's to be a row over the revival of the "Shaughraun" at the Adelphi. Boucicault forbids the revival—Chatterton insists on it—hence the lawyers will profit. J. C. Williamson refuses to play *Conn*, and Chatterton insists—lawyers again. Boucicault has given £900 to restore the Grammar School at Huntingdon, besides erecting a drinking fountain in memory of his son, killed in the railway accident near that town.

Barry Aylmer, I hear, is about to produce another Irish piece of his own authorship. It is entitled "Dennis Driscoll," but unlike "Shamus-na-Clanna," it is a comedy of character—just such a piece as would take at the Gaiety Theatre. Herr Broussard, by the bye, has written the music for it.

Miss Louise Willes, whom we all admired so much during her visits at the Gaiety Theatre, has been a martyr this year to her health. She had to relinquish her engagement at the London Globe in the first week of October on account of a malady of many years' standing; she has been undergoing severe surgical treatment ever since; and it will be next month at least before she can leave her bed. This is now the twenty-fourth week she has been lost by sickness since the beginning of January. It is a long lane, however, that has no turning, and I needn't say that all your readers will join with me in the hope that next year will be a more successful one for this accomplished lady than the present has been.

I hear that the London Park Theatre is not doing well, and that Creswick thinks of giving it up.

"Pecksniff," after a brief inglorious career, has been withdrawn at the London Folly.

Wybrow Robertson has been re-appointed managing director of the Royal Aquarium. The theatre there is to be devoted to morning performances solely.

I hear that H. J. Loveday, the musical director of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, has been appointed "stage" director at the Lyceum, London. Surely this is a mistake for "musical" director. Loveday, however, did a good deal of the stage management at the Alexandra, I believe.

The works at the new Grand Opera House on the Embankment are stopped, and Mapleson has hired Drury Lane for his two next seasons.

Mapleson and Carl Rosa are said to contemplate American tours next year.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" is to precede "Hot Water" at the Criterion.

This night week, Miss Eloise Juno and Mr Gourlay are going to astonish the Dundee folks with their playing of "Jeanie Deans."

Dennistoun Skating Rink was opened on Friday night. The daily newspapers will have told you all about its success. In the district you can't get the people to talk of anything else—it's rinkomania with a vengeance.

The popular programme given by the Abstainers' Union on Saturday night drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Next week we will again have the Cremona Musical Union. They are a motley group, it is true, but their performances find considerable favour in Glasgow.

One of the finest collections of modern pictures that we have in Glasgow will change hands in a few days, the owner being about to offer it for sale in Edinburgh, prior to his leaving Glasgow for London as a permanent residence. As "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," and as the gentleman in question has excellent taste, and abundant means to back it, he will not be long, I feel certain, in forming a splendid new collection in his English dwelling. The selection and purchase of one good picture after another must be a very charming occupation, BAILIE, and doubtless both you and I should much enjoy it were the means and opportunities afforded us.

The interest excited by the Raeburn Exhibition in no way decreases—nor is this any wonder when we take into account the delicious character of much of the work on view—work scarce ever surpassed, rarely ever equalled. It will soon give place to the great Photographic Exhibition, so that those who have not visited it should lose no time in doing so.

I paid a visit the other day to the atelier of Adam & Small, Glass Stainers, of 201 St. Vincent Street, and was exceedingly gratified with all I saw and heard. I found Mr Adam, the partner to whom I was introduced, a thorough artist, the designs admirable, and the finished work remarkable for the delicacy, subdued tones, and general harmony of the colours employed.

Just let me jot down, your honour, "the sum tottle" of the Kirkcaldy Exhibition, with sales £1172, and receipts at the door something like £130, the little place has really effected wonders.

Pulling the "Long" Bow.

IN Alameda, Cal., "observes an American paper, "is a farmer named Long, who carries on conversation with his horses, and he says he understands every word they say. The feats they perform are marvellous." At 81 Virginia Street, Glasgow, Scotland, is a Magistrate who is obliged to carry on frequent conversations with an Ass; and if he cannot say that, under certain conditions, he understands every word the creature says, he will take his oath that the feats which he sometimes performs are quite as marvellous as any ever achieved by Mr Long's horses. So that case isn't unique.

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."—An advertisement in a contemporary has the following:—"Wanted, a man accustomed to lozenges." A naughty jokist says he could recommend a few of the Abbotsford Church male members for the job, all of whom, he avows, smell like civet cats.

A "Detective" Fraud—Claiming credit for capturing a culprit "on information received."

Where be thy Jibes Now?

ONCE upon a time the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, when he was a youthful and curly "jewelled mass of millinery," and answered to the simple name of Benjamin Disraeli, wrote a novel called "The Young Duke." In one portion of this work he observes that there are two descriptions of oratory required for the two Houses of Parliament; that while in the House of Commons "Don Juan" may be taken as a model, the style of "Paradise Lost" is better adapted for the House of Lords; and that if he (the author) "has time" he intends to give specimens of both. He has had time, and he has carried out his intention. His speech at the Mansion-house last week was looked forward to not more for its matter than its manner. That manner was remarkable as a total change from the Disraelian invective and epigram of old. It was staid, dignified—in short, worthy of the pearls and strawberry-leaves. If it was not quite Miltonian, that was of course owing to the fact of its being a first public effort. A little private practice will doubtless make perfect, and in a year or so we may find Benjamin addressing his peers after the style of a celebrated speech in Pandemonium. The BAILIE of course means nothing derogatory either to the Prime Minister or to the Upper House.

THE WATT ENGINE AGAIN.—At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Toon Council "a remit was made to the Parks Committee to consider what should be done with the so-called 'Watt Engine' in the Kelvingrove Park." When will this pother be over? Gilmorehill School is now in full swing. A nod's as good as a wink to the disciples of Alma Mater—the Kelvin is deep enough. Can you rest quiescent "while this machine is to you," Togati and non-Togati?

A LAGGARD ATROCITY.—Why was the Prince of Wales on his late visit to Glasgow like a well-fed watch dog? Because he declined to dine off a *bane*.

A harbour on a new canal in Holland has been called "The Mouth of the Y," by consent of the King. Will this have been urged by the mouths of the wise?

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOWED.—A known local architect has presently in hand a Baptist Church, Baths, and a Hydropathic Establishment. This is, however, only what might be expected from a pupil of Water-house, indeed a Watson.

Quavers.

THE oratorio "St Paul," which is to be performed to-night (Tuesday) by the Choral Union, is not, it is somewhat hackneyed to remark, the most popular in this country of the two Mendelssohn oratorios. The "book," though narratory, is yet not so dramatic as "Elijah"—the favourite work among us—and so the music is the heavier of the two to our taste, or, as it may be, to our education. The magnificent choral work in "St Paul," however, ought, with such a splendid body of voices as our Choral Union, to prove a genuine attraction, as indeed it is certain to do. We must have been hearing the Bach oratorios to some purpose, and "St Paul" is noticeably on the model of Bach, with its narrative recitatives, and hymn tune interspersions.

The quartette of vocal principals—Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, E. Lloyd, and Lewis Thomas—is as desirable a one as could have been chosen, and there are some exquisite strains in the oratorio for their interpretation, of which the solo, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," and the much-admired "But the Lord is mindful of His own," are prominent examples.

Next Tuesday, and for four Tuesdays in weekly succession, Mr Sullivan and the Orchestra will reign supreme, closing their special career on Thursday, the 21st proximo, while two choral concerts, will conclude the series. A musical feast is thus before the Glasgow public, which, unless we are exceedingly mistaken, will be fully taken advantage of.

Three numbers have been issued of the Presbyterian Hymnal, otherwise the new U.P. hymn book, "with accompanying tunes." The fact of the harmonies having been "revised or re-written by Henry Smart," gives the work a musical importance it might not otherwise have; yet, truth to say, the editing in this respect is but perfunctorily done, and Henry Smart is not seen at his best in psalm tunes. One would think, indeed, that he regards this kind of thing rather beneath him. The plan of the book—one tune and no other available, as the rule, to every hymn—is objectionable, and is inimical to "congregational liberty." While one tune, too, may be appropriate or acceptable, ten are as likely to be inappropriate or unacceptable. Then there is that fatal error of German monotony chargeable to the book—which, it will be seen from "these few remarks," is not altogether to our critical liking.

We learn with regret that one of the oldest and best musical societies in Edinburgh—the Newington Choral Association—is now broken up—for want of male support, it is said. It has been a model one to numerous others, east and west, and was conducted by Mr James S. Geikie, a musician of experience, and a musical critic of high reputation.

It is whispered, moreover, that one or two such associations in our own city are languishing somewhat, and for the same reason. What is the cause of the defection, one wonders? Is it football and the degrading gate-money that young men are now solely interested in—so showman like?

An "Organ Recital and Service of Sacred Music," is the description of a concert to take place in Bellahouston Parish Church on Friday evening first. The occasion is interesting, from the fact that the veteran Stenbridge Ray will have charge of the music; also, that the programme comprises a considerable portion of Mendelssohn's Oratorio "St. Paul," to be performed to-night in full, as we know, by the Choral Union. Mr Ray sings the tenor solos in the "St. Paul" extracts, and will do so, no doubt, with all his old intelligence and taste. He is assisted by Mrs Smith, the pleasing soprano, and his daughter, Miss Ray, presides at the organ, Bellahouston Church being, we remember, one of the very earliest of the Established Churches in Glasgow to employ that useful but much maligned piece of musical mechanism.

Things are curiously managed in the "suburb." The Paisley Abbey Parochial Board has an inspector at present with a yearly salary of £90, and they have just resolved to appoint a co-inspector who shall be paid £110 per annum!

"Burgling" a la Greenock.

WHEN a party of Greenockians go in for perpetrating Bulgarian atrocities, they go about the work with a coolness worthy of Charles Mathews at his iciest. A lady belonging to the town referred to heard a noise the other night at one of the groundfloor windows of her house. On looking out, she saw a party of men, and asked what they wanted. "We want in," was the calm and colloquial reply. Upon this the lady closed and barred her shutters, and her visitors, perceiving that they were not wanted, had the good taste to retire with the observation, "We must get in somewhere." They were as good as their word, and visited two or three other establishments where there was no one to say them nay. In one place entered there was "a very intelligent dog of the collie breed," and the reporter expresses his surprise that the sagacious animal did not give the alarm. It is possible that he was of the Alexander Collie breed, in which case there is no ground for surprise at his forbearance. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the apportionment of municipal honours showed how one black more was converted to the side of morality and religion.

That from his previous well-known belief in the Apostles' Creed his acceptance of the Patriarchal dispensation has caused the greatest possible surprise to his acquaintances.

That his new-born zeal has fairly earned him a place amongst the "Crowd of Witnesses" in the Hunter-ian Museum of chameleon relics.

That the secret history of last month's municipal plottings would make a splendid theme for a new Chaldee manuscript.

That it will require the utmost tact on the part of the "devoted friend of the working classes" to prevent the Council Chamber being turned into a bear garden.

That the triangular conspiracy only made its authors ridiculous.

That its object will not fail to make capital out of the attack.

That the holders of sugar made a splendid haul last week.

That somebody will get the baby to hold with a vengeance by-and-bye.

That the Police Board electors will do well to let the cantankerous sugar-man remain in his present obscurity.

That it is hoped some of the lucky ones will have the heart to Macleanise some of the benevolent institutions in the town.

Who's Afraid?

AGLASGOW policeman (let him be immortalised, 111) gave as his reason for not interfering when he saw a man being fearfully abused by a couple of Partick bobbies, that "he was afraid he might get the same treatment as the man assaulted had received." And yet this same bobby would endanger his life by capturing a toy terrier with the most dauntless intrepidity!

Inland Navigation—Crossing Argyle Street.

A Brummagem Tip.

IF Brummagem is not a pre-eminently sober town, it is no fault of its authorities, who watch over its morals with a paternal solicitude that is quite touching. There it was that the public-house system which some ardent reformers are so anxious to see introduced into the Second City originated, and now the superintendent of police has organised a system whereby the unhappy victim of "a drop too much" may be had up before the "beak," even if he be perfectly inoffensive and quite capable of taking care of himself. The plan is to employ a number of spies who prowl about the streets and watch for anybody who may seem to their keen perception to have exceeded a due allowance, when they pounce upon the hapless lover of conviviality. The BAILIE begs to recommend this system to the attention of Messrs Neil, Collins, & Co., as a means of materially reducing the police-rate. It may be extended by instructing and empowering the police to enter private houses after dinner, when lots of old boys are usually pretty "comfortable." If the first raid were unsuccessful, the inspector of morals might return later on, and drag the offender away from his second tumbler of toddy. Why, the metotallers would soon have no taxes at all to pay. Only, the BAILIE thinks it right to give warning that, should his suggestion be adopted, it will be necessary in engaging the spies to see that they are sturdy fellows, warranted to stand any amount of kicking, or even an occasional slight from a second-floor window.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY.—When the police have completed their raid upon dogs, they might, now that frost is setting in, direct their energies to those who make a slide of the public pavements. Better now than after some one's head or leg has been broken.

A WHITE LIE.—The Ass reports, as an indication of the mildness of the season, that on Thursday morning he beheld a large area covered with snowdrops. But the Animile, if not gifted with second sight, must, we fear, sometimes see double.

AN ANGEL IN THE PAROCHIAL BOARD.—That bantam cherub, Mr Cramb, has been hovering around the Lord Advocate, suggesting the application of the money made by selling spirit licences by auction to the liquidation of the poor-rates. Bless him! may he succeed!

A Linguistic Marvel.

IN one of those interminable dog cases last week, the gallant constable who had arrested the poodle in question explained that he made some inquiries at a young lady who was in charge of the animal, as to its ownership, but as she "spoke good English," he couldn't quite understand her at the moment. Apparently this policeman, (and no doubt he is only an average specimen of the force) is able to read, write, and speak some six or eight other living and dead languages with the most appalling fluency, but in the cultivation of his superhuman linguistic powers he seems to have allowed his English to become a little rusty. Now, as a couple of languages are about as many as ordinary mortals can acquire, it might be as well if the public were informed what is the official tongue of these blue-coated polyglot guardians of our hearths and homes. That language, whether it be Sanscrit, or Hebrew, or Chinese, or Chaldean, or whatever it is, could then be made a special branch of study at our schools, and so the present Babel-like confusion would be removed. This same accomplished constable subsequently stated that he was invariably civil, and "called everybody madam or miss." Altogether, he is much too valuable a member of society to be allowed to waste his sweetness on the desert air of the police-force any longer. Could not a post be found for him at Gilmore-hill, say as Professor of Courtesy and Literature, or of Languages and Politeness, or of Deportment and General Culture, or some such combination? He is precisely the sort of man whose services our University requires, if it is to keep abreast of the educational wants of the age.

QUERY.—What possible good can spirit painting accomplish? The reply is clear. It cannot *Du guid* of any kind.

THE PRINCIPAL AND PRINCIPLE.—Principal Caird in his lecture speaks eloquently of the supremacy of Greek Art; but Gothic was thought good enough for the College. As Byron says, "They manage with disjointed skill the matter well, the manner ill."

A DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—It is suggested to his contemporaries, with the BAILIE'S compliments, that the correct way of stating that a man is so far gone as to need a barrow to convey him to the office, is to indicate that he is in a "spirit trance."

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "WHAT FOLK ARE SAYING."—Folk are not saying anything so nasty.
- "—"—Your conundrum about the Prince of Wales is as original as it is complimentary to His Royal Highness.
- "BONA FIDE."—The BAILIE fails to see either the taste or the humour of your colloquy.
- "JEEMS SNOOKS."—The BAILIE is a "beak" himself, and if he were to get hold of you would sentence you to be hanged for your bad verses.
- "PUPPY."—How have you managed to escape the lasso?
- "LAW CLERK."—You having been carefully trained for your profession, therefore are unfit to be a clerk to a Stipendiary.
- "CONSTANT READER."—As you say, it was "desperately wicked" of the newspaper you name to reprint the most scurrilous placard issued against Bailie Morrison.

ULSTERS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' ULSTERS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,
151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

CORPORATION GALLERIES,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

PICTURES! PICTURES!! PICTURES!!!

Oil Paintings, Water Colours, Coloured Photos.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

SMOKERS!—A genuine Havana Cigar for 3d,
from CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY THOMSON & CO.'S
OLD
IRISH WHISKY.

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

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1876.

WHAT a nice little scene that was at the first meeting of the new Town Council on Friday! How our coming Lord Provost spluttered, gesticulated, and made "statements." Like the Play-Queen in "Hamlet," he protested and protested, and protested, but, more fortunate than that unhappy lady, his protests were accepted as genuine by his colleagues. To say the least of it, the entire affair seemed to border on the ludicrous. Why should Bailie COLLINS have put himself so much about over a contested election in which he had taken no part? The struggle was over, JAMES METHVEN CUNNINGHAM'S candidature for the Tenth Ward had become a matter of history, and why bring it up now? Truly, Bailie COLLINS, thou must order thy sayings and doings better than this which thou hast succeeded in seating thyself in the Lord Provost's chair, or the dignity of the office may chance to suffer in thy hands.

Don't All Speak at Once.

AN advertisement headed "Corns" advises sufferers to "procure Mr Burns, the chiropodist's super excellent specific," and goes on to say that his super-excellent specific is sold at the rate of "1s. 1½d. each packet." Now, what the BAILIE wants to know, you know, is whether there is a distinct Mr Burns in each packet, and if so how many are there of Mr Burns? If not does each packet contain merely a portion of Mr Burns, and in that case how long may Mr Burns be expected to last? It is clear that unless he possesses some power of self-renovation, he can't go on for ever, and that sufferers had better look sharp about "procuring" him while they have the chance.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

Q.—Why did young Walter go upon the stage?
A.—Clearly his Bent-ley in that direction.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the dog-raid was last week carried a *lectle* too far.

That Tonalt as usual displayed *trop de zèle*.

That the running in of diminutive "messans" agreeably diversified his daily lounge.

That the executioners enjoyed their task.

That they would enjoy drowning the BAILIE.

That Mr. Gemmel might have broached the legal question sooner.

That the Conservative member for Glasgow is thinking of retiring.

That, as usual, the Campbells are coming.

That the Lord Advocate has won the seat.

That the result of the Universities' election was a foregone conclusion.

That everybody knew beforehand how the election would go.

That Dr. Anderson Kirkwood is better in Glasgow than in the House of Commons

That Councillor Martin was in great "form" at the last meeting of Council.

That he made some very wholesome remarks in opposition to Mr Macbean's election as a Bailie.

That as usual the East-end Councillors were tabooed in the election of Bailies.

That Councillor Caoutchuc has again attained the dignity of a full-blown Bailie.

That Councillor Neil had nothing to do with the Tenth Ward election.

That he was virtuously indignant with Mr Morrison on Friday.

That he became more indignant still when Morrison only smiled at his denunciation of James Methven Cunningham.

That one way and another a good deal of money was spent in opposing Mr Morrison's return for the Tenth Ward.

That the Good Templars were particularly active in assisting his opponent.

That some folk will do a good deal for—principle.

That the assessors have all been re-appointed to their semi-sinecures.

That this means that the city is to continue to pay the assessors their salaries, and also £1200 a year to the Stipendiary and his clerk for doing the bulk of their work.

That the Lord Provost has brought forward his City Churches scheme at last.

That he proposes to deal pretty liberally with the clergy.

That if it is ever carried out it will probably cost the city a great deal more than he calculates.

That the Glasgow policemen seem to stand in awe of the members of the Partick force.

That Captain M'Call had better try to get some of the Partick bobbies for the rowdy districts.

That the landlords and house factors have been having a busy time of it "lifting the rents."

That as times are bad they are profuse in their promises of painting, papering, and repairs.

That they are quite pleased at a house factor being elected Depute River Bailie.

A Doggerel.

TUNE—"Guy Fawkes."

I SING a doleful tragedy,
I ever will remember,
How once the dog days did begin
I' th' cold month of November.
That is, the p'lice would have it so,
And folks will ne'er forget 'em,
Their will was good to do the deed,
That is, if we had let 'em.

CHORUS—Bow, wow, wow, toe, tae, te,
Riddle, tiddle, tol, fal te ray.

They got a Proclamation made,
And stuck it through the town, sir,
Which threatened, if they found a dog,
They straightway would it drown, sir.
That is, if it were mad or not,
It really did not matter,
If dogs don't like just to be drowned,
They must have "fear of water."

CHORUS—Bow, wow, wow, &c.
The Bobs marched up and down the streets
With lassoes and with sticks, sir,
They dragged away reluctant curs,
And drowned them all quite thick, sir.
And if they found a dog at large,
Not wearing brazen collar,
They took the guilty owner up,
And fined him in a dollar.

CHORUS—Bow, wow, wow, &c.
Things went on thus for near a week,
Till ev'ry dog was drowned, sir,
And then they found that for this work
They had no legal ground, sir.
The sections of the Police Act
Applied to mad dogs only,
And not to dogs both great and small,
Which ran about quite loney.l

CHORUS—Bow, wow, wow, &c.
Long live our Glasgow magistrates;
Long live Lord Provost Bain, sir,
And may he never come across
A dog that is insane, sir.
And if he does, why then he'll run,
So prophesies my song, sir,
And if he don't, why then he won't,
And so I can't be wrong, sir.

CHORUS—Bow, wow, wow, &c.

YOUR BONNET TO HIS RIGHT USE.—*Hamlet*.
—A woman's cap-ability is never fully developed until she becomes a widow.

Mr Irving's Hamlet at the Royal.

ELDERLY Playgoer of the old school (in Stalls)—“Pooh! don't talk to me about your Irvings and your people of that sort! The fact is, sir, there hasn't been an actor on the British stage since Charles Kean, and it isn't likely at my time of life that I'll see another. Let me tell you, sir, that acting is a lost art now-a-days, and that these ranting stamping melodramatic fellows are responsible for its murder.”

Mr Irving enters, looking the very image of the dejected Prince, and meets with a warm welcome from his old friends and admirers in front. A young man in the pit produces a book of the play and a pencil, with the evident intention of checking off Mr Irving's version as he proceeds.

True-born Briton, who believes nothing is good under the sun unless it's British (in Stalls)—“Now, I'll bet we'll get something like a civilised rendering of the part, and not a mongrel Italianised edition like the one that Salvini fellow gave us a while ago. Couldn't make head or tail of him at all.”

As the play advances, Hamlet's hold on his audience increases with every scene, and when the play scene is reached the enthusiasm is worth going a hundred miles to see. The young man with the playbook and the pencil makes desperate efforts to keep abreast of the action, but is evidently losing ground, and getting a little bewildered.

Eminent Amateur Light Comedian (in Stalls) to brother amateur—“By Jove! old fellow, what do you think of Hamlet for our next dramatic entertainment? I would do the Prince, you know, and you could have—why you could have the First Actor or—or the Officer of the Watch, or something of that sort.” The brother amateur doesn't seem to see it very distinctly somehow.

The closet scene with the Queen follows, and here also Mr Irving is splendid. The young man with the playbook and the pencil has been in great difficulties for the last ten minutes, and is now hopelessly engaged in hunting for the death of Polonius from one end of his book to the other.

Awestruck Young Lady (in Stalls), with her eyes fixed on Hamlet's unearthly face as he sees his father's ghost—“Good gracious! is that a real ghost he's glaring at? I declare I'm positively quite frightened! I hadn't the least idea it would be anything like this, and I'd be awfully thankful if I could only get out!” Thinks seri-

ously of fainting, but doesn't and solaces herself with her scent-bottle instead.

The fencing scene and the death of Hamlet are rendered in a manner that makes a fitting termination to a magnificent piece of acting. The young man with the playbook and the pencil, exhausted by his unsuccessful search for the death of Polonius, at last gives up the attempt in despair, drops his implements, and applauds vehemently with his umbrella.

Elderly Playgoer of the old school (with genuine tears in his eyes)—“Yes, it's certainly very fine, but (using his handkerchief boisterously) really, sir, you should have seen Charles Kean!”

CURTAIN.

Ourselves (on the way out)—“It is impossible to speak too highly of Mr Irving's Hamlet. No performance so natural, so impressive, so utterly free from that rant and mouthing and posture-making which are too often dignified by the name of tragic acting, and yet so terrible in its earnestness, has been seen on our boards for many a year. To dwell on microscopic blemishes in voice or gesture is, in a case of this kind, simply impertinence, and not criticism. It is enough to say that Mr Irving does not act, but actually *is*, Hamlet.”

“Town and Gown”—The rates and “the robes.”

More “Cramming and Crowding”—At the booths voting for Bailie Morrison.

THE ONE THAT WON.—In the Fourth there was the good taste to characterise Mr Finlay as a “feeble old man;” nevertheless, it took two to oppose him, and he defeated them both! The seat that was to be “wrested” rests—*in statu quo ante bellum*.

A PRAYER WITH A CHORUS.—After prayer by the Principal, at the opening of the University Session, the students burst out with the chorus “For he's a jolly good fellow.” Surely to goodness there is evident here a very terrific lack of principle. If they cared nothing for Caird, they might at least have cared something for decency.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”—One of Granny's correspondents writes to say that Home, the notable medium, is a native of Scotland, and that oftener than once he has paidled in the Kelvin, near the Great Western Road Bridge. May we hint to the Conservancy Board that it would be a happy thought if he would become the medium of that sweet river's purification? If the spirits can't, money might. Here's a chance for you, Home.

Important Bulletin!

ALARMING OCCURRENCE IN THE WEST-END!!

POPULAR EXCITEMENT!!!!

POLICE TO THE RESCUE!!!!

DARING EXPLOITS!!!!

THE BAILIE is able to lay before his readers the following information with regard to an occurrence which last week threw the city, and especially the West-end, into a state of intense and painful excitement. He can vouch for the facts, which have been carefully collected by a Special Commissioner. It appears that last Thursday forenoon, as Mr Tootle Timmerus, of No. 16 Trepidity Terrace, was engaged in the removal of a work on hydrophobia, previous to going into town to order a suit of plate-armour, a lasso, and a revolver, he distinctly heard the bark of a dog. As such a sound had not been heard for some days, it naturally threw him into a state of considerable alarm, and, after carefully locking, bolting, and chaining his hall door, he proceeded to survey the Terrace in a cautious manner from his drawing-room window. After an hour and a half of terrible suspense, during which the alarming sound was not repeated, he observed Police-constable M'Tavish (X 101) proceeding down the Terrace. Mr Timmerus reckoned to this active and intelligent officer, and, succeeding in attracting his attention, admitted him with the caution requisite under the circumstances. On receiving Mr Timmerus's startling communication, the constable is said to have turned slightly pale, but he manifested no other emotion, and his hand, as he tossed off his Mass of Long John, was perfectly steady. After a brief council of war, it was decided that the best plan was to communicate at once with the different police offices, to apply for the services of a detachment of the Cameronians, and to telegraph to Hamilton for a troop of Hussars. These various messages were despatched by passing errand-boys, and in less than two hours—during which Mr Timmerus thinks that he heard a repetition of the bark, though he is not corroborated by Constable M'Tavish, who, indeed, is slightly deaf—bodies of police, armed and under the command of Captain M'Call, were seen, to the intense relief of the besieged residents, advancing from different directions. After addressing a few words of encouragement to his men, the gallant captain retired, and left them to discharge their dangerous duty. This they did in the most fearless manner, and it is certain that at one time a glimpse was caught of a small

yellow dog turning a corner in the distance Sergeant M'Leish (Z 99) threw his lasso in the direction, but unfortunately missed his aim. Up to the time of going to press the dangerous animal has not been secured, and Mr Timmerus is consequently still a prisoner. The police, however, have good reason to believe, from information received, that they are on the track of the ferocious beast. Should any further intelligence reach the BAILIE before his next issue, he will publish a special edition. It may be added that the military have not yet made their appearance on the scene of action, and that when Mr Timmerus is released he intends to lay the matter before the War Office.

“YE MAY AS WEEL HANG A DOG AS GIE HIM
A BAD NAME.”

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike.—*Macbeth, Act III., Scene 1.*

A Lost Joke.

THE BAILIE'S young friend Mr Slangy, whose language seems to His Worship to be occasionally a trifle obscure, went to a Saturday evening concert the other week, and came away intensely delighted with Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg's singing. He says, with a wink that appears to imply the existence of a joke somewhere, that “she's all Zare when the bell rings!” It may be funny, but the Magistrate confesses he doesn't see it.

THE ANIMILE AND HIS WORSHIP—A SEANCE.—Last week, the Ass, in a sober moment approached his Worship, declaring he knew the secret of trance-drawing, and, by way of corroboration, invited the BAILIE to a séance. He went. The gas was put out—a corked bottle was left on the table. For a moment, there was a dead silence. Then was heard the squeaking, as of a being in torture. When the gas was turned up, the cork of the bottle was *drawn*, as was also his Worship's leg. Isn't it wonderful?

The Robes—*Query*—Whose mantle is it that has fallen on the shoulders of Councillor Adams?

More “Cramming and Crowding”—In seeing Mr Irving.

Encore Blackie.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has been holding forth on the subject of the theatre, and has for once managed to say a few sensible things. A speech from Professor Blackie could not, however, be all sense, and this one is no exception to the rule. He upholds the drama—well and good; but when he goes on to contend that the influence of the drama is one of unmixed good, and that it is invariably the most moral plays that are commercially the most successful, he is talking as arrant nonsense as ever falls from the lips of Dr. Begg when that worthy likens the box entrance of a theatre to the jaws of Hades. Successful plays are often as objectionable from a moral as from an artistic point of view, and the influence of such pieces is as undeniable as well as that of a Professor of Greek who talks nonsense instead of attending to his business.

Two "Stars" keep not their motion in one sphere—Yet on Wednesday night both Mr Talbot and Mr Irving played *Hamlet*.

T H E G A I E T Y,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Grand Production of ALLAN RAMSAY'S

G E N T L E S H E P H E R D.

Every Character by a Native Artist of Repute.

Preceded by MADDISON MORTON'S Celebrated Comedy,

OUR WIFE: OR, THE ROSE OF AMIENS.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L, G L A S G O W.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—HAMLET.

THURSDAY AND SATURDAY—THE BELLS.

FRIDAY—CHARLES I.

P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E.

MADemoiselle BEATRICE

Has the honour to announce that she has made arrangements for the appearance of her COMEDY DRAMA COMPANY for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, Nov. 13. Seventh Year of the Organisation of this Company.

THIS (TUESDAY) EVENING, at 7.30,

The Celebrated Drama entitled

J O H N J A S P E R ' S W I F E.

WEDNESDAY—FROU-FROU.

THURSDAY—OUR FRIENDS: OR, NOS INTIMES.

FRIDAY—BENEFIT OF MADemoiselle BEATRICE

—SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SATURDAY—MARY STUART AND EAST LYNNE.

Box Office Open Daily at Theatre from 11 to 3.

E X H I B I T I O N O F H I G H - C L A S S P I C T U R E S,

AT

T H O M A S L A W R I E & S O N ' S G A L L E R Y,

85 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

S K A T I N G R I N K S I N G L A S G O

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—

ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.

DENNISTOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30 to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30 to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

G L A S G O W S K A T I N G R I N K
BURNBANK.

On and after MONDAY, the 13th November, the Price Admission will be REDUCED to One Shilling each Person including the use of Plimpton's Skates (Club Afternoon and Select Evening Assemblies excepted.)

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N

FIRST CHORAL CONCERT.

CITY HALL.

TUESDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER, MENDELSSOHN'S ORatorio "S. PAUL."

Principal Vocalists—

MADAME EDITH WYNNE.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

MR EDWARD LLOYD.

MR LEWIS THOMAS.

GRAND ORCHESTRA of over FIFTY Eminent Performers

Chorus—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

Organist—Mr T. BERRY. Conductor Mr H. A. LAMBERT.

Tickets (8s 6d, 5s, 3s, 2s) of Messrs Swan & Pentland, 43 Buchanan Street. Admission One Shilling.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.45.

Subscriptions for the Series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts can still be received at the Secretary's Office, 68 West Regent Street, at the following rates:—

	Reserved Seats	Area	Galleries
A. Entire Series—Nine Concerts.....	£2 15 0	£1 10 0	£1 10 0
B. Six Orchestral Concerts.....	1 17 6	1 1 1	1 1 1
C. Three Choral Concerts.....	1 1 0	0 12	

The above Rates are for Single Tickets. All Tickets Transferable. JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,

UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES

MANUFACTURERS,

18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL LECTURES.

THE EIGHTH LECTURE OF THE COURSE

Will be delivered by

DR JOSEPH P. THOMSON, Berlin.

Monday, the 20th November, at Eight o'clock P.M.

Subject of Lecture—"The Doctrines of the Declaration of Independence."

Tickets to be had at the City Hall Doors.

Single Admission, Sixpence.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 18TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

Re-engagement for ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The Celebrated

CREMONA MUSICAL UNION.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Usual Prices. Concert at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 8 o'clock.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would

solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such.

Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,

MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"Holloa! Good gracious, why, what's this?"

A miracle, 'tis clear!

I never saw such pens before:

There must be MAGIC here!"

Webb's Weekly News.

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

is per Box. At all Stationers. 1s 1d by Post.

EDINBURGH: MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23-33 BLAIR STREET.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots

and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 5 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SCRAP PHOTOS, in Great Variety,
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella,

Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"LITTLE COLD TOOTSIES."
BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

The *Herald* says of this Grand Picture:—"This simple incident, which one has seen so often, is charmingly illustrated, and executed with all the technical skill of the artist."

AND 150 HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS,
NOW ON VIEW,

From the Collection of Messrs Thomas Agnew & Sons,
London, Liverpool, and Manchester,
AT MR ANNAN'S GALLERY,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
Admission, with Catalogue, One Shilling,
From 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, 1s 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent's cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra. Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
72 JAMAICA STREET.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the ORDINARY
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combin-
ed with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9.
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at
134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"**BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE.**"
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tions palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press, Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

TRAVELLING REQUISITE

ARE you intending to travel? If so
then furnish yourself with your Travelling Re-
quirements from the Manufacturers, **SHORT AND**
STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock
may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort
whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and per-
fection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made
to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTERS
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES

ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

CHRISTMAS CARD

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

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE
WITH THE VERY BEST ARTICLES,
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

JOHN M. SIMPSON,

CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,
CARPET AND BEDDING WAREHOUSEMAN

DEALER IN WORKS OF ART,

60 GREAT CLYDE STREET,

191 MAXWELL STREET, AND 16 FOX STREET

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe.
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.
Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

BOWMORE DISTILLERY,

COUNTING-HOUSE,

41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON, LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,
181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.
SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Carefully Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,
Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

FORSYTH'S

"ULSTER"

COATS,

OVERCOATS

AND

INVERNESS

CAPES,



"ULSTER"

COATS,

OVERCOATS

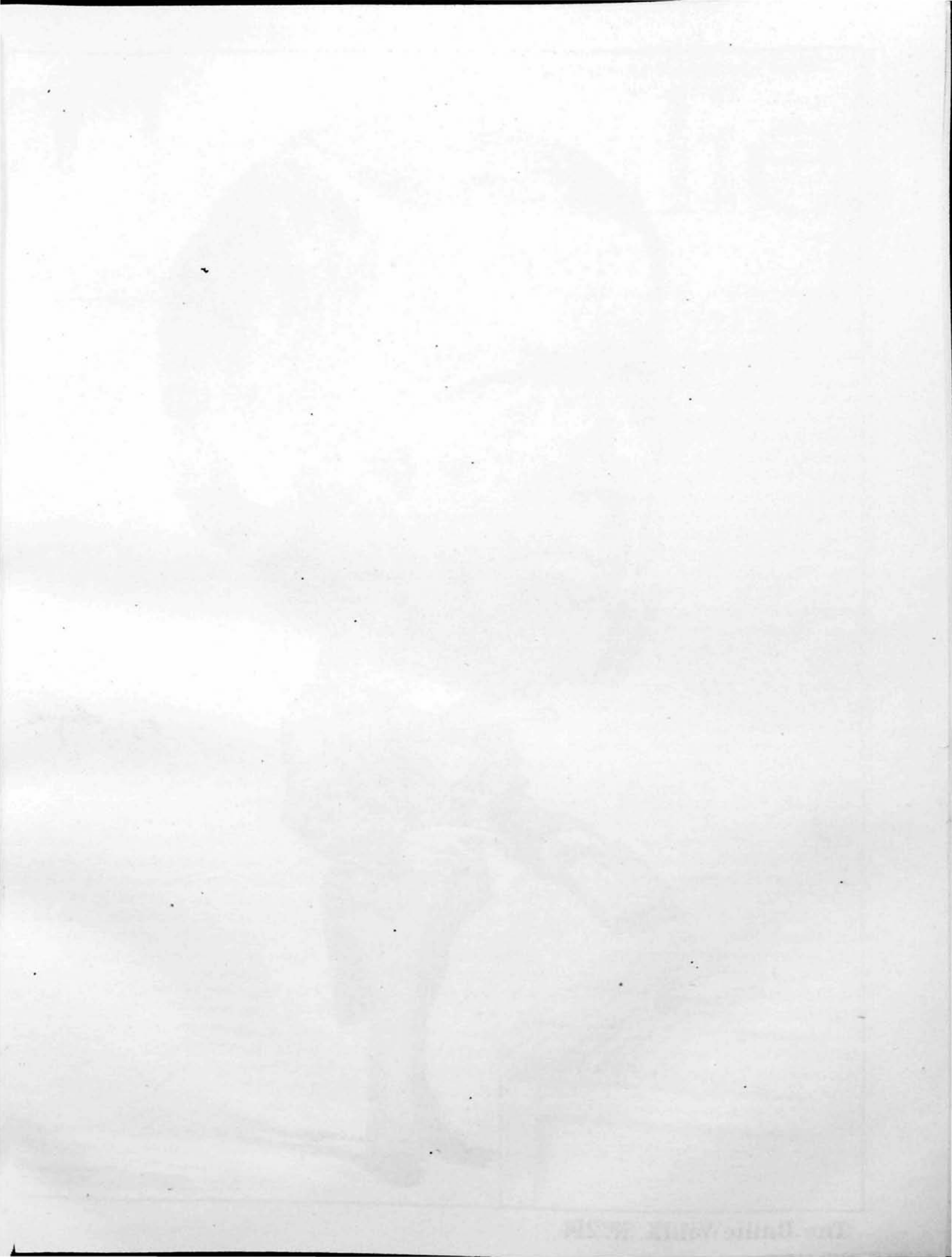
AND

INVERNESS

CAPES

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia Street; and Published for the Proprietor by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will Receive Advertisements for the BAILIE), 14 Royal Exchange Square.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 214. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 22nd, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 214.

PUBLIC meetings are the order of the day, and words, not deeds, are not unfrequently the result of these. Of course the BAILIE attended the British Association meetings lately at Glasgow; those on Social Science more recently at Liverpool; and a few weeks' ago he found on his programme the United Kingdom Alliance gatherings at Manchester. These are all bumptious concerns, and his Worship feels that his well-known modesty and shyness almost prevent him giving expression to the opinion he has formed, in which the Ass assures him he coincides, that these all represent "mickle cry and little 'oo." Yet the BAILIE must confess to a certain degree of respect for the Kibble Palace and the University halls of Glasgow, for St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, on account of the great and glowing speeches there delivered; but there's One Hundred and Seventy-two Buchanan Street off his own city, where he is often to be found, and for which he confesses a greater respect than for any of these, because of the practical benevolence that has its birthplace there, and that works from it as a centre. No one but the initiated, like the BAILIE, knows the value of the Religious Institution Rooms to Glasgow. Were he inclined to quote, he would call these Rooms in the city "the salt of the earth;" and although the BAILIE himself might take credit to some extent for that characteristic, he freely and generously accords the palm to the presiding genius, Mr JOHN M'CALLUM, the "Man you know." The BAILIE remembers Mr M'CALLUM almost as far back as he remembers anything or anybody, and perhaps may therefore be inclined to overlook his failings; but these are few indeed; and the BAILIE is acquainted with no

jollier, happier, better man at threescore years and ten. Mr M'CALLUM belongs to a suburb of the Second City—not to the great suburb Paisley, but to one smaller and more picturesque, called Fintry. There, amid the beauty and the quiet of the Stirlingshire hills, the "Man you Know" first saw the light, and thence in very early life he set out for Glasgow. The city, half a century ago, was not the same bustling place it has since become, and possibly to this fact is to be attributed the somewhat quiet, cool, and perhaps slowish business manner of Mr M'CALLUM. He has been connected with the Religious Institution Rooms in their former locations in George Square, Hanover Street, and St. George's Place, and has gradually added to the Rooms the business of bookselling, which in his present premises has attained to one of the largest of its kind in Glasgow; and deservedly so, if straightforwardness in business merits success. But Mr M'CALLUM has not forgotten the place of his birth; and the jolliest day in the year to the "Man you Know" is Glasgow Fair Saturday, which he spends at Fintry. To see him on the Friday night packing up for the trip is a treat: he has packages of tea and packages of sugar, bundles of flannels and bundles of petticoats, and a purse with something in it; all of which he, with the help of trusty friends who know his whereabouts at the Fair time, provides for the "puir bodies" of Fintry; and the BAILIE—who, although asked to accompany him, has never yet had the opportunity—understands that the day is quite an event in the village. Not only does Mr M'CALLUM keep these Rooms for the useful institutions of the city, but he interests himself thoroughly in the working of the societies; and although he perhaps has favourite societies—such as give temporal help with spiritual blessings—he is ever anxious to promote every scheme which proposes to better the con-

dition of mankind. One of the institutions of the Rooms is Mr M'CALLUM'S Bible Class, which for many long years has been sending forth into the world of business, at home and abroad, young men with good principles instilled into their spirit; and time after time old scholars from all the ends of the earth, and in the various branches of the world's work, are calling to see their old teacher, and to thank him for his interest and instruction. May we never live to see the day when there will not be in Glasgow a place like the Rooms, or a person like the "Man you Know."

A Young Lion on the Loose.

THE ingenuous *Daily Telegraph*, which distinguished itself not long ago by severely criticising a quotation from Shakespeare which an artist had affixed to his picture, has been making another dangerous plunge into English literature, with equally disastrous results. In a gushing leader on Oxford, some enthusiastic young lion quotes the phrase, "young barbarians all at play," which Matthew Arnold applied to youthful Oxford, as if it were that gentleman's own! No one expects a writer for the *Daily Telegraph* to know much about literature, but if he were in the habit of attending penny readings, he would have heard a rather graphic description of a dying gladiator, which is an extract from a poem by a person named Byron, and in the course of which the quotation in question occurs. It would really be a good investment if Mr Levi were to provide some such course of instruction for his young men as that indicated. A judicious course of "readings" would enable them to add accuracy to their wealth of quotation.

A Capital "Hunter"—The Captain of the Renfrewshire Constabulary.

FASHIONABLE PARAGRAPH. — Her Majesty the Queen presented Lady Florence Chaplin—*née* Leveson-Gower—with a wedding present which did *not* consist of an Indian shawl.

WIRE IN!—A contemporary re-assures us as to a telegraph wire, which with its insulator, fell in Union Street last week. It was not the wire that was to blame, it appears, but the intelligent engineer who was fitting it up. This is encouraging, if for no other reason, at least because you can pull up a man, while no possible amount of remonstrance can be expected to have any effect on a wire.

Dog Days.

THE very bones of the unfortunate dogs that have had their day—and *what* a day they have had!—are not to be allowed to repose in peace. The Fifth Ward Committee, having covered that over 400 of the animals have been buried in a manure depot in Baltic Street, have requested the authorities to "r-r-remove the bodies," as Mr John Coleman used to say in "The Dead Heart." So even this unsavoury resting-place is denied to poor Tray. O verity, if Tray's spirit ever revisits the glimmer of the moon—and his would be a considerably more intelligent spirit than most of those summoned by the modern medium to write spelt messages on slates—there will be "a sh in the tents of Shem"—Shem being represented on this occasion only, by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, the Police, and the members of the Fifth Ward Committee.

Partick-ularly so!

AFTER a courtship, off and on, of some thirteen years, a Partick draper has jilted an Arbroath widow, with the usual consequence an action for "breach." The ardent nature of the gentleman's affection may be judged from a passage in one of his letters, in which he observes that "it is not at all likely that he should break off the engagement." "Do you think I would he goes on to ask. "Besides, what would I with my house thrown on my hands?" It is not recorded whether or not the widow communicated with her lawyer on the receipt of this suggestive epistle; but, if she is in the habit of taking time by the forelock, it is highly probable that she did so. A lady of any perception would not speak of a "vidder"—would have seen an unmistakable beginning of the end.

Dr Strousberg has been found guilty of fraud and told that he is not to live in Russia any more. This is how they manage things in the domain of the Czar. Here we punish our Barons Oakleys, but under the mild sway of Alexander they are rewarded by the excellent advice to leave the realm of the knout. *Autres pays, autres mœurs.*

Why is the plaintiff in "the great baronet case" like a weathercock? Because he's a Vane to a-spire. (Hee-haw!)

"Cramming and Crowding"—In any of the cars on a wet night.

Roundabout Papers.

No. 7. — AT A CHORAL CONCERT.

"TOO early? Not at all, my dear boy, not at all; don't you see that by this plan we have the privilege of seeing our friends arrive.

"Now, just look at that! Isn't it worth waiting half an hour to be permitted to watch these two Retroussé girls saunter up the passage? So far as an impressive dignity of carriage goes, Juno herself simply isn't in it compared to them. By all means, let us give even Miss Lottie her due, and admit that she has a very fetching swagger. People who want to be complimentary say that Miss Lottie is the prettier of the two; people who don't, say that perhaps she's not quite so plain as her sister. You think that's the correct way to put it, do you? Well, I wouldn't be so rude as to say so—I'd confine myself to thinking it.

"But, after all, what is beauty? a mere delusion and a snare. If a girl is accomplished and good-natured and sensible and clever, and all that sort of thing, it doesn't matter a straw whether she's pretty or not. Not that the Retroussés are particularly accomplished or good-natured or sensible or clever; quite the reverse, in fact—Eh? By Jove, your right! I'd almost forgotten that. They *are* rich, and so they must be positively charming!

"Talking of good-looking people, here's that very, very, very handsome man Jack Dangerfield coming this way—Adonis Dangerfield, as his respectful admirers call him. Female Glasgow declares, in the most distressingly unanimous way, that he is quite too awfully handsome, you know! I understand he has several large port-manteaus at home filled with locks of feminine hair of all sorts, from auburn to jet black inclusive, the trophies of his conquests; and they say he requires, every three months or so, to sell his collection of little pink three-cornered notes by the hundred-weight as waste paper. Conceited? Well, I don't know; daresay if you or I were to be submitted to the same process of incense-burning, we'd be even vainer than he is—if that is possible. I think that man is a doocedly conceited animal as a rule, even when he has very little cause to be.

"I don't see so many of the musical enthusiasts here to-night as one might expect. Ah, there's one just coming in; Miss Jaqueline Lispington, the distinguished amateur composer. I've heard critical people say there was a good deal more of the amateur than of the distinguished about her compositions; but then some people are never

satisfied with anything made under the sun. Although, for my part, I don't consider her waltzes quite up to the standard of Strauss or Gung'l, still when she plays them herself, *con amore* of course, you actually begin to believe that they're not at all bad. What? You never heard either of Miss Jacqueline or her waltzes? Good gracious, my dear fellow, you surprise me! Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he doesn't know the Somthington Waltzes? If that's really the case, I can only advise you as a friend to make the acquaintance of Miss Jacqueline's waltzes before you make the acquaintance of herself, or it will be the worse for you.

"Here's the conductor at last; now for three hours' noise."

THE EASTERN QUESTIONS.

The balance of power is it turn'd,
The Cross to the Crescent a debtor;
If Turkey goes in for a wa(u)r,
Will Britain go in for abettor?
The arch at the gate to the Green,
Of timber, yet done up so granity,
Is this an "encroachment" again,
Or stays it—by virtue of vanity?

Can Such Things Be?

AN advertisement in a local print intimates that "within the Commercial Hotel, Hamilton, will be sold that public-house at Ferniegair, now established nearly fifty years ago." Can this be in the vicinity of the estate of our redoubtable anti-licensing J.P.? Some of those thirty-five unsuccessful publicans at our local Court last week are of opinion that Ferniegair ought to "redd" his own district first.

CONCERNING VESTMENTS.—It is told of a worthy magistrate that he was wont to fortify himself against the ridicule that he was certain would be cast upon the maroon and ermine by whistling morning, noon, and night, "Robin' I dare;" and it is not unlikely, he says, that this tune, as the magisterial melody, may supersede "Caller herrin'."

Storm Bruin—In the East. Hoist (and beat) drum.

A daily contemporary, which might be expected to be accurate in theatrical matters, says that "The Bells" is an adaptation of "Messrs Erckmann's 'Chartraus.'" This, the BAILIE apprehends, will be a novel piece of information for Mr "Leopold Lewis," as well as for MM. Erckmann-Chatrion."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I suppose little Fred Maccabe will have your countenance in his stage adventure at the Royal. If he gets as many people to flock to his performance of *Myles* as flocked to his performance of the Wandering Minstrel, or the Railway Porter, he won't have anything to complain of.

They are still doing "The Gentle Shepherd" at the Gaiety, and are getting good audiences too. Some of the parts are capitally played. I don't think, for instance, that I ever saw Lindsay to more advantage than in Allan Ramsay's pastoral. He has every inducement to overact his part, but like the true artist he is, he withstands this, and is quiet and delicate throughout. Charley Groves makes a hit in the comedietta which precedes "The Gentle Shepherd."

Next week the Gaiety Company goes to the country—playing at Falkirk, Stirling, and Alexandria—and Garden, Carter, Miss Brough, and the rest make their appearance in "Married in Haste." Well, not exactly "the rest," since Richard Younge has seceded from the company, and his place is now taken by Fred Marshall, whom we all admired so much as *Mousta* in Gilbert's "Broken Hearts."

Irving appears to-night at Belfast, opening in "Hamlet." I guess he won't be sorry to come back to Glasgow. Nowhere else, not even at the London Lyceum, has he been accorded a reception similar to that he received at the Theatre Royal here. On Friday night, when he took his benefit, the receipts amounted to over £330!

By the bye, Mr Irving's entrance in *King Charles*, with a child on his back, recalls the *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr Jefferson. Is it altogether wise, do you think, for one like Irving, who at best is a clever actor of melodrama, to institute a comparison in the minds of his audience with the most perfect stage artist of our generation?

Mr Irving makes his re-appearance at the London Lyceum in the part of *Macbeth*; he then follows Charles Kean by attempting *Louis XI.*; his next part is *Richard III.*; and the season will conclude with a dramatised version of one of Miss Braddon's novels.

The cast of the Lyceum "Macbeth" will be—Irving the *Thane*, Miss Bageman (Mrs Crowe) *Lady Macbeth*, Swinbourne *Macduff*, Brooke *Banquo*, Walter Bentley *Malcolm*, and Meade, Archer, and Miss Huntly the three *Witches*.

I've once or twice, as you know, BAILIE, made a dead set at Mr Bentley: when I say that he has now developed into a really fine actor—hard a little, perhaps, but his style will grow softer as his experience widens—my good report will be understood to be all the more valuable.

Had the dinner "stood" by Mr Irving on Friday anything to do with the marked change in the tone of Saturday's theatrical notice in a certain *Glasgow Newspaper*?

The Mr George Warde, who is stage manager and "heavy man" in Middle. Beatrice's company, has achieved a distinction upon which he rather plumes himself, that of having been a—pantomime *Hamlet*! When poor Belle gave his reading of "Hamlet," and illustrated the action with a troupe of dummies, Mr Warde was the dummy who personated the Danish Prince.

This night fortnight we will have another visit from the "Caste" Company, which has of late undergone several changes.

A new three-act modern comedy, from the pen of Conway Edwards and entitled "Heroes," is advertised for production at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, to-night. Miss Rachel Sanger is cast for the leading female part.

At the London Folly, "Robinson Crusoe," which was such a success in Manchester, has proved a failure.

Mr Ravel is expected to appear shortly, at the Royalty Theatre. I have heard something about Miss Fowler becoming directress of this house.

"Brothers" at the Court is not doing very well, and "New Men and Old Acres" will be revived very shortly. Ersser Jones is engaged by Mr Hare.

William Holland of Woolwich, "the people's caterer," as he styles himself, is bankrupt—liabilities, £20,787; assets, £900. Cheerful, eh?

Mr S Piercy, a new American actor, is announced to appear in Bartley Campbell's "Virginian" at the St. James's. "La Voyage dans la Lune" has been revived at the Alhambra owing to the failure of "Don Quixote."

John Clayton pays a return visit to the Standard with "for Her;" his provincial tour will be resumed in the spring. "Macbeth" is to be played alternately with "Richard III" at Drury Lane, Sullivan and Mrs Hermann Vezin as the T and his lady.

Lady Sebright has reconsidered the idea of acting *Lady Te* as a professional. It is stated she finds the part requires too study than she anticipated! Very likely.

Mr Marsden announces that his picture exhibition in the Corporation Galleries will "shortly close," and I think, my Ma, that those of your readers who care for fine art, or high art, are in a manner bound to visit the Galleries two or three times before he goes. Why, he has half a dozen canvases each of which is worth a "Jew's eye." The specimens of J. Oakes, of Colin Hunter, of Dupré, of Munkaczy, and of F. are each of them deserving of hours and hours of study. Thinking Mr Marsden has done artistic Glasgow a very important service by placing such a valuable collection on view in our

White is, I understand, intending to follow as soon as Marsden vacates the Corporation Galleries.

There is one feature in Lawrie's charming exhibition in Vincent Street, which should give it a local interest, and that that four of our Glasgow painters—Adam, Aitken, John G and D. Murray, are represented on Mr Lawrie's walls.

When I was in Agnew's gallery the other day, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr Fairbairn, whose success as a water-colour painter in the West of Scotland dates many years back. Since then, however, until very recently, serious illness prevented him from carrying on his profession; but his health now is comparatively settled, and he is hard at work again. His first out-door study, after his illness, was an excellent bit in Glasgow, hung amongst the water-colours of last year's exhibition.

The annual meeting of the Glasgow Art Club was held on Tuesday, and the usual routine of electing officials and new members was gone through.

I have commenced my round of the studios, BAILIE, and I already seen some first-rate stuff, but I will not particularise them at present than to say that the President's work is, I think, purer than ever; and long may he live to have the same criticism passed upon it. In Mr Colvin's collection, to which I lately alluded, is a charming crayon portrait of his, which shows what a thorough master of his pencil, as well as of his brush, the President must, from early life, have been.

THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

Scene—Country Road—Two Farmers Meet

1st Farmer—How's that new man o' yours daeing?

2nd Farmer—No very weel ava.

1st Farmer—What's the matter wi' him?

2nd Farmer—Oh jist what fashes the lave them, an awfu' inclination for meat and nanef wark.

HIS CUSTOM OF A "MORNIN'."

(Scene—Gallowgate, 8 A.M.)

Cockie—Weel, Sandy, you're jist takin' your mornin' walk.

Sandy—Na, na; I'm jist takin' ma walk for ma mornin'.

The Pleasures of Hop(e)—A dancing party.

"Behold how good a thing it is!"

FORFAR has fairly distanced all its competitors in the matter of noisy Council meetings. At a gathering last week we are told:—"During the latter part of the discussion two of the Bailies kept their seats close beside each other. Each shook his fist in his neighbour's face, and, amid the great confusion which took place, 'Liar,' 'Don't strike me,' 'I can defend myself,' 'I'm not afraid of you,' 'I won't be roared down,' and other like compliments, were distinctly heard." This must have been a rare scene. It fairly outdoes even the efforts of the Helensburgh and Rothesay Commissioners to make their gatherings the liveliest in the country.

SOLILOQUIES FOR THE SEASONS.

(FOR USE BY A KNIGHT-EXPECTANT.)

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow.

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse d spaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to wai e, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale."

Municipal honours are at a discount in the North. The Brechin Council met last week, and although there are chains of office attached to the dignity, some half-dozen gentlemen declined the post of magistrate. What do our disappointed Councillors in the West when they are asked for the North?

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

—King Lear, Act IV., Scene 6.

A Dumfries Town Councillor observed the other day that, when a magistrate's gown was an object of ambition, heaven and earth would be moved to attain it. It is to be hoped that Lord Provost Bain will not require to move "another place" to obtain the object of his ambition—a (k)night-gown.

The Clerical House of Refuge—The Established Church.

A SWEET THING IN NEWS.—Beet's a failure and sugar's up. This beats a'. If it doesn't, the cane does; and the schoolboy will be glad to learn that the cane is in prime condition, and may be depended on to sweeten his existence as usual.

The Massacre of the Innocents.

YE Doggies a', baith great and sma',
Whatever breed they dae ye ca',
Some baneful counsel made a law
Tae slaughter a' yer kindred.

Oh, waesuck, for such brutes o' men,
(What ither name I dinna ken
Tae ca' them), wha stay in yon den
Whaur poor Dead Dogs lie battered.

Sure disgrace rests on a' the clan,
It's said "Sic master just sic man"—
His Lordship 'twas wha led the van
In a' the bloody slaughter.

IT'S AN ILL WIND, &c.—Poor Deepindebt is solacing himself with the notion that, in consequence of the accident on the Caledonian line, business by Dunning will cease—for a time at least.

QUERY.—Is there any connection between the Vane Bargnetcy case and the well-known Glasgow case of Vain Knighthood?

AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY.

(Sabbath School Teacher meets one of her Pupils.)

S.S.T.—Well, Mary, what is the reason you have not been at school for the last two Sabbaths?

Mary—Jist.

S.S.T.—You have no excuse now, since Mrs Smith gave you the new dress.

Mary (with great glee)—Ah, but my mither's pawned it!

TONALT AGAIN.

(Jamaica Street.)

Street Singer (?)—"Where, and oh where, does my Highland laddie dwell?"

"Tight" Celt—What did you'll call 'im?

A Great Canon—Canon Liddon.

Linksmen—Golfers.

The Block System—Collisions daily.

IRISH.—An ill-tempered husband finding his collar dressed on the wrong side, said in the most snappish of tones: "My love, surely to goodness it would be as easy to iron my collars outside in, as inside out!"

The BAILIE thinks that a second-hand witticism, when really good, is well worth publishing. A clever lassie posed a stupid fellow the other day (he was pestering her with his silly conundrums) by asking him, "Why is a widower like a potato-shaw?" The answer (given by the fair inquisitor) being, "Because his better-half is under ground."

Amateur Musical Criticism at an Oratorio.

"DO you call that a tenor? Well, I don't." — "I like him a good deal better than Sims Reeves." — "My dear boy, don't you know Sims Reeves is a baritone." — "I wish he'd sing 'Tommy, make room for your Uncle,' or something lively of that sort." — "The moustache is certainly very good." — "Did you ever hear Mario? or Tamberlik? or Wachtel? or Guigliini? or Hamilton Corbett?" — "G sharp, I believe?" — "Talking of tenors, here's the Lord Provost." — "How do you like the soprano? Splendid, eh?" — "Poor girl, what a cold in the head she's got! Observe the pocket-handkerchief!" — "Did I hear you say 'girl?'" — "Nothing pleases these beggars so much as a good square shout." — "Don't think the dress is very becoming; a trifle dingy, isn't it?" — "Good contraltos are about as few and far between as angels' visits." — "She would do very well if she'd only open her mouth." — "Do you know if Mendelssohn is dead?" — "I'm not sure, but I rather think not; at least, I never heard of it." — "If the chorus could only manage to sit down all at once, it would be a wonderful improvement." — "You ought to hear Santley: he's the one to make your hair stand on end." — "Shouldn't care about being quite so near the big drum." — "He'll put somebody's eye out yet with that stick." — "Don't you think trombones rather a nuisance? Much too like a German band." — "Well, I'm glad it's over. Don't you feel thirsty?"

MILK ADULTERATION EXTRAORDINARY.

Two Kilmarnock Policemen (to small boy carrying milk).—Hie, laddie, come here.

Boy.—What is't?

Pol.—Did ye see yer maister pit onything in that milk this mornin'?

Boy.—Ay did I.

Pol.—Weel, then, tell us what he put intil't.

Boy.—Na, I winna.

Pol.—Come, noo, tell us an' we'll baith gie ye a penny.

Boy.—Will ye? Weel, gie'st first.

Two Pol. (simultaneously)—Here ye are, man—tippence. Noo, tell us what your maister put in the milk.

Boy.—Weel, then, he put the jug intil't.

[Exit Policemen.]

Give a womana secret and she adds interest to it.

Elgin's Duff(er).

MR GRANT DUFF has dreamed a dream the substance whereof is that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh shall reign at Constantinople, assisted by a number of Anglo-Indians upon whom Mr G. D. is prepared to "lay his finger" at a moment's notice. It is generally understood that when the time comes for appointing the new Grand Vizier, the honorable gentleman expects a vacancy to occur in the representation of Elgin. *Beati qui pauca, &c.*

Save me from my Friends!

THE BAILIE need not repeat at this time of day that he is a staunch Protestant, and a foe to "Papal aggression;" and he therefore regrets that he should be compelled so constantly, in common with all sensible men, to pray that Protestantism may be saved from its "friends." Mr H. A. Long is a host in himself; but when he is backed by such champions as the gentleman who occupied the chair at the City Hall meeting on Wednesday night, one trembles for the cause. This person—a Mr Haig, not unknown to fame of a sort—advocated the principles of Luther and Knox by drawing attention to the description of hats and coats worn by the modern clergy, and by requesting to be informed what is the use of organs. There were more useless things in the City Hall last Wednesday evening, it may be observed, than the instrument upon which Mr Lambeth is wont to perform. By the way, why wasn't Mr M'Gowan on the platform?

A Metaphorical Magistrate.

DUMFRIES is blest with a Bailie whose power of metaphor is remarkable—indeed, the BAILIE doubts if he can surpass it. In speaking of a municipal scandal the other day, this gentleman excused his strong language on the ground that "he declined to treat a festering sore with *eau de Cologne* and rose-water, when an antiseptic was the proper remedy." The Bailie was quite right. No member of "the Faculty" would countenance the *eau de Cologne* and rose-water treatment in the case of such an unpleasant malady as a festering sore. His Worship deserves one "mark" for his knowledge of medicine, and another for his mastery of metaphor.

LATEST BULLETIN.—Ta Force is slowly recovering from its unusual lassitude, and there is no further noose.

Quavers.

THE "St Paul" concert of last Tuesday evening was not free from faults, but these were such as are almost to be looked for when choir and orchestra come together for the first time after a longish interval. Still, a little more steadiness, precision, and bar-division in conducting might be respectfully suggested for the future choral concerts. It did look as if there was a little ease on these points.

To-night (Tuesday), at the first orchestral, they start with the Oberon Overture, which will show at once what the band can do. The other principal selections for the evening are Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and two orchestral introductions to Mr Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World." There are also two overtures—that to "Struensee" by Meyerbeer, and to "La Circassienne" by Auber, with an "Intermezzo" and a "Carnaval" from a composer of the Auber and Adam school, flourishing, naturally, in the French capital at present.

These are all capital selections, and should show the capabilities of the Orchestra in varied aspects. While, too, Mr Sullivan has the necessary weight and gravity for the symphonic compositions, he will certainly bring out with almost peculiar aptitude, the *legende* of the French music, which will be as enjoyable as a draught of cool champagne at a feast.

Madame Marie Roze-Perkins is the vocalist of the evening. Her songs are Gounod's "There is a Green Hill far away," one from an opera by the late Prince Poniatowski, and the never-failing "Robert, toi que j'aime." Both these last the lady will sing in her native language; and, by the way, the English translation (in the programme) of the Meyerbeer Cavatina begins very funnily—"Robert, dearest Robert," suggesting to our profane minds the loving appeal of some fond cook to her favourite policeman—which impertinence we hope Madame Perkins will forgive us.

The orchestra promises extremely well. We have most of the old hands back again, and not one who is not master of his instrument. The tone of the violins is remarkably fine; indeed, we almost think the strings better this season than ever they were. Our friend of the *Herald* used to complain of the three-and-sixpenny fiddles of the Teutonic band we tried for a while—and justly. There is certainly a very great difference between then and now in that, as well as in other respects.

Your Worship will please allow a sentence or two more. The programme-analyses should be well studied before the nights of performance, not read during the concert only. For example, that magnificent criticism by Berlioz of the Beethoven Symphony, which cannot possibly be comprehended on a cursory perusal. "G." criticises the great orchestral analyst, we notice, on the matter of a little bit of canonical imitation. See page 43 of programme book. As often happens, both are right. Certainly Berlioz is right in spirit, if not in the letter.

NOW, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?—An evening contemporary one night last week headed a paragraph—"The interest of this country in the Eastern question," and then proceeded—"England's only interest," etc. The School Board must surely have imposed some new mode of teaching geography, or else "Britain" has somehow been blotted out of the map of Europe.

A Bird Debt—To the Baroness Coutts.

One good "turn" deserves another—And hence the gentleman who had the ingenuity to advance as a principle that "it was Mr Ewing's turn," ought of all others to have the honour of unveiling the Burns Statue.

How it's Done in Dumfries.

AFTER a perusal of last Thursday's papers, the Ass has come to the conclusion that "it's gran' to be a Dumfries Toon Cooncillor." It seems that there are benevolent beings all over the little town whose philanthropic delight it is to "liquor-up" Cooncillors—especially when there is an official to be elected. Thus, when a Treasurer fell to be chosen by the Council the other day, it was arranged to "waylay" a Cooncillor, and "keep him drunk all day;" another "was not present on Friday, in consequence of a person having been appointed by one very high in official position to 'do for him,' in which he was successful;" while another was "proof against" offers of brandy-and-soda. What a festive community, to be sure! and how hospitable—especially when there's an election going on.

A RHYME OF THE TIME.

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw,
The airt I lo'e the least
Is whaur the Turks sic mischief-work
'Twixt Russ and us, the East.
The east win' blows a wee bit cloud
Nae bigger than your han',
But gath'rin, grows, an' spreads an' spreads,
'Till a' the sky's o'erdrawn,
And bigger, blacker, grows the cloud:
Charged till it holds no more
It bursts; and out war-lightnings strike,
And cannon-thunders roar.
The reign powers down—

[But for further weather-prophecy we must refer our readers to the almanac of our old friend, Mr Zadkiel.]

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—Never has the Gaiety company been so truly idyl as it was last week; and, perhaps, never before did it act a play written by an author of so much barberism. [For the benefit of the late Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, it may be mentioned that throughout this paragraph some reference is made to "The Gentle Shepherd."]

The horn of the dilemma—"The Golden Horn."

More "Cramming and Crowding"—Statues into George Square.

The Three Bells—Poe's, Irving's, and—the Tramways'.

I "KNEW" A BANK.—His Worship, the other day, in passing from Ingram Street to his office, could scarce help comparing the contractor at the Union Bank to his old acquaintance Caius Marius amid the ruins of cartage. "What havoc hath ambition made."

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER"—Swearing is a most reprehensible practice, and Bailie Torren ought to be severely reprov'd for talking about wanting to give the poor devil a chance. He may hold himself reprov'd accordingly.

"NORTHAMPTON"—It is a pity that you didn't get a share of the lunch after the launch. Those who push themselves into the front at such a feast without being invited must have a dreadful amount of what the French call *chic*, and an inordinate love of chicken and ham and champagne.

"A B"—Thanks for your good opinion. The explanation, however, is too lengthy for the BAILIE'S columns.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

CORPORATION GALLERIES,

SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILL CLOSE NEXT WEEK.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

ULSTER COATS.

FORSYTH, 5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

SMOKERS!—A genuine Havana Cigar for 3d,
from CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

ULSTERS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' ULSTERS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,
151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1876.

"OUR JEEMS" has made an important discovery anent the manners and customs of his townfolk. Hitherto it has generally been understood that the leading trait of the great body of our population was their fondness for public-houses; but the wise man from the East knows better than that, and at Thursday's meeting of Council he let his brethren into the secret that what the Glaswegians like best is—a graveyard! Wherever a graveyard is opened, quoth JEEMS, there you are sure to find a little town growing up. The people flock to its vicinity. Even at Craigton the price of building ground has been improved by the construction of the new cemetery. This is a discovery, and no mistake. How strange it is, how thrilling! If JEEMS, however, had only vouchsafed some theory in explanation of our affection for the charnel-house, how much greater would have been the obligation he had conferred upon us all. The Tribune of the Second Ward owes it, indeed, to the city to follow up his discovery with an adequate hypothesis regarding this astounding characteristic. In the interval between now and the next Council meeting, JEEMS might apply his powerful understanding to the solution of the problem. We are all anxious about it, the great heart of Glasgow throbs in grave expectancy for the result of JEEMS'S Meditations among the Tombs.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the Lord Provost's attempted justification of the dog crusade was not a justification by facts.

That the alleged panic in the public mind turned out to be nothing more than a statement by Fiscal Lang that "something must be done."

That his Lordship was quite certain that nothing but useless curs had been destroyed.

That a great number of persons who have lost their dogs are as certain that he didn't speak "by the card."

That Captain M'Call was very loth to admit that the police had been paying little boys for helping them to catch the dogs.

That the authorities have got so severely "chaffed" by the citizens and the Press that they are not likely to follow up the matter with "dogged," or any other pertinacity.

That the Cruelty to Animals folk are rather late in the day in taking up the subject.

That it was quite natural after the dog scare that we should be treated to a "No Popery" cry.

That it looks like as if somebody were hatching a grand public cemetery scheme for the city.

That it will be a wonder if somebody or other hasn't a piece of ground admirably suited for the purpose.

That aiblins somebody connected with the Town Council may have something to do with it.

That some people are still harping about the £200 given to the funds of the policemen's society.

That they could easily save twice or three times as much *every year* by getting the expense of the Assessors reduced to what their services are worth.

That remit has been made to have their salaries and duties considered.

That this is an unwillingly granted recognition of public opinion.

That each of the Assessors has so many friends in the Council, and the public so few, that too big a slice won't be taken off their salaries.

That the Justices dismissed the whole crowd of applications for licences last week.

That, "justice or no justice," they are determined to preserve the peace.

That Mr Ward Hunt didn't come to the big launch on Saturday.

That some of the political busybodies are disappointed at not getting an opportunity of airing their eloquence and addresses.

That the U.P.'s have started an anti-Fast Day agitation.

That the Rev. Robert of Ladywell and the

illustrious trio, Taylor, M'Lachlan, and M'Naught, are all to have their bit parishes and a pittance of £120 a year.

That if all's true "there's more to follow" in the money line.

That the Cleansing Committee are to get 6d a £ from Ellison's estate.

That the loss to the city through somebody's mismanagement is only £1000.

That "J.B." was very effusive in his attentions to the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

That it would appear from the papers that there is a brisk bankruptcy business among the wrights and builders.

That a good many of them seem to have built themselves out of the door.

That the connection of the detectives with the Turf Swindlers is an ugly story.

A "Derby Despatch"—The start for the Blue Riband of the Turf.

SEWAGE.—Some of our suburban neighbours have sewage on the brain. Besides their ordinary draining system, it is now being objected that they are making too many drains on the public purse.

A PROBABLE PERVERT.—Father Thom, a Free Kirk minister in Glasgow, has intimated his acceptance of a call to Kilmarnock. May it not, therefore, be taken for granted that the rev. gentleman means to assume the "cowl?"

A WIDDLE.—The Ass, who has been reading Granny's correspondence, propounds the following:—"Why is Glasgow like a duck-pond? Give it up? Because it is the home of Quacks." We presume the brute means self-styled "doctors," in which case a duck-pond is the best place for them.

A BAND OF BROTHERS.—Dr Cameron has at last secured a case against the "crying" in parish churches. A local session-clerk has issued the following notice:—"Proclamation of Bands—Townhead Parish. All parties residing within this Parish, will now be proclaimed within the above Church." Leaving the bands alone, Asinus opines that of the various "parties" residing in the parish a good many must have already been to the hymeneal altar, while several others are likely to be either too old or too young for being "proclaimed." As the name of "the above Church" is omitted, the session-clerk would seem to be indifferent to his fees.

A Genteel "Swarry."

THE "swarry" reaches perfection only in a pious atmosphere. The course of true religion seems only to run smoothly through a tea-pot. Every church has a burst of pent-up eloquence and Bohea, at least once a year. We, of St. Botolph's, W., have lately become a swell church, and we do this sort of thing in great style. We have the big hall in the Royal Rooms, and defray our expenses at the door. On entering you perceive at once that we are genteel. We don't beat the floor, we only tap with our toes, and our cries of "tea! tea!" are as weak as the fluid itself. When we say "tea on the table precisely at seven," we speak figuratively, and mean "some time." The sacred urn generally reaches us at last—this is not a joke about cremation—and then our gentility stoops to drink.

You take a cup to please that old lady, but you recoil at the sight of a familiar cookie, whom you've had the pleasure of meeting at threesoires already this season, not to speak of last. It looks hard at you, *very hard*; you needn't try to cut it, it's no use.

Your old lady is determined to make you a hot-water bottle, but you plead youth and innocence, and beg to be let off.

The urns have scarcely ceased to spout when the platform begins full swing. Each speaker has reached the happiest moment of his life—poor fellows, they must have had a sorry time of it—each goes into ecstasies over "our grand new church"—each is full of admiration for everything about us. The church is the finest that ever was built, the minister is an angel disguised in a white choker, the congregation is composed of such noble creatures that one wonders how the angel in the choker has the cheek to call them sinners on Sunday. Occasionally there's a little extra energy, such as when a terribly benevolent-looking elder—a city man with a long purse—takes great credit to himself for the new kirk, and perorates in this wise—"I've heard that the public pretend to criticise our conduct, in leaving a poor locality for a wealthy one, but what I want to know is, did we ask the public to pay a penny for it?" (Prolonged applause, and cries of "No! no!") A whisper, "Cause you knew you wouldn't get it," and an old woman, "That settles't clean.")

Now for the Chairman's usual joke, of course he's going to give you his raisins. Sure enough there they come, followed by the usual piles of withered half-apples, and suspicious-looking "sweeties."

After that, more dismal speechification, more bursts of melody from the choir. Then votes thanks are chucked about from one to another like bad halfpennies, and that good congregation goes slowly off, weary—with speeches—an heavy laden—with tea and cookies.

New Meanings of Old Words.

CONTINUED.

FATHER, noun, ever active—a very great and grand old gentleman, to be found in all the rival evangelistic communions, holding "the essentials," and who live in admiration of peace and unity apart and together; orthodoxically, heterodoxically, and paradoxically compounded and disintegrated to-day, shaking gentlemanly hands in a fervid stream of suavity—to-morrow, shaking the clerical fist in a fiery flood of living lava; playing fast and loose at the interminable game of "Union," with one eye to business and the other wide awake in the financial direction; opposed as to *organ-ic*, at one as voluntary *change*; loud against *innovations*, equally demonstrative in *ovations* to the Baird Trust, and other similar subsidies; often portly, extremely portable; eminently *courtly*, and easily courtable in the ecclesiastical casuistry of their distinctive and antagonistic provincial and metropolitan assemblies reformed? perpetually reforming, frequently deforming, occasionally conforming, insistingly informing, and persistently performing—but not yet in uniform! See *past reformation*.

FLY, adjective, covertly active, obscurely comparative—"Killing," with the hidden alternative of "doing" your friend; masculine and feminine accomplishment; of universal utility. Include it in School Board formula.

HOW TO MAKE PORT(E) W(H)INE.—Conferences well seasoned with ultimatums cannot satisfy Asinus, to produce a very crusty Porte.

The Last Daisy of the Square—That in the hands of the Burns Statue.

Spirit Painting—Red noses.

An Ulster Man—Forsyth.

Sport for Ta Force—Following the hounds.

The *World*, commenting on an Irish political case, says, "When a judge looks upon beating a constable as an amusement, no wonder shillelaghs are cheap." Shillelaghs cheap! Why if such a sport was sanctioned in Glasgow, there would be a demand for sticks the like of which has not been seen since Birnam Wood went a walking.

It is said that one of the demands which Russia intends to make on Turkey is that "Christians shall be admitted to the police force." This is highly significant, and shows that we are not the only unfortunates in the world. Would that some friendly power would demand the admission of Christians into *our* force! At present it is composed of the Bashi-Bazoukest of Bashi-Bazouks.

New Novels.

NOT such a Fool as he Looks: a story of the (K)night," by the author of "A Simpleton: a story of the Day." (N.B.—This is a work of strong local and contemporaneous interest.)

"The Captive Eagle: a tale of the West-end Park," by the author of "The Caged Lion." (Local interest again.)

"The Head a Block," by the author of "The Rock Ahead."

"An Evening with M'Gowan," by the author of "A Long Summer's Day." (Once more local interest.)

"Backed the Favourite: a tale of the Turf," by the author of "Hedged In."

"On Bail," by the author of "Out of Court."

"Who's Griffiths?" by the author of "Griffiths' Double."

"As He Went Through the Window," by the author of "As He Comes Up the Stair."

"Miss Imperence," by the author of "Dear Lady Disdain."

"A Maundering Anecdote," by the author of "A Rambling Story."

"A Blackguardly Hero: dedicated to the Lady Novelists of the Day," by the author of "A Vagabond Heroine."

ENCORE TONALT.

Jack Jollyboy asleep on the pavement during shower: kind-hearted (?) policeman urging him to get up.

Sympathising Female—"Can ye no pit him in the close oot the wat, p'leeceman?"

Tonalt—"Na, na, she'll no put him in ta close, he'll no want to loss her coat." Tugs at Jack Jollyboy's collar, "Come awa, come awa, if she'll o walk tae ta offis, she'll give ye sixty days fore a livetenant."

"Ward" Hunters—The Permissive Billers.

"Stirling Observers"—The Turf swindlers.

A (K)Neil-ing Affair—The Mitchell Library temporary buildings.

The Lost "Lyre"—Baron Munchausen.

"The Diel among the Bobbies"—Stipendiary Gemmel.

A "Gentle Shepherd"—A.K.H.B.

City Articles—The Magisterial Robes.

A "Sweet" Rise—The increase in the price of sugar.

Women and Old Women.

A SPEAKER at the Popery Meeting last week said that women were more amenable to the influences of show and mummery and general nonsense than men. Surely he cannot have forgotten that quite recently the Town Council, from "J.B." downwards, showed that they were thoroughly amenable to the same influences. Probably the speaker might escape from the difficulty by classing them as "old" women.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), NOVEMBER 21st, at 7.30,
THE FOX AND THE GOOSE;
after which,
THE COLLEEN BAWN.
Myles-na-Coppaleen.....Mr FREDERIC MACCABE.
Box Office open from 11 till 3.

TH E G A I E T Y,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.
Great Success of ALLAN RAMSAY'S
G E N T L E S H E P H E R D.
Every Character by a Native Artist of Repute.
Preceded by the Popular Comedy,
KIND TO A FAULT.
Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).
Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
Important Engagement of
J A M E S T A Y L O R,
The World-renowned Comedian and Vocalist—his first appearance in Glasgow for Eight years—accompanied by the Great American Comedienne
Miss ADA ALEXANDRA
And his LONDON COMPANY.
TO-NIGHT, the Highly-Successful Comedy-Drama,
SIMON SIDNEY CARTWRIGHT.
Preceded each Evening by MY DETECTIVE.

WINTER FLOWER SHOW,

CITY HALL.
WEDNESDAY, 29TH NOVEMBER.
FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Sec.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH

SQUARE.
Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.
" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.
" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.
" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.
" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.
A great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

"THE SLAVE." New Scrap Photo., by

Messrs GOUPIIL, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame DE CHATILLON.
Scraps, 1s each, plain; 7s 6d Coloured and Mounted; 21s Framed and Coloured in Oil, on Mahogany Panel.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CITY HALL, (TO-NIGHT) TUESDAY, 21ST NOV, 1876.

SOLO VOCALIST:

MDME. MARIE ROZE-PERKINS.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 50 PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR,.....MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Tickets (7s, 4s, 3s, and 2s) of Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buchanan Street. Admission One Shilling.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 25TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

MR KENNEDY.

THE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH VOCALIST, who will give his Entertainment on

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND!

ASSISTED BY HIS FAMILY.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.

Concert to commence at a Quarter to 8 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GLASGOW YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL LECTURES.

The Ninth Lecture of the Course will be delivered by

MR R. M. WALKER.

Accompanist—Mr WOOLY (Organist to Sir M. S. Stewart).

MONDAY, the 27th November, at Eight o'clock P.M.

Subject—"The National Music of Different Countries."

Tickets to be had at the Hall Doors. Single Admission, 6d

GLASGOW SCIENCE LECTURES

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 23rd NOVEMBER.

SIR C. WYVILLE THOMSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

Subject—"The Conditions of the Antarctic Regions."

ADMISSION TO ORGAN GALLERY OR PROMENADE, 6D.

Doors Open at Seven P.M.; Lecture at Eight.

A VOID D R A U G H T S

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures

DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.

DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.

DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.

DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.

DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,

(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW.

EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,

85 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON WEDNESDAY, 22ND NOVEMBER,

PUBLIC SALE OF AN EXTENSIVE STOCK

OF HIGH-CLASS AND FULLY-MATURE WINES,

Bottled in Bond in 1864, 5, and 6, where they have lain since, Packed in Dozen Cases; including—
400 Dozen Rare Old PORT, in excellent condition, and ready for immediate use.

136 Dozen Fine DRY SHERRY.

5 Dozen MARGAUX MEDOC.

1 Dozen BRANDY, and 1 Dozen GIN.

35 Dozen CHAMPAGNE, &c.

(Belonging to the Estate of James M'Kenzie, Son, & Co.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, Wednesday, 22nd November, at 12 o'clock.

Full particulars in Catalogues, which may now be had, or be forwarded on application to the Auctioneers.

The Wines may be Sampled Two Days prior to and on the day of Sale.

Note.—The principal portions of the above Wines were Bottled for Shipment to India on account of the late Governor General, but owing to circumstances, they were not shipped. Being Bottled for exportation, they could not be Sold for Home use without the consent of the Commissioners of Customs, which was refused. Repeated applications were thereafter made to the Commissioners of the Treasury to admit them for Home consumption, who, after taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, granted the petition by a Special Treasury Warrant, under which the Wines are now Sold. Since the Warrant was granted the Wines have been Sampled by competent judges, and reported to be of the finest quality and in excellent condition. The Sale will thus afford a rare opportunity of securing a genuine High-Class Wine fully matured.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 20th November, 1876.

LAST WEEK.

"LITTLE COLD TOOTSIE:
By THOMAS FAED, R.A.

The *Herald* says of this Grand Picture:—"This simple and elegant, which one has seen so often, is charmingly illustrated, and executed with all the technical skill of the artist."

AND 150 HIGH-CLASS PAINTINGS,

NOW ON VIEW,

From the Collection of Messrs Thomas Agnew & Sons, London, Liverpool, and Manchester,

AT MR ANNAN'S GALLERY,

153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Admission, with Catalogue, One Shilling,

From 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,

UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES

MANUFACTURERS,

18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE SALE-ROOMS, ON THURSDAY,
23RD NOVEMBER,
EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT
MERCHANT'S STOCK,

COMPRISING
IN BOND FOR HOME USE—
12 Puncheons, 2 Hhds., 4 Casks WHISKY.
4 Hhds., and 10 Quarter-Casks BRANDY.
1 Puncheon, 1 Hhd., and 2 Quarter-Casks GIN.
4 Puncheons and 2 Quarter-Casks RUM.
22 Hhds. and 9 Quarter-Casks SHERRY.
3 Pipes, 6 Hhds., and 22 Quarter-Casks PORT.
3 Hhds., and 1 Quarter-Cask RED CAPE WINE.
2 Butts and 1 Hhd. WHITE BORDEAUX WINE
And 1 Hhd. CLARET.

IN BOND FOR EXPORTATION—
24 Puncheons, 3 Hhds., 4 Quarter-Casks SPIRITS.
1 Puncheon, 1 Quarter-Cask, and 8 Cases BRANDY.
2 Puncheons, 3 Hhds., and 4 Quarter-Casks RUM.
1 Puncheon, 1 Hhd., and 101 Cases OLD TOM.
8 Puncheons and 87 Cases GINGER BRANDY.
6 Puncheons and 218 Cases GINGER WINE.
28 Cases "PRINCE OF WALES NECTAR."
560 Gallons LIME JUICE, 60 Gallons COLOURING.
9 Cwt. SUGAR, &c., &c.

DUTY PAID—
119 Proof Gallons BRITISH COMPOUNDS.
140 Do. Do. LEMON and ORANGE SPIRITS.
Quantity of ACETIC ACID, SULPHATE OF ZINC, SUL-
PHUREOUS ACID, TREACLE, HONEY, GINGER,
SUGAR, NUTMEG, 200 Gallons LEMON JUICE, &c.
(Belonging to the Estate of Jas. M'Kenzie, Son, & Co.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received in-
structions to Sell the above extensive Stock, by auction, in
the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent
Place, on Thursday, 23rd November, at 12 o'clock.
Particulars in Catalogues, which may now be had, or will be
forwarded on application to the Auctioneers.
The Samples may be seen at the Sale-Rooms Two Days prior
to the Sale, or orders granted to inspect the Bulk if desired.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, Glasgow, 20th Nov., 1876.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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

"Holloa! Good gracious, why, what's this?
A miracle, 'tis clear!
I never saw such pens before:
There must be MAGIC here!"

Webb's Weekly News.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Nile, and the Waverley Pen."
Is per Box. At all Stationers. 1s 1d by Post.

EDINBURGH: MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
23-33 BLAIR STREET.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots
and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for
some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say
with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest
and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises
enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited
according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT,
75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nel-
son Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—

ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to
5.30, 7¹⁰ 10.

DENNISTOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30
to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30
to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella,

Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requi-
sites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their
friends and the public to the fact that every Department
is now in thorough working order, and that they are
now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to them
with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire
high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to
call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to
sell only the best of everything at the smallest remune-
rative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within
the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China
Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay
any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest
Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2½d,
1s 9½d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New
Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and
Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt,
Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment
in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned,
Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent's cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered
to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys.
These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as dur-
able as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the
new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.
Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
72 JAMAICA STREET.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
The **SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS** for the **ORDINARY**
COMMENCED on 15TH MAY.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9 Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
• HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.
136 New City Road.
Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.
Corner of George Street and High Street.
Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.
Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.
Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.
450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.

Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

"BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE."
CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imitations
palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Daily Press, Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES

ARE you intending to travel? If so
then furnish yourself with your Travelling Re-
quirements from the Manufacturers, **SHORT AND STEWART**, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may
be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort
whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and per-
fection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made
to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 6/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES FOR 'YOUNG MEN,'
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe.
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would
solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashion-
able Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their
Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof
Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by
experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by
them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such.
Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of
quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,
BOWMORE DISTILLERY,

COUNTING-HOUSE, - - - 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.

NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON, LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export

PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

LAUNDRY ESTABLISHMENT,

181 BUCHANAN ST. Works—WATERSIDE.

SHIP, HOTEL, AND FAMILY WASHINGS
Carefully Dressed, Finished, and Delivered.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

OVERCOATS

MADE FROM
SCOTCH
TWEEDS
WHICH ARE
THOROUGHLY
SHRUNK.

30s.

MADE FROM
INDIGO
BLUE
NAPS
AND
PILOTS.

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY
54 TRONGATE.

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY, 54 TRONGATE.
the largest & cheapest CLOTHING HOUSE in SCOTLAND.
for PRICES and STYLES see WINDOWS.

OVERCOATS,

ALL SIZES,

READY FOR

IMMEDIATE USE,

OR

TO MEASURE.

35s.

PERFECT

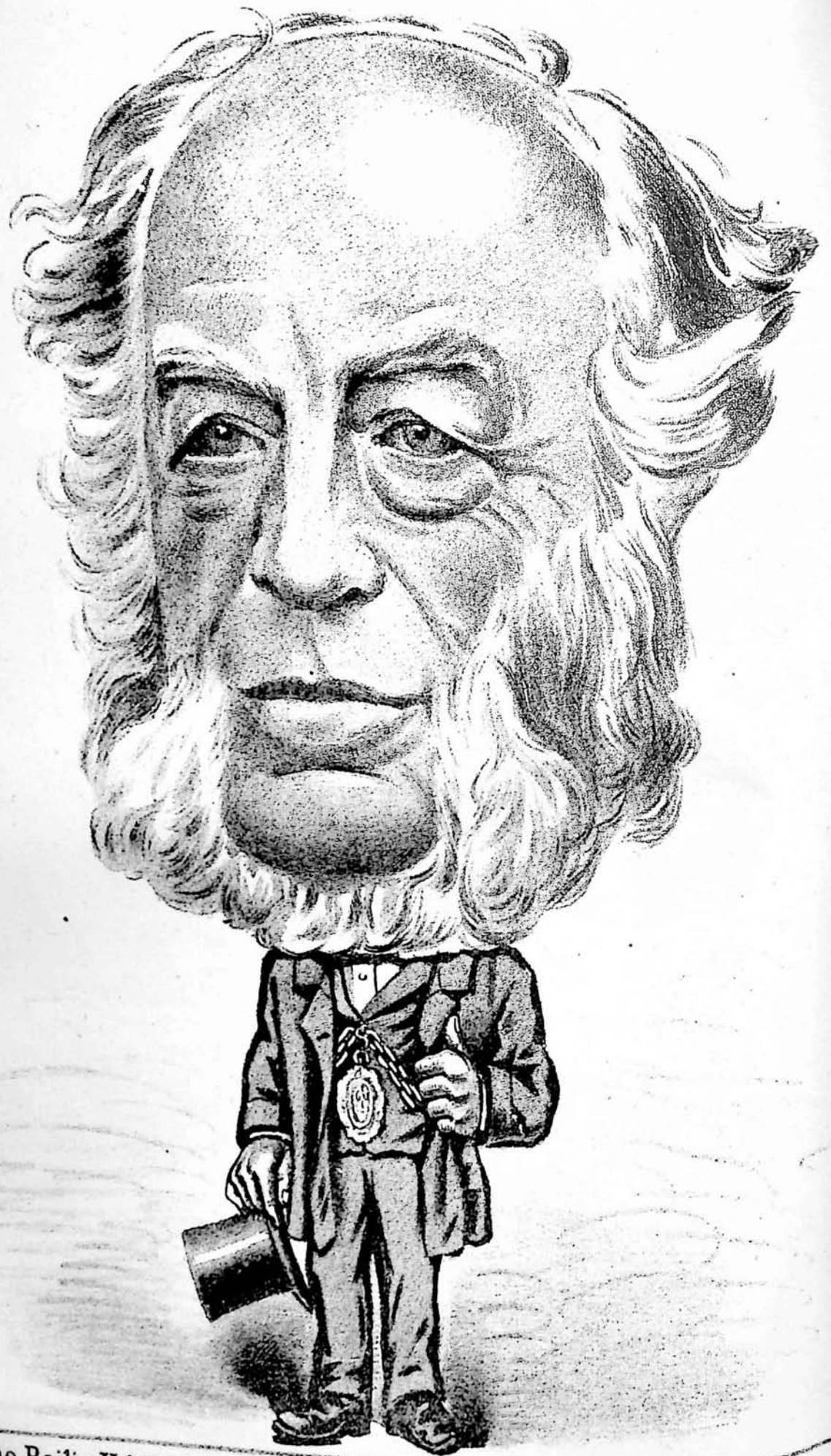
IN

STYLE

AND

FIT.

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY,
54 TRONGATE.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 215 Glasgow, Wednesday, November 29th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 215.

FOR the moment an utter quietness prevails in our municipal politics. We have got over the worry of the November elections, and as yet the disturbing elements are only ranging themselves, and are looking about for some hobby-horse or other upon which they may once more amble and curvet in full view of the public. It doesn't matter much to these aspiring ones how the hobby-horse may be called—now it gets the name of "Economy," and now it is labelled "Teetotalism"—their only end and aim is notoriety. To be talked about, to become notorious, is with some folk the dearest object in life. Fortunately, however, for the city, the hobby-horse people are the minority among our municipal rulers. The Town Council isn't given over as a body to ground and lofty equestrianism of the focus-pocus sort. It numbers plenty of good men and true both inside and outside the circle of magistrates, by whom the title of Bailie has never been very anxiously sought after, and who regard with wonder rather than annoyance the frantic efforts made in a certain quarter to secure the reversion of the Lord Provostship on the retirement of Mr Bain from office. We are gifted with few better representatives of this class of Councillor than the present Water Bailie, Mr JAMES THOMSON, the oldest, if not the senior representative of the Fourth Ward. Indeed, Mr THOMSON is not only the oldest representative of his Ward, but he is one of the oldest members of the Town Council. It is now something like a score of years since he was first returned to our City Parliament, and although rather round-shouldered and stricken in days, JAMES can still hold his own with the best of them. There may be richer men in the Council than the sturdy Water Bailie, and there may be more learned

men—which he would be the last himself to dispute—but "it would be news indeed to hear" that the Council has any member better gifted with pawky Scotch shrewdness, or with a clearer head for settling those matters that come within the circle of his ideas. Indeed, if a stranger were to enter the ugly room in Brunswick Street where the Council meetings are held, on the first Thursday of a month, and were asked to fix upon some one of the assembled City Fathers as the typical Glasgow Magistrate, the chances are that he would select our friend. In manner, and speech, and outward man, Bailie THOMSON irresistibly recalls the days of Captain Paton and the plainstanes at the Cross. He uses the broadest Doric, and he speaks but seldom, but what he does say is always pithy and pointed. The elevation of JAMES to the bench a year ago was an appointment which gave general satisfaction. Both as Depute Water Bailie, and as Water Bailie proper, he has amply justified the wisdom of his selection. While the sentences he deals out in Robertson Street are such as must prove a sufficient terror to evil-doers, they have nothing of the wholesale character which distinguished the findings of his predecessor. He doesn't exactly make mincemeat of the culprits brought before him, and there is no likelihood, should another Royal progress be made through our streets to-morrow, of any familiar of the River Bailie Court shouting "Auld Sixty-days" in his ear. Mr THOMSON takes his full share of municipal work. He is a member of the Committee on the Bazaar and the City Hall, is one of the Markets and Slaughter-Houses Commissioners, of the Water Committee, of the Police Board—in the Health Committee of which he takes a special interest, and is also a Patron of Hutchesons' Hospital, and a member of the Prison Board. As an East-ender, the "Man you Know" naturally stands up for the "amenity of

the Green," but he is far from following the lead of Hughie Colquhoun on this question. He knows that Glasgow is bigger than, and indeed includes, Bridgeton and Calton, and that therefore the Green is not solely and ineradicably the private property of these two districts. As all East-end folk know, Bailie THOMSON is a butcher—or, as we in Glasgow term it, a flesher to trade. He has invariably stood up for his brethren of the marrow-bones and cleaver—urging at one time, but without success, that the Incorporation of Fleshers should be represented at the Markets and Slaughter-Houses Trust, and the Fleshers on their part are, every one of them, exceedingly vain that a flesher has attained to the dignity of a full-blown Town Councillor, and, what is better, that he should be the Bailie of the River Clyde. And what for no? it may be asked. "Every crow," as the old proverb has it, "thinks its ain bird whitest," and the fleshers are surely bound to regard their own Bailie with prejudiced eyes. Besides, "it's aye guid to be ceevil, as the auld wife said to the —."

Answers Wanted.

MR GLADSTONE has declined, "in the present serious position of public affairs," to be present at the closing of some trumpery provincial exhibition. Why? Are its organisers supposed to possess pro-Turkish sympathies, or is the right honourable gent. engaged in concocting more pamphlets, or does he consider that the present crisis calls upon him to keep his eagle eye unswervingly fixed on the doings of Lord Beaconsfield, or what? And is the present serious position of public affairs no hindrance to the writing of mischievous anti-sanitary letters? Hermit of Hawarden, speak!

WELL DONE, GOOD RESOLUTION.

All public dinners I shall shun
While snobs persist to bellow
Whene'er there's drunk the chairman's health
That "He's a right good fellow!
Which nobody can deny, can you,
Can you, can you, can you?"
Where needs there must such hideous howl
To give old Nick his due.

THE REASON WHY.—How is it there has been such delay in repairing the organ in the City Hall? On account of the numerous "stops," to be sure.

The Gentle Shepherds—The drovers at the Broomielaw on the arrival of the Highland steamers.

The Blethering Bishop.

BISHOP FRASER, of Manchester, is one of those unfortunate persons whose lips show in charity, be padlocked by their friends. He always talking, and seldom, even by accident does he say anything sensible. Discouraging working men's clubs the other day, he observed that if workmen did not go to a club on Sunday "they would probably be found loitering at the corners of streets, more or less a peril to even a modest girl who went up the road!" Here is a nice charge for a right reverend father to bring against his fellow-citizens! The BAILIE rather imagines that if he were a Manchester workman he would be disposed to give this cackling cleric a very large and very plain "piece of mind."

THE HOLLOWNESS OF TURKEY.

The Crescent, that like growing moon
Once convex show'd with swelling pride,
Like moon now changes: and we soon
May have turn'd round the concave side.

Mr Buckland at Sea.

MR FRANK BUCKLAND has collected some notes on Scotch manners and customs which he made during his recent North tour as a member of the Crab and Lobster Commission. There can be no kind of objection to this; but why, oh why, Mr Buckland, in speaking of the Edinburgh fishwives, misquoting "Caller Herrin" so atrociously? As a naturally interested in the fish, and a man interested in vendors, you might have known better. You are a good fellow, and the BAILIE doesn't like to scold you, but—don't do it again! There is no necessity for your being at sea, though you spend so much of your time among the inhabitants of ocean.

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH."—Having allowed suit in the matter of the robes, why go the whole animal—tusks, tail, and trunk—and have a Lord Provost's show, like to Lord Mayor's in London? Isn't Glasgow "second city in the Empire?"

Adding Insult to Injury.—In the recent "crusade," using the dogs' own bark to tan their own hides.

—, repent at leisure.—Judging from recent revelations, some promises are more honoured in the "breach" than they possibly be in the observance.

Quavers.

DO you know Sir that your ingenious and appropriate heading to these bits of musical criticism is being imitated? Some similar observations are being occasionally published in a nightly sheet under the title of Crotchets, and, to be technically correct, are just double the length usually permitted in the BAILIE—a crotchet, as your Worship knows, being equal to two quavers. One may look for Minims next, perhaps Semibreves, or even Breves, when the thing will have become utterly beyond endurance, for as to length, like the Irish capital, it will always be doublin'.

To become serious again,—there is clearly much more enthusiasm this season about the Choral and Orchestral Concerts than there has been hitherto, and we are gradually becoming educated to the more abstract form of composition—the solely orchestral. The attendance at the opening instrumental concert last Tuesday was remarkably promising, and such as would gladden the hearts of the committee.

The programme for to-night (Tuesday) is fully as interesting as that of last week. The chief selection is Schumann's symphony in C (No. 2); next in importance are a concerto by Spohr for clarinet and orchestra, and J. F. Barnett's descriptive fantasia for orchestra, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." There are three overtures—"Les Abencerrages," Cherubini; "Leonora," No. 3, Beethoven; and "Exhibition," Auber; also a Sevillana from "Don Cesar de Bazan," Massenet.

Ample description of the most of the foregoing will be found in the annotated programme. It is to be presumed that the music of "Les Abencerrages" will be somewhat Moorish in character, though no doubt less so than if the subject had been taken up by a less severe or classic writer than Cherubini. Is it necessary to say, what the notes give no hint of, that the Abencerrages were a powerful Arabian family of Grenada at the time of the Moorish occupation of Spain? What a pity the opera hasn't lived. Very likely the courts of the Alhambra would figure largely. They would have suited splendidly for modern scenic display.

The "Leonora" overture is often played as an entr'acte in opera. It is perhaps the greatest of the four.

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" fantasia we quite expect to please, but it is not what may be considered great music.

The part-music to be sung by Mr Lambeth's select choir forms an acceptable variety, both to the *musico fanatico* and to the ordinary hearer.

Mr Carrodus makes his first appearance at these concerts this season on Tuesday next.

We should quite expect the Kibble Palace part of the scheme to be highly popular.

Schubert's Mass in G, a short but characteristic work, is being practised by the choir of Queen's Park Established Church, under Mr Robert Donaldson, who, we are glad to notice, is assuming the baton again.

The operas at the Theatre Royal this week are the following:—The French Protestants, or the Massacre of St Bartholomew; The Devil and Dr Faustus; The Druidess and her Faithless Spouse; The Magic Bullets; Nancy and Martha, or Richmond Statute Fair; and The Troubadour and his Gipsy Mother. The titles of these (seemingly regarded) provincial operas are new, if the works themselves are not. But even putting the best face one can on the matter, it is really difficult to put up with these old affairs so often. The Edinburgh people have not been quite so "ill-treated."

Glasgow "Marble Arch"—That at the west end of the Green.

M. Gambetta has excited the ire of the Bonapartists by speaking of the ex-Empress Eugenie as a "woman." Did they ever hear of the Scotch Bailie who asserted his dignity by declaring that he was "no' a man—he was a magistrate!" The cases are slightly analogous.

Copyright in Initials.

BAILIE WILSON, of Pollokshields, is, it seems, extremely proud of being known as "W. W.," and warmly resents the assumption of these initials by anybody but himself. These facts were elicited at a meeting last week, when he called attention to a letter bearing the sacred initials having appeared in the newspapers. All those persons, then, who may happen to be lawfully possessed of two names, each beginning with the twenty-third letter of the alphabet, would do well to assume unto themselves new appellations, with all despatch. Otherwise they must be prepared to prove the rage of the only and original "W. W."

A Needful Lemon.

THE police-constable recently remitted by Mr Gemmel on a charge of perjury to the Sheriff, and dismissed by that functionary, has been re-arrested at the instance of the Crown authorities. This is as it should be. Without offering any opinion on the merits of the case, the BAILIE submits that a thorough investigation of this case is due both to the accused and to the public; while, in whatever manner the trial ends, it will at least have the effect of impressing upon Tonalt a deeper sense than he has at present of the value of an oath, and of calling to his attention the fact that there is such a thing as a penalty for perjury.

Golden Threads among the Brass.

THAT venerable nuisance Professor Blackie has been cutting his capers on a Govan stage. Amid the usual balderdash that flowed from his lips there was, however, an occasional gleam of sanity. Thus, he observed that the reporters "made a fool of him long ago, but they could not do it now." This is undeniable; but the BAILIE will spare the Professor's feelings, and refrain from going minutely into his grounds for this remark. Then, again, after getting a pinch of snuff from one of his hearers—just as you see the clown in a ring making a point by entering into conversation with one of the spectators—he observed that "snuff was a good thing for preventing a man speaking too much." Right you are, Professor Blackie; snuff, or, in fact, anything that serves the purpose, is a capital thing when you make use of it in this way. You should never be without a well-filled mull, and then you might, perhaps, recover a little of the reputation you have lost.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are having "Married in Haste"—shall I call it Byron's best comedy?—at the Gaiety this week.

Fred Carville, who was the harlequin of the last Prince of Wales' pantomime, has been engaged in the same capacity for "Aladdin" at the Royal.

Strong as was the cast in last year's Gaiety pantomime, I may assure you, my Magistrate, that the people whom Mr Bernard has engaged this time are more important than their forbears, as well in numbers as in efficiency. The lessee is busy with his "libretto;" the property men have nearly completed their work; and the scenic artists are giving the finishing touches to their canvas. Of the actors the principals will be Misses Gourlay, Alexina Anderson, Travers, Florence St John—late of Chas. Durand's company, and later of Mdlle. Talma's opera company—Maud Brennan, and Annie Allen; and Messrs Lindsay, Groves, Mackintosh, Stirling Whyte, Preston, H. Coulson, and Lithgow James, who has been associated with Miss St John in the companies I have mentioned. The Misses Gunniss will be the *danceuses*, along with Miss Clara Fay, who is "thrang" in the tuition of her *coryphees*. Little George Preston will be Clown, Leo Parini Harlequin, and Dick Parker Pantaloon. Messrs Rivers Young, from the Princess', Manchester, and Charles Parker, from Dublin, will claim the honours of the scenic success of the pantomime, which all Glasgow knows by this time will be entitled "Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Billy Taylor."

Our favourite *champion comique*, Mr James—or as he is familiarly termed, "Jemmy"—Taylor, is still at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Together with Miss Ada Alexandra, he is really drawing good audiences to the house.

One of the most successful engagements ever played by Barry Aylmer in Dublin was concluded on Saturday. In noticing his *Shaun the Irish Times* remarks: "He gave his hearers an Irishman to the life—national and humorous as he is—not the ranting lunatic that some imported 'natives' occasionally try to palm upon us as the genuine article."

Miss Phyllis Glover was playing a starring engagement last week at the Dublin Gaiety, supported by Frank Clements, Chas. Horsman, and T. B. Appleby.

Miss Braddon has told the story of Mrs Rousby's life in the current issue of the *Belgravia Annual*, in the novelette entitled "Her Last Appearance."

Managers in London have odd ideas about the rights of the public. Not long ago a gentleman applying at one of the West End libraries for a seat at the Court Theatre, on the occasion of the production of "Brothers," was informed that before he could be supplied with a ticket, his name and address must be submitted for the approval of the management. Now, great complaints are made of Mr Henderson's proceedings at the Folly and Criterion theatres. People who have waited an hour or more in the cold for the opening of the doors, find on entering the theatre that the first two or three rows of the pit are occupied by servants and friends of the management. If any one complains he is threatened with the police for making a disturbance. This, of course, is simply the old *claque* system, but I don't believe it will save a bad play from being a failure, whatever the effect may be the first night.

"Hot Water" at the London Criterion seems likely to run. I hear it is very amusing, capitally acted, brilliantly mounted, and just a *little* improper. What more is wanted to ensure success?

A revised edition of Reece's "Dick Whittington" will be the next thing at the Folly Theatre.

At the Court "Brothers" was withdrawn on Friday, and "New Men and Old Acres" produced on Saturday. Hare found acting in two pieces a night too much for him, so lately "A Model Wife," with Anson in the chief part, has taken the place of "A Quiet Rubber." Miss Hollingshead leaves the Court, to join her father's company at the Gaiety. Her place will be supplied by Miss M. Rorke.

At the St James's the "Virginian" is a dismal failure; so also is Mr S. Piercy, the new American actor engaged for the princi-

pal part. It will be withdrawn at once, and as a stop-gap "London Assurance" will be played till the English version of "Danicheff" is ready for production. Charles Warner has this theatre for the Gaiety.

C. M. Rae's fanciful comediotta, "Birds in their Little Nests Agree," is a success at the Haymarket. It is well written and well acted. "Dan'l Druce" is shortly to be withdrawn, and a new play by Mr Warden, called "Alixe," will be produced.

Albery's new comedy, "The Man in Possession," is in rehearsal at the London Gaiety. Toole, Charles Warner, and Jessie Hollingshead play in it. I hear the young lady's part is a capital one, so she has no cause to regret leaving the Court Theatre. The play will most likely be produced on Dec. 4th.

The Olympic is only doing moderate business with "Thoroughfare." The play originally owed most of its success to the excellent acting of Fechter, Ben. Webster, George Belmont, and Miss Woolgar. The present cast hardly comes up to the standard.

Miss Pateman, who made such a hit as Lady Clancarty, is engaged by Mr Neville for two years. She will by-and-by re-appear in the same popular play. Miss Cavendish also returns to the Olympic in the spring. For Christmas the novelty is to play written to display the abilities of the Frayne family, as they call themselves, "The American Rifle Team." W. Hill, the low comedian of this house, appears shortly as *Earwig* in Robson's old farce of "Boots at the Swan." R. daring, eh? Robson's old part in Robson's old theatre!!

The Adelphi prospers with "The Shaughraun." Miss Coghlan is charming as *Claire Ffolliott*, but Charles Sullivan is a poor substitute for the great Dion as *Conn*.

Crowds are flocking nightly to the Opera Comique to see hear Mdlle. Chaumont in "Madame at'end Monsieur." Chaumont's engagement terminates 2nd December. The theatre then be occupied by the present Gaiety company. "Old Fanny" Byron's new comedy, is in preparation. Rather a slangy title.

"Pauline," Fred Cowen's new opera, the book adapted by Henry Hersee from the "Lady of Lyons," was produced with success at the Lyceum on Wednesday. Considerable libel have been taken with the drama, for Damas is omitted altogether in the last act Pauline produces a bottle of poison which is quite prepared to make use of should occasion call for which luckily it does not. The opera on the whole was a success—the chief honours falling to Mr Santley as *Claude*, and Mr Gaylord as *Pauline*. The music is very charming.

The "Liston Benefit" came off on Thursday at Drury Lane. There was a crammed house. I hear that between £700 and £800 is likely to be realised. Well, charity covers a multitude of sins. Surely these benefit performances are a sin against Bits of every conceivable play, intermingled with comic dances, and recitations. Look, for instance, at the Liston "Crypto" with Collette; 2nd act, "Princess of Toto;" money in his music hall business; 3rd act of "King John;" 2nd act by Mrs Stirling and Arthur Matthison; the Girards, the tortionists; 3rd act of "£3,000,000 of Money;" 2nd act "Our Boys;" and last act of "The Critic." Here's a good podge for the boards of old Drury! Shades of Garrick and Kean!

The London Aquarium prospers with sharks, alligators, crocodiles, Mrs Stirling, Burnand, and various dramatic and musical performances.

"Alcestis," the next classical revival at the Crystal Palace set down for 7th December, Emily Cross in the title-role. George Conquest plays an octopus in his forthcoming pantomime.

Your "Scotch night" at the City Hall Saturday Concert was always a draw. But what is to be made of a "Scotch night" provided by Mr Kennedy, the national vocalist *par excellence*? Nothing, beyond that, as usual, the fare was excellent, and the place crowded. What else need be ventured?

The Saturday afternoon organ recitals in the City Hall will be on Saturday the 9th of next month. Of course they will be popular.

Messrs Duncan Keith and Buchanan announce an interesting

sale of antique furniture, bronzes, and pictures on Wednesday and Thursday. The collection will be on view to the public to-morrow (Tuesday).

Docharty and his party left Glasgow for the Continent on the 17th inst.

Craibe Angus has secured a counter attraction to the various exhibitions now or recently open in Glasgow in the shape of Hubert Herkner's grand picture of "The Last Muster," which was one of the chief features of the Royal Academy Exhibition last year. "The private view" was well attended on Saturday, in his Gallery, Queen Street, and no doubt a great number of people will avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing one of the most remarkable pictures of the present day. It is scarce necessary to remind your readers, BAILIE, that the scene is laid in the Chapel of Chelsea Hospital. It is a magnificent work. Of course you visited Fisher's, in Renfield Street, in your round of the Exhibitions.

When in Mr Angus's the other day I was shown a capital water-colour drawing by W. E. Lockhart, representing George Square on the day of the Post Office ceremonial. Naturally the umbrellas occupy a large part of the picture. Shouldn't the Corporation acquire it as an interesting memorial of a wet day in Glasgow? Town Chamberlain West Watson, who admires the work, might move in the matter. Its price would make no appreciable difference in the levy which is to be made on the Common Good in connection with the Royal visit.

You have no idea, BAILIE, what a splendid musical talent our friend Woolnoth possesses. I spent an evening with him lately, and it was simply delightful to listen to his performance on the violin, accompanied in most wonderful style by his son Charles (some 16 summers old or so) on the pianoforte. The "brisk awakening viol" in this case fairly claimed the title which Collins so long ago gave it of "soul-entrancing," for sweeter music I never heard it discourse. The performance of Master Charles at the piano was quite wonderful in its way. He is one of Howden's pupils, and is, I understand, to play at the next concert of the Glasgow Orchestral. Do you know, BAILIE, I think I'll go in for this sort of pleasant evening this winter, it's uncommonly soothing after the tire and worry of a long day's work.

I understand that Crimean Simpson, of the *Illustrated London News*, and, of course, also of Glasgow, has had presented to him the Abyssinian medal. It will be remembered that Mr Simpson represented the *News* in the Abyssinian war, or perhaps more strictly speaking, the war in the *News*.

I hope that the architects will make a respectable appearance in the forthcoming West of Scotland Exhibition of the Fine Arts. There must be a deal of valuable and interesting matter hidden in the portfolios of some of them. It could not, I think, but be gratifying to the art-loving public, were some of the unpublished works of Greek Thomson hung upon the walls, such as his design for the Clydesdale Bank, for the Albert Monument (London), and for the South Kensington Museum. These works are, I believe, all grander than any that he had executed, and if, as is likely, his memorial-bust by Mossman be exhibited, they would when seen in the rooms be possessed of an interest beyond even that of their merits. Q.

FAR WAST?

Scene—Car, Queen Street Station, Saturday Night—Police crying "Fire."

Female Passenger (to Male Passenger entering car)—Whaur's the fire?

Male Passenger—Is there a fire?

Female do.—Ou ay, d'ye no ken whaur it is?

Male do.—Na, the last I heard tell o' was near Ru'glen.

QUERY.—Why is the BAILIE'S Ass like a tramway car? Oh! he's so ill conducted.

"Turn about's Fair Play."

NEWSPAPERS are so often down upon the theatre, that it is pleasant to see the Temple of the Drama having a turn at the papers. The other evening the North Shields Theatre Royal fell upon the *Shields Daily News* office, doing considerable damage. What a fortunate thing for some of our local prints that their buildings are not contiguous to the play-houses they are so often down upon.

The Piano.

PEOPLE say that some pianos are "grand." I don't think so, remarks Asinus, and any person who affirms this is a "flat."

The piano is chiefly played upon by girls, effeminate young men, and governesses. The former, however unskilful, usually please everybody; the latter, however good, invariably bore everybody.

The piano is played because it is fashionable—nobody likes it; yet nobody likes to say so.

When a young lady of eighteen sits down to the piano she sighs deeply, then sits about five minutes perfectly still. Suddenly without a moment's warning she gives a smash that makes your hair stand on end. Her fingers scamper from the one end of the instrument to the other. This continues for fully ten minutes. Ultimately she plays the true air—perhaps "Johnny Raw," which has been spun out for variation purposes.

Girls play so that young men may admire the grace with which they manipulate the piano. When a girl gets married she leaves off playing.

The husband who once was charmed with her music—or at least said so—now thinks it a noise. Such is life.

Would Pan, had he been alive, have thrown away his pipes for the piano? Don't let us be too sure he wouldn't.

The piano is genteel!

Striking at the Briar-root.

OLD Antibacky urges that the smoke nuisance on the streets might be put down by making each smoker consume his own smoke. Men have swallowed "puffs" before now. He adds, however, that the abomination might be more bearable if every one of them wore a tall "chimney" on his head. Can old Anti be one of the tiling millions? Looks like a hatter's advice, eh?

A Peculiar Skedaddle—A coal scuttle.

"Still" Waters—Encore whisky.

At the Antarctic Regions.

WORTHY MAGISTRATE,—Last Thursday your very obedient, despite the cold of a winter night, set out from the tropical region of the fireside to explore the mysterious surroundings of the South Pole. After rounding the North British Bank, we passed along Ingram Sound, encountering here and there an iceberg in blue, helmet-shaped on the summit. Crossing from Cape Ramshorn, we made for Candleriggs Channel, and getting successfully through the Lobby Narrows, we finally found ourselves in the pack of the City Hall. Here we saw a big chart of the world, flanked with diagrams of icebergs. The ocean currents were painted rosy-red, and the map had the appearance of blushing like the juice. At eight o'clock the mighty Thomsons appeared on the platform—first Sir William, and next Sir Wyville. Immediately following came Mister Bain, the Lord Provost (isn't a world of pities his name wasn't Thomson?), and then the usual scientific swells. A neat little speech from the knight in the chair, and then the knight of the *Challenger* rose to his work. He is a big, broad-shouldered man, with a round and not very interesting face, skirted and crossed with whiskers and moustache of iron grey. He speaks well out, and does admirably so long as he sticks to his paper; but when he ventures adrift, he indulges in that lovely kind of oratory so commonly heard in the House of Commons, *i.e.*, he-a-talks in a-a-sort of a-a-hesitating a-a-manner, with a-a-gaps for ah's between his words. This, probably, is the "brilliant style" to which Granny alluded on Friday when she spoke of the lecture. Of course Sir Wyville was cool, as became his subject; but excepting the beginning and the end of his performance the lecture was, from a popular point of view, a singularly dreary one. After we had once fairly started on our way southwards, we went on with such expedition that we got among the icebergs, hopped over the Antarctic Circle, saw more icebergs, and were back in Botany Bay in less than fifteen minutes. Then we had a little dredging, and found out what those grim old rascals the icebergs had grubbed from the mysterious land of frost and fire far to the south. After this we got more icebergs. We sat upon numerous lumps of ice, as it were, and waited to examine all their cracks, and edges, and summits, and to get a separate lecture upon each line and rift on the concern. What wonder, then, that many of the audience got cooled, and, leaving the pack, rushed in two currents for the open doors? The major-

ity, however, sat it out, voluntary martyrs to ice. At the close, we had something about Capt. Nares of the *Challenger*, who has shown himself a man of extremes since he has courted the acquaintance of both Poles. Sir William declared in substance that the expenditure of £120,000, and the loss of four lives, would never be grudged by the nation when the reward was such knowledge as had been gained—*viz.*, that we can't know anything more about the North Pole! Perhaps our way of putting it is not exactly Sir William's; nevertheless, it fairly represents the nature of the case. And now, dear Borealis, we must say "ta-ta."—Yours scientifically,

POP. SCI. LECT.

Important Announcement.

THE *Whitehall Review*, one of the quasi fashionable and "well informed" periodicals of which London at present possesses so large a crop, has decided that Great Britain is to take possession of Constantinople, that Austria is to raise the Poles, that we are to send British gold to Georgia and Circassia, and that we are to bring about a rising in Khiva. This is all very well as far as it goes; but the BAILIE has further information, which he hastens to make public. He has undoubted authority for saying that when the operations of which the *Review* speaks are concluded, the Dutch will immediately proceed to take Holland, the Man in the Moon will be incited to revolt, British troops will occupy Aldershot, and Europe will go to sleep. This is exclusive.

Epigram.

(Slightly altered from Moore, by an Elector for the Elgin Burghs.)

"I AM not going to inflict on you a long speech, for if you have read the newspapers you must have had some twelve small print columns of me in the last fortnight, and much more would, I fear, be 'exhilarating to no creature.'"—*Mr Grant Duff at Elgin, Nov. 23; 1876.*

"Why is a pump like Mr M. Grant-Duff?
Because it is an empty thing of wood
That ne'er can sway its awkward arm enough
But spouts, and spouts, much more than *quantum suff.*,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!"

THE MYSTERIES OF "THE ROBES."—Well, according to the dictum of a great moralist, that which reason did not dictate reason cannot be expected to explain.

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.—"Training" the arch in St. Enoch Square.

What's in a Name?

HIS Worship wonders much who it is that gives or permits the names of public places—who, for instance, is responsible for such absurdities as "Charing Cross" in Sauchiehall Street, or "Temple Bar" in Dumbarton Road; or who for such snobbishness as crops out in "Buckingham Terrace" or "Sandringham Place?" Perhaps, however, there may be in London a "Camlachie" or "Cowcaddens."

A "Story" from Dundee.

THE Dundee Advertiser publishes what it very justly calls "a curious story," to the effect that a venerable female Dundonian has within the last few months recovered her sight, which had failed, and, moreover, obtained a new set of teeth in the place of her old ones which had taken their departure! This undoubted "story" is as old as it is curious—as ancient a myth, in fact, as the sea serpent. Will this old woman who lives in Dundee, or any of her friends, kindly inform us why these wondrous rejuvenescences, like the reptile referred to and the sempiternal big gooseberry, invariably make their appearance when Parliament is out of session.

Another Solution.

THE BAILIE'S Ass read in a medical journal the other day the astonishing statement that one half of the crime in Ireland was the direct result of the pernicious adulterated stuff which the natives drink under the name of whisky. The moral of this evidently is, that if a nation is to be virtuous and happy, it must imbibe plenty of good whisky. The Animal pondered deeply on this novel idea over several successive glasses of the purest spirit he could obtain for threepence, and ultimately came to the conclusion that out of this discovery he saw a way to solve the Eastern Question. If the Turks were better men, their country would be better governed, and it is the simplest thing in the world to make them better. Let every individual Mohammedan, from the Sultan on the throne to the Bashi-Bazouk on the dunghill, take a table-spoonful of genuine Glenlivet three times a day, and in a very short time the race would be regenerated. Then Russia would be able to beat her swords into ploughshares and her ultimatums into pruning hooks without delay, and the nations would learn the art of Conferences no more. The BAILIE trusts that Lord Salisbury will make a note of this.

On the Square.

THE BAILIE has been favoured with a "tip" or "wrinkle," or whatever some of those young puppies that escaped the recent raid of the Police may call it, of somewhat of what is to be done to George Square. Instead of a railing, it is intended to fence it with statues, to have bronze effigies in such close succession placed that they may, and perhaps with galvanic chains, be linked together in the fellowship of genius. It was said of Rome by the late Mr Caius Cassius "that her wide walls encompassed but one man," and, as "the second city," notwithstanding the operations of the Improvement Trust, and the acquisition of magnificent Parks, has but one solitary site for statues, this happily conceived idea of placing sculptured figures so near to each other that they may serve as palls to a chain-fence, must commend itself to not only the art and the hero worshipper, but to also the utilitarian economist.

As "wonder-working Lewis, monk or bard
Would fain have made Parnassus a churchyard,"
So Glasgow citizens would undertake it,
To of George Square a sculpture gallery make it.

St. Andrew's Cross.

AND no wonder. Not only is "Scotland" nowhere, but her degenerate sons no longer feed on haggis, black puddings and white, sheep's head and kail, but now must feed on the very best, even the roast beef of old England, and wash it down with curaçoa and maraschino. Even the Ass is turning up his nose at thistles. *O tempora! O mores!* Pork-pie-ty before Patriotism!

ON SEEING MISS ELOISE.

One of our writers swears "by Jove,"
As all our readers do know,
But could we be that comic cove
Our oath should be "by *Juno*."

TO WHAT BASE USES, &c.—As "the fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear," so the ermine that now graces the part of a teetotal magistrate may some day descend upon the shoulders of a publican and sinner.

Something "Bright" at last on the Eastern Question.—The Peace Speech at Llandudno.

It has been suggested that as the Lord Provost has not yet been knighted, he might receive the title of Commander of the Bath, on account of the very able and efficient manner in which he consigned the poor dogs of Glasgow to a watery grave.

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"TOWSER."—Vex not the ghosts of the unfortunate canines.

"JOE OSLEK."—What's it all about, Joe?

—It is certainly peculiar that Mary T. should be "the wife of Helen M.," but perhaps it's a way they have in Tighna-bruaich.

"FANNY."—Decidedly. And the BAILIE would drow the bobbies with the dipsomaniacs.

"J. S. R."—The BAILIE can quite understand that the grave would be a "blest relief," if you are often taken like that.

"LATINIST."—The BAILIE sympathises with your qua(l)ms. Forgive him.

"J. DOUBLEYOU."—Your calculation would baffle any fellow but Beelzebub, who is, as you doubtless know, the god of flies. Apply to him.

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. Maybesafely used."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

CORPORATION GALLERIES,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILL CLOSE THIS WEEK.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AND
FOREIGN PICTURES OF THE HIGHEST
CLASS.

Open Daily from 10 until 5.

ADMISSION, including Catalogue, 1s.

In the Evening from 6 until 10; Admission 6d.

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM McLEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

SMOKERS!—A genuine Havana Cigar for 3d,
CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

BUY FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

AT
RENFIELD ST.

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

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

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

ULSTERS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' ULSTERS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,
151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1876.

PRESERVE us a' A teetotal Provost. What on earth is to come next? Will JOHN STIRLING be sent to command the Channel Fleet, and Bailie BURT made Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Treasurer to the City Parochial Board? But on second thoughts neither of these appointments could hold. Governor JOHN knows nothing of ships, and Bailie BURT—why the Bailie is the coming Provost himsel'. So at least he hinted to his friends of the Fourteenth Ward at their tea and "cookie" shine on Friday night. How pleased the entire city was on Saturday when it learned the thrilling intelligence. Folk said the world was coming to an end when Provost RAE ARTHUR elevated Councillor BURT to the Magistracy, but BURT a Provost—the Provost of the "Second City!" No, imagination refuses to conjure up the appalling vision. Why, were Lord Provost BURT once seated firmly in office, we should all be made respectable in spite of ourselves. Virtue would be the order of the day. There would be

no more cakes and ale, and ginger would cease to be hot i' the mouth. However, the inevitable is before us, we must bow to the decision of the powers that be—good Templars though they are. Still it was at least kind for the coming Provost to give us outside barbarians a hint on Friday night of what is in store for us. He has warned us in ample time of the delightful days we shall lead during the supremacy of bibs and banners and rampant regalia. We have twelve months left to set our houses in order, and to register our names in the illustrious scroll of the Scottish Temperance League! By the November of next year, therefore, the Bailie will have taken the pledge, and the mucous membrane of the Ass will have learned to shiver no longer at the contact of *aqua pura*.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT Stipendiary Gemmel was giving the Eastern and Northern District "a taste of his quality" last week.

That it is to be hoped that this innovation may effect the desired improvement.

That in his absence Bailie Walls, at the Central, took occasion to condemn the unsatisfactory way in which "smoke cases" are got up.

That Bailie Burt's friends presented him with a cheque for the amount of his election expenses last week.

That he handed over the amount to aid teetotal candidates to get into the Council.

That he seems to think that nobody but teetotallers should get into the "Chaumer."

That the Bailie is cock sure that the next Lord Provost will be a total abstainer, but it is nothing unusual for him to be mistaken.

That there is a considerable quantity of methylated spirits drunk in the city under the very nose of the authorities.

That it seems to be as cheap, strong, and nasty as the most hardened "topper" could desire.

That the sooner it is effectually put out of the reach of such mortals the better.

That Pollokshields is in the agonies of a burgh or no-burgh agitation.

That the meetings held by both parties ended in most unedifying scenes.

That to provide against these in future it might be as well to increase the efficiency of their police force.

That Professor Blackie is too old not to know that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

That he was not to be caught by the Govan Highlanders' promise to give £100 to the Celtic Chair.

That he plainly told them to table the money.

That the Aberdonian who attempted to deprive Glasgow of the honour of being the genial Professor's birthplace got a description of the Granite City which he could scarcely relish.

That it was too bad of our youngest burghess to sneer at Glasgow as "calling" itself the second city in the Empire.

That Val de Travers is *not* the coming pavement.

That George Square is an ornament to the city.

That when this was remarked to "Wattie Scott" the other day, Wattie, wiping a spark of clay from his cheek, remarked, "D'ye see ony green?"

The would-be Burgh.

THE happy little community of Pollokshields is at present in the proud position of being watched, lighted, and taken care of, without the elaborate and costly machinery of Provosts, Bailies, Town Clerks, Treasurers, or Surveyors, its entire municipal machinery being provided by means of a voluntary rate contributed cheerfully by the inhabitants. Think of that ye No-man's-Landites—a *voluntary rate*. However some gentlemen, doubtless with an eye to future Provostships, cocked hats, and ermine robes, wish to lower 'Shields to the standing of Kinning Park and Crosshill. They must have a Provost to govern 1500 people—Bailies to sit on judgment on the misdeeds of servant lassies—a Town Clerk to prevent the canal encroaching on St. Andrew's Road—a collector to collect at the point of the bayonet what is now handed in voluntarily—a Treasurer to treasure the money so collected—less his "wee bit" commission, of course—and a police office, which, in the absence of "drunk and disorderlies," can be used as a billiard and smoking room by the county police.

The Glasgow Tattersalls.—The "Dark Arches" in Dunlop Street.

The BAILIE'S "high level" bridge across the harbour—The *pons asinorum*.

The Superintendent of an Infirmary acknowledges the donation of 146 bottles of wine from some benevolent soul. If this gift doesn't cure the inmates, it may at least chance to kill a few of them.

Frederick the Great—Frederick Maccabe.

Important Notice.

* * * THE BAILIE has much pleasure in announcing that, with his usual enterprise, he has made arrangements for the publication in his columns of a SERIAL TALE of great interest. Upon this work there are at present engaged the pens of nearly all the popular writers of fiction in Europe. Among these, he may mention such names as Mr Snarls Screed, Mr Silky Wollums, Mrs Bosh-Search, Mr Fussy Fitzherald, Mrs Tender-Cuddling, Mr Sillyan Slack, Mr Wordy, George Sellalot, Miss Soda Naughtyun, M. Fictor Nogo, MM. Irksome-Chattering, &c., &c, &c. In addition, the chapters will be adorned with reflections by, among others, Mr Truethomas Chelsea, Mr Fools Rushin, Mr Smattering Yarnold, and verses by Mr Manysong, Mr Drowning, and Mr Singeburn, &c. These few names will give some idea of the vast enterprise (to say nothing of the expense) upon which his Worship has entered. The tale will be continued just as long as the public can stand it; and, in order that as many as possible of the authors engaged may have a chance, encores are respectfully deprecated. In accordance with the prevailing taste for lyrical titles, the story will be called "Struck with a Feather!" and the opening chapter will appear in an early number.

Portions of this great work have been submitted to various critics of eminence, and subjoined are several of the opinions received up to the present time:—"A gentle stimulant."—Beaconsfield. "One of those works as to the excellences of which every man's mind must be open."—W. E. Gladstone. "Children cry for it."—*Spectator*. "Grateful, comforting."—*World*. "Should be on every breakfast-table."—Charles Bradlaugh. "Baffles criticism."—*Scotsman*. "The only good sauce."—Alfred Tennyson. "Supersedes all other garments."—Von Bismarck. "Will last a life-time."—*Figaro* (Paris). "It comes as a boon and a blessing to men, and must have been writ with a Waverley Pen."—Macniven & Cameron. (No it wasn't, though.) "Lights only on the box."—Robert Lowe. "Simple and ingenious."—J. Steel. "Warranted sound."—Peter Moir & Son. "Worth a guinea a box."—*Times*. "Patronised by the *élite* of the city."—D. Brown. "Indispensable in warm climates."—*St. Petersburg Golos*. "Strengthens nerves and muscular system."—*Saturday Review*.

Further opinions will be given as received.

"THE PEN FOLK."—Writers—various.

A "Copper"-Plate.—That at a church door.

A Dogmatic Doggerel.

IN a very large city, situate in the West—
I won't tell its name, but leave you to guess:
A hint, I think, is enough—

There was in that city a place to retail
(Under licence from government) porter, and ale,
And spirits, and other such stuff.

Well, you must know, or at least let me tell,
This place as I speak of, as "licensed to sell,"
Was entered one night by a man,
Who ordered the waiter, in loud voice and clear,
"Go fetch me at once a half-pint of beer,
I'll drink it out of the can!"

The man got the beer, and paid down the tin,
Then lifted the can and shoved his nose in,
And drank, and left not a drop.
He ordered another, and ditto repeated—
He then lost his legs, and then himself seated—
And seemed not inclined yet to stop.

So he sat there and drank, till drunk as a brute,
And the time had arrived for all to clear out,
And he was shoved to the door.
He staggered along, making tracks for his bed,
But after some steps came down on his head—
Too drunk to keep on his feet.

He lay there some time, till the p'lice came along.
Who ordered him harshly to "Get up and move on
But he heeded not what was said.
The p'liceman bent down, and turned him about
And looked in his face, and cried with a shout,
"Halloa, I say, this man's dead!"

Yes—dead he was, as any door-nail—
His death brought about by drinking that ale
Retailled in the fore-mentioned shop.
Such places the magistrates said were a sin—
Their doors should be shut so that none might get in,
To get the death-dealing drop.

Well, an edict was framed, and posted around,
Saying, "Keepers of beershops were all to be drowned
Who had not their street doors shut up."
As the death of that man quite clearly had spoken,
And shown that such shops should not be kept open—
And proved there was death in the cup.

GIVING HIM THE TIME OF DAY.

Country Lad (to Smart Shopman)—Could ye
tell me the richt time?

S. S.—It's five o'clock on the town.

C. L. (turning away in a pet)—I didna ask ye
the time on the country, did I?

The light-ship that watches over the remains
of the Vanguard is painted green and shows a
light of that colour. 'Twas a green affair alto-
gether.

A HOME THRUST.—"Our Boys are coming!"
Alas! too true!" groaned poor Mr Quiverful, as
his eye caught a bill on a hoarding, while he
was wending his sorrowful way to the registrar's
office, in order to inform that official of the inter-
esting fact that twins had just been added to
the Quiverful household.

Royal Destitution.

FRIDAY'S *Scotsman* contained the following very remarkable piece of information:—"The Prince of Wales, who had accepted an invitation to shoot in France with the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bissaccia, on the 27th inst., has telegraphed that, owing to imperative circumstances, his visit is postponed. Magistrate issued a distress warrant against his goods." What a dreadful pass for Royalty to have come to! It would, however, be interesting to know whether the unfortunate episode of the distress warrant preceded or followed the telegram—whether it was its cause or its effect. Such a catastrophe would be indeed a circumstance sufficiently "imperative" to induce H.R.H. to remain at home and sorrowfully brood over his outraged hearth; but then, on the other hand, it may be that the issuing of the warrant was intended as a punishment for the Prince's failure to keep his promise—such strange things happen now-a-days. In any case, it is to be hoped that the admirers of H.R.H. will rally to his aid before the dread fiat is carried out. Those who feasted their eyes upon his royal presence in October should step to the front. Mr Bain, we look towards you!

Since Government won't protect our eastern coast from invasion, we are going to fortify for ourselves, and a beginning has been made on Mount Florida, where a double line of wall fortification and earthworks to boot has been some time in course of construction. But of all the places the last one would have expected such precautions at, is the point selected—Cobden Place. What would the great apostle of peace and champion of Russia have said had he been now alive? [The BAILIE learns at the last moment—as usual—that it is only some building operation, or something of the sort, but to the passer-by it has certainly looked like something more warlike.]

Motto for the British Agricultural Association Members—"Let's liquidate."

T H E G A I E T Y,
 Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.
 Mr WILLIAM DUCK's celebrated
O U R B O Y S C O M P A N Y,
 Under the Direction of Mr E. W. GARDEN.
 To-Night and following Evenings,
 H. J. BYRON'S Favourite Haymarket Comedy,
M A R R I E D I N H A S T E.
 Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L, G L A S G O W.

HER MAJESTY'S ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.
 TUESDAY—FAUST.
 WEDNESDAY—NORMA.
 THURSDAY—DER FREISCHUTZ.
 FRIDAY—MARTHA.
 SATURDAY—IL TROVATORE.
 Box Office open from 11 till 3.

P R I N C E O F W A L E S T H E A T R E,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).
 Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
 Enthusiastic Reception of
 M R J A M E S T A Y L O R,
 The World-renowned Character Actor and Vocalist.
 Shouts of Laughter greet
 M i s s A D A A L E X A N D R A,
 In her Inimitable personation of the Dutch Girl.
 TO-NIGHT, at Eight, the Great American Drama,
 S I M O N,
 Preceded by a Farce,
 Box Office Open Daily at Theatre from 12 to 3.

C I T Y H A L L S A T U R D A Y E V E N I N G C O N C E R T S.

SATURDAY—2ND DECEMBER—ONE NIGHT ONLY.
 THE CELEBRATED
 ROYAL HAND-BELL RINGERS AND GLEE SINGERS,
 (POLAND STREET, LONDON).
 Carillon of over 100 Sweetly Toned Bells.
 SONGS, GLEES, QUARTETTES, AND CHORUSES.
 MR DUNCAN S. MILLER.
 MR H. HAVART.
 MR F. B. PHILLIPSON.
 MR J. H. WILLIAMS.
 MR W. J. HAVART.
 This Party has been Honoured by Command to Perform before
 Royalty on Six occasions.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
 Concert to commence at a Quarter to 8 o'clock.
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

SECOND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
 CITY HALL, TUESDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1876.
 MR H. A. LAMBETH'S SELECT CHOIR.
 SOLO CLARINET:
 M R G. T Y L E R.
 GRAND ORCHESTRA
 NUMBERING OVER FIFTY PERFORMERS.
 CONDUCTOR,.....MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
 Tickets (7s, 4s, 3s, and 2s) of Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49
 Buchanan Street. Admission One Shilling.
 Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
 CITY HALL, TUESDAY, 5TH DECEMBER, 1876.
 SOLO VIOLIN:
 M R C A R R O D U S.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—
ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.

DENNISTOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES,

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

DINE AT

THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

AVOID DRAUGHTS.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures.
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW.

WINTER FLOWER SHOW,

CITY HALL.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH NOVEMBER.

FRANC GIBB DOUGALL, Sec.

WEST END CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Society meets for the Study and Practice of Music, in Albany Place Hall, every Tuesday Evening at Eight o'clock.

CONDUCTOR—HERR ADOLPHE ROSENBERG.

Applications for Membership to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Mr ANDREW S. NELSON, 175 West George Street.

GLASGOW YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL LECTURES.

The Tenth Lecture of the Course will be delivered by

PROFESSOR ROBERT GRANT, LL.D.,

MONDAY, the 4th December, at Eight o'clock P.M.

Subject—"Total Eclipses of the Sun and what they Reveal to us; with Spectroscopic Experiments."

Tickets to be had at the Hall Doors. Single Admission, 6d.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

KIBBLE PALACE CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 2ND DECEMBER, 1876.

ENGLISH NIGHT.

FULL ORCHESTRA AND MILITARY BAND.

CONDUCTOR.....MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.

" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.

" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.

" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.

" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.

A great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,
UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

"THE SLAVE." Large Coloured Photo., by Messrs GOUPIE, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

THE BEST VALUE

In LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S,
23 UNION STREET,

Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents.' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and Gents.'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously.

AT 61 RENFIELD STREET, ON 29TH AND 30TH NOVEMBER
AND 4TH DECEMBER.

HIGHLY INTERESTING SALE OF
RARE AND VALUABLE WORKS OF ART AND
DECORATIVE PROPERTY,

GALLERY OF VALUABLE PAINTINGS,
EARLY ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PORCELAIN,
NOBLE BRONZES,

The Superior FURNITURE OF DRAWING-ROOMS and
BOUDOIR,

Upholstered in Amber, Crimson, and Blue Silk and Satin;
RICH WINDOW HANGINGS to Match.

ELEGANT CABINETS,
ANTIQUE CARVINGS in Wood and Ivory.

ANCIENT GOLD COINS,

ARMOUR, MARBLE STATUARY,

SOLID SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE,
Superior TURKEY, WILTON, AND AXMINSTER
CARPETS.

Removed from the Baronial residence of Mount Dillon, Roebuck-
Ireland, Seat of General Conyngham, K.C.B.

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN beg to announce that
they have been instructed to Sell, by Public Auction,
within their Rooms, 61 Renfield Street, Glasgow, on Wednesday
and Thursday, 29th and 30th November, and on Monday, 4th
December, commencing at 12 o'clock each Day, an Extensive,
Rare, and Valuable Collection of FINE ART and DECORA-
TIVE PROPERTY, the principal Portion of which belongs to
a Family of Rank, including a Cabinet of Genuine Paintings,
Noble Bronzes, many in Italian Castings of the XIV. century,
Magnificent Porcelain Carvings, in Ivory and Wood, Ancient
Gold Coins, Fine Statuary Furnishings of Several Apartments in
the periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI—all in fine preserva-
tion; Suits of Ancient and Costly Silk and Satin Window
Hangings, Furniture of Study in Dark Mahogany and Satinwood
by the celebrated Chippendale, Library, Dining-Room, and Hall
Furniture in Dark Carved Oak, the Magnificent Plenishing of
Drawing-Room and Boudoir, upholstered in Amber and Crimson
Satin; a Fine Collection of ARMOUR, comprising Side Arms,
Sabres, Irish Pikes, Lances, Two Large and Important Pieces
of Ordnance, Small Cannons and Mortars, Ancient Panels of
Tapestry, Embroidered Window Hangings, Superior Carpets, &c.
Full particulars in Catalogues (price 1s) to be had on applica-
tion to the Auctioneers.

The whole will be arranged for Private View, by invitation
Catalogues, on Monday 27th, and for Public Inspection on
Tuesday 28th.

61 Renfield Street,
GLASGOW, October, 1876.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W. & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots
and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for
some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say
with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest
and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises
enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited
according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT,
75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nel-
son Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

THE NATIONAL PICTURE.

THE LAST MUSTER:
SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT THE
CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.
Painted by HUBERT HERKORNER.

Is ON VIEW for a Few Days at the Gallery of
MR W. CRAIBE ANGUS, 159 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.
Open from 10 till Dusk. Admission 1s.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE,

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella,

Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requi-
sites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their
friends and the public to the fact that every Department
is now in thorough working order, and that they are
now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them
with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire
high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to
call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to
sell only the best of everything at the smallest remune-
rative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,

ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within
the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China
Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay
any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest
Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Fe't Hats at 1s 2½d,
1s 9½d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New
Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and
Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt,
Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment
in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned,
Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent.'s cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered
to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys.
These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as dur-
able as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the
new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.
No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra.
Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
72 JAMAICA STREET.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Re-quirements from the Manufacturers, **SHORT AND STEWART**, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

FELT HATS HARD & SOFT MAKES

ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE, 8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such. Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 6d. Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL 1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

J. & D. LITTLEJOHN'S OLD FAMILY
WINE BUSINESS REMOVED to 10 NEWTON
STREET. All GOODS Best Quality; Delivered Free in
Town and Suburbs.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS. NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,
HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,
BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for **BINDING APPREN-
TICES**, Stamped or Unstamped.—**ROBT. LAWSON,**
LITHOGRAPHER and **PRINTER**, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

OVERCOATS,

Best Styles and Lowest Prices,

TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY,

54 TRONGATE.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO.'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,

PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.

This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at

182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.



ISLAY WHISKY.

W. & J. MUTTER,

BOWMORE DISTILLERY,

COUNTING-HOUSE,

- 41 ANN STREET, CITY, GLASGOW.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

"BUBBLE AND SQUEAKE."

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S
MINERAL, MEDICINAL, AND AERATED WATERS,
Are as totally unlike the trashy "Bubble and Squeake" imita-
tio palmed off upon the public as night is from day.—*Vide*
Da y Press, Belfast, Dublin, and Glasgow.

GLENFIELD

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

FORSYTH'S

"ULSTER"

COATS,

OVERCOATS

AND

INVERNESS

CAPES,



"ULSTER"

COATS,

OVERCOATS

AND

INVERNESS

CAPES,

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

GLASGOW; Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia 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. 216 Glasgow, Wednesday, December 6th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 216.

TWO years ago the average mortality of Glasgow was at the rate of 42 per 1000 of its population. Now the average is 17 less, or no more than 25 per 1000. Then we stood at the very top of the fatal list issued week by week by the Registrar-General. People talked of the rookeries of London and Edinburgh, of the creeping fogs of the Thames valley, of the thick cloud which continually overhangs Newcastle and Wolverhampton like a funeral pall, of the unnumbered abominations of Liverpool with its population of foetid and diseased wretches drawn from every country under the sun. Bless you, London and Edinburgh were Cities of Health compared with this Glasgow of ours. There was less disease in either Newcastle or Wolverhampton than in Bridgeton or Calton, and as for Liverpool, why Liverpool, save in her very worst seasons, never touched the figure which Glasgow maintained in the healthiest months of the year. To what are we to attribute this change? What is it that has made Glasgow, which used to be the very Herod of cities, a place where little children do not necessarily die, and where the ailing of all ages may still entertain some hope of enjoying a return to health and strength? Among the people best qualified to explain the why and the wherefore of this is surely Mr JAMES B. RUSSELL, M.D., the Medical Officer of Health to the municipality. Dr RUSSELL succeeded to his present post some four years ago when we were at our very worst; he has tended us carefully in the interval, and he entertains a hope that we may continue to still further improve upon our present not unfavourable position. Usually in Glasgow, as in all other corporations, the Darwinian theory as to the selection of the fittest does not obtain. We are only too apt to

stick our square men into our round holes, and to shove, will ye or nil ye, our people with globular corporations into apertures shaped like unto the chequers on the chess board. In spite of this blundering system of going to work things are not so bad as they sometimes seem, but if we would know how perfect our municipal system of government might be made, we have only to see how satisfactorily the right pegs fit into the proper openings on those rare occasions when the two are brought together. The appointment of Dr RUSSELL was one of these fortunate hits. The Doctor first became an official of the Corporation in 1865. At that time the city was afflicted with an outbreak of typhus fever, and the authorities, having erected a series of wooden sheds in Parliamentary Road to serve as a temporary fever hospital, placed them under his charge. In an incredibly short space of time, the "Man you Know," so earnestly did he set about his work, had a full staff of nurses and all the administrative departments of a well-appointed hospital in full operation. The percentage of cured in the Parliamentary Road establishment was much larger than the average of any permanent hospital—that of the Royal Infirmary, for instance, and when the Board of Police purchased the mansion and grounds of Belvidere in 1870, to act as a permanent Fever Hospital, they had, therefore, no hesitation whatever in placing him at the head of the new establishment. Two years later, the Health Committee of the Board determined upon the appointment of a Medical Officer of Health to the city. The "Man you Know" became an applicant for the post, and his unanimous election followed at once upon his application. Indeed, it would have been a strange matter had it been otherwise. Dr RUSSELL had all his life made a special study of what may be termed the "preventive" side of his profession, and he was there-

fore just the man needed to deal with the health of our semi-asphyxiated city. If the BAILIE recollects aright, however, there was some little squabbling among outsiders over his selection. The wise ones shrugged their shoulders, and shook their heads at the new man with that "we could an' we would" air so irritating to people of common sense. There had been a kid-glove and patchouli reign before Dr RUSSELL came into power, and those vested interests which had waxed fat under its sway were up in arms against the incomer. And well they might, too. If King Log had held the helm of affairs in time past, this was King Stork who was now installed in office. Within the last four years those landlords given to turning an honest penny by filling their houses to overflowing, or those still more obnoxious malefactors who thrust innocent women and bairns into tenements still reeking with the deadly dew of newly-plastered walls, have been brought to strict account. The Sheriff of the County has been made aware of their transgressions, and they have been made to pay through the nose for their greed to grow rich. Energetic, however, as is the "Man you Know," he has certainly room and verge enough for all his powers of work in this congeries of streets we call Glasgow, a congeries which he has described himself as an area of 6033 acres, on 4614 of which are congregated 534,560 human beings, 8200 horses, 1770 cows, and 1370 pigs, and which include 137 acres devoted to graveyards and 4½ to ashpits. Dr RUSSELL, who is still, as the BAILIE might say, in his first youth—he has not yet attained his fourth decade—is Glasgow by birth and training. At all events, his father was David Russell, a letter-press printer of the good old times, when the traditions of the Brothers Foulis were still green, and typography had yet something of the character of a fine art, and his school days were spent in the Royal burgh of Rutherglen, now given over to the junkettings of colliers and horse-couper. Leaving birth and training aside, however, the "Man you Know" has sufficient claims over the Glasgow of to-day to give him a leading position in the estimation of its inhabitants.

WHO IS TO UNVEIL THE BURNS STATUE?—The Prince of Wales has been in the Square, so also has the Duke of Edinburgh—it ought now to be the Duke of Connaught's "turn."

A "Free" Coup—That of the Reverend Mr M'Naught and company.

At the Pit Door on an Opera Night.

"THREE quarters of an hour of this sort of thing yet."—"I wish I'd gone to the gallery instead."—"Charlie, dear, do try and push my hat a little farther forward; I feel it coming off."—"Don't see what business women have to come here at all."—"Hang it! there's my new pipe gone!"—"I've been in the front row every night for the last ten years, and I can tell you I'm going to be there again."—"Can't understand where some people get those doocedly sharp elbows; positive razors, upon my word."—"If that girl in front would kindly keep her confounded feathers out of my eyes, I'd feel comparatively happy."—"Why don't these beggars at the door kick?"—"Whether is it Titiens or Trebelli that does 'Raoul'?"—"What on earth's the use of kicking at the door?"—"Hang on by me, Lizzie, and I'll pull you through like a bird."—"Blest if I haven't forgotten the opera-glass."—"Have you got your three bob handy?"—"I think I hear them coming to open the door."—"Not for ten minutes yet, my boy."—"There it is at last; now for a rush."

Arcades Ambo.

AND so we are to have another raid on the canines. Very good—the water butt will be again replenished and the old executioner pressed into service again—very good. The "Tonalts" and the Tugals" will once more have ample scope for their active energies, our canine friends will again wax suspicious, and become chary of honeyed words dropping from the lips of gigantic men dressed in blue, and sausages will be plentiful, and "kid" gloves be reduced in price—all very proper, my Lord; and if an end was put to brats of boys of fourteen or so, driving bakers', butchers', and other vans, through crowded streets at a break-neck pace, our city would be well rid of two classes of pests, and the streets would be a little safer for pedestrians.

RUS IN URBE?—"Ulster" seems to have taken possession of the walls of the city—"Ulster" here, "Ulster" there, "Ulster," "Ulster," everywhere—giving to that airy visionary nothing, Home Rule, a local habitation.

The Eastern Question—A turkey waiting for an anser.

The Western Question—How to bridge the Clyde.

Muzzling.

OUR Ass is not such a downright cuddly as many are foolish enough in believing. No, His as(s)pirations are upright. He has sweet recollections of matriculating among the ups and downs of Scottish thistles, and of close companionship with a canine student, who took every bursary for eminence in knowing the outs and ins of his burrowing, and the tracks and convolutions of his fleeter live stock; and, hearing a brother chip of the staff read the "PROCLAMATION" of Thursday last, he said indignantly that he would bray its authors into powder. But, cooling down into his proper position in the staff, he said he would give *them*, and other brutal offenders, a caustic stave; singing meantime, in the strength of his sublime serenity, to a once popular sanguinary melody:—

"Justice be done under the Sun,
Muzzle the muzzlers every one."

When magistrates in their debates wax wroth with frothy talking,
And girls insist and won't desist from winking in their walking,
When civic feeds proceed in deeds which end in greedy guzzling,
O, would not I delight to try a little wholesome muzzling?

When men call coals out of their souls like howls from a menagerie,

And bag-men prate at such a rate that it becomes rude badgery,
When cleric-men lead honest men to labyrinth only puzzling,
Then would not I delight to try some tight acoustic muzzling.

When brute wife-beaters, woman cheaters, outrage all humanity,
And guttle drink till on the brink of madness or inanity;
When roughs begin to hem one in by circling and by hustling,
At once would I make them to ply the crank or treadmill muzzling,

When bobbies, rash, insult and dash about a decent woman,
And, most absurd! won't hear her word! get cruel and inhuman;
When cabbies dare to do their fare by threatening a tusselling,
I'd hold their fist until their wrist was fast in snitcher muzzling.

When silly swells pull front-door bells, and think it manly bravery
In breaking helpless street gas lamps, and other kinds of knavery;
And Templar sprites come out such frights in silken trappings
I am the boy who would enjoy a modicum of muzzling. [rustling,

And when magnates reverse the fates, and turn the burning dog-days

Out of their olden "use and wont" to cold November fog days,
'Tis full high time to turn the crime, withouten legal puzzling,
And run *them* in and let *them* grin at Christmas through a muzzling.

Somebody advertises in a contemporary after this mysterious fashion:—"The gentleman who wrote Oct. 2nd of being absent three or four weeks, not hearing of him since he is requested to call or send to the hotel for letter." What on earth is all this about? Anybody unravelling the problem will be rewarded. It seems clear enough that somebody is requested to call or send for some letter, but beyond this point all is dark.

The Ass suffers from the Fog—The mist's on the bray.

Quis Custodes Custodiet?

THE *San Francisco Newsletter*, a journal with which the BAILIE maintains very intimate relations, and which appropriates his ideas and his jokes in the most amiable manner, feels itself called upon to protest against the constabularian atrocities going on in the midst of the city which it adorns. After drawing attention to the fact that a policeman had been summoned for firing a broadside into a boarding-house with his revolver, and that when his case was called he was too drunk to attend, the *Newsletter* observes, "We repeat that the time has come for our citizens to once more band themselves together for protection against highwaymen, policemen, assassins, and other desperate characters." Should this advice be followed, and the desired result be effected, the BAILIE will recommend his fellow-citizens to imitate the example of "Frisco."

Another Mysterious Joke.

THAT fellow M'Slangy will be the death of the BAILIE some of these days. He has been to the opera last week, and expresses himself as being highly delighted with Mdlle. Valeria. He says that after hearing her go through no end of trills and runs and all sorts of vocal fireworks, nobody could have the conscience to say that she was "no great shakes" of a singer. From the malevolent expression of the young dog's face as he makes this remark, His Worship perceives that he is expected to grin, and he grins accordingly; but he takes this opportunity of solemnly pledging his honour as a Magistrate that he hasn't the ghost of an idea what the joke is.

INTERESTING TO CURLERS.—Mrs Laura Prosser spends much of her time making greasy curls of her sleek black hair. Peter met Mrs Prosser during the late damp foggy weather and, having a bad cold, observed "Very bad weather isn't it?" broke into a fit of coughing, and awaited sympathy. "Ah!" sighed the fair one, with a piteous glance at one long limp lock, "it's very bad weather indeed, for my curls."

A London firm advertise a "magic fusee-case," and observe that it is "impossible to find the fusees." The BAILIE fancies this advantage would be best appreciated by a slightly groggy smoker, whose pipe has gone out five miles from any place where light can be obtained.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are to have "Caste" this evening at the Theatre Royal, for the first time for two or three years. Among the company is Miss Jane Rignold, who is *Esther*, and who was our first *Polly* in Glasgow. Miss Brunton is *Polly*, and her brother, Mr C. Robertson—Miss Brunton is an elder sister to Mrs Kendal—is still *Capt. Hawtree*. The *Eccles* of the east is Mark Moss Mellor. "School" will be played to-morrow, and will be followed on Wednesday by the Crimean drama of "Ours." On Thursday and Saturday "Caste" will be repeated, and on Friday the Homburg comedy of "Play" will be placed on the stage.

I think, BAILIE, we could have stood "Married in Haste" for a few nights longer at the Gaiety. It is a vastly superior piece to "Our Boys," which is to be played this evening. But one dare scarcely say anything against this famous play of Byron's, as it is on its way to the 700th representation at the Vaudeville in the Strand. I am curious to see what kind of a *Perkyn Middlewick* Fred. Marshall will make.

What I venture to think will be a lucky shift, has been made at the Prince of Wales Theatre, where Mr Cooke has engaged the Midget Hanlons, the Voltas, and a crowd of other clever acrobats, who will appear to-night. The Midget Hanlons filled Hengler's Cirque when they were in this city before—what will be the result now that they are accompanied by a great many other people as clever in their way?

Barry Sullivan, who will appear at the Theatre Royal in February begins his provincial tour on the 23rd of this month, opening in Belfast. He will be supported by Jimmy Cathcart, and his daughter-in-law, Miss Adeline Stanhope.

A trial is to come off this week between Coe (late stage manager of the Haymarket) and Sothern and Buckstone. Coe was dismissed for receiving bribes from actors who had been engaged at the "little house," or rather for demanding them. Many actors have been summoned as witnesses, and the case will be among the most interesting of the season. Coe, on the other hand, sues Buckstone and Sothern for damages for wrongful dismissal.

All the London theatres are doing well, with the exception of the Court and the St James's.

The Carl Rosa season at the Lyceum closed on Saturday, and the theatre will re-open for the regular season next week.

A little gathering of artists and their friends took place on Friday night in Mr Dalrymple's new studio in St Vincent Street. Among those present were Mr M'Ewan, President, and Mr Davidson, Secretary, of the Art Club, Mr Thomas Anderson, and Mr William Gentles.

"Another night with Mr Kennedy" in the City Hall next Saturday. Thank you, Mr Airlie. Now-a-days, one can't get enough of such entertainments.

I have just been looking over the catalogue of Mr Henry Simon's pictures (the collection to which I alluded in a former letter) which are to be sold at Dowell's, 18 George Street, Edinburgh, next Saturday. The lots number 90 in all, including a few drawings, and a pair of groups in bronze. It is needless to say that the pictures are chiefly of the highest class, and being mostly of small size, are certain to secure ready purchasers. The Scottish Academy is largely represented in the collection, there being no fewer than 17 works by R.S.A.'s, and 4 by Associates. The Royal Academy is also well represented by 14 works in all. There is one small M'Culloch, one Nasmyth, and two Milne Donalds, but the pictures are mostly by living painters.

The Raeburn exhibition closed last Saturday, and may be said to have been a great success.

Colin Hunter and Pollok Nisbet were both in Glasgow for a short time last week, Pollok being on his way back from Iona, where he had been weather-bound, after finishing his work, for some days.

The School of Arts seems in a flourishing way, BAILIE. Nearly 800 students were on the books last quarter, and the winter attendance will be, probably, much larger than that. A most diligent student is the Rev. A. Branton, upon whose shoulders Riach Thom's mantle ought surely to fall, now that

the latter has undergone a translation. Did I tell you that the elect of Kilmarnock sold both his pictures in the Kirkcaldy Exhibition?

Look in upon me some night, old fellow—your Worship, I mean—at Riggs' Club, in Mrs Crawford's Waverley Hotel. It's a very agreeable affair, I can tell you, and you would meet no end of friends there, who could chat with you about all your old Glasgow celebrities. There's a capital likeness of one of these, by Fyfe, hanging in the room—a portrait of old Jemmy somebody, a Calton weaver, with endless "tykes" about his feet. Fyfe was a well-known painter of animals, birds, &c., in Glasgow a few years back.

♦♦♦♦♦
"The Man in Possession"—The sheriff-office:

A Sweet Actor—Mr George Honey.

A "Duck of a Company"—"Our Boys."

Disease of the Ear—Eavesdropping.

"London Assurance"—The Turf swindle.

A Roundabout Paper—A newspaper wrapper.

"Home" Rule—The famous "medium's."

A "Hiems" Hap—A "frieze" coat.

Concerning St. Andrew's "Society"—Consult
A.K.H.B.

Storm in a Tea-pot—Oor Jeems raising a
Gale, and a' about a wee drap water.

A Byron Memorial—The successful run of
"Our Boys."

Another Precious Prize for the Press—The
Puir-man's Divorce Case.

Heraldic—The "quartering" on Pollokshield
of Lindsay of the Act.

THE BANE AND ANTIDOTE.—The Lord
Provost's proclamation and the muzzle and brass
lettered collar.

♦♦♦♦♦
"ARTS" AND "HUMANITY."—When Burns
wrote of "a set o' dull conceited hashes that gar
in stirks and come oot asses," he must have had
in his mind's eye the boorish cads of Glasgow
University.

♦♦♦♦♦
THE ROOM BETTER THAN THE COMPANY.—
There is begging again for the completion of
Glasgow University; there needs yet to be added
a class-room in which shall be taught good man-
ners and common decency.

♦♦♦♦♦
"IS SHE NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?"—
contemporary announces that the Jubilee
Singers have become Freemasons. Members of
the brotherhood will be astonished to learn that
sisters have been entered on the roll of the
mystic tie. The secrets of the order won't
secrets much longer now.

Pollokshields Plutoeracy.

("The average rental of each villa is £75 yearly, the lowest being £40, and the highest £150.")

Scene—Cottage, one of a low rental.

Wealthy Female Visitor—(rising, after making a morning call)—"Oh, by the bye, you must come up and see our new grand piano, papa sent it home last week; and I assure you it cost £130, and is by one of the best makers; as papa says, he always encourages the best labour, whatever it costs. It would be out of place in this charming little room, but it is quite lovely in my spacious drawing-room."

Lady of the house (who is musical and a lady)—"I will be delighted to come up and try its tone. Is it a Collard or an Erard?"

Wealthy Female Visitor—Oh no! it is a more uncommon name than these. To tell the truth, I scarcely remember;—oh yes—I have it now—it is Beethoven!

(*Exit Visitor in triumph*)

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT on Thursday the Abbey Parochial Board met to elect a co-inspector, at a salary of £250 per annum.

That they made a very nice job of it.

That the teetotalers did the trick, not the gun, but the surprise trick.

That a trick's a trick whether played by Tom or Dick.

That oor Rubbart thought if it was not the real thing it was a good imitation.

That the Johnstone *Fish* called the trick, a trick, but to please the delicate sensibility of the Brown hydropote, he would call it a *dirty surprise*.

That the Abbey D.D. spoke out like a man although he made nothing by his *motion*.

That the hydropotes seem to think that teetotalism like charity, "covereth a multitude of sins," and that in their case the end justifies the means.

That the winning man may have "paid too dear for his whistle."

That there are some things money can't buy nor position attain.

That it was all bosh to say the winning man did not apply for the situation.

That Chapel House was ashamed of his party and could not vote with them, but lacked the pluck to vote against them.

That the authors of the *coup d'état* will surely pay the expenses of Messrs Motion and Campbell.

Mrs Malaprop Partington is sorry to hear that a young friend of hers has an abess in his side, and ulsters in his throat.

SIC VITA.—In youth we run after the world; in age it rolls from beneath us.

HIS TRADE MARK.—If the style of architecture should be suited to the purpose of the building, the BAILIE knows where some day the gilt gingerbread should be sold.

OWED TO ST. ANDREW.

Strophe.

Sheep's-head kail and cockyleekie,
Braxy, brose, or herrin' reeky.
Scotlan's fare in days o' yore—
Haggis more, *agus mhor*.

Antistrophe.

Rich Old England's rare roast beef,
Glorious "plum"—of puddings chief,
Sauced, seasoned, spiced, and flavoured o'er,
Makes lick the lips, and—ask for more.

Epode.

O happy Union, treasured Treaty!
With bitter beer for aquavitæ,
For Scotland's humble frugal fooding,
Beef—roasts or "rounds," and plump plumpudding,
What care we for our kirks or banks,
Our laws, or how our lion ranks,
Or unicorn? Though "England" swallows
"Great Britain" down, we Scots are callous.

"CLAP IN HIS CHEEK A HEELAN' GILL."

Scene—Jamaica Bridge.

1st Highlander—Weel, Tonalt, how you'll was?

2nd Highlander—Man, she'll ha'e twa or five trams yesterday, an' she'll pe fery pad a' last night for a week.

1st Highlander—She'll no pe Heelan' trams, they, Tonalt.

"Was the man," inquires Peter, "who bought a purse with his last shilling, any relation to the fellow who sold his specs to buy a book?" "I specs he was," rejoins Asinus, kindly adding a Hee-haw! to his reply.

Our Animile has a decided opinion about some things. He says, Beware of Irish whisky: like Irishmen in a "fite-ing" state, it's apt to knock you down.

BREVITY.—'Tis said that brevity's the soul of wit. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Why brevity is wit itself. The soul of wit is something better still than brevity; the soul of wit when once it leaves the lips of man lives on for ever.

AN ANCIENT GAME.—Is it generally known that the revived game of tent-pegging is of great antiquity? It was originally introduced by Jael, and the first recorded game was between that excellent lady and Sisera, and resulted in a complete victory for the former. Sisera was so much hurt and offended at this result, that nothing could ever induce him to join in the game again.

A contemporary observes, under "Sporting Intelligence," that "the Ghost did not go well in the London market to-day"—which a theatrical friend of the BAILIE'S interprets as meaning that "the ghost didn't walk."

The Eastern Question.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know all about the Eastern Question just now, but the BAILIE finds the knowledge possessed by everybody is of the vaguest possible description. With the praiseworthy object of increasing the prevailing uncertainty, His Worship begs to submit the lucid opinions of some of his friends.

Miss Laura Hazyton understands that the Eastern Question is something about whether we will be allowed to go to India through the Black Sea. She isn't quite positive, but she rather thinks the Black Sea is in Egypt; at all events, she knows it's referred to in the history of the children of Israel. Awfully difficult to remember those little things you know.

Mr Charlie Myxedeeep believes the Eastern Question is somehow connected with Bashi Bazouks. To the best of his recollection, Bashi Bazouks are Mahomedan divinity students, or something of that sort. On second thoughts, perhaps he's thinking of the Softas or somebody. In that case he's not quite so certain about the Eastern Question.

Mr Jack Contango, of the Stock Exchange, thinks that the Eastern Question is, "How are foreign securities going to be next week?" In fact, he is inclined to look at it more as a conundrum than a question, and consequently he gives it up.

Miss Celia Singlebliss thinks that the Eastern Question has some connection with those Suez Canal stocks or bonds or whatever they were, that we bought from the Khedive of Turkey or whoever it was. For her part, she has always entertained a very low opinion of Turks in general. What can be expected of people who are depraved enough to marry scores of wives at a time, and wear turbans and chibouks, and bastinadoes, and similar disgraceful things?

Mr Peter Maresnest cannot quite explain the Eastern Question, but he is convinced the Jesuits are at the bottom of it. Are they not always contriving some piece of mischief or other? and isn't the Eastern Question some sort of mischief or other? Then it's as clear as A B C that the Jesuits have contrived the Eastern Question.

Mr Diogenes Grumper knows nothing whatever about the Eastern Question, and cares even less. Not that he is more ignorant than most people, but simply he isn't such an arrant humbug as most people, and therefore doesn't pretend to understand what nobody can understand.

To John Bright.

"PEACE, Plenty, and Prosperity,"
An ever triune verity:
John Bright, thy might lies in the right,
And honest, bold sincerity,
And so will say posterity.
War, Impost, and Severity,
Tied triplets to temerity!
Earth's direst plight when mankind fight,
They murder Christian charity!
And so will say posterity.
We need thy calm celerity
To grapple War's dexterity,
And point our sight to Heaven's light;
Alas! in War a rarity!
And so will say posterity.

A Case of Liquidation.

THE Ass failed to turn up the other day with "copy," as per promise, and sent a messenger instead, with the information that he was unable to appear, as his affairs were unfortunately under process of liquidation. The BAILIE followed up the trail of that messenger, and found the delusive Animile under a public-house table.

To my Pipe.

SWEET as the breath of fragrant flowers
That brightly bloom in ambrosial bowers;
Luscious as lovers deem lovely lips,
Sweet as the nectar the connoisseur sips.
Dear as the dell in a demoiselle's eyes
Where often she lists to her suitor's sighs;
Sweet as June roses or rosy wine,
Are those dear lips and that breath of thine.

Historical Discovery.

A CONTEMPORARY imparts, in answer to an anxious inquirer, the remarkable historical fact that when Bonaparte saw the Scots Greys at Waterloo he observed "Qu'ils ils sont terribles chevaux Gris." We all know that the conqueror was a Corsican, and consequently liable to an occasional solecism in speech; but it was left to our contemporary to let us know that he spoke such bad French as *that*.

The following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—"The person who sent £150 in gold anonymously by post to Milan or Florence is requested to send his address to F. I. E., 106A Jermyn Street, London, S.W." Try Gartnavel, F. I. E., or Colney Hatch, which is nearer home.

English naval officer shoots Chinaman at Hong Kong, and pays 200 dollars for his amusement. Dear at the money! Why, he could have three-quarter slaughtered a fellow-countryman—to say nothing of a countrywoman—for a fraction of the sum!

What Corny Delany Thinks.

BY the holy poker, BAILIE, they tell me there's going to be another raid on the dogs. Begorra this is a quare country. I wonder if they'll allow us to keep our own childre by and bye. If it wasn't that the "pay" is good here, by this and by that I'd take Bidy and the childre across the say to Derry in two twos. It's there we'd get lave to do as we plased, ah' never by your lave or without your lave. Begor, BAILIE, when we first imigrated to beyant here, we brought over a slip of a pig in a turf kish, intinding him to pay the rint by and bye, and after getting him safely up the four stairs—oh! begorra, thim flats are the devil's own notion of houses—we gave him the run of the kitchen. An' why not? The cratur was civil an' clanely, an' could take the bit an' the sup wid the childre, an' suck the candy turn about wid them too. Faith, just as he was getting nice an' fat an' respectable looking, we were hauled up an' fined for keeping him, an' ordered to put him away at wanst. Then, instead of the childre being kept at home to help Bidy, they have to be sent to school, aye, an' paid for too. Next, no more than a certain number of adults—a kind of polite name for poor people, I suppose—are allowed to sleep together, an' ye can't get a drop, or sing a song to yourself, without being fined a guinea for it; an' ye can't have a wake in the house because the people below will be annoyed, they say, an' I dunno what all. An' now they're going to improve the dogs off the face of the earth. Well, well, the law's powerful strong here anyhow, altho' myself is wondering whether the justice is or not. But, BAILIE, now upon your conscience as a rale ould warm-hearted Scotch gintleman, isn't it mighty hard because a polisman an' two other gintlemen happened to come across mad dogs, that my bull terrier is to have a collar with my name on it? Faiks it's well "Tearer" would look wid a brass collar, like those useless lap-dogs following the ladies, an' it's a proud man I'd be to see my name on a brass collar, if it wasn't the expense. An' a muzzle, no less; it's a quare muzzle would do for him, I'd like to see it. Well, BAILIE, I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll keep him tied up to the coal bunker till peace is proclaimed, an' then, when he *does get out*, it'll be a caution to the first half-dozen he meets.—I am, dear BAILIE, yours trooly,
579 Briggate.
CORN Y DELANY.

"The Kirks' Alarm"—The Lord-Provost's scheme.

"Awful Facts."

THAT "distinguished exile," the Editor of the *London Scottish Journal*, has just been "doing" his native land, and his latest number but one bears unmistakeable evidence of the fact. It is strongly flavoured by the pleasant atmosphere of a well-known establishment in Gordon Street, with an unctuous dash of the "Harvest of the Sea." In one column the great T-m is playful on the subject of his visit, in another he is sadly and sternly moral. Hear him:—"The people of Edinburgh and Glasgow (we have personally inspected their state during the present week) are far, far worse in their drinking habits than they were five-and-twenty years ago." It would have been highly interesting to have seen T-m, accompanied doubtless by his friend B-m, as he appeared on his tour of personal inspection in Glasgow. It included, we presume, that portion of the east side of Buchanan Street from North Exchange Place to the Arcade, taking in a bit of Gordon Street. T-m characterises his statement as an "awful fact." "It is so;" and T-m's another. It has grieved the BAILIE deeply when he has now and then dropped into D-n's of an evening, to observe the appalling number of "nips" which young Glasgow mixes with its flirtation. One shameless youth characterised this mixture one evening as "whisky-and-Polly," and advised his Worship to try it. His Worship did, and found that if it was naughty, it was, like a great many other naughty things, rather nice. It is to be hoped that this admission will not reach T-m's eyes, or the BAILIE will be getting himself described as an "awful fact," and he doesn't like being called names, even by so severe a moralist as T-m.

Punch's Pilot.

WHO "sells" *Punch*? Who imposed upon the jocund hunchback that old joke in his last week's issue about the one partner with all the money, and the other with all the experience? Surely some one either must have been taking his "nap" off him, or have caught him napping.

TURNING TAIL—A TALE OF THE DOG DAYS.

Hey diddle diddle, 'twould read as a riddle,
If after their riding their hobby,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
The big dog after the Bobby.

A MATTER OF INK-WIRY.—When Addison wrote of the truth spreading from pole to pole, he was in innocent ignorance of telegrams.

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "J. M." (Govan).—Like a great many other clever people, you have discovered a mare's nest. Your "correction" is a solecism, and the BAILIE is right, as he always is.
- "WHITE-A-MORE." (Greenock).—The BAILIE does not agree with you. He knows "Black-a-more," who is a very good fellow, and would blend capitally with water or anything else—especially water.
- "F." (Edinburgh).—*Pair-man*, indeed, when he is made the victim of puny punsters!
- "BULGARIAN."—The BAILIE does not believe one word of the statement that the Czar has consulted you as to whether he should go to war. He considers it not only improbable, but an appalling falsehood.
- "CUIQUE CANI DIEM."—The words of your signature are "dog" Latin for "Cane him every day."
- "WHINHILL."—Your contributions are always appreciated. Many thanks.
- "CHARLIE CRUSOE."—The BAILIE never set eyes on your "former copy," but the Ass enjoyed the "half" all the same.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. Maybesafelyused."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

SMOKERS!—A genuine Havana Cigar for 3d,
CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

BUY FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

ULSTERS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' ULSTERS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,

151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1876.

THE BAILIE has a revelation to make. His bosom friend JEEMS—oor JEEMS, the wise man from the East, the Tribune of the Second Ward, is about to be elevated to a new position. Afar in the melancholy main lies the island of Shuna, the green island of Shuna, the Hebridean island of Shuna, and this island lacks a governor. It isn't big, to be sure. The circumnavigation doesn't take long to do—you can sail round it in an afternoon; but then it's always an island. Well, Shuna lacks a governor. The rabbits, and the kids, and the sheep run wild at their own sweet will. This is no longer to be Shuna is to be ruled. Barataria had a governor. why, asks Lord Provost BAIN, should Shuna not have a governor likewise? Echo prolongs the agony, and a murmured reply comes over the curling waters, and its accents whisper the name of JEEMS. It must not be supposed that Shuna means banishment. No! perish the thought. JEEMS, the unimpeachable JEEMS, the only rival of GEORGE WASHINGTON—GEORGE never told a lie—is henceforward to be bracketed in history with that other famous governor, his highness SANCHO PANZA, as the man of men who best represents the judicial functions that prevail in this present year of eighteen hundred and seventy-six. JEEMS is too valuable to be banished; were the BAILIE to lose JEEMS he would be friendless indeed. Therefore, the governorship is honorary. It is conferred, indeed,

on account of the interest JEEMS has taken in the great water question, and when he has satisfied himself as to the water privileges of Shuna, he is once more to take his place at the Council Board, and illumine the city with his "walth o' lear," and his leagues of unconscious humour. A frigate, a water-tight frigate, with a tender, on board of which no prying water inspector with a temper may shove his nose, has been provided for the conveyance of JEEMS to and from his island principality. A life on the ocean wave! Let the old man *R.I.P.*

♦♦♦
A Caricature "Wonted."

"ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW" writes to the BAILIE in the following singular fashion:—"Messrs. the BAILIE—Sir—I had about a month ago the *Edinburgh Review*. Their (*sic*) was a leader on a lecture given by Dr. Dods of Renfield Free Church, Glasgow. the leader spoke in very high terms of it. Now we wont to hear what you would say. Couldn't you give us Caricature in your valuable BAILIE to hear what you would say about him." Now, what "Messrs. the BAILIE" "wonts" to hear is what in the name of goodness gracious he or any one of his readers but this eccentric correspondent cares about a month-old lecture by Dr. Dods, however able and estimable that worthy man may be. Can't you let the dead past bury its dead, after the fashion recommended by the psalmist of life, "Messrs." One Who Would Like to Know?

♦♦♦
At the Kibble.

"Make all our trumpets speak."—*Macbeth*.

Distinguished Critic (during performance of bit of symphony)—Augh! bad, coarse, not the true effects at all. I'm sure I wonder what Sullivan is thinking of, &c., &c.

Annoyed Listeners to the music—Hush! hush! Be quiet man. Do.

Distinguished One (after a pause)—Oh I must beg pardon, I'm the Culprit, not Sullivan. He is doing exactly what I told him to do, bringing out these broad effects, suited to the size of the building, &c., &c.

Annoyed Listeners (angrily)—Shut up!
Distinguished One subsides.

♦♦♦
A Distinction with a Difference—Professor Blackie at one meeting asking for a pinch of snuff, and at another inveighing against "beastly tobacco."

Academic Pastimes.

THE young barbarians of Gilmorehill have been feebly endeavouring to emulate their London brethren, who the other evening distinguished themselves by pushing ladies into a fountain at Covent Garden Theatre. Our young friends nearer home have only got the length of annoying the orderly portion of the audience in the theatre, and insulting distinguished artistes; but we may expect novel and striking developments before long. We have no theatre, it is true, which possesses a fountain; but there is one in the West End Park, quite "convenient to" the seat of learning, and on, say a fine Sunday, the youthful humourists would find plenty of *corpora vilia* whereupon to operate. Try it, young gentlemen; but—beware of big brothers and sweethearts!

♦♦♦
Small Beer Chronicles.

A CONTEMPORARY goes into the hysterics of a "double head" over some trumpery meeting of College boys, thusly:—"GLASGOW UNIVERSITY DIALECTIC SOCIETY. THE SENATE'S ALTERNATIVES REJECTED." The BAILIE does not profess to know much about the "Dialectic Society," or "the Senate's alternatives"—by the way, are they those inscribed in the hall of a great English school, "Learn, depart, or be whipped?"—but he supposes that we may look for more of this kind of thing. How would this look:—"INDIGNATION MEETING OF INFANTS IN ARMS! PROTESTS AGAINST PARENTAL TYRANNY!!" Or this:—"FEARFUL TEMPEST IN A TEACUP!! TERRIBLE SCENES!!!" Or this:—"DEADLY COMBAT BETWEEN SHOE-BLACKS!!! TWO BLACK EYES!!!" Eh?

♦♦♦
Peter, who has spent an afternoon among the fishes in the Rothesay Aquarium, says that, according to the latest telegrams from "the briny," if the sea-serpent were laid hold of, he could assuredly a "tail unfold."

SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—The treasurer of the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Association being Mr Cook, it should surely know how to "dish the Whigs."

THE SQUARE IN FUTURO.—If, as has been suggested, the Burns statue should be circumstanced with daisies, surely before the nose of Professor Grahame there might be at least a plant of mint.

"Waiting for an Answer"—*Punch's famous cartoon*—The Eastern Question.

Quavers.

IF there was any fault to be found with the orchestral concert of last week, it was not more than that of undue length. If possible, the instrumental programmes should not keep us beyond ten of the clock. Better, as the French epicures say regarding dining, that one should rise with an appetite, rather than feel satiated. But this error is not likely to be fallen into again, and compact audiences will thus be the rule to the end of the evening, to the comfort of all concerned.

Gale's "Echoes of Ossian"—to be performed to-night, for the first time—is curiously after the manner of Mendelssohn, as most of his writings appear to be. It will therefore be interesting to compare this overture with the "Scotch Symphony" of his German exemplar, also in this evening's programme. The minor scale, and especially in the model key of A, is much employed by both, particularly when on kindred subjects.

Mr Carrodus, who appears at these concerts for the first time to-night, could not have selected more brilliantly for an opening than in the pieces chosen—the Allegro from the violin concerto in D, Beethoven. He will be warmly welcomed; not particularly, it should in justice be said, because Mr Carrodus resumes the post of leading violin, for that important position has been held in his absence by Mr Cooper, with really wonderful vigour and dash, as well as with the intelligence one looks for from a player of Mr Cooper's long experience.

Not the least interesting item in to-night's attractive programme is the overture to "The Sapphire Necklace," one of Mr Sullivan's most characteristic pieces of writing. By the by, it was but a small compliment, after all, that our musical Lord Provost paid to Mr Sullivan in speaking of him as a worthy successor of Balfe and Bishop; because, though both these composers had melodic invention in a high degree, with other musical gifts of a popular character, still neither had the constructive ability nor the scholarship generally that the composer of the "In Memoriam" symphony can lay claim to.

The funeral march from the "Gottterdammerung" (ugliest of words) will give all who have not been to Bayreuth some faint idea of the recent remarkable operatic performances there; the descriptive notes in the programme, with the indications of the themes on which the march is composed, biographically illustrative of incidents in the life of Siegfried, greatly assisting thereto.

Referring to the annotations, those to the Ossian and the Sapphire Necklace overtures are not initialed, but the use of the word *reprise* at once betrays the writer—Mr Joseph Bennet, very evidently, with whom this French term is a great favourite, "Sly" though J. B. is, like the famous major, he cannot well deceive us, if he so intends.

Miss Anna Williams is to be the vocalist at to-night's orchestral.

Mr Lambeth's Select Choir give another of their subscription concerts on Thursday evening, in the Queen's Rooms. The balance of the parts, the superb quality of the voices, and the command of expression, are three familiar features of the singing.

We are getting quite metropolitan with our German nights, our English nights, and so on, at the Kibble Palace. Are we to have a Scotch night? That sort surely, if not the other, that was looked for by somebody we all know of.

SCOT OR SCOTT?—When the making of the plans of Glasgow University was given to an English architect, it was argued that the work of a Glasgow one always exceeded his estimate—nevertheless the hat is again being sent round.

It is understood that the poetic ex-Lord Mayor of London is busy with another volume of verse. It will appear under the title of "Shoddy, by Cotton."

"A Mad World, my Masters!"

A FEW days ago a friend sent his Worship a clipping which announced that one lady had entered at Tighnabruaich into a matrimonial alliance with another. He is now favoured with a cutting from the *Hamilton Advertiser*, making known a somewhat similar vagary. A Mr A—N—recently gave birth, it appears, to a son. If this sort of thing goes on much longer the BAILIE will have some difficulty in deciding whether he is standing on his head or his feet. He meanwhile begs to call the attention of the Registrar-General to these two remarkable cases, which are certainly worthy of special notice in his next report.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the pertinacity with which the old Treasurer stuck to his vice was very amusing.

That his successor in office can at least console himself with the reflection that though denied the opportunity of making himself useful, he can at least make himself ornamental.

That the Provost and his lieutenant cheated the lieges out of a treat by excluding reporters from their cookie shine in the Temperance Institute.

That the lady promoters of the incurable scheme appear to have had more heart than head in their work.

That the bazaar would have been a perfect fizzle had it been left in the hands of ascetics of the St Thomas order.

That the speaker who declared bazaars to be downright swindles was thoroughly right in his assertion.

That the singing of the Lambeth choir was a splendid success.

That if they come down again they will draw a bumper house.

That it will be well if the leaders and members of the local musical societies will take a lesson in light and shade from their Glasgow brethren.

That the Watt-M'Lean Saturday promenades are grand flirt-chances for the young folk.

Hints for the Dogs.

THE second "Dog" proclamation being like its forbear somewhat hazy as to meaning the BAILIE hastens to append a few details for the benefit of those who may be mourning the loss of their "four footed" pledges:—

All dogs without a collar will be collared by the police.

Foot passengers "barking their shins" in any public thoroughfare will be marched off to quod.

All "old clo's" at street corners will be regarded as a species of Jewish *Rabbies* and treated accordingly.

Any passenger found worrying a tramway guard will make his "bow" before the "beak" next morning.

All dogs-eared books in circulating libraries to be carefully noted.

Small boys will be strictly prohibited from whistling in neighbourhood of a sausage shop.

To insure diligence on the part of the force, successful "peelers" will be decorated with the order of the "dogstar."

THE "DISCOVERY."—It is now known that Captain Nares could have cut down the Pole had he only got to the axis.

"The Ass *versus* Frank Buckland resigned."

FRANK BUCKLAND, having failed to institute the expected crab and lobster inquiry in Glasgow—the Ass has taken the subject in hand. He finds that the last take of crabs in the city was from a tree in front of Bailie Millar's house in St. George's Road, some nine or ten years ago, and that the general character of the take was "poor and seedy," that since then a considerable number have been imported annually from England and Siberia, but that the amount consumed by the Glaswegians is very inconsiderable, and that, in addition to these a remarkably small number of ridiculously small cretaceans are to be met with in odd corners, but since the cholera broke out in Ibrox Terrace amongst a company of crab-eaters in 1866 very few folks in Glasgow venture to eat them.

Of lobsters a few unboiled ones may be seen at times in the fish shops, and a larger number of boiled ones in the Gallowgate Barracks and in Shamrock Street, while a still larger number are to be found imprisoned in small round tins in the grocers' windows, the best way of dressing which (the lobsters not the windows) is in sauce, curry, or lobster salad.

The Ass feels that he has so thoroughly exhausted the whole subject that Frank Buckland's presence in the town would now be superfluous, and that no new light could be thrown on the matter.

ON THE SQUARE.

What's to be done with George's Square,
Are flags to pave, or flowers to grow?
Till after Burns's statue's there
Best leave the Square in *statu quo*.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE."

Scene—Inside "burgh" morning 'bus on Wednesday, 29th ult. Thick fog.

Mr C.—I wonder if the Apostle Paul on his way to Rome, when he neither saw the sun nor moon for fourteen days, had as dark weather as this.

The Provost.—Oh no, they never hiv fogs on the Sea of Galilee.

Mr C.—It was the Mediterranean.

The "P."—Aweel, I kent it was thereabouts.

FRUITS IN THEIR SEASON.—It is in the dearth of current events that "the big gooseberry" flourishes. But currant events have come again—the BAILIE'S bun's baked.

Another Good Dog gone Wrong.

MAGISTERIAL proclamations may come and Magisterial proclamations may go, and the lasso may go on for ever, but still the race of dog fanciers is not extinct. At a meeting of the Govan Parochial Board the other day, the Inspector reported that he had sold the watch-dog that belonged to that venerable body for £2. No reason was assigned for the rash act, but doubtless the dog had committed some heinous offence. Is it possible that it had made mince meat of a few dozen Govan paupers, from the erroneous impression that its duties as watch-dog included the strict enforcement of economy in the Poorhouse? or can it have gone the length of chasing the Inspector? or dare we imagine that it had so far forgotten itself as to bark at the Chairman? Anyhow the dog is gone, and the place where once it howled knows it no more. It is to be hoped that the enterprising purchaser has promptly invested in a muzzle and a collar, or some of these fine mornings he may find that his forty shillings animal has got to the other side of Jordan *via* the police water tank.

FOG,

Place—Golightly's Bar. Time—12 Noon.

Young Lavender.—This fog-fast smoke is past a joke, down with all factory owners.

Old King Coal.—Then *you* must go with them below, *all* are olfactory owners.

Place—Ditto. Time—12.5.

Tenore Voce.—Something weighty on your mind to-day, Mr Cottonbales?

Basso.—Yes, something *rather* thickish in the hat-most-sphere, Mr Lawyerton.

A "NOTE" FROM THE LAST ORCHESTRAL.—Mr Henry wants to know if the overture to the Lay of the Last Minstrel is not really by *Le Cocq*, he thinks the *Barn it* was hatched in has nothing to do with the authorship.

SCOT AND LOT.—At the Scottish Corporation Festival, Lord Hartington spoke repeatedly of the union of Scotland with England. His Worship begs his Lordship's pardon: it was England that was united to Scotland—and, in an assembly of Scotsmen, it would have been more gracious to have said so.

"All Up"—With the Val de Travers in Hope Street.

The Gossip.

ON yonder spot where idle dames
And gossips meet ten times a day,
Tae fauld their airms and nod their heads
And hear wha's got the maist tae say,
Ye'll see a woman often stan',
Within an auld dark wincey gown,
Wi' souple tongue and glow'rin' e'en:
Weel, that's the gossip Mrs Broun.

And eagerly frae tap tae tae
She looks at folks that's passing bye.
Whatever moves along the street
Has little chance tae miss her eye.
You'll often see her at her door
A looking up and looking down—
Her neighbours and their whole affairs
Are a' weel kent tae Mrs Broun.

She kens whan Tam got up the day,
She kens whan John lay doun yestreen,
She kens what's spent, lent, ate, or drank,
Wha gets the fat and wha the lean.
And what she disna ken the noo
She'll aiblins ken it very soon,
At ony rate the latest news
Can aye be got frae Mrs Broun.

She'll put her finger on the good,
The bad, the poor, and hungry set,
The jealous or the drunken pair,
The thriving or the deep in debt.
She'll no say wha, but kens wha will
Soon tak their flittin' by the moon,
And things past, present, and to come
Unveil themselves to Mrs Broun.

She kens what everybody's worth,
What's in their house, what's on their back;
The age and state of everything,
The date of every break or crack.
What kind of marks are on their skin,
Or if there's warts upon their thoom,
The study of mankind by man
Is deep in debt tae Mrs Broun.

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD BOYS.—All persons who throw salt on slides during frosty weather are to be prosecuted, so says the Great James. Slide on, ye boys, nobody shall hinder you, only may his Lordship be the first to put his incautious foot upon your charming preparation, and find himself ingloriously on his nose, or on his hinder quarters, before he can say "Jack Robinson!"

BAR NONE.—The legal gentlemen in London are said to be averse to Baron Grant practising at the metropolitan bar. The Ass wishes the BAILIE to mention that, if the Baron were to step north as far as Glasgow, he will introduce him to any number of bars where he can practise to his heart's content.

"Our Boys" at the Royal—"The playful children just let loose from school" of Gilmore-hill; but boys will be boys, you know, and you cannot put an old head on young shoulders.

WANTED, Nos. 1 and 2 of the "BAILIE"
Address—"ONE," BAILIE Office.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

MONDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY—CASTE.

TUESDAY—SCHOOL.

WEDNESDAY—OURS.

FRIDAY—PLAY.

Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

Mr WILLIAM DUCK's celebrated
OUR BOYS COMPANY.

To-Night and every Evening,

OUR BOYS.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

MIDGET HANLONS!

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

West End of Cowcaddens (off New City Road).

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), DECEMBER 5.

WIELAND'S CRYSTAL PALACE COMBINATION.

THE MIDGET HANLONS AND VOLTA TWINS.

LITTLE BOB, in his Great Dive of 70 Feet, which created so

great a sensation at Hengler's Cirque Last Season,

AND 40 OTHER STAR ARTISTES,

Including Japanese, Arabs, Funny Folks, Ballet, Pantomime,

Clowns, Acrobats, Gymnasts, &c.

AMPHITHEATRE, One Shilling.

Other parts, 1s 6d, 3s, 4s, 5s. Gallery, Sixpence.

THE STAGE.

Acting Edition of Standard Plays.

Photos of Actors and Actresses.

A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

GLASGOW YOUNG MEN'S

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

CITY HALL LECTURES.

The Eleventh Lecture of the Course will be delivered by

EDWARD JENKINS, Esq., M.P.

MONDAY, the 11th December, at Eight o'clock P.M.

Subject—"The Christian Citizen."

Tickets to be had at the Hall Doors. Single Admission, 6d.

GRAND CONCERT,

LAMBETH'S SELECT CHOIR.

QUEEN'S ROOMS, THURSDAY, 7TH DECEMBER.

GLEES, MADRIGALS, PART SONGS, &c.

TICKETS, 5s (reserved), 3s, 2s, 1s, and Programmes at SWAN & PENTLAND'S, Buchanan Street.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be Enrolled for Year 1877, thus giving them the benefit of Present Month Gratis.

BY ORDER,

1st December, 1876.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

KIBBLE PALACE CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1876.

GRAND FRENCH NIGHT.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER.

Another Night with the Celebrated

M R K E N N E D Y,
The Scottish Vocalist, in his Celebrated Entertainment of the
"SONGS OF SCOTLAND,"

Assisted by his Family.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
Concert to commence at a Quarter to 8 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—
ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.
DENNISTOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.
CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

WEST END CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Society meets for the Study and Practice of Music, in Albany Place Hall, every Tuesday Evening at Eight o'clock.

CONDUCTOR—HERR ADOLPHE ROSENBERG.

Applications for Membership to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Mr ANDREW S. NELSON, 175 West George Street.

THE NATIONAL PICTURE.

T H E L A S T M U S T E R:
SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT THE
CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.
Painted by HUBERT HERKORNER.

Is ON VIEW for a Few Days at the Gallery of
MR W. CRAIBE ANGUS, 159 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.
Open from 10 till Dusk. Admission 1s.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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

GREAT GOOD THINGS.

A number of years ago DR NORMAN MACLEOD edited a "Good Words for Young People," the character of which was indeed like its name. In 1874-5 its name was changed, and astonishing improvements were made. That volume contains no less than 500 pictures, a splendid Story by George MacDonald, in 15 Chapters; a very good Story by Louisa M. Alcott, the great American Authoress, in 24 Chapters; another great Story, in 48 Chapters, by Charles Camden; and still another, in 17 Chapters, by the celebrated Hans Christian Andersen; A Tale of the Franco-Prussian War, in 7 Chapters; a great Many Curious and Amusing Puzzles, 34 Instructive Educational Papers, 67 Stories and Character Pictures, 23 Entertaining Biographies, 44 Fairy Tales, Funny Fables, and Wise Parables, 13 Delightfully Stirring Adventures, 30 Stories about Animals, 33 Stories and Pictures in Rhyme, 39 Scraps and Curiosities collected by the Editor—the whole is contained in 792 Large Clearly Printed Pages. Pictorially you have a Panorama of the Most Varied and Entertaining Description. Such an instrument to turn dull winter into a summer time of glorious pleasure and delight for the children has never before been offered, and at a Price for the Whole not to be believed.

TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours,
Coloured Photos. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,

68 JAMAICA STREET,

TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2½d, 1s 9½d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent's cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra. Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
72 JAMAICA STREET.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES :—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

"**THE CHALLENGE.**" From the Royal
Academy Picture. By S. SIDLEY.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS.
NEW SUMMER STYLES.

Cash Prices,

13/6, 16/6, 20/.

ALL LONDON MANUFACTURE.

HUNTER & CO.,

HATTERS TO THE QUEEN,

BUCHANAN STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for **BINDING APPRENTICES**, Stamped or Unstamped.—**ROBT. LAWSON**,
LITHOGRAPHER and **PRINTER**, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

THE BEST VALUE
IN **LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY**
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S
23 UNION STREET,
Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and Gents'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS :

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nervous Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
SMART SHAPES FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

A VOID DRAUGHTS.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures.
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at
very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), **GLASGOW**

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

"**THE SLAVE.**" Large Coloured Photo, by
Messrs GOUPL, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR
FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,
71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.
" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.
" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.
" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.
" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.
A great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
J. PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

" TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W. & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,
UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Requisites from the Manufacturers, SHORT AND STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SHORT AND STEWART,

18 BUCHANAN STREET.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella, Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such. Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 217. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 13th, 1876. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 217.

A GOOD man, a Professor of Hebrew who really knows the language spoken by Moses and Isaiah, who is beloved by his students, and who, as Principal of his College, succeeds in making things run smoothly by means of his amiable temper and capital business habits. Is not this such a character as we must all admire? Who could wish for a more flattering report? Can a state more gracious be conceived? Such, at least, was the opinion of the BAILIE, when summing up the other evening the qualities of the Rev. Professor DOUGLAS, Principal of the Free Church College in Lynedoch Street. Dr DOUGLAS is eminently a "Man you Know." He has a fine presence. He takes an active interest in many charitable schemes. As the successor of Dr Fairbairn in the Principalship of the College, and the successor of Dr Buchanan at the School Board, he has ample claims upon the attention of his fellow townsmen; and even the country at large owes its acknowledgments to him for his services as a member of the Bible Revision Company, which meets from time to time in the Jerusalem Chamber. Besides, the Principal is a man of good social position, and social position counts for much in Glasgow. Naturally, however, Dr DOUGLAS has troops of good-natured friends, one of whom ventures to hint in the ear of the BAILIE, that a reason of his not having made an enemy is that he has never striven for such a distinction. He is a man who is seldom in extremes. He has no hobbies. His pleasant, if somewhat falsetto voice, does not lend itself to the expression of passionate feeling. As a preacher he is earnest, practical, and dull. His sermons are simple—painfully simple. They make but slight demands on the attention of the

VOL. IX.

hearer. Certainly Dr DOUGLAS is beloved by his students. To them he is all patience and gentleness. They can invariably depend on his good temper. Even a stuttering Celt or a thick-headed importation from the wilds of Galloway fails to ruffle the serenity of his bearing. And the friendship he entertains for his students does not cease at the door of the class-room. He makes much of them in his own home. If he seldom stirs their intellects at all events he strives to touch their hearts. There is no danger, this good-natured friend further declares, of Dr DOUGLAS troubling the Church Courts with any novelty concerning the early history of Israel. Unlike Dr Smith of Aberdeen, he never meddles with those dangerous speculative questions so disturbing to the minds of the orthodox. The safe lines of what is usually termed "well-recognised truth" are sufficient for his contented spirit. The "Man you Know" never wrote a book, although he has contributed articles to various periodical brochures; and while he knows the Hebrew language thoroughly he is no exegete. But a truce to this "good-natured" gossip. The BAILIE likes Principal DOUGLAS, he recognises in him a man of broad character and sympathies, and this carping style of criticism grates on his Worship's nerves. If the BAILIE has one virtue more than another it is that of always looking at the best side of everybody. The father of the "Man you Know" was long the parish minister of Kilbarchan. He was himself educated in Glasgow, and his first charge was that of assistant to the Rev. Mr Lewis, of Leith. From Leith he was translated to the Bridge of Weir, whence he came to this city in 1856 as Hebrew tutor in the Free Church College. He was appointed Professor of Hebrew in the following year, and on the death of Principal Fairbairn, in 1875, he was unanimously elevated, by the General Assembly, to the vacant

office. Principal DOUGLAS is a Liberal in politics, and took an active interest in the recent University election. He is liked, however, by Tories as well as Liberals. "They walk fair that naebody find faut wi'."

Jeems Kaye on the Situation.

DEAR BAILIE,—He maun be a desperate character yon Irishman "Corny Delany," that wrote tae ye last week. Od save us! the man writes as if he wid like a' order an' decency set aside, an' every ane tae dae as he pleased. He wid like tae get keeping a pig up fower stairs, an' no tae send his weans tae the skule, an' tae hae wakes, an' get fou, an' kick up rows dootless, an' keep dug, an' I kenna what a', an' no tae be cheeped at. My certy, but he's no blate. Nae doot in Ireland they hae'na muckle regard for law or order—I ken a little aboot Ireland, min' ye, for I ance took a bit sail ower, when the boats were rinnin' for fowerpence six or seven years syne—and shoot doon landlords like craws, an' ae thing an' anither; but Corny maun min' that he's in a different kintra noo, an' what gangs doon in Ireland 'll no dae here. The bodies are no that ill—no hauf as bad as they're made oot tae be—but, man, they're desperate quick bluided, an' 'll flee up an' knock ye doon in a minit if ye throw them, an' 'ill be sorry for't afterwards. Weel, folk o' that sort ye see, although dootless fine freens, are no particular guid enemies, so they maun be kept a ticht haud o'. Ye see yer freen Corny wid like tae hae his big dug "Tearer"—a vera appropriate name, I doot—rampauging thro' the streets at his coat tails, an' biting ony body he pleased. They Irish hae faur ower mony dug—maist every ane has a dug—maistly o' that ill-faured kin' o' hauf-bull dug, wi' thravn mooths an' bowly legs, an' their face a' scarted. Man, if I wis the Provost I wid droon every ane o' them, an' Corny an' his freens could spend the money their keep cost in putting a bit better suit on their bairns, or raising a fund tae prosecute Harry Long.—Yours vera truly,

JEEMS KAYE.

LATEST CITY INTELLIGENCE.

O George's Square, ill-fortuned spot,
I knew thee as I know thee not,
With now no rail, no grass, no plot;
Then Burns's statue's harder lot—
Looked down upon by that of Scott!

"Turkey does make a capital *devil*," was the unconscious contribution of a gourmand to the Eastern Question.

Quavers.

THE principal composition to be performed at the Orchestral Concert to-night is Spohr's Symphony No. 4, "The Consecration of Sound." It is a symphonic reflection of the ideas in the poem on the same subject by Carl Pfeiffer, "the words not lending themselves readily" to the cantata form, into which it was Spohr's intention at first to cast the music. The poem itself was prefixed to the score, and will be found together with the usual analyses and the extracts from the music, in the printed programme. The symphony has been performed here before, but may very probably receive a better interpretation now than on the former occasion.

The next selection in point of importance is the Mendelssohn overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Op. 21, written when the author was "midway in his eighteenth year." There has also been added, from the incidental music to the play, the scherzo allegro vivace, descriptive of the fairies' dance. The famous overture to "William Tell" is what may be called the popular selection of the evening, the other work of the same class being that by Rietz, "Lustspiel," the music being, as one would expect, of a merry character, and therefore capably placed as the last piece.

Madame Nouver is the vocalist, and she sings the air, "My soul doth magnify," from Mr Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World;" also Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark," the flute *obbligato* to which is one great attraction of the ever-popular song.

The instrumental solo is to be supplied by M. Castegnier, being a fantasia by himself for the oboe on airs in "Faust" (Gounod's, of course).

Mr Sullivan doesn't seem to care much for the Doctorate conferred on him—at least, the title is seldom or never used by him, though the composer of "The Light of the World," the above reference to which work puts one in mind of the observation, has infinitely more reason to use it than many who assume it. The truth would appear to be that so many now have been dubbed doctor who are at best but mechanical musicians, or organ-players merely, that our really great composers, as Henry Smart, for example, prefer to be known as plain Mr.

Appropriate motto for the Kibble Concerts—"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys (the girls too) are marching." An indignant correspondent protests against the march round during the music, and asks, "Did you hear the noise in the promenade, or rather did you hear anything else?" Habitués, please take the hint.

A Society for the practice of male voice music has been recently started in Glasgow. It is named the Jubal Male Voice Choir, and, judging from the names of some of the members, contains some excellent voices. The Society meets in the St. Mungo Hotel, Canon Street, and competent members are invited, especially bass, which strange to say there is less of forward than tenor. They are putting in rehearsal Mendelssohn's male voice Cantata, "To the sons of art," and other works. Such a Society is needed in the town, and the "Jubal" cannot but be successful.

A juvenile "Service of Sacred Song" similar to those the Sunday Schools are in the habit of giving in the City Hall, was held in Uddingston U.P. Church last Friday evening, under the direction of Mr Thomson, some time since appointed leader there. There were between eighty and ninety juvenile chorals, boys and girls in about equal number, and they sang, without accompaniment, a selection of two part hymns, &c., with great taste and expression, attaining, with wonderful success for children, the increasing and diminishing vocal effect, and managing to interest and please a large audience for an hour and a half, to their own credit and that of the conductor.

THE SWORD TURNED INTO THE PRUNING HOOK.—The working-man's club, once only used for the chastisement of his spouse, has become a philanthropic instrument for licking the noble artisan himself into shape.

Watering the Young Idea.

THE Greenock School Board have decided that it is part of the duty of teachers in Board schools to deliver teetotal lectures to their pupils, and that "they will find abundant material in the daily press"—meaning, we presume, the reports of "League" and Good Templar Meetings. In the singing classes, also, the children are to lift up their voices in anti-Bacchanalian chants. Now, the BAILIE is extremely doubtful as to the advisability of this. The very people who go in for this sort of thing are those who shudder at the idea of a teacher inculcating religious views in which he does not himself believe; and how can they approve of a non-teetotal pedagogue teaching teetotal doctrines? The BAILIE knows a "good few" dominies, and none of them are teetotallers. However, if the Board are determined, so be it. A wilful teetotaler must have his way. Material for the lectures, as is suggested, may be found in the daily papers; but what about the songs? Should other sources fail, the BAILIE can refer the Board to his own columns, where various cold-water ditties—inserted at the urgent request of their author, a reformed Good Tippler—have appeared from time to time. Two of these—"Willie masked an unce o' tea," and "Pour out the black tea"—can be particularly recommended; and the talented, if watery, youth who produced them expresses his willingness to supply any number of others, set to equally popular airs. Only there's one thing you must remember, Messieurs the School Board. There are a considerable number of wealthy and influential parents in Greenock who make their living out of whisky. *Verb. sap. sat.*

NEWS.—In the string of platitudes delivered the other day by Mr M'Lagan, M.P., there was at least one piece of valuable information. Having occasion to quote a translation of the famous saying, "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto," he ascribed it to "a German author!" "When found, make a note" of the remarkable discovery that Terence was a Teuton. Meanwhile, perhaps Mr M'Lagan will favour an eager world with his reasons for differing from the ordinarily received opinions as to the dramatist's nationality.

We are enjoined not to hide the discovery of blessings found by the way: see the HINDOO PENS.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Nile, and the Waverley Pen."
Is per box. Sold at all Stationers, Is 1d by Post. Patentees:
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

"I Can Call Spirits," &c.

THE BAILIE is deeply interested in those philanthropic individuals, who are constantly announcing that "amateur authors may contribute to a monthly magazine;" but cannot help thinking that they are giving themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble and expense. Surely the most amateurish of amateur authors is aware that he may contribute to a monthly magazine—any monthly magazine—provided he is possessed of stationery and a postage-stamp. The "trouble" is, as they say on the other side of the Atlantic, that editors do not always see fit to insert the contributions after they have been contributed.

"The World is Too Mueh with Us."

THE BAILIE fears his friend the Rev. Robert Thomson is getting too fond of gaiety. He was at the "Fleshers' Soiree" on Tuesday evening of last week, and on Wednesday at the "Glasgow Wine, Spirit, and Beer Trade Festival." Such constant mingling with the gay and festive throng is enough to turn any man's head, let alone a minister's. Take care, Robert!

A correspondent, sending the BAILIE a newspaper cutting in which the word "bobby," used as a slang name for a policeman, is misprinted "booby," asks reflectively, "Is it a misprint?" The BAILIE has taken the matter to his country-seat of Avizandum, and expects to have his answer ready in a week or two. Meanwhile, the anxious inquirer is recommended to apply to Captain M'Call, Lieutenant Andrew, or Major Bond of Birmingham.

Somebody is inconsiderate enough to send to the *Herald* a letter from an American friend, who observes that "our venerable and beloved mother seems to be on the edge of disaster." For "mother" we should evidently read "grandmother;" and it is rather hard on Granny. It certainly *has* been hinted that an unnatural infant of the old lady's has designs upon her existence; but, if this is so, the American Cassandra might have let her expire quietly, instead of frightening her into fits by vague predictions of evil.

DUGALD AGAIN.

"Weel, Dugald, hoo are ye the day?"

Dugald.—"I'm no fery weel. I wisna oot the day pefore, except a wee while yesterday."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—They are busy at the Royal; the theatre resounds with the dreadful note of preparation; the pantomime is the cry morning, noon, and night. This year things are in a capital state of forwardness. The rehearsals, conducted by Mr Wallace, the stage manager, have been going on for weeks. Even the children know their parts.

Go up Hope Street of an afternoon, BAILIE, and you will come upon an army of youngsters trooping from the stage door,—comfortable-looking youngsters they are—whose conversation smacks of the footlights. In a week hence these miniature show-folk will figure as fairies, soldiers, sailors, peasants, and citizens; they will inhabit caves of dazzling light, oriental palaces, or antres dim 'twixt the upper and the nether spheres. At present they are such bairns as you meet anywhere in Glasgow—next week they will be creatures of romance.

As all the world, at least all your world knows, my Magistrate, the Royal pantomime is founded on the true "History of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" told by the Sultana Scheherazade to her lord and master Schahriar, the Sultan of the Indies. The part of *Aladdin* will be taken by Miss Carrie Braham, whom we all recollect as the "Strong Woman of the Wilderness" in our first "Princess of Trebizond" company, and who, later, showed how accomplished an artist she is by her playing of *Madame Lange* on one of the occasions when we were treated to a visit from the "daughter of Madame Angot." Mr Weymark, a "comic" who will make you laugh whether you will or no, is the *Widow Mustapha*, Mr Gofton is the *Mighty Magician*, Mr Lefiler the *Caliph*, and charming Miss Lillie Gifford (Mrs Charles Groves) is the *Princess Badrôulboudour*. The *corps de ballet*—always an important portion of a Christmas pantomime—has been selected from the London theatres, and the comic business proper is being invented by Harry Croueste, of the Clown Cricketers, who has been engaged as clown.

Various new songs have been specially written and composed for "*Aladdin*" by the witty J. F. M'Arde of Liverpool, and the general music of the pantomime, for which composers of every style, from Mozart to the author of a popular ditty—"The Song of Promises," have been laid under contribution, is being arranged by Mr Purdy, the leader of the band.

As usual at the Royal, the scenery will be wonderfully fine. Mr Glover, aided by his friend Mr Robert Smyth, has been engaged for two or three months in its preparation. It will be architectural in character, and will reproduce many of the more splendid features of the styles which prevail in the great cities of Upper Bengal.

That most dolorous of plays, the "Jo" of Mr Edward Price, is being played this week at the Theatre Royal. Miss Ryder (Mrs Price), who is Jo, is a clever, emotional actress.

"Our Boys" finishes at the Gaiety this week, before which, however, the stage manager of the company, Mr E. W. Garden—whose duties as such ought to be a sinecure by this time—will take a benefit. He has always made the folks laugh at the Gaiety; let's see how they'll turn out on Friday night.

As for the pantomime at the Gaiety, BAILIE, the bills are already out, containing the names of every player of any importance who has been engaged to give it effect. It will be produced, like that of the Royal, on Monday next. Of course Mrs Murray (Miss L. G. Gourlay), who last year tickled us awfully, will not be a whit less versatile and engaging in the leading lady part; and Charley Groves is bound to be again really irresistible. The "Gav'ner" himself is determined to put his best foot foremost, and we are anticipating as neat a performance as that with which he delighted us in "*Little Red Riding Hood*." Lindsay, Mackintosh, Whyte, and Gordon, are said to be well pleased with their parts; but the stage manager, Mr Vallance, finds so much to do off the stage, that he does not perceive the necessity for a divided duty. Besides the accomplished ladies of Mr Bernard's company, we are expecting good things from Mrs T. D. Yorke (Miss A. Anderson), an erewhile Glasgow favourite; Miss Florence Leslie, the Misses Gunniss, and the other people who have been engaged to strengthen the cast.

The last six nights of the wonderful performances at the Prince

of Wales are announced. Description is almost stifled by the intrepidity of the feats displayed, whether those of the Midge Hanlons or the Voltas. The other portion of the performance is agreeably amusing.

The action, *Coe v. Buckstone* and *Sothorn*, anent levying blackmail on actors, is expected to come off this week or early next week in the London Exchequer.

The unfortunate London Queen's was re-opened a week ago to give benefit performances for the members of John Coleman's stock company. The attendance was dismal, and the whole affair a fitting wind-up to a disastrous and wretched speculation. The next madness at this house is to be an opera at the New Year, the result of which it would not be difficult to foretell, I think.

The London pantomime houses are full of work in preparing for Boxing Day.

Hare has got hold of a success in the revival of "New Men and Old Acres." All the London papers praise the acting of Charles Kelly as *Sam Brown*. Indeed, I may tell you that he has made one of the biggest hits ever scored in a theatre. At his success every one is delighted.

"Peril" continues to draw bumper houses at the Prince of Wales. Fred Glover, who has been engaged at this theatre ever since Marie Wilton took it, has left to try his fortune in the Music Halls.

"London Assurance" at the St James's is doing fairly well.

Toole is re-appearing at the Gaiety to crammed houses.

Mrs Kendal has just lost her mother, Mrs Robertson. Her death had been expected for some time.

Irving opens on Saturday at the London Lyceum in *Macbeth*.

The Airiean idea of a Competition Concert is on the cards for next Saturday at the City Hall. I don't profess to know what lasting advantage is reaped by the public and the profession by this move, but at all events it secures public approval. There will be fifteen competitors, carefully selected, representing soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices.

The Vandalistic project of paving the entire *solum* of George Square has deservedly got knocked on the head; in fact those who were supposed to be at the bottom of the scheme stoutly declare that they never wished anything of the kind done, and the Lord Provost not only wished the Square restored to its former condition but to have it better supplied with shrubs and flowers. This is all as it ought to be, and you have the satisfaction of knowing, BAILIE, that the first blast of warning against the intended despoliation appeared in this column.

I wish to call your Worship's attention to the fact that that very good fellow Mr Patrick M'Laughlin has added a kitchen and a handsome dining-room to his admirably-conducted establishment in Howard Street. Those of "Patrick's" customers who are in the habit of dining in town will no doubt in future frequent "The Howfi" for solid as well as liquid refreshment.

The attendance at Dowell's on Saturday, on the occasion of Mr Henry Simson's sale, was very large indeed—and the prices realised were very considerable, amounting in all to some £7500. The Tarquinus of Alma Tadema alone fetched 850 guineas.

Upon my word, BAILIE, that long-eared animal of yours is becoming quite insufferable. Not only did he "fail to turn up the other day with 'copy,' as per promise," but such "copy" as he had he so manipulated when "under the public-house table" where Sam Brown found him, that when it came to light it was scarce possible to make "head or tail" of it, and the drunken beastie actually made me invite your Worship to look in at *Riggs Club* in the Waverley, instead of at "The Begg Club," where the members would all welcome such a worthy glorious old fellow. He musn't "run his riggs" upon me in that way again, or it will be the worse for his thick hide. I have not dared to show my face in the Club all last week, knowing the shower of "chaff" that would await me, but what cares the creature how much of that falls to his fellow-workers, so that he can get the "raw grain," and plenty of it. No doubt he has been hee-hawing all the week over his own ridiculous blunder, and shaking his worthless sides uproariously over it; but don't let him show up at "Riggs" if he has any respect for his own carcass.

And now *revenons à nos moutons*, BAILIE, to our proper work again. Just step into James Stewart's studio, 215 Sauchiehall Street, and you'll see, in rapid process of completion, a capital portrait, in uniform, of Ruthven C. Todd, the energetic Colonel of the 1st L.R.V. Stewart himself is one of those quiet retiring members of the profession who "keep themselves to themselves," and need seeking after; but he is a good fellow, doing his work well, and in this matter especially has been very successful. Any one who knows the Colonel will see at a glance that it is a capital likeness.

Now that Agnew's splendid collection of pictures has been removed, Annan's gallery has come into the hands of the Glasgow Art Club for their annual exhibition. Amongst the pictures are several by Greenlees and Docharty, Henderson and Brydall, which cannot be taken into account in estimating the club's progress; but entirely irrespective of these, it is very evident that the hard work of the ordinary members during the sketching season has not been thrown away, and that a fair amount of progress has been made since last year. It cannot, however, fail to strike visitors that a very serious error has been made by the committee in placing no practical limit to the several contributions—the feeling being that it is not an exhibition of *selected* pictures, the *best* of each contributor—but that the gallery has more the appearance of a large sale-room in which any quantity of paintings that it would hold had been put. Surely the exhibition would have done the club far more credit, and far more good, had each member's contributions been limited to four paintings, or, at the very most, to six. No man can produce eight, ten, or a dozen works all equally worthy of a place. Let us hope that in this matter, as in so many others, "verbum sap" will be found to be the case for the future. It will be in place to mention here that Sir Daniel Macnee is only an "honorary" member of the club. Q.

The New Stock Exchange.

IT should be called "The Glasgow Gamble Institute."

The chiselling outside the building is nothing to what will go on inside.

The Institution is visibly supported by Indians, Niggers, Chinamen, (and those who know no better).

Nevertheless it is directly under the shadow of divinity.

The exterior devices are meant to represent, 1st, the science and art of speculation or "peculation;" 2nd, that the miner with his pick is all that remains of Emma; 3rd, that the brokers say Let Glasgow Flourish by its Stock Exchange rather than by the Preaching of the Word.

PUNCH'S PILOT.—His Worship's old acquaintance, *Punch*, seems to be losing his head. Last week from an old source he republished the old story of "Splitting the difference," as only the week before he re issued the old joke about the one partner with all the money and the other with all the experience. *Fun* is all very good in its way—just as "frosted silver is the material for the Arctic Medal"—but Mr *Punch* ought not to follow it.

AT LAST.—So the Lord Provost is to be a knight after all—a Shunanite.

More Stable-Door Locking.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. It was only the other day that the Police Board were informed that they were to get sixpence a £ from Superintendent Ellison's estate, which meant a loss of £1000 to the city through his defalcations, and now we have the Treasurer of the same Board cast into prison on a similar charge. Serious ills require drastic remedies, and Bailie Burt seems to think that he has found out the one to be applied in this case. He gravely proposes that inquiry be made into the security found by each Treasurer for his intromissions. What is the good of sureties when through the Board's own actings the sureties are held not to be liable for the sum misappropriated, as in Ellison's case? Bailie Walls is another mixer of simples for civic sores. His panacea is—consolidate the Trusts. Fiddlesticks! When Mr Burt and Mr Walls have learned as much as the BAILIE they will come to know that the only protection against fraud on the part of servants is constant and efficient supervision and control, and not the farce of audit and securities. The steed having been stolen the stable door is locked at present, but the citizens will be curious to know what measures are taken to prevent or speedily detect peculations like those alleged.

THE LATEST DOG NUISANCE.

Adams was the first man,
Berkeley was the second,
'Twixt the two the rabies foul
Are scarcely to be reckoned.

The Bird and Dog Market.

THE beginning of business by the Lord Provost on Saturday at noon was really an event of "note," for, when the place was opened, the birds began to sing, a number of feathered songsters having been specially engaged, among others the celebrated "C.C.C.," or "three black crows," who, with one or two other blackbirds, did the negro minstrelsy, and some jolly larks, who at the open gate sang, and did the comic business generally. When the Lord Provost began to speak the dogs began to bark—doubtless in compliment to the recent proclamation—and after his Lordship had aired his oratory, Mr Parrot moved a vote of thanks. [Some of the BAILIE'S contemporaries say something about "cake and wine," but his Worship heard only (of) a pipe of canary.]

The last Note of Praise, and a very late one too—The Town Council's vote o thanks to the Choral Union.

Struck with a Feather!

A NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

Specially Written for the BAILIE by Authors of Eminence already Mentioned, and too many to Re-enumerate.

In a Prologue, an Unlimited Number of Chapters, and—perhaps—an Epilogue.

PROLOGUE.

(By Mr TRUETHOMAS CHELSEA.)

IN this nevertobe understood, astoundingest much betossed phantasmagoria which we call Welt or World, full of rottenest Dead Sea fruit, and Sahara dances of jabberingest Apes, ever tending onward to the end of all Shams, there yet arises ever and anon, from the depths of desolate abominations and loathsomest of slime-pits—a Man. “Man delights me not,” saith he of Elsinore, whom it has been given to the penetrating Deutscher alone to understand, while the sham-devising, rotten thread-spinning, tumbling down building, father of his serving insular has been pursuing his grovelling way, rising up every morning to pray that he may grow rich for Mephistopheles’ sake, and lying down every night with a too surely to be expected nightmare waiting by his bedside as a consequence of his execrable and never to be satiated appetite for cold pork and Welsh rabbits. “Man delights me not!” Nay, of a verity. Why should he, thou mother and uncle oppressed, ghost haunted, and madness feigning boy? Why should he? Donner and Blitzen! You did not know a Man! You did not know wart-nosed, beer-brewing, and take-away-that-baubling Noll! You did not know deep-mouthed Danton! You did not know Friedrich, more splendid a bully than Bill Sikes! You did not know Me!! No, poor younker; for the trifling reason, disregarded of able editors and national palaverers, yet one of the eternal verities, nevertheless—for the trifling reason, I would say, that thou wast not yet born—if, indeed, thou didst ever exist, as Herr Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo hath shrewdly doubted. Man delighted thee not, because thou didst not know Man—proposition logically, eternally, and not-to-be-smashedly true. And what is Man? Is he, indeed, but a naked, two-forked creature, clothed upon with— [Here Mr T. C. gives six pages from a book called “Sartor Resartus.” The work is to be found in most libraries, and the BAILIE omits the passage.] But a Hero! What is a Hero? There were Heroes before Agamemnon, there have been since, and there shall be yet—yea, though all the powers of

Belial and Shoddydom should strive till the end of time, rising ape-like from the slime-pits— [Here Miss Soda Naughtyun, who is anxiously waiting to begin the story, interposes with the remark that if the old bloke gets on to his blooming apes and slime-pits he’ll go on for ever, and queer her pitch. The BAILIE does not quite follow the young lady; but he thinks he knows what she means, and does a little more clipping. “My Hero,” says Miss Naughtyun, “is Francis Fitzdermott Gaybourne M’Scamp.”

(To be continued.)

“A Nice Derangement of Epitaphs.”

DARING” is the epithet which a contemporary applies to a young person of the female “persuasion” who succeeded the other day in taking in some innocent country folk, and priggish a sealskin hat. “Impudent” is more like the word which the BAILIE would be inclined to use; but there’s no accounting for taste. It would be interesting to learn how our contemporary would qualify, say, the Charge of the Light Brigade.

A Teetotal Joke.

A GOOD TEMPLAR writes to the BAILIE inquiring if his Worship has seen that passage in the Chairman’s speech at the Wine Spirit, and Beer Trade Soiree where he regrets that “they had no benevolent association for helping the widows and orphans, or those unable to work on account of bad health.” This R.W.C.T. gives it as his conviction that an association which would provide for the widows and orphans, and invalids made by the spirit trade would soon exhaust the funds of the Bank of England.

SWEET (?) ARE THE USES, &C.—A new use—or shall we say a use?—has been found for Glasgow gas. As a lighting agent it is admittedly a failure, but it has been discovered that it is so rich in sulphuretted hydrogen—sewer gas—that it may be made useful in chemical experiments. Let us all turn chemists and cease to grumble.

“The beautiful Mrs Rousby” does not appear to be as skilful an equestrienne as an ardent one. She has just come another “cropper,” this time at Brighton. Unless she is as courageous as beautiful, this will probably be her last appearance on any—saddle.

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d.—CARMICHAEL’S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

A Theological Difficulty.

AT a U.P. Presbytery meeting in Greenock the other day, one of the fathers and brethren of that august lot made a motion to the effect that the Standards of the Church ought to be revised and shortened, in order to make them more intelligible, and more in accordance with the spirit of the age. The BAILIE, with his accustomed candour, regrets he cannot profess to be an authority on such a nice ecclesiastical question as this, but he has consulted some distinguished ornaments of the U.P. persuasion whom he has the pleasure of numbering among his friends, and he feels the utmost confidence in publishing their doubtless orthodox opinions.

Mr Jack Lansdowne remarks that so far as he is concerned, it doesn't matter a rap whether the standards are made shorter or not, for he has no intention of reading them, however short they may be. Indeed, as a general rule, he thinks that the longer and drier that sort of thing is the better. Makes it look much more professional.

Miss Lucy Claremont was not aware till now that the Church had any standards, and even yet hasn't the least idea what they are. Of course she knows that a standard is a banner, and that a banner is a flag, but she thought that nobody carried flags except Oddfellows and Freemasons, and Foresters, and such ridiculous people. If the Church had had any standards they would have been sure to be in the procession on the Prince's visit, and they weren't. There must be some mistake.

Mr Tom Belhaven would not like to give a very decided opinion about such an intricate subject. He knows the ropes thoroughly as far as the Shorter Catechism goes, but after that he confesses to being rather beyond his depth. He generally leaves the responsibility of his advanced theological views with his elder; that's that functionary's department.

Mr Charlie Erskine knows a man who has a friend whose cousin once lodged next door to a fellow who was reported to possess an uncut copy of the Westminster Confession of Faith. It was bound in Russia leather, and this fellow was graceless enough to say that it gave an odour of sanctity to his rooms. He had another little joke about the "odium theologicum," but was never able to induce anybody even to smile at it.

Miss Aggie Wellington doesn't know whether the standards ought to be long or short, but she's quite sure the sermons ought to be ever so

much shorter than they are. Wouldn't care although the standards were *miles* long, but she *does* object to sermons of an hour-and-a-quarter. It really puts you in an *awfully* unchristian temper when you go home twenty minutes too late for dinner, and find everything almost cold.

His Worship feels so good, after being the means of giving so much valuable theological information to the world, that he will not consider it necessary to go to church for several weeks to come. Mattie will therefore be the sole occupant of the family pew on the next four or five Sundays.

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT the Abbey Parochial Board met on Thursday. That it was a lively meeting, and a few back-handed compliments were interchanged.

That there was any amount of protesting against the "dirty surprise."

That the game was begun by the Mandatory for Lord Blantyre protesting in his Lordship's name, and for himself.

That the Abbey D.D. dissented, on the ground of *illegality*, *irregularity*, and *unfairness*, and was content to take the judgment of the honourable portion of the public on the surprise.

That oor Rubbart sails in the same boat as the Dr this trip.

That in spite of what the Chairman *thinks* the Winning man may require to pay some attention to these proceedings.

That the Brown hydropote and the Johnstone Fish had a tussle about when the Winning man was to begin his duties.

That the Chairman thought the opposition was factious.

That in the plenitude of his generosity he condescended to put the factious amendment.

That the course taken by the Johnstone Fish was straightforward and honourable.

That the Abbey D.D. was right in resenting the insinuation of the Chairman.

That a Chairman should be impartial.

That the hydropotes got good advice from West Mount when they were told "not to crawl so crouse."

A FRESH WRONG FOR IRELAND.—Among the melodies selected by the Greenock School Board for their pupils are said to be the Scotch songs "Weel may the Boatie Row," and "The Last Rose of Summer." Shade of Tom Moore! "The Last Rose of Summer" a Scotch song! Perhaps an Academy for the Greenock School Board members is the most needful institution at present required at the port. If the Home Rulers in Sugaropolis don't resent this insult to "the noblest pisantry in the world," let them never cry for "repale" more.

Jones, who has been seeing "Caste," says that if Captain M'Call were of the famous Major Bond's way of thinking there would have been an additional reason why the *Marquise* should last week have objected to comply with *Eccles's* invitation to "ave a drain on the quiet." Funny dog!

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "D. O. G."—You had better commit suicide, to save yourself from slaughter, like the reptiles in the ballad of good St Patrick.
- "TOWN COUNCIL."—The nearer the Martin, the farther from—Will you fill up the blank?
- "GOOD TEMPLAR."—Yes; the Cuddy *has* got a "medal." But he intends to melt it at "the New Year."
- "S. N." sends in a "Song of Solemn Men," which is so painfully solemn that the BAILIE intends to postpone its insertion till after the approaching festivities, when it will be more appreciated than it would be at present.
- "BURNS STATUE COMMITTEE."—If neither Mr Gladstone nor Her Majesty can be got to unveil the statue, why not ask John Browne—of course we mean the originator of the subscription.
- "TRUTHFUL JAMES."—As you say, it is quite intolerable that Mr Kidston should be allowed to speak of a Bailie's brother being "impudent," and his application for a second licence "forward"—even though it should be true.
- "Q. P."—It won't do for some football players to get so lively on big match nights, or some of the unco guid may fancy they see marks of the hoof in the game.
- "TREASURER."—The apprehension has brought a great deal of discredit on the civic administration, and after all, the alleged defalcation is said to be very trifling in amount. There are often wheels within wheels.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. Maybesafely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

BUY FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

OVERCOATS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' OVERCOATS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,

151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1876.

HURRAH for the Shirra! and the Sheriff himself may well be excused if he hurrahs at getting his salary doubled. Wherever money enters into a matter there is sure to be some misery, and accordingly we find that the Tory clique in the Parliament House are wailing, and he of Cupar Fife is inconsolable at a father's services to the Kirk of Scotland and his party, and a son's hitherto inconspicuous public services having been cast aside in favour of a public servant whose ability, learning, and knowledge of the duties of the vacant office rendered him the most suitable candidate, and the one most acceptable to the legal profession and the public. Benjamin that was, and Beaconsfield that is, is too wily a customer to offend large and important constituencies like Glasgow and Lanarkshire, who return him two steady supporters; so, disregarding alike his professional advisers and too fussy friends, he followed the less clamorous but more important voice of true policy and the public weal. When the subject came before the Cabinet his Lordship, on learning the opinion of his old friend the BAILIE, shook his ambrosial locks and gave a nod, and FRANCIS WILLIAM CLARK became Sheriff of Lanarkshire. Consistent supporters of Sheriff CLARK'S claims like ourselves do not require to offer gushing congratulations to his Lordship or bespatter him with indiscriminate praise. We prefer to share

in the public feeling of satisfaction at the appointment; indeed, to have given it to any one else would have been an indefensible slight on Sheriff CLARK and his colleagues. His Lordship now possesses increased power and judicial authority, and has before him an extended sphere of usefulness, but he will have the valuable assistance of his Substitutes, whose support and self-denial he strangely enough omitted to recognise in his installation speech. "Well begun's half done," and we would just whisper in his Lordship's ear that he should, in the meantime, leave the administrative duties of his office as much as possible to his colleagues in that department, and concentrate the whole of his energy on the 321 appeal cases now standing in his roll and dispose of every one of them as speedily as may be. Things are clearly not as they ought to be when litigants have to wait six months before their appeals are heard. Along with the law's delay we have to commend to his Lordship's care the insolence of office in those under him. For the rest he may always rely on the BAILIE'S blessing.

♦♦♦
What Folk are Saying.

THAT the Town Council had a big meeting last week.

That as the hearing in the Chaumer isn't good something is to be done to improve it.

That the Councillors who get "sat" upon know that it is sometimes rather difficult to get "a hearing" in it.

That if what is "missed" by those at the bottom of the table is no better than what they hear the loss isn't great.

That the expenses of the Royal visit, so far as yet known, are only £9000 odds.

That of course the order of the day was—pass, pay, and look pleasant.

That Councillor Martin didn't quite see the hurry, and accordingly the public are to know how the money has been spent, and who gets it.

That Jeems also took upon himself the duty of keeping the business in order.

That the Committees have again muddled through the Parliamentary Bills without submitting them to the Council.

That Councillor Colquhoun is going to make another fight to have an end put to this sort of thing.

That the Committees should begin earlier to hatch their schemes, or wait another Session to allow them to mature.

That some time ago it was said that the Police

Board's new Bill was not to cause any extra taxation.

That now there are only some "expectations" that it won't.

That in all likelihood the certainty is that it will

That more money is to be spent in buying "notions" to help to fill the Kelvingrove Museum.

That the Tramway Company are hard up at present.

That though the City Trusts are always borrowing, the Town Council are going to lend the Tramway Company some £26,000.

That nothing is said about the rate of interest.

That if the City is so flush of money it might be as well to lend it to one of its own Trusts, and keep any benefit that may be going within itself.

That the opposition to the Conservancy Board is preparing for battle.

That Mr Marwick has taken to making explanations about the Bill.

That it would have been better to have done this earlier.

That the deputation-men are looking forward to a good long London trip.

That the Established Presbytery has taken the huff at the U.P.'s for proposing to abolish Fast Days.

That the Free Kirk is willing to consider the matter.

That Fast Days are fast changing themselves from holy days to holidays without clerical aid.

That the new dog crusade is no crusade at all.

That the police, like bad cooks, either overdo or underdo everything.

That Mr Kidston, in pursuance of his ordinary duty, had another busy week in moving refusals.

That the great widow case was settled against his will.

That the Justices have caught the Brooklyn Theatre scare.

That all the Glasgow theatres were certified as safe in case of fire before being licensed.

That the new inspection will satisfy the consciences of the J.P.'s, and do the theatres no harm.

That the Hillhead Valuation blunder is a ludicrous affair.

That like other messes it was easier got into than out of.

That the readers of the *Mail* must have been very much edified by the endless correspondence between Harry Alfred and his opponents.

That it did not rise much above the level of the fishwomen's "You're anither."

A Few Inquiries.

COUNCILLOR MARTIN strikingly resembles the late lamented Cleopatra; not of course in her morals, which were shady, or her complexion, which was dusky, but in a certain perennial freshness which somehow James never fails to exhibit. Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety, as Shakespeare neatly and poetically puts it. At a Council meeting last week he—not Shakespeare, but the other genius—wanted a detailed account of all the expenses connected with the Prince's late visit, and further, volunteered the opinion that "the end had failed for which the visit was got up." At this point it naturally occurs to the reflective mind to inquire what was the end for which the visit was got up?

Was it to demonstrate the prodigious number of umbrellas that united Glasgow could produce on a given day? Then it was not a failure.

Was it in order to disfigure George Square, it may be for years, and it may be for ever? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to display the Job-like patience and the Moses-like meekness of a Glasgow crowd under the most trying circumstances? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to enable our print-sellers to dispose of innumerable photographs and oleographs of the Royal family? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to permit an admiring public to gaze fondly on the imposing figures of a select body of our mounted police? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to see how much rain our Volunteers could stand without being actually drowned? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to give hospitable shop-keepers an opportunity of providing champagne lunches and balcony seats for their friends? Then it was not a failure.

Was it to induce a grateful Prince to reward our generous Lord — ? but that would be too absurd a supposition. To be sure in that case it would have been a dismal failure; but really Mr Martin, even your angelic eloquence will never convince us that so base a thought could find a place in a Magisterial bosom.

What! could an ermine robe cover such despicable hypocrisy without blushing? No, James, no, a thousand times no!

Honi soit qui mal y pense!

Not for "Jo"—His Worship.

Pollokshields Plutocracy.

NO. 2.—AT CHURCH DOOR, SABBATH AFTERNOON.

1st *Plutocrat* (self-made man)—"Here! I always told you our new minister was no gentleman! I won't have my family insulted either in church or out of it, with such low language. His last congregation might stand it, but he'll soon find that Pollokshields won't. My sons and daughters can admire a refined style of prayer, but such words as these——!"

2nd *Plutocrat*—"I must really give him a hint at the next session meeting to be more careful. I hear that he has wrought a good deal among the poor, and maybe picked up some of their rough expressions; we must excuse him."

1st *Plutocrat*—"Well, I know what is due to my family. I will take sittings in one of the new churches up in the Shields, where I will be among ladies and gentlemen."

[Earnest young minister has had a long and vigorous extract from the Litany in his closing prayer, beginning "From all evil and mischief," &c., &c., "Good Lord, deliver us."]

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT like its author, the response to the four thousand appeal is "limited."

That nobody appears to know whether the proposed Institute is to be a club free from the restraints of Forbes Mackenzie, or another propaganda of intolerance like the "Temperance."

That whatever it is to be, there is little chance of the scheme being carried out unless the "conditional donor" comes out a la M'Lean.

That the Greenock "thousand," and the Port-Glasgow "hundred," will be quite safe for want of backers.

That the "French atmospheric disturbance" will no doubt act as a "ray of sunshine" on the next income tax assessment.

That the idea of the "tousy tyke" coming out as the champion of good school manners and deportment is vastly amusing.

That Bailies who refuse all new licences need not wonder at the rise in value of grogshop property.

That the Dean's alarm whistle was needed to prevent the authorities from being befogged in the mists of their *omnium gatherum* bill.

That local politics and schemes must not stand in the way of fighting bullying-Jamie, and wheedling Marwick to the death.

That Commander Cameron is a much better walker than he is a talker.

"LET ME THE CANNIKIN CLINK."—At the reunion of the spirit trade last week, the Chairman said that the "restricting of licenses drove drink into the houses of the poor." The Animile, who says he is as poor as the proverbial church mouse, states that all the efforts of Ferniegair and his supporters have never as yet driven a drop of liquor into his house.

The Burn whence no Traveller Returns—The Styx.

The Clothes-ing Scene in the Royal Pantomime—B. Hyam's window.

Here's a Chance!!!

THIS announcement appears in the *Scotsman* of last week:—

"MATRIMONY.—A Young Rising Artist wishes to meet with a Well-Connected, Amiable, and Musical Young Lady, with a view to the above, to assist him on in his profession. Must have Means. Episcopalian. Address, in full confidence, enclosing Carte, E 9, *Scotsman* Office."

The Animile, to prevent mistakes (he is in Eg's confidence), appends the following free translation of the announcement:—

"MATRIMONY.—A Young Artist—*rising* only as to his profession, but already risen to a great height in his own estimation, and in amount of *cheek*—wishes to meet with some young lady, who has money enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his life. The lady should be silly enough for anything, well-connected, amiable, and able to 'soothe his leisure with dulcet melody.'"

Must have means. This sentence (the keystone of the whole structure) *means* a great deal.

Paint.

SOMEBODY advertises in the *Herald* a "butcher's business for sale," adding that it is "newly painted." The BAILIE presumes that when the advertiser talks of "painting," he refers to the commendations which he bestows upon the business in question; but is not such a phrase rather injudicious? Painting is, after all, but a surface matter, and the use of the word seems rather calculated to cause intending purchasers to look rather shyly upon the "business." But perhaps his Worship is mistaken; he long ago gave up trying to comprehend the ways of advertisers—except, of course, those of his own.

Doubtful.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £50 "Conscience Money" from "X.XX." The initials are suggestive. Is the repentant one a reformed brewer, or—happy thought!—a penitent teetotaler, who has just become alive to his iniquity in defrauding the revenue by not patronising exciseable liquors? His Worship would fain believe the latter theory to be the correct one; but he has his doubts. He doesn't believe anybody once infected by the errors of teetotalism would ever have the grace to do so noble and honourable a thing. Ask Bailie Collins if he would.

DOCTRINAL.—A paragraph in a local contemporary is headed "Label on a Manchester Surgeon." As Robert de Bruce's nobles carried their titles in their right hands, so some surgeons may be none the worse of having their diplomas plastered on their backs.

"Oor Ain Sea-Maws."

THE members of the Wigtown Town Council have waxed wroth exceedingly with their clerk, because, finding he could get the burgh printing done more cheaply in Newtown-Stewart than in Wigtown, he sent it to the former place. The opinion of the Council, as plainly set forth by the Provost, is that "they should keep their ain fish-guts for their ain sea-maws"—a most proper and municipal policy. Are there, by the way, any "sea-maws" of the printing "persuasion" in this pawky Council?

Autres Temps, Autres Mœurs.

COUNCILLOR MOIR excused his absence from a "soirée and ball" given the other evening by Councillor Finlay, on the ground that he was "not a dancing man." Yet, if the BAILIE mistakes not, some people even younger than the "oldest inhabitant" can remember a period when the Gallowgate tribune's agility on the greensward was undeniable. Years, however, bring sedateness. Eh, Councillor?

The *Birmingham Post* informs the world that a "poetical" quotation in a recent speech by Mr John Bright was taken from Ebenezer Elliott's poem "The Ranter." Sarcastic Conservatives—of whom the BAILIE may, or may not, be one—hint that the selection was highly appropriate.

Some members of the Town Council kicked up a row last week about their colleagues not speaking loud enough; and one gentleman expressed his fear that the reporters did not always catch what was said. The worthy man may keep his mind easy. It would not matter a jot if the reporters *never* heard a word that was said.

GOING AHEAD.—As every year Christmas is being more early anticipated by the "Annuals," the BAILIE hopes to see the time when these double numbers (double priced) will be issued in July or early August. At that season there would be something deliciously grateful in the customary picture of a Christmas snowstorm.

The Dog Daze.

A BOYTON dress to save dogs from drowning is made of muzzlin'.

The BAILIE fancies a hungry Glasgow cur could pick a Bain without "Yorkshire Relish" just now.

The "Hydrophobia Scare" is plural now, it has become hydrophobia scarce.

Law is Law.

MR GEMMEL recently dismissed a case on the ground that it could not be shown that a spirit-shop was "a turnpike road, a public or private street or court, the outside of any building adjoining the same, or a common stair,"—in short that a spirit-shop was *not* a spirit-shop. There is something so tremendously legal about this, that the BAILIE is almost reconciled to the appointment of the Stipendiary—and to his £1200. One cannot but feel safe under the jurisdiction of a lawyer capable of giving a decision based upon such overpowering grounds as those. Which of your citizen Magistrates could have done it? Conscience! not even the BAILIE himself!

A speaker at the recent "festival" of the wine, spirit, and beer trade of Glasgow, declared that bitter beer was a "non-intoxicating beverage." The Animile, whose taste for Bass is almost as well developed as his liking for Glenlivet, observes that if this is the gentleman's experience, he must lack perseverance.

Unlicensed Students—The operatic rioters.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Every Evening during the Week at 7-30,
The Performance will commence with a LAUGHABLE FARCE;
after which,
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JO.
Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY) and EVERY EVENING,
OUR BOYS.
By Mr W. DUCK's Celebrated Company, under the Direction of
Mr E. W. GARDEN.
Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
Last Five Nights of
THE MIDGET HANLONS AND VOLTA TWINS,
In their TERRIFIC FLIGHTS in MID-AIR.
NEXT TIME GO!! Great Sensation!!!
UNPARALLELED DIVE OF 70 FEET BY LITTLE BOB,
Causing the intensest excitement! Should be seen by all.
ALSO, 40 OTHER STARS, including Wonderful Japanese
Balancers, Ventriloquists, Clowns, Acrobats, Pantomimists.
TWO BALLETS NIGHTLY.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Last Week of the Largest Company ever
seen in Scotland.
Doors Open at 7, Commence at 7.30; Terminate about 10.15.
Saturdays, Doors Open at 6.30.
Admission—Amphitheatre, 1s; Gallery, 6d.
Other Seats, 1s 6d, 3s, 4s. Half-price at 9 o'clock.
Boxes, One to Three Guineas.
Box Office Open from 12 till 3 o'clock.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.
CITY HALL.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 12TH DECEMBER, 1876.

SOLO VOCALIST:

M D M E. N O U V E R.

SOLO OBOE:

M. C A S T E G N I E R.

FIFTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

TUESDAY, 19TH DECEMBER, 1876.

SOLO VOCALIST:

M I S S H E L E N A R N I M.

SOLO PIANIST:

H E R R E. P A U E R.

KIBBLE PALACE CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 16TH DECEMBER, 1876.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

CONDUCTOR.....MR SULLIVAN.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 16TH DECEMBER.

SECOND ANNUAL COMPETITION CONCERT!
To encourage Musical Talent and Proficiency in Solo Singing by
Amateur Vocalists, the Directors have arranged for a Second
Annual

COMPETITION OF SOLO VOCALISTS,
Sopranos, Contraltos, Tenors, and Bass,
Fifteen Competitors, selected from a Large Number of Candidates
from all parts of the Country.

The following Gentlemen have kindly consented to act as
Judges:—H. A. LAMBETH, Esq.; J. SELIGMANN, Esq.; W. M.
MILLER, Esq.; T. L. STILLIE, Esq.; and HENRY TOSH, Esq.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
Concert to commence at Half-past 7 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

HIGH-CLASS PICTURES
CHINA, BRONZES, &c.

AT
THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.

The FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINT-
INGS and WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Members of
the above Club, is NOW OPEN in Mr ANNAN'S GALLERY,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, from 10 a.m. till Dusk. Admission
Free.

All who are interested in Art are invited.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be Enrolled
for Year 1877, thus giving them the benefit of Present Month
Gratis.
BY ORDER,
1st December, 1876.

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 19th of December inst., at Two o'clock afternoon.

Ballochmyle, 5th December, 1876.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—

ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

- BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.
 DENNIS TOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.
 CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
 EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

THE NATIONAL PICTURE.

THE LAST MUSTER:
 SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.
 Painted by HUBERT HERKOMER.

Is ON VIEW for a Few Days at the Gallery of Mr W. CRAIBE ANGUS, 159 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.
 Open from 10 till Dusk. Admission 1s.

AT 108 WEST NILE STREET, on THURSDAY, 14th December.
 EXTENSIVE SALE OF WINES & SPIRITS,
 In Bond and Duty Paid, consisting of
 BRANDY, RUM, PORT, SHERRY, CHAMPAGNE,
 CLARET, BURGUNDY, HOCK,
 MUSCATEL, SPARKLING HOCK, &c.,
 BY AUCTION.

P BURN, SON, & CO. beg to intimate that they are instructed by the Trustees of the late Mr George Elphick, Wine Merchant, to sell his Whole Stock of High-Class WINES and SPIRITS, embracing—

IN BOND—

- 37 Hogsheads, 1 Butt, and 27 Quarter Casks SHERRY.
 1 Octave MUSCATEL.
 21 Hogsheads and 4 Quarter Casks PORT.
 11 Hogsheads and 220 Cases CLARET.
 23 Cases CHAMPAGNE.
 5 Quarter Casks BRANDY.
 158 Cases BRANDY.
 2 Quarter Casks RUM.
 DUTY PAID—
 76 Dozen CLARET.
 9 Cases BURGUNDY.
 15 10-12 Dozen HOCK (Pints).
 15 Dozen HOCK (Quarts).
 8 2-12 Dozen SPARKLING HOCK.
 21 Cases CHAMPAGNE (Pints).
 51 Cases CHAMPAGNE (Quarts).
 1 3-12 Dozen CHABLIS.

The Auctioneers have much pleasure in recommending this first-class Stock to Purchasers, having been all selected by the late George Elphick himself, and to be entirely Sold without Reserve.

Catalogues can be had from the Auctioneers, 108 West Nile Street, or forwarded on application.
 Samples on View the day prior. Sale to begin at 12 o'clock.
 108 West Nile Street, 29th November, 1876.

GREAT GOOD THINGS.

A number of years ago DR NORMAN MACLEOD edited a "Good Words for Young People," the character of which was indeed like its name. In 1874-5 its name was changed, and astonishing improvements were made. That volume contains no less than 500 pictures, a splendid Story by George MacDonald, in 15 Chapters; a very good Story by Louisa M. Alcott, the great American Authoress, in 24 Chapters; another great Story, in 48 Chapters, by Charles Camden; and still another, in 17 Chapters, by the celebrated Hans Christian Andersen; A Tale of the Franco-Prussian War, in 7 Chapters; a great Many Curious and Amusing Puzzles, 34 Instructive Educational Papers, 67 Stories and Character Pictures, 23 Entertaining Biographies, 44 Fairy Tales, Funny Fables, and Wise Parables, 13 Delightfully Stirring Adventures, 30 Stories about Animals, 33 Stories and Pictures in Rhyme, 39 Scraps and Curiosities collected by the Editor—the whole is contained in 792 Large Clearly Printed Pages. Pictorially you have a Panorama of the Most Varied and Entertaining Description. Such an instrument to turn dull winter into a summer time of glorious pleasure and delight for the children has never before been offered, and at a Price for the Whole not to be believed.

TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
 125 INGRAM STREET.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours,
 Coloured Photos. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
 WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
 68 JAMAICA STREET,
 TWO STAIRS UP.

The stair leading to our Establishment is a few paces within the same vestibule as that which leads to the Staffordshire China Hall.

The saving effected in purchasing from us will amply repay any trouble in finding the entrance.

High Class Felt Hats for Gents, Youths, and Boys, Newest Styles, Best Makes from 3s 6d to 7s 3d, Best Quality.

SATIN HATS from 8s 6d to 12s 6d.

Tradesmen and others should see our Felt Hats at 1s 2½d, 1s 9½d, 2s 9d, and 3s, guaranteed made entirely from New Materials only, and in all the latest fashions.

SATIN HATS FOR 4s and 6s EACH.

The best value ever offered.

The cheapest and best place to purchase Ladies', Misses', and Boy's Felt, Straw, and Velvet Hats, all at wholesale prices.

ONE TRIAL IS SPECIALLY REQUESTED.

ONLY ONE PROFIT, AS WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

Over 20,000 of the Newest Shapes in Straw, Leghorn, Felt, Velvet, and Silk Hats always in stock.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING CO.

The most extensive Hat Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment in the Kingdom, Straw, Felt, Leghorns, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the latest shapes.

Gent.'s cast-off Felt, and Silk Hats, Cleaned, Dyed, and altered to all the shapes now in fashion for Ladies, Misses, and Boys. These Hats are made equal in appearance and are quite as durable as new, 200 shapes are shown as patterns, including the new Gainsborough, Shaftesbury, Duchess, &c., &c.

No Charge for Dyeing Black.

Blue, Green, Purple, and other Fancy Colours Charged Extra. Single Hats of all Kinds received.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS (100 FEET LONG),
 72 JAMAICA STREET.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone ex-
tensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and fur-
nished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, com-
bined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.
CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at
134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.
136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.
Corner of George Street and High Street.
Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.
Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.
Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.
450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at
WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

C H R I S T M A S C A R D S.

L O R I M E R,
14 RENFIELD STREET, AND 52 JAMAICA STREET.

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS,
British and Foreign, all Styles and Prices.

Scrap Books, mounted and blank, from 1s to £10 10s. Carte
de Visite and Cabinet Albums, all the latest novelties, including
the new Easel Album. Swiss Carved Goods, a variety of useful
and elegant articles. Chromos and Screen Pictures of every
kind. The largest stock of Photographs in the West of Scot-
land. Photographs arranged and neatly mounted. Pictures
framed.—A. DUTHIE, 6 RENFIELD STREET.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for **BINDING APPREN-
TICES**, Stamped or Unstamped.—**ROBT. LAWSON**,
LITHOGRAPHER and **PRINTER**, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

THE BEST VALUE
In **LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY**,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S
23 UNION STREET,
Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents.' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and Gents.'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,
From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve
Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Café, and
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

A V O I D D R A U G H T S.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures.
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at
very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW

GLENFIELD STARCH.

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.**

"**THE SLAVE.**" Large Coloured Photo., by
Messrs Goupil, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR
FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,
71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE
DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can
now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID,
City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to
insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent
capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat
Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready
for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W. & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots
and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for
some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say
with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest
and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises
enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited
according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT,
75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nel-
son Street, S.S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,
UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Requirements from the Manufacturers, SHORT AND STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SHORT AND STEWART,

18 BUCHANAN STREET.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

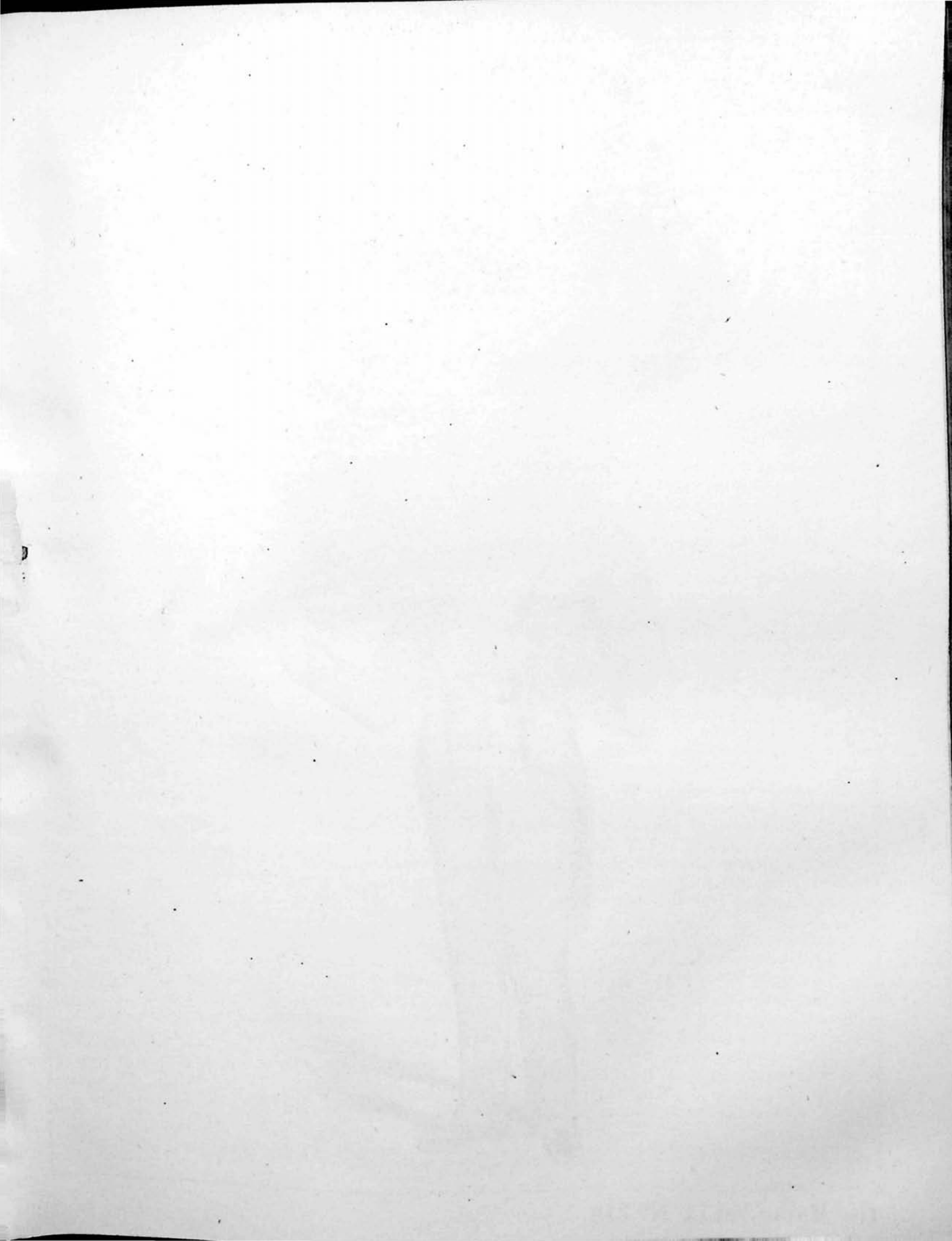
SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella, Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such. Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 218 Glasgow, Wednesday, December 20th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 218.

INTERESTING himself as he does mainly in the graver concerns of his native city, the BAILIE yet makes it a duty as well as finds it a pleasure, in common he believes with the wiser of his brethren on the Bench, to take paternal note of the recreations of his fellow citizens, and His Worship knows no purer or more elevating enjoyment than in listening to music of a high class, interpreted, as at present amongst us, by executants of skill, taste, and experience. The BAILIE seldom misses a night at the Choral or Orchestral Concerts, and he notices with gratification the increasing appreciation in which the instrumental music itself is being held, for, a growing liking for that department of the art which is illustrative for the most part of ideas in the abstract, argues a growing refinement of taste and an increasing apprehension of musical form and expression. Having been an enthusiastic fiddle-player in his young days, and occasionally yet solacing himself with a tune on the tenor when the cares of office press heavily, it is not to be wondered at that among all the instruments of the orchestra the BAILIE feels the deepest interest in the violins, and it is therefore also with peculiar pleasure to himself, as well as in response to what must be the desire of his readers, that the principal violin of the Glasgow Resident Orchestra, or "leader," as he is technically called, Mr JOHN T. CARRODUS, is this week placed in His Worship's portrait gallery. This distinguished player is a native of Keighley, a flourishing Yorkshire town mainly engaged in worsted manufactures, and rather noted of late for its spirited but mistaken resistance to vaccination. Keighley, it may be remembered, is close to Haworth, the home of the Brontés. "The voices of the inhabitants," Mrs Gaskell observes in the descrip-

VOL. IX.

tion of that town in her "Life of Charlotte Bronté," "are hard, and their tones discordant, promising little of the musical taste that distinguishes the district, and which has already furnished a CARRODUS to the musical world." The rather Latin-like cognomen of our violinist, suggesting indeed to most people, naturally, the foreign rather than the native artist, is, it would seem, a corruption of Carruthers—a family of that name having migrated into Yorkshire sometime during the last century, from Dumfriesshire; which is another proof, by-the-bye, that a little genealogical study will decide every distinguished man to have been a Scotchman. The elder Carrodus who was in business at Keighley, was the musical spirit of the town, a violin player, and the leader of its choral society, and his son showing a decided taste for the violin at an early age, it was resolved that he should follow as a profession the art his father was so devoted to. The future concerto-player studied eight and even ten hours a-day, making rapid progress. He made his first public appearance in his native town, when he played one of De Beriot's solos—at that time very popular; and obtaining an introduction to Molique, he went to London—when only twelve years of age—for lessons from that famous German violinist and composer, who was temporarily resident there and in the zenith of his fame. Molique was at that time concert master at Stuttgart, to the Duke of Wurtemberg, and was so pleased with the skill of his pupil (who could essay his own most difficult compositions), and the progress he was making, that, requiring to return to his home duties, the warm-hearted maestro offered to give the lad gratuitous lessons if he would accompany him to Germany, which our violinist did, being there during the eventful year 1848, and remaining till of the age of 17 or 18, studying both the violin and musical composition. The first orchestral engagement he

obtained on his return home was, it is interesting to know, in Glasgow, in the winter of 1851, under Julian Adams, then giving concerts somewhat *à la Julien*. Mr CARRODUS took further instruction from Molique, who had become permanently resident in London, and he was next engaged—a step higher—for the first Bradford Musical Festival, under the conductorship of Costa, when he played a solo by his musical mentor and favourite composer. Costa, not then knighted, marked his approval of the playing of CARRODUS by at once engaging him for the Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, where he entered in the rear rank of the first violins with many eminent players as his compeers, besides becoming a member of the principal societies in London. His first important appearance in the metropolis, as a soloist, was at one of the concerts of the once celebrated but now defunct "Musical Society of London," conducted by the late Alfred Mellon. It was a surprise to most people that there was one in the ranks of the Orchestra capable of executing the difficult solo music performed, and it was not long ere the appointment was offered and accepted of leading violin at Her Majesty's Theatre under Signor Arditì. There at this historical house, so full of vicissitudes and odd experiences, Mr CARRODUS remained a few years, and then transferred his services back to "the other house" (Covent Garden) as leader (in place of sixteenth when he entered), and that post Mr CARRODUS now holds. The career of Mr CARRODUS is a splendid example of talent, industry, and determination. He has now attained a position among the masters of the violin, the first of instruments, which entitles him to a place in the long roll of distinguished players Continental and British; a roll which includes the names of Corelli, Tartini, Viotti, Paganini, and Sivori; Lulli, Baillot, Rode, Vieuxtemps, and Sainton; Salomon, Spohr, Ernst, and Joachim; Linley, Mori, and Blagrove. It is no exaggeration to say that in JOHN CARRODUS we have probably the best and most valuable exponent of the English school of violin playing—a school legitimate as the German without its heaviness, and graceful and attractive as the French or Italian without the frivolities of either. Mr CARRODUS was fortunate in his master, and following that distinguished example he has never at any time yielded to *ad captandum* "trick playing," but has continued to respect and to hold his place, not only as a soloist of the best class, but as a leader on whom the fullest de-

pendence can be placed for orchestral steadiness, firmness, and judgment, and for an entire absence of mannerism or eccentricity.

Mercurius? Maist Curious!

THE BAILIE is indebted to a London contemporary for the following valuable information:—"Mercurius's Predicting Almanac for 1877, says:—In July of 1877, Venus elevated above the sun, and Jupiter leaving his dignities in the second, elevated above the moon, denotes prosperity to India, Holland, Belgium, and Scotland." His Worship had not previously been aware of the existence of Mr Mercurius, but he is now becoming daily mair curious (ahem!) about him. A gentleman so intimately acquainted with the future doings of the heavenly bodies must be a most desirable acquaintance, even though his grammar *is* shaky. It is very kind of Jupiter to leave his dignities in the second—let's hope he'll recover them in an instant when he wants them—all for the sake of increasing the prosperity of Auld Scotland. As for the other places, they can go to the deuce if they like. At the same time, His Worship cannot look forward with any satisfaction to the spectacle of Jupiter and Venus in an "elevated" condition. Both must, indeed, have forgotten their "dignities." They should remember that they are heavenly bodies, and behave "as sich." What if they were to lose their balance, and come toppling "adown the heights of heaven" plump into the BAILIE'S premises at Number 81? Wow! wouldn't there be a stramash? No, Monsieur and Madame, leave your dignities in the second, or the third, or the fourth if you like, but *don't* get elevated, in spite of what Mr Mercurius says. It's not respectable, and, more than that, it's dangerous.

Some folks think that the students should have been made to pay the piper sweetly for their little game at the opera. But *tenez!* perhaps they did pay him after all.

"Our Boys" must be good. The Dux Company is of course at the top of the profession.

Proof of the Extraordinary Mildness of the Season—Brandy-blossoms out upon the Ass's nose.

We are enjoined not to hide the discovery of blessings found by the way: see the HINDOO PENS.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Nile, and the Waverley Pen."
Is per box. Sold at all Stationers, Is id by Post. Patentees:
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the East Enders have always some grievance or another.

That they are pretty often successful in their opposition.

That they are likely to be so in the case of the proposed manure depot at Dalmarnock Road.

That it is a strange improvement to propose to make bad worse.

That the Cleansing Department might more usefully direct its attention to keeping certain city streets clean this dirty weather.

That the Lighting Committee were in too big a hurry in proposing to do away with rat tail burners in street lamps, without counting the cost of the change.

That if Captain Smart thought one gas burner as good as two policemen, he had as correct an opinion of the value of the force as the public.

That crime is rather prevalent in the East End at present.

That the Police Board and its affairs generally don't seem to be in a healthy way.

That the Lord Provost City Church scheme is getting severely knocked about.

That its dearness is likely to be the death of it.

That like other pretended blessings, it may be very much "in disguise."

That the Trades' Council are resolved to raise a howl about the £200 given to the Policemen's Society.

That if such howling pleases them it isn't likely to hurt anybody.

That the City Hall Organ has been got ready at last.

That it has taken as long to repair it as it would to have put up a new one.

That it is to be hoped that the cost of the repairs is not in the same proportion.

That it was very opportune to have it ready for the singing match night.

That there should have been a trial between it and the vocalists to see which could make the most noise.

That the whole affair then would have been a trial of "organs" and "pipes."

That the Govanites have high hopes of an early revival of the shipbuilding trade.

That if all's true it was more through luck than good engineering that their steam ferry did not blow some of them to the happy hunting ground recently.

That model management too often means putting things right after an accident has happened.

That we are to get a grand new railway station at George Square.

That we are also to get a permanent Opera House in the West End

That if we don't get either it won't be the first time such projects have fallen through.

That the chiefs at Gilmorehill are preparing for the next Rectorial campaign.

That it would oblige the public if some of them would attend to their lessons, instead of showing off their dialectic skill in the columns of the morning papers.

That Harry Alfred and the priests were at it again last week.

That if their supply of dirt should run out they can get plenty, and "have it out" on the quiet in George Square.

That the Barony Kirk Soiree was an historical affair altogether.

That there was more good fun in the speeches than is usual at kirk kettle drums.

That Mr John Burns' comparison of some City Kirks to blown eggs was pat and pithy.

That like other big guns a shot from him generally does some damage.

That the Burns statue inauguration looks being a big thing on paper.

That as there are apparently not enough of people in Glasgow to do justice to the occasion, the Paisley bodies are to lend a hand.

That the Christmas which comes but once a year is a-coming.

That the Pantomimes, magic caves, and all that sort of thing, are getting into full swing.

That the church bazaars are among the season's dissipations.

That the Dissenters seem to be going in for most of it this year.

That between the kirk and the deil there is sure to be a good deal of money changing hands.

That when the said Christmas comes it is hoped it will bring good cheer to the BAILIE and his readers, not forgetting the few who don't subscribe to his paper.

One Joe Gorill, has "got three months" at an English Police Court for mauling a policeman, and breaking his brother-in-law's shoulder. Very like a Gorilla, wasn't it?

An ill-natured ass (not the BAILIE'S) says that Arctic discoverers generally are a "scurvy" set.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Your Worship must be pleased to know that the pantomimes will be to-night in full swing. Whether you enjoy them or not, your readers will at all events.

"Aladdin" is a power among pantomimes. It has been produced no fewer than three times in Glasgow within this last dozen years, and Mr Wm. Glover's ingenuity must have been sorely tried this time to introduce any novelty in the *mise-en-scene* of his holiday entertainment. He has, however, I may assure your Worship, done himself and his theater every justice. For weeks back he has been seldom seen without his ducks, straw hat, and reefing Jacket, and his people have from morning till night made the caulisses re-echo with sounds not unlike those of Bedlam.

Mr Bernard has thrown himself heartily into the production of his yearly Christmas spectacle. I use the word "spectacle" advisedly, as the stage of the Gaiety at pantomime time is one of the brightest and cheeriest scenes you can imagine. The Gaiety scenery is the work of Smithers, Young, and Parker, and is light and sparkling; and music, acting, and, in fact, everything else in the affair, will be, I can assure you, appropriate, novel, and effective.

Mr Fred. Cooke will not give us his pantomime at the Prince of Wales until Saturday. The place is closed this week, and every effort is being made to render "Prince Beamish" a successful production.

So Coe, late stage-manager of the Haymarket, has got a verdict, damages £1035, against Sothorn & Buckstone. A London friend tells me that the court was crowded each day with professionals, and the general feeling, he says, was undoubtedly against Coe. The verdict is considered by the profession as very unjust. However, it is to be appealed against, when it is to be hoped it will be reversed.

Boucicault appealed against Vice-Chancellor Malins's decision in favour of Chatterton, anent the "Shaughraun," but has again lost the day; so anybody is at liberty to produce that popular play free of charge, and without any permission from anybody.

The theatres, my friend in the big village says, with the exception of the Court, Prince of Wales, and Vaudeville, are experiencing the dulness usual just before the holidays. Pantomime, he goes on to say, is not in the ascendant at the West End, in fact Covent Garden and Drury Lane are the only theatres in the fashionable part of the town that really produce a legitimate pantomime.

A benefit is being arranged for Compton at Drury Lane; he has been very ill for some time, and it is feared he will be unable to act again.

Barry Sullivan, as you would see from the daily prints, met with an accident in "Richard III." the other evening. During the fight his cheek was cut open. He has frequently performed the same operation for various *Richmonds*, I hear, so perhaps he will be more careful for the future.

Mr Bancroft's evidence in the trial *Coe v. Sothorn* was remarkable in one respect. He had the justice and fairness to say that he thought very often the agent's fee for engagements should be paid by the manager and not the actor—a statement which was rather courageous, considering the number of managers in court. But then the Prince of Wales' management is notoriously liberal, just, and considerate.

Messrs Duncan Keith & Buchanan will next Wednesday expose for sale a fine collection of busts, figures, vases, and other stationary works in the studio at 89 Bothwell Street.

The unanimity which is said to exist among the members of the Burns Statue Committee seem to extend to the distinguished men who have been asked to unveil the monument, as one after the other they have declined the proffered honour. In this extremity Lord Houghton has been applied to; will another refusal be the result?

I paid my second visit to the "North British Gallery" in Gordon Street last Friday, and found the arrangements considerably more advanced, and the Exhibition now in capital order. Mr White's name is a sufficient guarantee for the quality of his pictures, and his latest Linnell, fresh from the painter's easel, is a splendid specimen of what the noble old painter of 84 can still

do. Israels, Tissot, Cooper, Hayes, Laslett Pott, and G. H. Boughton are some of the other painters represented; and, amongst several Scottish artists, James A. Aitken has found his place.

A considerable number of water-colours will be on view in the course of a few days, and then the Exhibition may be said to be complete.

On the whole, I do not see that this succession of capital Exhibitions—Agnew's, Lawrie's, Marsden's, and White's—can be other than mutually beneficial to their promoters (and indeed, ultimately, to our local artists), as they all tend to excite a love of what is good and true in art, and largely to increase the number of buyers; nor can I believe that our own Fine Art Institute will be any loser by them, if only the contributions to the forthcoming Exhibition be up to the usual mark.

I should like to call your Honour's attention to one of our poor friend J. Clarke's happiest efforts, which may be seen in Bryson & Hilton's window, Sauchiehall Street, and to state that the portrait of Mr D. Forbes, presented to him on Friday by a few influential friends, and painted by Sir Daniel Macnee, was a very striking one.

Mr Moyr Smith of London is just now on a visit to his native city. The other afternoon I had the pleasure of calling upon him, when he showed me several recently-published books of which he had designed the illustrations, and of one of which—"The Prince of Argolis"—he is the author. The designs are chiefly illustrative of Greek life, and are full of fancy and culture, few living artists having done more to charm us with the exquisite graces of Greek genius than our fellow-citizen, Mr Smith. Q.

About George Square—No more "railing."

A Burns Statue Relieved—The relieving of the public mind of the false impression about Mrs D. O. Hill.

From Jail Square—A bird sold in the market's worth two on the street.

"Music hath Charms"—One of them is her c(h)oral lips.

Transmutation of Metal—Thirty-thousand pieces of silver into a bronze statue. [A hint to Harlequin.]

The Great Turf Swindle—George Square.

Captain Nares has been made a K.C.B. This is only right, as he is certainly a knight who came back, as some think, without going very far forward.

In view of yet another Arctic expedition the Animile commends Hamlet's solution of the difficulty to Captain Nares:—"And by a sleep to end the *Arctic* and the thousand natural shocks (scurvy included) that flesh is heir to."

A VENERABLE JOKE.

Scene: Time, Evening—a railway bridge—solitary occupant—a Norland rustic.

A train whizzes past.

Rustic, half-dementit, rushes to the nearest cottage—

"Billies come here for ony sake. Here's a smiddie awa' wi' a raw o' hooses"!!!

An Objection on Principle.

YOUNG Golightly, who we grieve to say is most irregular in his attendance at church, was shocked to learn from a speech of Dr Marshall Lang's the other day, that in ancient times "absentees from the kirk without excuse" were liable to a fine of £20. He is astonished that people should be found who profess to regret the good old times, as they call them, if that is a fair specimen of the rules they used to have. Not that it would affect him, he continues, although the law were still in force, as he never stays from church without an excuse. Either he has been too late of getting to bed on Saturday, or he has a splitting headache, or there's a hole in his best gloves, or the weather is too wet, or too cold, or too foggy, or too warm, or he has no small change, or he requires to write an important post-card, or something. At the same time he objects on principle to regulations of that sort, as being an encroachment on the liberty of the subject.

A Queer Taste.

THE Ass is disgusted with the present generation. He read in the papers last week that a spirit shop in town had been broken open, and among other things the thieves made off with a bottle of—quinine wine! He wants to know what this degenerate age is coming to, when our burglars prefer quinine as a tippie. If they had helped themselves to a few gallons of Glenlivet now, a fellow-feeling would have made the animal wondrous kind, but he hasn't an atom of sympathy for the dyspeptic duffers who would commit a crime for stuff that doesn't cheer, and can't even inebriate. He expects to hear next of somebody breaking half of the Ten Commandments for the sake of some rhubarb pills or a pound or two of Epsom salts.

MIND V. MATTER

'Tis "mind that makes the body rich,"
Not granite used instead of stone;
It matters not what's bust or niche,
If o'er it genius' grace be thrown.

KIRKINTILLOCH.

1st *Worthy*—"Great electioneerin' birr agin."

2nd *Do.*—"Ay! an nae won'er—we're up tae the een holes in glaur—fine Commissioners."

1st—"Man, Jeems, they should a' be dookit iin't. Did ye notice in the newspapers onything about the drunks soopin the streets in some toon? Hoo wad that dae here?"

2nd—"It nicht dae, John, but whaur wad they a' get besoms?"

"O Tam, O Tam, ye'll get your Fairin'!"

THE *London Scottish Journal* is evidently flattered by the BAILIE'S reference to it the other week, since it quotes his paragraph entire. It strives, however, to conceal its exultation under a veil of innocence, and styles His Worship's remarks "An Enigma," going on to ask with the most infantine air, "Who is T—m, who is B—m, and what is D—n?" *O sancta simplicitas!* T. W., don't try on any of your games with the Magistrate, wha kens you of old. If it had been the guileless child of nature "Jim," of the *Sporting Times*, with whom you now in your little Fleet Street nest agree, His Worship could have understood and pardoned this innocence, or maiden bashfulness, or whatever it is; but *you*, T—m! Oh, fie! Why don't you ask "what is whisky," at once?

Too Fast.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the BAILIE an old newspaper clipping which runs thus:—"To commercial gentlemen.—FAST on Thursday, 30th November." His Worship regrets that this injunction did not fall into his hands in time to be of any use; but he consoles himself with the reflection that even if it had gained the publicity of his columns before the 30th of November, it is not likely that it would have made much difference. "Commercial gentlemen" are not, as a rule, inclined to fast at anybody's bidding; and to those who are an exception to the rule one day is surely the same as another. Try the 30th November, 1877, or better still, the 31st.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS?—After reading "*in re* Pairman," as reported in the most largely circulated newspapers, the BAILIE is a little curious to know what sort of cases those are that are tried with closed doors.

Taken Up by the Police—Val de Travers.

Place of a Knaveiary—*Qu.* The Bird-market or the Jail?

Mr Hedderwick's "Turn"—To give the "re-proof valiant." [*As you like it.*]

The Ship-capp'd Tower, the Gorgeous Palaces—George Square toward the west.

A "New" Home for Opera—Glasgow!!!—!

Mac-Arthur's "Criterion"—Judging from the architectural expression, the skullery is on the top-flat.

Struck with a Feather!

A NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

BETSY.

(By Miss SODA NAUGHTYUN.)

HERE am I, Betsy Larkins, swinging my legs, clad in a pair of my brother Jack's unmentionables, as I sit on the edge of a table in the Megatherium Music Hall. I have borrowed a suit of his checked "dittoes," his ulster, and other masculine paraphernalia, and set out to see life for myself. I am thankful for the ulster, which preserves the semblance of petticoats. There's nothing like letting oneself down gently into this sort of thing. Without this ample garment, I should feel, as Mr Pecksniff puts it, "very cool and airy—especially about the legs."

I am at Rome, and I am doing as Rome does. That is to say, I have stuck my hat on one side of my head, lighted a cigar, and ordered a big glass of brandy-and-soda. The cigar makes me feel very unwell, and I can't say that I like the B. and S., but I must keep up my part at any risk. The Larkins' motto is "Ne dites jamais 'Mourir!'" and I am determined to act up to it.

I hear some one say, evidently referring to this child, "What a day he's having!" while another responds, "He *is* enjoying of himself!" I'm *not*; and as I look round to see what sort of person it is who has fallen into such an egregious mistake, I catch sight of myself in a mirror.

Well, Betsy, you never *were* good-looking, but you look *awful* at this moment,—almost as bad as your sister Aholibah, and *that's* saying a lot. My complexion is never particularly brilliant, but the united effects of the cigar and B. and S. have imparted to it at this moment a greenish hue. My hair is red—there's no use in trying to convince myself that it's auburn—and, having been unskillfully clipped for this adventure, presents, to say the least, a ragged appearance, while that squint is painfully apparent.

Ah, well! it is not given to every one to possess the charms of the fascinating, serio-comic young lady who is at this moment singing of the delights of "Spooning with Sam in the Moonlight." As I made this reflection, a deep voice breaths in my ear—"I'll strike you with a feather!" What! are not those the words I heard but ten minutes ago from the lips of that magnificently ugly comique, Prance Fitzdermott Gaybourne M'Scamp? I turn round. It is he. Our eyes meet for an instant, and then mine suddenly fall,

making a splash in my B. and S., out of which I am obliged to fish them.

"Betsy," he murmurs, in a deep passionate whisper, straining me to his mangy sealskin waistcoat; "Betsy, I know all!" Then, clasping me still more closely, and sinking his voice to a thrilling thunderous diapason that shakes the roof—"I have longed for this moment, Betsy—hungered and thirsted after it—especially thirsted. Stand me a drink, Betsy darling,—or I'll blow the gaff to your guv'nor!"

I cannot help myself; and, sinking submissively into his strong arms, I gaze into his deep, dark, fiery, sinuous eyes, and whisper in a trembling little voice, "If it will run to it, Prance—my own Prance!"

I follow him to the bar. I am a child in his hands. He orders something of the stately, blonde, supercilious, and violet-powdered barmaid. I pay for it; he drinks it; and I turn away my head for a moment to look at the stage. When I look back again—he is gone!

Gone! gone!! I give one great cry, "Prance!" and fall grovelling on the floor!

(To be continued.)

A Growl from Chelsea.

MAGISTRATE,—I complain of a wrong, a wrong cruel and unspeakablest. Yet I refer not to the subjection of my "Prologue" to that which is called of able editors "cutting down"—say rather mutilation, murder, unutterablest assassination. Yours are the scissors, and like the National Razor, they go night and day. Yet I would have that portion of my life-message which is set before this dull and unteelingest world, given as it flowed from my pen. I would not be made to say "father of his serving," when I wrote "father of lies serving," nor "tumbling down building," when my words were "tumbling-down-house building." My words were epteroenta, strong and true; your perversion of them meaningless—or rather vain babbling and balderdash inexpressiblest. I have spoken.

T. CHELSEA.

[Mr Chelsea may not be aware of it, but he writes a vile hand. The printer has been glorifying himself for the last week upon having made either head or tail of his contribution.]

The First Unveiling in Connection with the Burns Statue—Mr Hedderwick unveiling "an invention as glaringly improbable and stupid as it is utterly and shamefully untrue."

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d.—CARMICHAEL'S
161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

Quavers.

AS last Tuesday evening at the Orchestral was almost wholly given up to the gayest of music, so to-night will be devoted largely to the romantic. The principal selection to-night is Raff's symphony "Lenore." It illustrates Burger's ballad and a good deal more. The symphony is in three parts—first, Love and Happiness; Second, Farewell; and third, Re-union in Death, the latter being on the ballad proper, familiar to us through Sir Walter Scott's free paraphrase of it. Raff's music is of the Wagner school—somewhat, bold, unconventional, full of genius, but often wild and extravagant.

In contrast to Raff is placed the overture or symphony "The Hebrides," full of romantic fancy chastened by refinement—as naturally to be expected from the composer, Mendelssohn.

There is also as a novelty and likely to prove highly acceptable, Schubert's "Fierrabras" overture. The beauty of the music may be taken for granted, the wind instruments, chiefly the oboe, taking a principal part in keeping with the Schubertian idiosyncrasy.

If the painful pun will be tolerated, Herr Pauer's appearance as piano soloist to-night should prove a powerful attraction. This magnificent artist and deep student of the pianoforte is set down for a concerto in F by Weber, the most poetically romantic of composers, and the performance will prove perhaps the most thoroughly acceptable of the entire programme. Herr Pauer will also play a trio of solos—an aria and gavotte from Sebastian Bach, a nocturne by Chopin, and a galop de concert by himself—the contrasts in periods and styles being interestingly chosen.

Mademoiselle Helena Arnim, a name of some diplomatic interest, furnishes the vocal relief to the evening's stream of instrumental sounds, a relief acceptable in greater or less degree to all. She sings an operatic aria from Handel, an air from Gounod's Faust, and a song by Mr Sullivan, who will accompany her in this last.

The sixth and last Orchestral Concert of the present series takes place also this week—namely, on Thursday, and presumably no better arrangement was possible, for the two concerts are near enough. The programme includes the unfinished Symphony by Schubert, which was so highly appreciated at its last performance; a suite for orchestra by Bach; a selection from Mr Sullivan's Tempest music, a romance for violoncello, which brings another forward of the highly-talented members of the orchestra; and the favourite Mendelssohn overture "Ruy Blas." Mr Lambeth's Choir, whose singing advances in refinement, if that is possible, are to contribute four part songs—the selection a good one, and probably more judicious than the last at these concerts.

The City Hall Organ, which has been in a bad way for some time, has just come out of the doctor's hands, nearly "all right again." Its authorised manipulator gave his first municipal recital on Saturday afternoon. Mr Lambeth played a fairly popular selection to the usual crowded audience. Bailie Towers' rebuke to "a certain portion of the audience" for keeping their hats on in presence of the magistrates, was a nice piece of magisterial pomposity.

The occasional singing competitions in the City Hall Saturday Evening Concert series are not a bad idea by any means. The judges, "a terrible array," as Macheath sang of another sort of court of judicature, gave their decisions fairly, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience. But your habitué of the City Hall Saturday Evenings knows himself what's good singing and what's bad, so it is really judge and jury—the judge giving effect to the verdict.

Next Saturday evening at these concerts is to be "devoted to" a performance of "The Messiah," the choral work by the Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society under Mr Miller, and the solos by a competent quartette. There will be no orchestra, but the accompaniments will be represented on the organ and pianoforte—played respectively by Mr Lambeth and Mr Berger.

The Kibble, for it will never be known by anything else, still resounds to the strains of Mr Sullivan and his orchestra, and was crowded last Saturday evening as usual. The part singing of some members of the Choral Union was not the least attraction.

What would you understand by an "all-round artist?"—a

great phrase of a London musical critic. Grisi in her stout days, Albioni and Parepa-Rosa were what we might call, physically speaking, "all round artists"—the latter two considerably round. It is an absurd phrase in any use of it.

Mr Moodie's choristers—the St. George's Choral Union—intend giving Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," on Tuesday night, 2nd January, in the City Hall. They have secured the Resident Orchestra, and have engaged as the principal soloists Miss Catherine Penna, who comes with a good reputation, Mr William Shakespeare, and Mr M. Maybrick. Dr. Peace will preside at the organ.

New Year Fare,

THE Chairman at a soiree of North Country folks last week, is reported to have included in the pleasant recollections pertaining to their native district, the famous sowans they got on the New Year's mornings. Young Glasgow won't know what sowans are, and their loss is not great, as the Animile assures them that though sowans are not bad things in their way, they are not "in the hunt" with decent brose or oatmeal parritch, not to speak of more toothsome articles like ham or turkey, as a morning preventative of the evils which some people find incident to New Year's day. Always build on a solid foundation, and if you don't get up dux you won't be dults.

What the Paisley Bodies are Saying.

THAT they have not quite recovered from the effect of the Abbey Parochial Board surprise trick.

That, after all, it was a "lame and impotent conclusion," as the Board of Supervision has quashed the election.

That the perpetrators of the "dirty surprise" won't find it "all bosh" this time.

That West Mount gave them good advice when he told them "not to crow sae crouse."

That there was great rejoicing in Seestu when the Board's letter to the Abbey D.D. was published.

That the Winning man may well exclaim, Save me from my friends.

That on the 27th inst. there will be a marshalling of forces, preparing for the next fight.

That the Police Commissioners held their monthly meeting last week.

That they are going to mend their ways.

That the "most astonishing" Cooncillor for the Fourth Ward has some difficulty in getting home through the mud to Carriage hill and civilisation.

That Chapel House is unco proud of the Moonicipal horses, they can tak awa 35 cwt. of mud at a load.

That the Fisherman thought 24 cwt. quite enough, and for the 35 cwt., he advised them "not to do it again."

That Farmead reminded the members that they were £60 horses.

That the Engineer pooh-poohed the 24 cwt., "a common cuddy would tak that ony day."

Permissive Billism—Vanity and vexation of spirit-dealers.

It is often said that the blind lead the blind, but the Blantyre will case is the only example on record of the Bairds shaving the Bairds.

A Paper certain to Blow Up—"The Volcano."

THE BAILIES CORRESPONDENCE.

- "H. M."—The "first raid" has already passed into history. Send the verses to John Tweed, so that they may be wrought into his Chronicles of Glasgow.
- "GUARANTEE SOCIETY."—The Police Board won't accept you as security because you decline to make good defalcations which could not have occurred if things were looked after as they ought. What they want is a "lamb" or two.
- "X."—It wasn't pleasant to be called a "mendacious London correspondent," but then it does you no more harm than if they had said you were a scholar and a gentleman. Their words are mere counters, they mean nothing.
- "POLICEMAN."—The bail isn't big, but the offence is said to be less, or perhaps nothing.
- "PAISLEY CALLANT."—Come in your thousands, with your dressing dishes, your dye tubs, and bobbins, your aprons, and whole accoutrements. Glasgow folk will help you to make a fool of yourselves some other day.
- "W. W."—What a fine chance of proving your originality you have missed! Why didn't you get your portrait painted in a waterproof Ulster, holding a gingham in each hand, a sou'-wester on your head, and legs encased in long-sleeved boots, with india-rubber soles and caoutchouc goloshes on?
- "F. L."—Your joke about "mendicity" and "mendacity" is a very old one. Apply to the Charity Organisation Society.
- "NOEL."—The BAILIE'S Christmas number appears on the 27th.
- "H." (Gilmorehill).—Each man (?) Jack of you can start a debating society on his own hook if he likes, and be—blessed!
- "J. G. H."—In accordance with your request, your contribution was "inserted in a conspicuous place," and it showed its sense of the honour by nearly setting fire to the magisterial chimney.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

HATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Largest Stock in Glasgow of the Newest Styles in GENT'S SATIN and FELT HATS.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM McLEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

BUY FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

OVERCOATS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' OVERCOATS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,

151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1876.

OUR pastors and masters who meet month by month in that ugly room in the corporation buildings in Ingram Street are already beginning to agitate themselves about who is to fill the shoes of Lord Provost BAIN, when that worthy shuffles off the chain of office, and doffs the ermine robe in which he has played so many parts. For the moment, the only candidate in the field is our worthy Senior Bailie, WILLIAM COLLINS, Esquire. Mr COLLINS feels certain that he would make a capital Provost. In his mind's eye he has often seen himself bedecked with the gauds of office. He has even dared to conjure up the vision of a Royal visit, of the appearance of Royalty "beneath his 'umble roof," of a naked sword glistening before his eyes, and of the magic words ringing in his ears, "rise up Sir William Collins!" My conscience! Wouldna' a' this be grand? Isn't it an end worth striving for? The citizens, or should we say the taxpayers, may not be greatly interested in the

matter, but the Sir William that is to be assuredly is. Already he can count upon 24 votes (so well have things been arranged) out of the Town Council, and the winning over of other two members will make his success a matter past all question. Let him work hard to secure this never-to-be-too-much-desired figure. Let him agitate, agitate, agitate. The fifty members of the Council—even the sternest Cato of them all—are only human, they have, each one of them, some side on which they can be approached. Mr COLLINS has the merit, once having taken anything up, of never setting it down till he has secured his end; the BAILIE, therefore, looking towards him as the coming Chief Magistrate of the city, gravely pledges his health in a brimming beaker of lemonade.

Wanted to Know.

HOW many of the outside public and the police knew of what the Board's minute calls the general misconduct of the ex-Police Treasurer?

How many of the Board knew of it, when did they come to know of it, and what was the cause of the blissful ignorance of those who didn't?

Whether the apprehension wasn't the biggest bungle in the business?

Whether the ex-Treasurer has a good claim of damages against the Board?

Whether Bailie Young will have a candidate for this vacancy as usual?

How many other members of the Board have friends who would like the situation?

How many of them think that they have already as good as deCree'd who is to get it?

Whether there isn't some assistant who ought to be promoted to it?

How it is that *personal* security alone will be accepted?

Why, if the general misconduct was such as to justify dismissal, they didn't do so sooner?

GARDEN OPERATIONS.—A contemporary, in a fit of professional frenzy, says that the weeding out of empirics from the medical profession goes bravely on. Does it? There are some "weeds" of the Gully kind nearer home than England who would be the better of being drummed out of the same ranks.

ANOTHER "NOTE" FROM THE ORCHESTRAL.
 Tuesday, 12th Decr.,—The Power of Sound.
 Tuesday, 19th Decr.,—The Sound of Pauer.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT the Member's outspokenness has brought a flight of gnats about his ears.

That their buzzing may annoy, but cannot harm him much.

That it is surprising how many cackling "bubbly-jocks" believe they understand the Eastern question to a "shaving."

That it is not every M.P. who gets his vote of confidence proposed by a licensed dealer in spirits, and seconded by a model teetotaler.

That the combination in question was a good sample of "Smith's blend."

That the four-fold Benedict got a decided home thrust from the Old Salt.

That it is rather late in the day to find fault with the Smithston Palace.

That the Police Bill has undergone a considerable amount of cutting down in committee.

That if it is to pass into law the scissors will have to be applied more freely yet.

That some of the clauses are far from being palatable to the Housefactoring and Building Society interests at the Board.

That they will no doubt do their best to "take care of Dowb," whatever becomes of the public interest.

A Comprehensive Motion.

THERE is nothing like killing two birds with one stone. At a meeting in Manchester the other day, a gentleman moved "that this meeting, whilst demanding for the Christian provinces of Turkey those representative institutions which afford the only guarantee for good government, emphatically protests against the continued exclusion of large numbers of householders in the United Kingdom from the exercise of the franchise, and from their due share in the Government of the nation." This is about as consecutive and ingenious as if Bailie Burt were to move "that the Town Council, whilst demanding freedom of conscience for the cannibals of the South Sea, suggests that Bailie Collins should be the next Lord Provost."

Latest from the Yeast—The BAILIE'S bun.

Epitaph on a Violinist—Fiddle-did-he.

Latest Theatrical Intelligence—Dissolution of the firm of Blackmore & Co(e), dramatic agents.

Young Edinburgh seems to be of a decidedly drouthy disposition. Three boys, whose ages ranged from 14 to 17, were convicted before the Sheriff the other day of having broken into a spirit-merchant's shop, and "emptied a cask of ale and a cask of sherry." Conscience! think o' that! We have some "bould" and bibulous lads in Glasgow, but Edinburgh licks that hollow.

A CHANCE LOST.—A Greenock magistrate gave a prisoner 20 days, and got for an answer "Thank ye, sir; I thought it would have been 60." How Bailie MacBean would have liked to have been on the bench!

The Art of Polite Conversation.

(Scene, a Saturday Concert at Kibble's.)

Charles, who is here in consequence of a broad hint of Amelia's, unexpectedly meets that fascinating young lady. Mutual surprise.

CHARLES—"Dear me, how odd that you should happen to be here! This is a place I never come to, and I can't understand myself why I'm here to night. Must be electricity, or animal magnetism, or spiritual affinity, or something."

Amelia—"Yes, isn't it awfully strange? I'm very glad I met you though, for perhaps you'll be able to find mamma for me. I came in with her a little ago, but we got separated in the crowd, and now I can't see her anywhere."

Charles—"Delighted I'm sure——"

Mamma is seen approaching with her double eyeglass up, evidently looking anxiously for her lost innocent. The two reprobates dodge behind a fern stand, and turn the other way, unconsciously of course.

Charles (with an almost invisible quiver of the left eyelid)—"Most difficult thing in the world to find anybody in a place like this. The proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack is simplicity itself compared to this pursuit of a mother under difficulties."

Amelia—"Oh look at this! (Reads) 'The audience are requested not to promenade while pieces are being performed.' Well I think they're performing a piece now. (They listen intently, and can just catch an occasional faint burst of music above the hum of voices and the tramp of feet). Yes. I was sure of it; don't you think we'd better sit down? I wouldn't disturb people who want to hear for anything."

After a pause,

Charles—"You're a very sensible woman,' as Perkyn Middlewick would say. But how about your mamma? Suppose she's still doing the Wandering Jew business, unable to find rest for the sole of her——"

Amelia—"Don't be disrespectful, if you please sir. Mamma is quite as 'sensible a woman' as I am, and I'm sure if she read that notice she would see the necessity of sitting down too. Besides I don't like to hear her spoken of in that——"

Charles—"Excuse my interrupting you, but I think I see your fond parent coming this way again. Now I don't want to be disrespectful, but if we look sharp we have just time to——"

They get up like winking, and dodge behind the friendly fern stand once more, with a smile that is childlike and bland.

Charles—"Well that was a tight fit and no mistake; quite took my breath away. Don't think we'll venture to sit down again, music or no music, for I'm certain another fright like that would make my hair turn grey."

Amelia—"That would be really too dreadful! Upon my word I'd be awfully sorry if you were compelled to use Mr Allen's Hair Restorer on my account, so to oblige you we won't sit down. Suppose we get a little nearer the band, and try to hear that waltz they are playing now?"

Charles—"Talking of waltzes, I hope you're none the worse of that dreadful spin we had last night at——"

Mamma suddenly appears within three feet of the culprits, and fixes them with her eyeglass.

Charles (savagely)—"By Jove!"

Amelia (with effusion)—"Oh mamma, where have you been for ever so long? We've been hunting for you everywhere! I'm so much obliged to Mr Crichton for the trouble he has had; I'm sure I never could have found you without him!"

Humour or Contempt?

AN oft-cited verdict has been capped in the Central Police Court, where a manufacturer, who was charged with allowing black smoke to issue from the chimney of his works, pleaded "Not guilty, but I won't do it again!" Mr Gemmel laughed at the joke, and let off the joker with half of the usual fine. Such is the power of humour. But what would happen if a similar plea were tendered by a pickpocket, or some poor "drunk?" Eh, Mr Gemmel? The BAILIE fancies he can hear some majestic utterance about "contempt of court."

Pleasant—Hillhead beginning to feel the advantage of being an independent burgh.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.

THIS EVENING, (TUESDAY), DEC. 19TH, at 7.30.

And Every Evening until further notice,

THE "ROYAL" PANTOMIME,

A L A D D I N

AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIE TY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

THIS and EVERY EVENING,

C. BERNARD'S Grand Fairy and Musical Extravaganza,

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

By the Finest Burlesque Company that has ever been seen in this Theatre.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

In Active Preparation, the

GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

HARLEQUIN PRINCE BEAMING,

OR

THE MAGIC ROSE.

NOTICE.—In order that the Pantomime may be presented in all its completeness on the First Night of its production,

SATURDAY, December 23rd,

The Theatre will be closed till that date.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

FIFTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

CITY HALL.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 19TH DECEMBER, 1876.

SOLO VOCALIST:

MISS HELENA ARNIM.

SOLO PIANIST:

HERR E. PAUER.

CONDUCTOR.....MR SULLIVAN.

LAST ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 21ST DEC., 1876.

MR H. A. LAMBETH'S SELECT CHOIR.

SOLO VIOLINCELLO:

MR C. OULD.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF FIFTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR,.....MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Tickets (7s, 4s, 3s, and 2s) of Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buchanan Street. Admission One Shilling.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10.

NATIONAL SECURITY SAVINGS BANK OF GLASGOW.

The FORTY FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of this Bank will be held in the CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 66 Virginia Street, on TUESDAY, 26TH DEC., 1876, at One o'clock, when the REPORT for the past year will be submitted.

Depositors and the Public are invited to attend.

By Order of the Directors,

WILLIAM MEIKLE, Actuary.

99 Glassford Street, Dec., 1876.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such. Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT & STEWART,

MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.

GRAND CONCERT.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO, "THE SEASONS,"

With full Orchestral Accompaniment by

THE GLASGOW RESIDENT ORCHESTRA.

CITY HALL,

TUESDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1877.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS—

MISS CATHERINE PENNA.

MR WM. SHAKESPEARE. | MR M. MAYBRICK.

Leader of Orchestra—MR J. T. CARRODUS.

Organist—DR. A. L. PEACE.

Honorary Conductor—WILLIAM MOODIE, Esq.

Tickets (7s, 5s, 3s, and 2s) from Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.,

42 Buchanan Street. Admission, One Shilling.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 8 P.M. Carriages at 10.30.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 23RD DECEMBER, 1876,

CHRISTMAS EVE.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO

M E S S I A H!

BY THE GLASGOW TONIC SOL-FA CHORAL SOCIETY.

SOLOISTS.

MDME. PAULINE GRAYSTON,

Soprano, of the Royal English Opera Company.

First Appearance in Scotland.

MISS PATTI HARGREAVES,

Contralto, from the Canadian and New York Concerts, &c.

First Appearance in Scotland.

MR J. WRIGHT,

Tenor, of the Yorkshire Concerts, &c. First Appearance

in Scotland.

MR THOMAS LAW,

Bass, of Madame Sherrington's Concert Party, &c.

First Appearance in Scotland.

MR. H. A. LAMBETH, Organist; MR BERGER, Pianist;

MR W. M. MILLER, Conductor.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.

Concert to commence at Half-past 7 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella,

Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.

" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.

" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.

" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.

" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.

A Great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

SOUTH AYRSHIRE.

COLONEL ALEXANDER, M.P., requests

that the ELECTORS will do him the honour of meeting him in the CORN EXCHANGE HALL, AYR, on TUESDAY, the 19th of December inst., at Two o'clock afternoon.

Ballochmyle, 5th December, 1876.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—
ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.

DENNISGOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.

EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

Bands in Attendance.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,

UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS PICTURES
CHINA, BRONZES, &c.

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

GLASGOW ART CLUB

The FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS and WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Members of the above Club, is NOW OPEN in MR ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, from 10 a.m. till Dusk. Admission Free.

All who are interested in Art are invited.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Requisites from the Manufacturers, SHORT AND STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

A GREAT DEMAND.

A DAY OF REST.

For an answer to the Question—"How shall we Pass, and in Passing, improve the Sabbath?" The Day is sacred to Rest, and an entire change of exercises are necessary to supply and enjoy this rest. The enterprising London Publishers, Messrs STRAHAN & Co., have provided an unprecedented mass of Literature of a character extremely well suited to answer the above requirements, in one Volume. They present you with Hundreds of Works by the best Authors; Illustrations by the best Artists; containing, amongst an Extensive and Varied List of Writings, the beautiful story of the White Cross and Dove of Pearls, which contains in its 82 Chapters hundreds of Pictures of Life, Pleasing and Pointed Sermons, Agreeable Conversations, and Profitable Meditations; The Candle Lighted by the Lord, a Religious Tale of very attractive qualities, in 18 Chapters; A Story about Jerusalem in New Testament Times, in 9 Chapters; 77 Lives of Extraordinary Men and Women; 73 Poems by the best Modern Poets; 35 Addresses from the Pulpit, to illustrate Bible Subjects; 43 Sketches of Character; 151 Miscellaneous Papers, including the many information Letters on Christian Progress, sent to the Editor from all parts of the world—the whole being an unfailling Storehouse from which to supply the Instruction and Pleasure which all desire who wish to improve and enjoy their Sabbath rest. In conclusion, it may be said that this Volume contains a power for good, equal to the Preaching from a Hundred Pulpits. 896 Large Pages. The Price is only **TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.**

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

GRAND CHRISTMAS SALE OF
ART DECORATIVE PROPERTY,

WITHIN THE

FINE ART STUDIO, 89 BOTHWELL ST.,

On WEDNESDAY the 20th and THURSDAY the 21st Curt.,
Commencing each Day at 12 o'clock,

Consisting of Choice Selections of Statues, Busts, Figures, and others, Medallions, Vases, &c., Fountains, &c., &c., from the various Art Galleries in Europe, all strengthened with iron. Among many other Works of Merit, the following may be given as specimens:—

STATUES, 5 and 6 feet high, excluding Pedestals—"L'Improvvisatore," "Castanet Dancer," "Dancing Girl," "Girl Reposing," "Ceres" (fitted for Gas), "Flora," "Bacchante" (fitted for Gas), "Hebe," "Vestal Virgins," (fitted for Gas), "Psyche," "Pandora," "Venus de Medici," "Venus at Bath," "Fidelity," and many others of note, fitted for Gas, varying from 2 feet to 4 feet or so.

BUSTS, such as Burns, Scott, Professor Wilson, Livingstone, Byron, Newton, Locke, Shakespeare, Queen Victoria, Prince Consort, Bacon, Milton, Campbell, Palmerston, Dante, Brougham, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Weber, and others too numerous to mention.

Also, the CLASSICAL CELEBRITIES, very suitable for Schools and other learned institutions.

ANTIQUE BUSTS of "Apollo," "Clyte," "Venus de Milo," and others.

STATUETTES, small Busts, Figures, Medallions and Brackets, all Finished in the highest style with Gold, for either Drawing or Dining Room, and suitable for Christmas presents. (The Property of Mr J. R. Gilmer. Valued at £700).

DUNCAN KEITH & BUCHANAN will Sell the above Valuable and Interesting Collection of Works of Art in the Premises, 89 Bothwell Street, on Wednesday the 20th and Thursday the 21st current, commencing each day at Twelve o'clock Noon.

On View the 18th and 19th.
61 Renfield Street, Glasgow, 11th December, 1876.

MY conscience, BAILIE! are the Hatters o' Glaisca going daft? Man, BAILIE, it's awfu'. Dootless ye hae seen their advertesments this week or twa back, and I'm thinking you've taken notes o' them; and let us ken your mind about them. Ye hae aften heard, BAILIE, the saying, As mad as a March hare; but noo the folks wull gie that up, and say, As mad as a Hatter. I canna sit doon tae my tea when I come hame at night frae my work, and look over the evening papers, which is my habit, but the vera first thing my een see, is thae Hatters' Advertesments. Dash it, BAILIE, man, I'll be whuppit if I can see or read onything else but them Hatters, day and night, at hame or work, it's dinging in my ear—Hats, Hats, Hats! Man, BAILIE, it's terrible; it maun be put a stop tae, for there's nae doot about it, if no stopt I'll hae Hatterophobia in the cranium. The ither nicht I rose up frae my tea quite in a passion, without tasting it. The wife says she, "Losh me, Tam, what in a' the warl's gane wrang wi' ye?" Noo, BAILIE, a thing like this never took place in oor hoose before, and nae wunner the guid-wife thoct I had gane clean gyte. I saidna a word, but rushed frae the hoose, determined to see what it a' meant, and judge for mysell if there was onything like a grain o' truth in what the Hatter bodies were saying. Weel, I took a turn along the Trongate and Argyle Street, and had a very close look intae a' their windows as weel as their doors, for baith inside and oot are dressed wi' a' manners and styles o' Hats and Caps. Mind ye, BAILIE, there is great taste displayed by thae Hatters in dressing their windows and doors—very artistic indeed—and maun require great patience and time to do it. I examined some o' their goods markit at the doors. I felt the felts, for, BAILIE, I maun tell ye I'm an awfu' guid judge o' Felt Hats. Weel, I said to mysell, aifter a' they're no without some reason for making such a blaw in the papers; and was beginning to feel a wee cooler, particularly in the cranium. Weel, frae what I saw in some o' thae shops, the Hats priced lookit kin' o' reasonable enough. Noo, says I, when I got to the corner o' Jamaica Street, I'll awa and see what that ither chap is like that's making such an awfu' hullabaloo, so I looks at the address in the papers, and sees, WALTER WILSON & CO, 68 JAMAICA STREET (TWA STAIRS UP). So you're the chap that's called the Hat Reformer; weel, says I, the name and the appendidjes sounds weel, so I'll awa and hae a practical test o't by buying a hat; so I gets to 68 Jamaica Street, and up I goes. Thinks I tae mysell, this is a queer place for a Hat Shop; but in I goes. Man, BAILIE, I was amazed and thunderstruck at the sight; the place was croodit by old and young, rich and poor, and as far as I saw all were being attended to by the mony employees, baith male and female, in a maist pleasing and courteous manner. When you enter first you see a large square central apartment. This is one of the Ladies' principal Departments for the sale of Straw and Felt Hats and Bonnets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c. To the right of this is another very large sale-room, also for Ladies; here are numerous articles, such as Umbrellas, Fancy Bags, Flowers, Fancy Baskets, and many other things of rare value, beautifully arranged in handsome cases. To the left of the central room is the Gents' Hat Department. Here I was maist interested. Many persons were getting attended tae by a large staff of male and female assistants. I had tae wait a short time to get saired mysell, as the salesmen were engaged with ither, and so I had time tae look about me, and judge on the spot if this Hat Reformer was justified in blawing such a tremendous blast frae his big trumpet in the papers, and which nearly took possession of my senses, as well as spoiling my tea for the nicht. Weel, BAILIE, I maun honestly say I cudna believe there was a place of such dimensions in the Hat line in Glaisca, or ony place else. The Prices of the various hats shown was raily astonishing, for cheapness combined wi' quality, finish, and style. I askit the Reformer, Mr WILSON (for he was introduced tae me by this time), Hoo could he sell his goods sae cheap? He in the market, enormous quantities, as you see around you; we have enormous sale for them; the Ready Cash and the

quick turnover is the secret of selling Hats at really Wholesale Prices." I was convinced of the fact wi' the anc I bocht, and saw ither buying, and sae I felt quite satisfied that this firm of WALTER WILSON & CO., HATTERS, 68 JAMAICA ST., were well entitled to the names (now undoubtedly theirs) of HAT REFORMERS in every sense of the word. Noo, Mr BAILIE, this is the end o't, and aifter that I expect ye'll be takin' a slip up to this wonderfu' place yersell, tae buy a Hat and take notes. I'll awa hame tae the wife noo, and tell her a' about it, show her my new hat, and to please her aifter the tea affair, tell her I'll treat her and the weans to new Hats and Bonnets, at the obliging Firm of

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE HAT REFORMERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET.

A TREAT IN STORE
FOR GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS.

GRAND PREPARATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS
AT
THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE
are busy preparing a Grand Spectacular Representation of
THE ARCTIC SEAS,

The near approach to the North Pole, Ships Embedded in
Masses of Ice, &c., &c.

The GRAND BAZAAR, crammed with Toys and Fancy
Goods, quite an Exhibition in itself.

Little Boys and Girls keep this in mind, and look out for the
announcement in Daily Papers of the

OPENING UP OF THE ARCTIC SEAS
AND
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.

CALEDONIAN HOUSE,
COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.

Now Ready, Part 4, Price One Shilling, post free,

"JOHN CHEAP, THE CHAPMAN'S
LIBRARY;" the Scottish Literature of Last Century
Classified.

These are very desirable reprints of many curious and quaint
old productions well known and much appreciated by the
grandfathers of the present generation. The present Part con-
tains the Lives of John Knox and John Welch, the Life and
Prophesies of Alexander Peden, Life and Prophesies of Donald
Cargill, Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and The
Laird of Lag's Legacy, forming a very handsome little book,
certain to be appreciated by book collectors.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will now be Enrolled
for Year 1877, thus giving them the benefit of Present Month
Gratis.

1st December, 1876.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours,
Coloured Photos. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at
134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

LORIMER,

14 RENFIELD STREET, AND 52 JAMAICA STREET.

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS,
British and Foreign, all Styles and Prices.

Scrap Books, mounted and blank, from 1s to £10 10s. Carte
de Visite and Cabinet Albums, all the latest novelties, including
the new Easel Album. Swiss Carved Goods, a variety of useful
and elegant articles. Chromos and Screen Pictures of every
kind. The largest stock of Photographs in the West of Scot-
land. Photographs arranged and neatly mounted. Pictures
framed.—**A. DUTHIE, 6 RENFIELD STREET.**

**INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPREN-
TICES**, Stamped or Unstamped.—**ROBT. LAWSON,**
LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

THE BEST VALUE
In **LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY**,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S
23 UNION STREET,
Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and Gents'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,
From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
"SMART SHAPES" FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

A VOID DRAUGHTS.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures.
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at
very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

"THE SLAVE." Large Coloured Photo., by
Messrs Goupil, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO.'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

W & C. PERCY, Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, have had all their hands busily engaged for some time back in making WINTER GOODS, and can now say with something like a certainty that their Stock is the Largest and Most Complete in the City. The extent of their Premises enables them to have such a variety that everybody can be suited according to the weight of their purse.—TRON STEEPLE DEPOT, 75 Trongate; EGLINTON DEPOT, 2 Eglinton Street, 1 and 3 Nelson Street, S. S.; COAST BRANCH, 45 Montague Street, Rothesay

Trongate Clothing Company's Calendar

FOR 1877.

JANUARY.

M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	
Su	7	14	21	28	

FEBRUARY.

Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31
Su	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
Tu	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	

MARCH.

Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31
Su	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
Tu	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	

APRIL.

Su	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
Th	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

MAY.

Tu	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
Th	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	
Su	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	

JUNE.

F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30
Su	3	10	17	24	
M	4	11	18	25	
Tu	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
Th	7	14	21	28	



BOYS'

AND

YOUTHS'
SUITS

FOR
EVERY
AGE,

AND

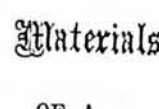
READY
FOR

Immediate

USE.



THE
TRONGATE
CLOTHING
COMPANY,
54 TRONGATE.



JULY.

Su	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
Th	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

AUGUST.

W	1	8	15	22	29
Th	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	
Su	5	12	19	26	
M	6	13	20	27	
Tu	7	14	21	28	

SEPTEMBER.

S	1	8	15	22	29
Su	2	9	16	23	30
M	3	10	17	24	
Tu	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
Th	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	

OCTOBER.

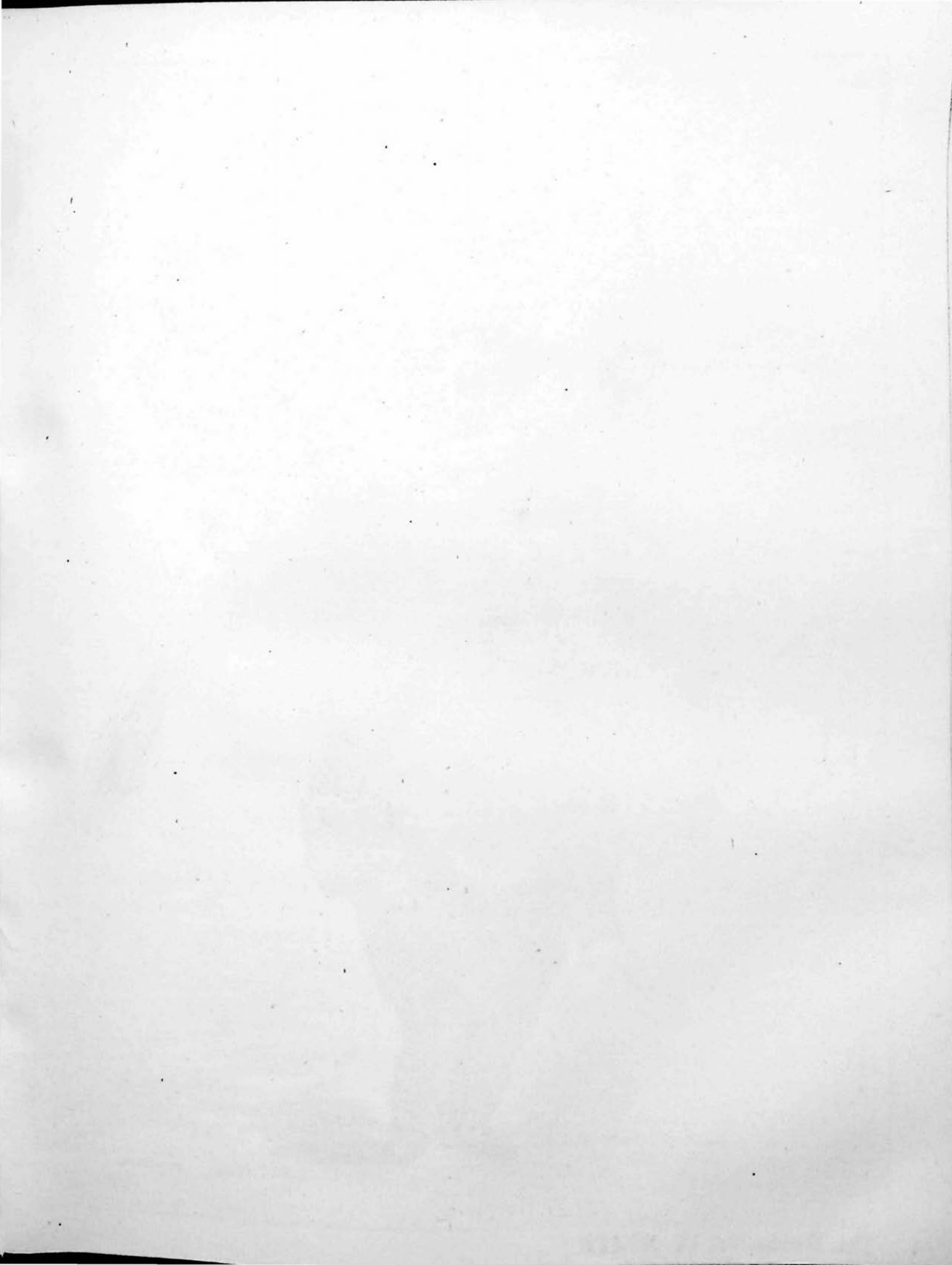
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	
Su	7	14	21	28	

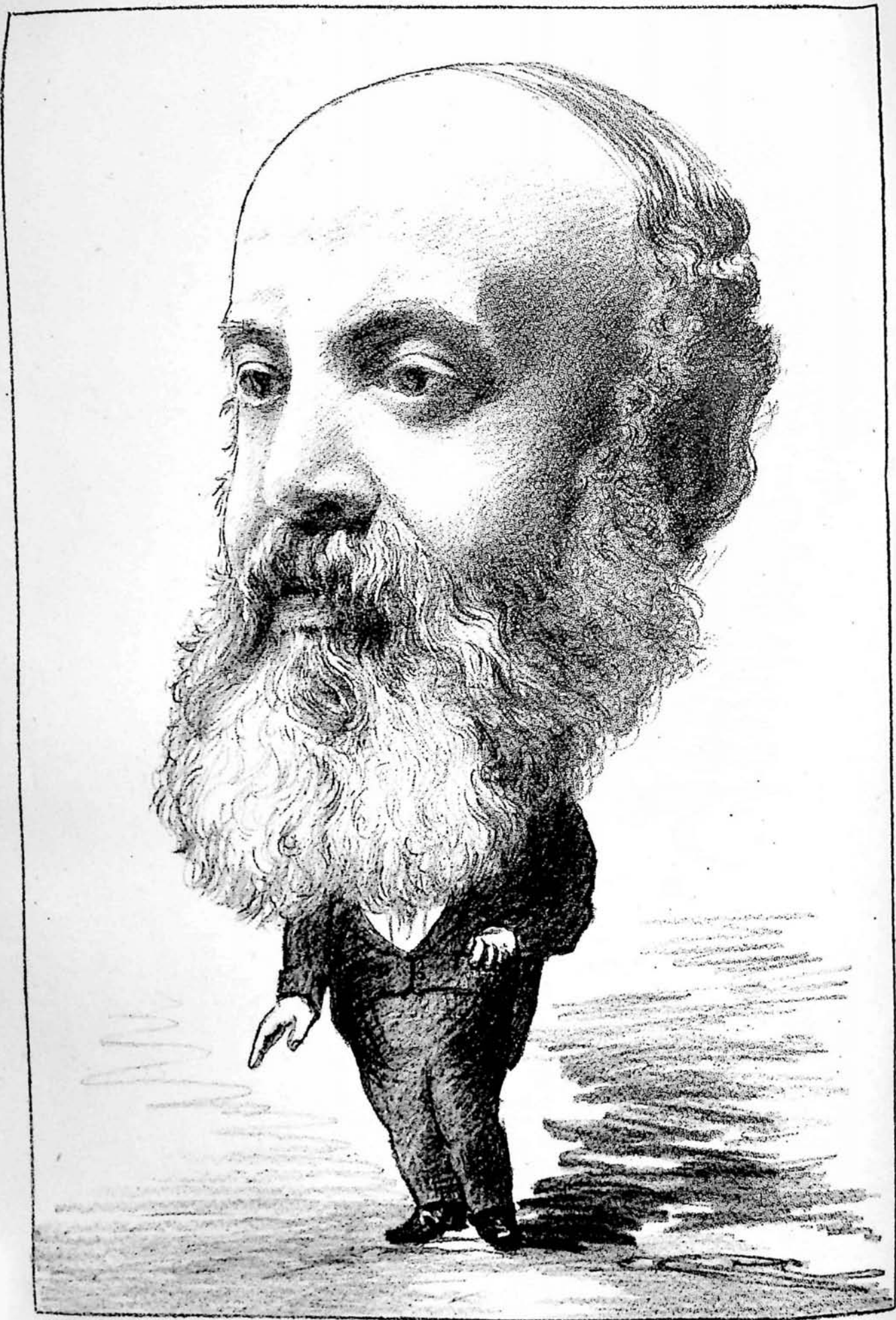
NOVEMBER.

Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	
Su	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
Tu	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	

DECEMBER.

Su	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
Th	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 219 Glasgow, Wednesday, December 27th, 1876. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 219.

CHRISTMAS being once more at hand, it behoved the BAILIE, in his laudable endeavour to keep pace with the spirit of the age, to bethink him, like other thriving pictorial journalists, of a cartoon that might be regarded by his innumerable discerning readers as somewhat suitable for the occasion. Smoking his pipe, accordingly, t'other afternoon in his sanctum, and passing in review before his mental eye a whole regiment of physiognomies, more or less familiar, appertaining to citizens of various grades and divers professions, he had all but fixed upon the "Man you Know," when his decision was clinched by a colloquy which followed the advent of his housekeeper, Mattie. The BAILIE, as became him, had arranged for the entertainment on Christmas day of certain of his literary brethren, Mattie being entrusted, as usual, with the procuring and preparation of the viands; and he was in the act of filling his third pipe, when the honest woman, having returned from market-making, desired to render him a full, true, and particular account of her intromissions. Mattie, he knew, was on these occasions disposed to be garrulous, so the BAILIE lit his pipe and prepared for a sederunt. "I'm unco forfoghen, sir," she began. "It's nae joke, I can tell ye, gaun frae shop to shop in thae lang streets. It was verra different when I was a lassie. Glaisca was a wee toun then; an' the beef, an' the mutton, an' the vegetable, an' the fish markets were a' in King Street, separate, but close thegither. There was nae fatigue or loss o' time in makin' markets in thae days. Weel, weel, BAILIE, I see ye're impatient: sae I'll cut ma pratin' short, as your freen the play-actor says. I may tell ye at ance that I've spent a' the siller ye gied me; but jist hear what I've got for't. A dressed cod's shouter

an' oysters frae Mrs Anderson's in Nile Street, a guid fat guiss an' smoked sassage frae Mrs Gilmour's at St. George's Place, a jigot o' five-year-auld wedder mutton an' an ox tongue frae John Bell's in Argyle Street, a bit o' nice Dunlap cheese frae M'Culloch's in Sauchiehall Street, an' last, but no least, as I've heard ye say, twa gallon o' Mutter's best Bowmore wine, as that grandest o' Heelan' divines Norman Macleod used to denominate the drink o' his kintry." "Mattie," quoth the BAILIE, "you have quitted yourself, I may say, like a man; for I doubt whether, with all their skill and experience, and with such limited means as you had at your command, even Alec or John Forrester, the famous purveyors-general, could have done better. I thank you very much indeed, Mattie." "An' weel ye may, BAILIE; an' sae may the hungry an' drouthy deevils that ye ca' yer leeterary freens." "Hush, Mattie, hush! I pray you to measure my friends, not as you might a batch of your modern pot-bellied Bailies, by their gustativeness or power of consumption, but rather by their intellects or brain-power of production. I am proud of my friends, Mattie, and I have to ask you to put your best foot foremost on Christmas-day." "I'll dae that, BAILIE, for yer ain sake; but gustiveness here or gustiveness there, yer poets, an' penters, an' play-actors are jist as big haverels when they get twa or three turns on board as ony batch o' yer pat-bellied Bailies, as ye ca' them, can possibly be, whether in similar circumstances or deid sober. But speakin' o' the present generation o' magistrates, an' comparin' them in status an' appearance, even in their gran' gouns, wi' their forebears o' the time when they wore cockit hats, an' knee breeks, an' silk stockin's, an' buckles in their shoon, when ye were ane o' them yersel', BAILIE, an' when yer faither the Deacon flourished in a' his glory in the Sautmarket, then an aristocratic place o'

abode, we canna help exclaimin' wi' the poet, 'O, what a fallin' aff was there, my countrymen!'" "Mattie! Mattie! let me recommend you, in all seriousness, as a friend having charge of your temporal welfare, to assume the virtue, if you have it not, of loyalty to the powers that be." "Thank ye, sir, for yer advice. I'll try an' follow't; but I daursay ye think me no sae far wrang—at least I wud sometimes gaiter as meikle frae the pages o' that peculiar pamphlet that's named aifter yersel.' But I see yer pipe's oot, BAILIE; sae I'll get ye a cup o' tea wi' a bit o' curran'-bun—Oh! I was forgettin' to tell ye that I invested in ane o' John Forrester's curran'-buns, an' it was hame afore me; I'll bring't in wi' the tea, it's as big as yer faither's famly Bible." "Thank ye very much, Mattie; but I thought it was Alexander Forrester you patronised in the bun way." "So I did last year, sir; but time aboot's fair play, an' as they were baith brocht up at the feet o' Gamaliel, that is, by their worthy faither, my auld freen Councillor Forrester, ane o' the best o' bakers an' jolliest o' men, I thocht it my duty to gang this year to John's; an' a gran' place he's got noo—extendin' frae the pavement to the verra slates. The mind of the BAILIE was thereupon made up. A more fitting photograph for the festive season he could not possibly present to his readers than that of one of the Brothers Forrester, who have carried the purveying art to perfection, and, without whose labours, and the exertions of others similarly employed, the Christmas holidays in this huge community (with the prevalent lamentable dearth of domestic servants competent to cook even the plainest dinner decently) would of dire necessity go off tardily like a slow coach. But which of the two to choose? Why, *seniores priores*, of course; and the propriety of the selection becomes palpable to all and sundry. Who, then, the BAILIE asks, will not be gratified to recognise this week in the "Man you Know" the familiar features of his father's eldest son? Who has not planted his pedestals, some time or other, if not frequently, under his beautifully polished mahogany, and partaken rejoicingly of the delectable hospitalities of the Prince of Wales Restaurateur; or who has not found himself catered for exquisitely by our Prince of Purveyors, at Corporation banquets, at lighthouse trips (now, alas! no more), or at the mansions of the Upper Ten? Echo answers "Who?" Ay, who, indeed? Why, the Queen herself, the Prince of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family, have enjoyed

on more than one occasion the benefit of his careful catering. Not to be personally cognisant more or less of all this would argue on the part of any citizen himself unknown to the BAILIE. It is, therefore, to strangers chiefly that the BAILIE has pleasure, with these few cursory remarks, in introducing his friend and the friend of all who are at this time an hungered or athirst, Mr ALEXANDER FORRESTER—the surviving partner of the celebrated firm of Ferguson & Forrester—a gentleman in every way worthy of their confidence as he is of the esteem of his fellow-citizens. To him, and them, and all people that on earth do dwell, the BAILIE wishes a joyous Christmas week and a Happy New Year.

The Language of Flowers.

IT appears from a statement of the Lord Provost's at a recent Council meeting, that George Square is to be laid out in grass plots with plenty of flowers. The BAILIE's young friend Mr Slangy observes, with that grimace in which he always indulges when he says something he thinks funny, that artificial flowers are the only ones that would do any good in that "blooming" place. His Worship does not pretend to catch the precise meaning of the young gentleman's phraseology, but it seems to convey a doubt as to the possibility of a great floral success being achieved in that rather stony oasis of our brick and mortar desert. The Magistrate regretfully confesses that he shares this doubt to a large extent. Of course he remembers that Mr Heller was able to produce magnificent bouquets of flowers from heaps of sand, but Mr Heller is an exceptional mortal, and unless the Lord Provost has some such miracle worker engaged to superintend the gardening operations in the Square, the BAILIE will feel constrained to buy his twopenny button-hole rosebuds in Buchanan Street, as before.

Bailie Torrens sent one man to prison for 60 days last week, for wife-beating, while another who had simply been guilty of "thrashing his mother-in-law," was let off with 30. No doubt the BAILIE considered that there were in the latter case, *prima facie*, "extenuating circumstances."

We are enjoined not to hide the discovery of blessings found by the way: see the HINDOO PENS.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Nile, and the Waverley Pen."
1s per box. Sold at all Stationers. 1s 1d by Post. Patented
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

Struck with a Feather!

A NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER II.

The Narrative of Zerubbabel Twitcher. (By Mr SILKY WOLLUMS, Author of "The Moonstruck," "Warmadeal," "The Party in Purple," "No Address," "'Oh, Law!' said the Lady," &c.)

[All rights reserved.]

MY name is Zerubbabel Twitcher. No parent ever really had the inhumanity to burden his offspring with such an appellation. I am called Zerubbabel Twitcher because it is Mr Silky Wollums who is writing this chapter, and he likes eccentric names, especially for a "character part" such as mine, because they lend a cheap air of originality to his fictions. If you ask me for any other reason, I cannot give it. I am a butler in the employment of Mr Potiphar Larkins. I am completely bald, have only one eye, and am in the habit of eating opium. If you ask me why I am completely bald, have only one eye, and am in the habit of eating opium, I can only return an answer similar to that which I gave to your former question.

If you further ask me why Mr Potiphar Larkins does not object to these peculiarities, natural and acquired, I must refer you to Mr Silky Wollums himself.

As I have mentioned, my line is to do the "character" part of the business. I say and do things for saying and doing which any butler in real life would be kicked out of his master's house. This is Mr Silky Wollums's conception of humour. I may mention that if Mr Wollums is allowed sufficient space, he intends to bring another "character" actor on the stage, in the person of an impossible detective from Scotland Yard.

I have been asked to write down what I know of the mysterious disappearance of Miss Elizabeth Larkins—commonly called Miss Betsy—from her father's house. As I know nothing about it—having been under the influence of opium when it occurred—I proceed to do so. I am assisted by extracts from a diary, which I keep in those intervals during which I ought to be attending to my business:

November the Fifth.—I am convinced that some awful mystery hangs over this house—a mystery which it will take the united efforts of myself, the detective from Scotland Yard, and some other personage to unravel at the end of the third volume. That is to say, if this story ever reaches a third volume, a matter as to which

I am extremely doubtful. The mystery may include a murder, or a forgery, or a theft, or all three. I cannot at present be positive on that point. The fact, however, that this is the Anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot justifies the darkest suspicions.

November the Twenty-first.—My surmises are justified. To-day I asked Miss Aholibah, Miss Betsy's elder sister, where she bought her "fronts," and she told me to mind my own business. When a woman tells you to mind your own business, it is evident that she has something to conceal. Such is my experience of the late Mrs Twitcher.

November the Thirtieth.—The plot thickens. Mr Larkins was three minutes late for dinner to-day. I think I must call in the assistance of the detective from Scotland Yard before long.

December the Second.—Miss Betsy went out yesterday evening, the housemaid tells me, at thirty-six minutes past seven P.M. (Subsequent Note.—And, as I now understand, never returned.) If I were obliged to select an adjective by which to describe Miss Betsy, I should call her eccentric. I consider it eccentric on the part of a young lady to go out after dark on a winter night dressed in her brother Jack's clothes.

This style of composition is called dramatic, and is adopted with a view to stage purposes.

(To be continued.)

Consolation.

THE Mayor of Belfast is to be presented with an address and testimonial, "in acknowledgment of his long and valued service to the town, and in recognition of his dignified and impartial conduct as chief magistrate of the town during his years of office." This step, it is added, is taken "because of the Mayor of Belfast having been ignored when the knighthood was recently conferred on the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Mayors of Cork and Londonderry." The BAILIE approves the principle of consolation. Fellow-citizens, do your duty!

Watch and Prey!

HERE'S an advertisement whereby hangs a tale:—"Lady who took green silk umbrella from stand of Free St. George's Hall on Wednesday night, December 6 (Prayer Meeting), is requested to replace it there, where she will find her own old brown one." "Comment is needless;" but the sting of "her own old brown one" is so delightfully feminine!

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d.—CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I see that you have taken the Theatre Royal under your wing this week—have taken the word out of my mouth, as I may say. However, I may hint to you that the harlequinade begins to-morrow night, and that Harry Croueste is the clown. Here is *verb sap.*, as your Latinist would remark.

The Gaiety pantomime is now in full swing. They are going at it night after night, and everybody is doing his or her best. The playing of Charlie Groves himself is worth going a dozen miles to see. Then clever Louisa Gordon Gourlay is cleverer than ever in this her latest part. Mr Mackintosh makes a hit with his hat, Miss Anderson is wonderfully lively, and Mr Bernard and Mr Lindsay work up their business to the cracking point. The ballet is graceful, and the fun is equal to the necessity of a Christmas Pantomime. That bat-dance will please you, my Magistrate.

Mr Fred. Cooke produced his pantomime "Prince Beaming" on Saturday night. Miss May Holt is positively charming, and there is a funny card who plays *Prince Badlotzir*, Mr Warner, I think is his name, who actually causes roars of laughter.

The London Royalty opened on Saturday night, when Miss Kate Santley and company appeared in "Orphee aux Enfers."

A new trial has been granted in the case of *Coe v. Sothorn* on the grounds of misdirection by the judge, that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and the damages were excessive. So Mr. Coe hasn't got his £1035 yet.

The "Shaughraun" trial of *Boucicault v. Chatterton* is to be carried to the House of Lords. Verily the lawyers should be grateful to the stage.

Byron's "Old Chums" at the London Opera Comique is not well spoken of, but then it may run for all that. The public like his puns and absurdities, whatever the high art critics may say.

Irving is back at the London Lyceum playing "Macbeth" to fair business. He is supported, among others, by Walter Bentley, who is *Malcolm*, and whose performance, says the *Saturday Review*, makes one continue to hope good things of him.

The exhibition of the Edinburgh Photographic Society which was to have been opened in the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy on the 16th, was unavoidably delayed until the middle of last week, much to the inconvenience of those who had come long distances, and from all parts of the country, to be present on the appointed day. The exhibition is one of very great interest, and many of the photographs on view are exceedingly beautiful. The photographic profession in Glasgow, are, as was to be expected, thoroughly well represented, and the stand of George Mason & Co. of Union Street, is a very conspicuous one.

A new "brush," Crichton by name, has come among us to push his fortune as a portrait painter, and has taken rooms in St. Vincent Street over the premises of Carlton & Anderson. An Edinburgh man originally, he has been painting with success for some sixteen years in Sheffield, where for six years he was a member of the Town Council. He is a pleasant intelligent fellow, BAILIE, and you will doubtless soon make his acquaintance.

Though Patalano has long ago secured his position, and is quite safe against all comers, there is yet abundant room for our new friend, who doubtless has his own connection to back him on starting.

What inventive geniuses those enterprising drapers, Copland & Lye, must be. Go up to the Caledonian House, BAILIE, and if you can force Mattie to quit the fancy bazaar within three hours I shall be astonished. Why, ingenious as the disposition of the goods was last year, this season the arrangement of the stock is simply *marvellous*! Q.

A Cambuslang miner spilt some gunpowder the other day, and "took a lighted lamp to gather it up," whereupon the polite powder reciprocated the attention by gathering *him* up "some" about the face and hands.

How They Manage These Things in Helensburgh.

A CHARMING specimen of English has reached the Magistrate from Helensburgh, where in a proclamation the Town Clerk, "in respect of suspicion of canine madness," prohibits owners from "allowing their dogs to be at large for the period of two months." Uncouth as this diction is, it is Addisonian compared with the "further notice" which follows, and which is to the effect that "the owners of such dogs as are found at large after this notice *such dogs* will be dealt with in terms of the Police Act, and of the Dogs Act, 1871." After reading this one wonders what the qualifications of an Helensburgh Town Clerk must be? The Animile is quite in fits over the legislative enactment called "The Dogs Act."

"HEAR THE TOLLING OF THE BELLS—IRON BELLS!"

Christmas! Day of joy and mirth,
Thy bells whose tongue oncewhile would tell a
Time of love and peace on earth,
Now but appeal! *Horrida Bella!*

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.—One of the many American Colonels addressed a turbulent meeting of Good Templars in the Albion Halls last week, and in the course of his address said, "If they could not agree it was not a reason why they should fall out with one another." Of course not. It required no military hero to cross the herring pond to tell us that.

An inquiry is to be made into the alleged disappearance of some 200 or 300 bottles of liquor at the City Poorhouse. The Ass hopes that while they are trying to find out who consumed it wrongfully, those who require it and have a right to it may not be denied it.

IN THE FAR FUTURE.

We'll welcome "guid," or "happy," that New-Year,
When "time of universal peace is near,"
[Excepting "when"—the last line all is Cæsar's—
I trow that no oite thinks it's writ by me, Sirs.]—*Asinus,*
didactic poet.

An ^e _i ⁱ _e vocal success—Mr Lambeth's Select Choir.

Vivisection—Dr Duff's cutting remarks to the Edinburgh medical students.

"Some of the New York churches," it is said, "pay their pastors weekly;" and many pastors, adds Jones, preach equally weakly.

Quavers.

IT may be profitable, now that the Orchestral Concerts are finished for the season, to make a vidimus, as accountants say, of what has been done to them. In accountant's style then, there have been, say thirty-six Orchestral Compositions performed, of which fully a half were new to us. Twenty-two composers in all of such works—Meyerbeer, Adam, Arditi, Gade, Bach, Schumann, Cherubini, Massanet, Barnett, Saint-Saens, Rossini, and Rietz, represented by one selection each; Weber, Schubert, Auber, Raff, Spohr, Gounod, Wagner, by two selections each; Beethoven and Sullivan by three each, and Mendelssohn by four selections. The child of Fortune, well-named "Felix," seems to have been the favourite of the programme committee, his moody countryman the next most favoured, then the conductor, who is by no means to be grudged his proportion. The remainder of the names seem to have been fairly represented, but two, perhaps three, might well have been omitted. Two are Adam and Arditi, the first, at all events, indifferently represented as to selection, and the other the most superficial and trifling composer whom we know; the third, Saint-Saens, we rather like. The *danse Macabre* is perhaps at the worst an example of real talent wasted.

Unlike Italian opera managers, the concert committee has kept excellent faith with the public—only some three or four pieces in the long list having for some reason not been produced. The chief of these were another Symphony by Beethoven, and Spohr's *Jessonda Overture*, which latter it is to be hoped may be heard next season. Might the said committee be respectfully reminded of the fact of there having existed two rather eminent and prolific composers, 'yclept Haydn and Mozart. These were not heard at all this season, and must really not be ignored for the sake of an Arditi, or even a Saint Saens. Why might we not have an overture or two from Mozart?—that to "Il Flauto Magico" for example.

There can be but one opinion regarding the manner in which the Orchestra has been guided during the late regrettably short series of Concerts, and if Mr Sullivan seemed to us the least thing easy on the earlier nights, he certainly made up for it on the later ones. To Mr Sullivan is very largely due the honour of having made these Instrumental Concerts, what they now clearly are, a necessity of our musical existence. Votes of thanks to the Orchestra, to the Committee, &c., will duly follow.

The Second Choral Concert, or Eighth of the entire series, for we must keep up our arithmetical reputation, takes place to-night (Tuesday), with Zion, a union of the modern English Cathedral Anthem and of Mendelssohnian sacred composition; next with Gallia, Gounod's famous Jeremiadic Lamentation, and last with Rossini's rather theatrical setting of the old hymn, the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." On New-Year's day the Choral Union give a morning performance of "The Messiah," which has now apparently become traditional on the day, and this concludes the entire series.

One of these very interesting musical performances, the juvenile festivals of Sacred Song, takes place on Friday evening, the 29th, in the City Hall, under the conductorship of Mr Hugh M'Nabb.

The "inauguration" of another Organ in the Disestablished Church of the future—remote or near according to one's proclivities—takes place in Laurieston Parish Church, on Thursday evening, when it will be duly shown off by Dr Peace, with the addition of some [choral music, under Mr Phillips of Pollok Street U.P. Church.

SEASONABLE ADVICE

"Christmas comes but once a-year"—
While Time on noiseless wings doth fly,
If friendship's off'rings count more "dear,"
The "present" seize—not buy, and buy.

WANTED.—A few of the BAILIE'S friends would like much to know what are the origin and meaning of "X'mas." An answer will be welcomed to "the BAILIE'S correspondence."

Latest from London.

SOME time after everybody but himself had learned and half-forgotten the actual facts of the case, one of those ingenious creatures called "London Correspondents," with the usual promptitude and accuracy of the tribe, informed the public that Mr Barry Sullivan had been wounded in the face by *Duncan* in the last act of "Macbeth." This piece of intelligence is just as correct as the famous Academical definition of a crab as "a little red fish that walks backwards"—which would be quite right, as the naturalist observed, but for the trifling facts that the crab is not red, is not a fish, and does not walk backwards. In like manner, our "London Correspondent" would be accurate enough, were it not that the play was not "Macbeth," and that even if it had been, *Duncan* could hardly have wounded Mr Sullivan in the last act, considering that he receives his quietus in the second. Even a "London Correspondent" ought not to consider some slight acquaintance with Shakespeare beneath his dignity.

ANOTHER LOST POPPERTUNITY.

'Tis well to look before you leap,
But I have look'd too long, I fear,
For still my maiden state I keep,
And now nigh gone again's leap-year.

The Captain and the Cutlets.

THE BAILIE dosen't envy the feelings of Captain Robert Stewart of Westwood, who caused his butler, "a quiet respectable looking young man," to be arraigned before Sheriff Home of Linlithgow, and branded as a thief, for stealing—seven rabbit cutlets, and one bacon ditto. If the cutlets were as thin as their owner's heart seems to be hardened, the poor butler may not after all have had a great blow out, but if this constitutes a thief, what of the grocers' boys who lick their masters' sugar, the bakers' boys who eat a cookie fresh from the oven, or the tobacco boys who purloin a "chaw?" But probably their masters don't wish to ruin their character for say—sixteen-pence. Shouldn't Captain Stewart act in future as his own butler? If he did so, and if any cutlets disappeared, he would at least know who got the benefit of them

At a public meeting the other day an orator who was unfavourably received made the highly original observation that the two creatures given to hissing are serpents and geese. The meeting having been one of Good Templars, he might have appropriately omitted the reptile.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT there was a grand full dress debate on the Lord Provost's City Churches Scheme last week.

That the dissenters and those who thought that the city was to get the worst of the bargain united in opposing it.

That between the two the scheme was kicked out with right good will.

That disestablishment folks are elated and churchmen chagrined at the result.

That the Lord Provost's schemes have been very unfortunate of late.

That to save his Conservancy Board Bill concessions are now to be made.

That a good deal will require to be conceded to get rid of some of the threatened opposition.

That the Corporation is only promoting four bills in Parliament this session.

That they ask for powers to borrow other £650,000 only.

That it is a wonder where all the money goes.

That the City Parochial Board have had another acrimonious discussion over the missing spirituous liquor question.

That professing temperance principles does not always lead to using temperate language.

That if all is true some person's whistles have been gey ill to wet.

That the School Board seem determined that the educational funds connected with the city shall be properly administered.

That the lairds and the farmers have agreed to become friends again under the old banner of the Glasgow Agricultural Society.

That the split caused a loss to both parties and little or no gain to any one else.

That when once the secretaryship question is properly settled Sir Michael should be able to make both sides of his team draw together.

That the Pollokshields people managed their first election of Commissioners not so badly for beginners.

That the anti-burgh party were all kept out of the management.

That they will have to console themselves with finding fault with those who did get in until next election.

That Assessor P. T. Young and Superintendent Nelson had a few passages at arms at the Western last week.

That if they keep on as they have been doing they will be in excellent fettle for shaking hands heartily and wishing each other a Happy New Year next Monday.

That our Senior Member did a power of public appearances last week.

That the U.P.'s don't seem to have made much progress with their church planting scheme last year.

That those who want to know how some people "get along" had better read last week's bankruptcy proceedings.

That the tramway horses at Crosshill may run away once too often for the company and those who get killed if more care isn't taken.

That Mr Galloway, late of the Glasgow Police Force, did *not* commit perjury on a recent occasion.

That the Glasgow policeman is like George Washington.—he "cannot tell a lie, papa."

That the trial of Mr Galloway was interesting, nevertheless, as eliciting the fact that our constables are in the habit of imbibing while on duty an uncountable number of "peace-offerings," or glasses of "whusky, ony way."

That those who have studied the animal were already cognisant of his powers in that line.

That the revelation may, however, have some novelty for the general public.

That they may possibly "make a note of it,"

That the Rev. Mr Arthur, of Springburn, has had his "semi-jubilee" celebrated by a "presentation."

That he thoroughly deserves it.

That Springburn is an ecclesiastical happy family.

That if clergymen of all denominations took example by that parish, the world would be a much better and more agreeable one than it is.

That, though no one doubts H. A. L.'s orthodoxy, he and the "Fathers" can never agree.

That he goes into a row with "extreme unction," whatever he may say against it sacramentally.

That Priest Dillon is to take him before Cæsar.

That the *unctuous* Harry is all right, however the matter ends.

That should it go against him he will *pose* as a martyr.

That, otherwise, his crow will be louder than ever.

Observing a paragraph the other day headed "Attempt to Impose on a Lawyer," the BAILIE began to wonder if those newspaper fellows, finding the sea-serpent "played out," had invented a still greater myth. On his reading the paragraph, however, this suspicion was dispelled. It is *not* pretended that the attempt succeeded.

Aladdin at the Royal.

HYPERCRITICAL youth (indignant at being confronted by a sheet of advertisements instead of the time-honoured drop-scene)—“Now, I say, this is a trifle too much! It’s bad enough to be informed at every street corner where to buy an Ulster, and whose sewing machines are the best, but even a billposter should draw the line somewhere. D—ash their Ulsters and sewing machines!” (Everybody within hearing at once suspects that the indignant one has an interest in the BAILIE, or some of those confounded newspapers, and wants to have a monopoly of the advertising business.)

Curtain rises, and the wicked magician, who bears a striking family resemblance to Mephistopheles, is discovered having some cabalistic larks with a cauldron.

Indefinite man (in stalls)—“Isn’t that scene very like the one in the opera—I can’t think of the name just now, but you know that one where the old fellow turns young again, and then there’s a girl with a spinning wheel, and a lady that walks in her sleep, and some witches and murderers and students, and people of that sort, don’t you remember?” (The poor fellow evidently has a hazy recollection of Faust and Macbeth, and can’t quite tell which is which).

In the next scene the charming—we might almost say bouncing—Miss Aladdin Braham is on, along with her venerable parent. The audience takes to Miss Carrie very kindly. Of course this was to be expected; the ex-“Strong Woman of the Wilderness” could not fail to hit the public very hard.

Youngster of the period (who has been reading up the “Arabian Nights” for the occasion)—“Papa, were there any music halls in Persia when Aladdin was living? There must have been, or he couldn’t have known all those comic songs, could he?” (Papa isn’t very sure).

Then there is the Cave of Jewels, a splendid scene, with no end of pretty girls with pretty names. Grand ballet.

Wicked young man (in stalls, with a wink)—“How do you like that, my boy? Good, eh? Precious deal better here than at an orchestral concert, listening to two hours of those beastly dry overtures and sonatas and rubbish! I say, just look at that little one, the third on the right?” (Winks again, and nudges his friend’s elbow. Friend winks in reply, and both try to look dreadfully rakish and knowing, without much success).

The Gate of Etagwollag. Grand procession of all sorts of people, from Christy Minstrels to

Princes and Princesses, with a perfect menagerie of elephants, dromedaries, tigers, and various other interesting little pets of that kind; regular combination of Macleod’s Waxwork and Noah’s Ark. Timid spectator (in stalls, turning suddenly pale)—“Wouldn’t it be a dreadful thing if any of those ferocious brutes were to break loose and spring among the people? They could be down here in no time. I wish I were a little nearer the door!” (Doesn’t seem to be aware of the fact that the ferocious brutes in question are principally pasteboard, and warranted quiet in single or double harness).

Transformation. Applause. Red fire. Curtain. Ourselves (on the way out)—“Mr Glover’s scenery gets better and better every year. To say that he has surpassed himself this time is the very highest possible praise. The transformation scene is a perfect gem. The libretto, in spite of some very good things, is not specially brilliant on the whole, but the company, one and all, make the very most out of it. Mr Weymark deserves special thanks for his rendering of that exceedingly *rara avis*, a low comedy old woman who isn’t coarse.”

“No Music in his Soul.”

A DEVOTED “student” advertises for lodgings—“top flat, back view. No music to be in the vicinity.” Hapless youth! he may waste his substance in the columns of the *Herald*, and advertise till the crack of doom, but “Never, never, never, never,” as King Lear pleonastically observes, will he get what he wants. He may choose the highest of top flats, and the dimmest of back views, but if he thinks to get out of earshot of “music,” he knows little of the statistics of pianos, organs, German bands—to say nothing of cats and babies, the “most musical, most melancholy” of the lot.

An Exchange of Chaff.

THERE is some humour “on ‘Change,” after all. “A Stockbroker” writes to the *Herald* advocating the formation in Glasgow of a “‘Stock Exchange Christian Association,’ having for its object the religious and social improvement of those connected with the ‘profession.’” He goes on to express a fear that a spirit of worldliness “is not altogether wanting in the Stock Exchange,” and that it might be exorcised by such an association as he suggests. The dear, funny sarcastic creature! If he’s open to an engagement, the BAILIE begs to offer him one upon his staff.

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

- "LONDON SCOTSMAN."—The "Editor of this JOURNAL" never "prates of persons and of things 'of whom' and with which he is utterly unacquainted," and when he "prates" at all he endeavours to "prate" grammatically—not like your friend T. W. R. Ah, Tom! Tom! you used to be a good fellow. Evil communications, however"—you know the quotation.
- "J. T."—Lord Deas is not the first man who has had the pleasure of reading his own obituary.
- "OTTOMAN."—Your communication is worthy of an unregenerate Bashi-Bazouk with a strong dash of the Ukraine Tartar. Bah! You were made to be sat upon!
- "S. D."—The Cheshire Cheese is not the haunt of representative London journalism, nor are all the lights of the profession embraced in the acquaintance of "Vigilant and the Wizard."
- PUBLICAN.—You may sell drink to children under 14, but take care that you enquire if it is for themselves.
- AIRDRIE.—The Sheriff's flattery must have told on him as his talking about leaving a lucrative practice suggested that he had made a great sacrifice by accepting the appointment.
- A DIVISION.—We heard about the new sensational divorce, but such matters are not to our taste nor will this one be much to that of our masters—the public.
- "FOOTBALL."—The BAILIE will give you your kick off on Tuesday.
- * * *—The showering of some tons of Christmas cards upon the BAILIE is an interesting proof of the wide esteem in which he is held; but in deference to the feelings of the Post-Office people, he begs those of his friends who may be meditating a similar demonstration at "the New Year" to allow him to take the will for the deed.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

HATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Largest Stock in Glasgow of the Newest Styles in GENT'S SATIN and FELT HATS.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.A SPARKLING AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND;" WARM, GRATEFUL, AND AROMATIC.
As supplied to the Western, Junior, New, and other Clubs.THOMAS DAVISON,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
126 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.BUY FORSYTH'S
ULSTER COATS.

5 & 7 RENFIELD ST.

OVERCOATS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' OVERCOATS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices - 10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,

151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1876.

THIS city of ours is becoming sadly degenerate. Only the other day the BAILIE was fain to lift up his voice in deprecation of the neglect of Hallowe'en, and now his grievance is the exaltation of Christmas. He may be told that one day is as good as another for holding festival, and that if the 31st of October is no longer observed so heartily and unanimously as it was in his young days, he has the 25th of December in recompense. But this does not go down with his Worship. He is a dreadful old Tory, and dislikes change of any kind. He even wears his coats and hats until MATTIE bullies him into visiting his hatter or tailor, as the case may be. Now, the observance of Christmas as a festival is a decided novelty in Scotland. When the BAILIE was a boy the 25th passed over without any more attention being paid to it—excepted by a few benighted Irish and Southrons, puir bodies—than was bestowed upon the 24th or the 26th. More than that, in the really good

old times that Dr. MARSHALL LANG was telling us about the other day, when folks were fined for not going to church—"And quite right, too," says MATTIE severely—any "baxter" who ministered unto the sinful cravings of these prelatial wanderers aforesaid by "baking of Yule breade" was liable to imprisonment. Think of that, Master Brook! Yule bread, indeed! Conscience! what would our forefathers say were they to wake up now? It's Christmas this, and Christmas that—Christmas trees, and Christmas cards, and Christmas hampers, and Christmas boxes, confound them! Well, well, when the BAILIE comes to think of it he is forced to allow that in older times still than those of which he has spoken, Christmas was observed as merrily in Scotland as it ever was in England, and that if popular feeling is in favour of restoring to the day some of its former honours, there is no use in fighting against that feeling. He must admit that on Monday he enjoyed a right good Christmas dinner, in company with certain of his brither *litterateurs*—and that he didn't feel a bit less patriotic after the operation. He afterwards spent the evening at the house of a friend blessed with many olive-branches, and bore home in triumph a gift from the Christmas tree. So hurrah for Christmas!—But his Worship intends to enjoy his "New Year," all the same!

♦♦♦
The Rev. F. L. Robertson and his Friends.

IT is a long time since Walpole said that every man had his price, and he made no exception from the pulpiteer down to the pedlar. Modern economists would prefer saying that every man had his value; but the fixing of the value of any individual is one of the most difficult problems conceivable. Man himself being modest naturally underrates his merits, and the estimates of his friends, his enemies, and the public are often so different as scarcely to appear referable to the same subject. In some particular aspect of the man those that paint him truest praise him most, though they may be unfortunate in the mode in which they try to express their appraisal. This is the case of the Rev. F. L. Robertson. Some of the reverend gentleman's fellow-patrons of Hutchesons' Hospital having learned that he was likely to be transferred to Edinburgh, proposed that in consideration of the great interest he takes in the Hospital, a deputation should be appointed to wait on him with the view of getting him to remain in Glasgow. This somewhat novel pro-

ceeding suggests some curious thoughts. Mr Robertson may well be supposed to know what it is to have a care o' the main chance and even to have a fair appreciation of the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents and of Edinburgh life, so that it would be quite time enough for his co-patrons as a body to give him advice about his private affairs when he has asked them for it. Fancy some public-spirited citizen removing his business to London or Manchester and the Town Council sending a deputation to try to persuade him not to go! Why should it be different in the case of a minister? and why should a money consideration be offered to the latter? There is a vast gulf between sympathy and siller. Neither is Mr Robertson unaware that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so that even though his 71 colleagues should be unable to manage the Hospital without his aid, it is unlikely to go to wreck through his departure, as the School of Cookery is to cease to be able to produce savoury stews and piquant plum-puddings from the same cause. Again, suppose that Mr Robertson's congregation had become satiated with the spiritual food he had to offer them, the patrons by persuading him to remain might inflict an injury on St. Andrew's congregation and at the same time be the means of depriving the Edinburgh flock of the shepherd best able to direct their steps. In any view this uncalled for action of the patrons is unfortunate, and the way in which it has been gone about is even more so. It is unlikely that it will have any weight with Mr Robertson any more than it will with his many well-wishers like the BAILIE, and it is to be hoped that the occurrence will prevent members of corporations interfering as public bodies in similar circumstances.

♦♦♦
More Shakespeare on the Conference.

Salisbury.—(Tearing up the Treaty of Paris.)

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

King Henry VI., Part II., Act V., Scene 1.

Ditto.—(By the deathbed of "The Sick Man.")
Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

Ditto, Act III., Scene 3.

♦♦♦
Do you wish to go in for a jolly lark?—Then visit the Bird Market.

Questions and Answers.

THE BAILIE, as "an employer of labour," has received a circular signed "R. Herbert Story, D.D.," asking him the following questions:—"1. Whether you believe the Fast-days are generally used by persons in your employment as days of religious service, or of recreation; and appear to have a beneficial effect, or the reverse? 2. Whether the local Fast-days do, or do not, interfere in an inconvenient way with the ordinary course of business? 3. Whether you think these days ought to be kept up, as at present; or would prefer the simultaneous observance of one day in the year in all the parishes of the Presbytery, of the county, or of the country at large?"

His Worship is always prepared with any number of civil answers in response to an equal number of civil questions; and he has much pleasure in furnishing Dr. Story with replies to his queries.

1. The BAILIE finds that the Fast-days are principally devoted by the "persons in his employment" to worship, more or less assiduous, at the shrine of Bacchus; and that the effect next day, so far from being beneficial, takes the form, in the case of his Worship's "young men," of languor and disinclination to exertion, and in the case of the Ass, of something very like "the jumps"—if Dr Story knows what that means.

2. The second question is practically answered in the preceding paragraph.

3. The BAILIE is a staunch Presbyterian; but he thinks that the sooner we Scotch folks relinquish our stiff-necked obstinacy, and recognise the two annual holy days which are observed by the rest of the Christian world, the better.

The Key of the Position—A quay on the Dardanelles.

'Twixt Scamp and Lamp—"Aladdin" at the one house, and "the wonderful cruise (oh)" at the other.

How to Open the New Year—Take time by the forelock.

The Memorial of the Royal Visit—George Square.

Not a Bad Highdea—To ask Westminster Abbey to exchange the Coronation Stone for a bust of Burns.

MEDICAL.—In the course of last week Lord Curriehill was obliged to submit to the application of a series of "Mustard" blisters. His Lordship is progressing favourably.

A Clerical Wrinkle.

A LONDON clergyman secured an enormous "house" the other Sunday, through a report having got wind that he intended to preach on "the Sanitary Aspects of Hell!" It turned out, however, that the subject he had announced was "the Sanitary Aspects of Health"—itself a curious phrase enough. Whether the deception was altogether unintentional on the part of the worthy pastor, the BAILIE of course cannot say, though he hath his shrewd suspicions on the subject; but, at all events, here is a decided "tip" for local clerics with empty churches. Cultivate an indistinctness of utterance—the Ass will give you lessons any Saturday night after 9 p.m.—mumble out an equivocal announcement; *et voila!* It is true that this sort of thing could not be done very often; but there would be a satisfaction in preaching even *once* to a full church which should carry you cheerfully through the rest of your career.

"That Word, Banishment!"

A GREENOCK youth was pulled up the other day, charged with assaulting his father and stepmother, the former of whom is reported to have desired "sentence of banishment to be pronounced, as prisoner was in the habit of periodically murdering his stepmother." The old gentleman seems to have rather exalted notions of the powers of a Bailie; but there can be no doubt that, if what he says be true, banishment is too good for his hopeful heir. If the old lady were his mother-in-law, there might be some excuse for this periodical slaughter; but a stepmother is different. It is a wonder how she manages to survive it, unless she be finely endowed in the matter of lives.

Brother "Scientists."

A GENTLEMAN who recently read a paper before the Glasgow Philosophical Society, described an experiment with alcohol, by which he had raised a "cloud of mist of pure white." The Animile expresses his interest in the subject. He is constantly in the habit of making alcoholic experiments, with a decidedly misty result. He will be happy to compare notes with the philosophical gentleman any evening in "The Howff."

A RETORT.

A Dog to the Lord Provost and Magistrates—"Cave Canem!"

The Lord Provost and the Magistrates to the Dogs—"Canes cavete!!"

One of the Cardinals has just died at Rome of pleuro-pneumonia. Though this is a complaint usually associated with cattle, the BAILIE is requested to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that the deceased was infected with the fatal malady by a Papal bull.

A Lang preacher—The minister of the Barony.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE Extensive Premises of the TRONGATE CLOTHING COMPANY, 54 TRONGATE, is one of the most attractive places of business in Glasgow. We will give a short account of the interior, as the frontage must have been admired by all who have visited that densely-populated portion of the city. Entering by the front, we find ourselves in a handsome Saloon, stocked with every conceivable article of Dress, which are all Manufactured on the Premises. It is a large and commodious apartment, in the Gothic style of architecture, with celestóry filled in with stained-glass windows, and has a Gallery which is exclusively used for the display of TWEEDS, specially manufactured for their 13s Trousers and 50s Suits. Adjoining the Gallery is the Cutting-Room, and from this part of the building up to the attics is a perfect hive of industry. Upwards of 200 persons, engaged in all the various departments necessary for producing the large and varied Stock of Goods always kept on hand, are busily preparing the Ready-made articles of Clothing, while a Staff is also on the premises to attend to the Order Departments. There are commodious Retiring-Rooms, where Customers may either satisfy themselves as to the Fit of the Ready-made Garments, or have those which are being made for them "tried on." When lit-up, the building has a very brilliant appearance, and arrests the attention of every passer by. Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the mirrors with which the windows are fitted up, the Goods are displayed in what appears to be an immense semi-circle, while the gas-fittings are constructed on a novel and extensive scale. The amount of business transacted is immense, and the number of purchases in one day is unusually numerous. A very important feature in the rules of this establishment is, that all Goods are marked in Plain Figures, so that there cannot be a choice of Prices for different Customers. The Goods are all exceedingly varied, both as regards Quality and Pattern, and the fact that every article is sold for cash, is a guarantee to the Buyer that he has only to pay a fair price for what he receives, without giving an addition to the value to make up for those who don't pay at all, as sometimes happens in business where credit is given. Those who wish to compare the past of this branch of business with its latest development should pay 54 TRONGATE a visit. This large Establishment is carried on under the personal superintendence of the energetic General Manager, Mr JOHN HENDERSON.

See "HERALD," "MAIL," and "NEWS," of 25th Dec.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.
THIS EVENING, (TUESDAY), DEC. 26TH, at 7.30,
And Every Evening until further notice,
THE "ROYAL" PANTOMIME,
A L A D I N
AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.
THIS and EVERY EVENING,
C. BERNARD'S Grand Fairy and Musical Extravaganza,
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
By the Finest Burlesque Company that has ever been seen in
this Theatre.
Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
This and Every Evening, the
GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
HARLEQUIN PRINCE BEAMING,
OR
THE MAGIC ROSE.
Box Office open from 12 till 3.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 30TH DECEMBER, 1876,
TUTE'S GREAT MINSTRELS
First Appearance in Scotland of this the largest and most
versatile Troupe of CHRISTY MINSTRELS
that has ever appeared at these Concerts.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

PROMOTED BY THE LORD PROVOST, MAGIS-
TRATES, AND TOWN COUNCIL.
A RECITAL on the ORGAN will be given by Mr LAMBETH
on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt, and on every
succeeding Saturday at the same hour till further notice.
Admission, and Programmes of the Music, Free.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—
ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.
BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to
5.30, 7 to 10.
DENNIS FOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30
to 10.
CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30
to 10. Bands in Attendance.

ST. GEORGE'S CHORAL UNION.
GRAND CONCERT.

HAYDN'S ORATORIO, "THE SEASONS,"
With full Orchestral Accompaniment by
THE GLASGOW RESIDENT ORCHESTRA.
CITY HALL,
TUESDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1877.
PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS—
MISS CATHERINE PENNA.
MR WM. SHAKESPEARE. | MR M. MAYBRICK.
Leader of Orchestra—MR J. T. CARRODUS.
Organist—DR. A. L. PEACE.
Honorary Conductor—WILLIAM MOODIE, Esq.
Tickets (7s, 5s, 3s, and 2s) from Messrs J. Muir Wood & Co.
42 Buchanan Street. Admission, One Shilling.
Doors Open at ; Concert at 8 P.M. Carriages at 10.30.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SECOND CHORAL CONCERT.
CITY HALL.

TUESDAY, 26TH DECEMBER, 1876.

GADE'S "ZION," GOUNOD'S "GALLIA," AND
ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER."

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:
MRS. OSGOOD.
MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.
MR. WM. SHAKESPEARE.
MR. J. L. WADMORE.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF FIFTY PERFORMERS.

CHORUS—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.
ORGANIST—MR. THOMAS BERRY.

CONDUCTOR.....MR. H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s, 3s, and 2s, from Messrs Swan & Pentland,
49 Buchanan Street.

Doors open at 7; Concert at 8; Carriages at 10-20.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

CITY HALL, NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
"MESSIAH."

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s (Reserved), also a few at 3s and 2s—from
Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CITY HALL—NEW-YEAR'S EVENING.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

VOCALISTS:
MRS OSGOOD.
MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.
MR SHAKESPEARE.
SIGNOR FOLI.
ORCHESTRA OF 50 PERFORMERS.

Tickets—3s, 2s, 1s, from Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buchanan Street.

MIDDLE DISTRICT SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

FESTIVAL of SACRED SONG by CHOIR of 1000 VOICES, in CITY HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, 29TH DECEMBER, at 8 o'clock.

Conductor—MR HUGH M'NAB.
Accompanist—MR WM. LORIMER.

Tickets, 6d and 1s, to be had from Swan & Pentland, Gallie, M'Callum, Donald, 159 Ingram Street; Robertson, Dennistoun; Machell, Great Western Road; Niven, Eglinton Street, &c.

GLASGOW ART CLUB

The FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS and WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Members of the above Club, is NOW OPEN in MR ANNAN'S GALLERY, 153 SAUCHEHALL STREET, from 10 a.m. till Dusk. Admission Free.

All who are interested in Art are invited.

**A GREAT DEMAND.
A DAY OF REST.**

For an answer to the Question—"How shall we Pass, and in Passing, improve the Sabbath?" The Day is sacred to Rest, and an entire change of exercises are necessary to supply and enjoy this rest. The enterprising London Publishers, Messrs STRAHAN & Co., have provided an unprecedented mass of Literature of a character extremely well suited to answer the above requirements, in one Volume. They present you with Hundreds of Works by the best Authors; Illustrations by the best Artists; containing, amongst an Extensive and Varied List of Writings, the beautiful story of the White Cross and Dove of Pearls, which contains in its 82 Chapters hundreds of Pictures of Life, Pleasing and Pointed Sermons, Agreeable Conversations, and Profitable Meditations; The Candle Lighted by the Lord, a Religious Tale of very attractive qualities, in 18 Chapters; A Story about Jerusalem in New Testament Times, in 9 Chapters; 77 Lives of Extraordinary Men and Women; 73 Poems by the best Modern Poets; 35 Addresses from the Pulpit, to illustrate Bible Subjects; 43 Sketches of Character; 151 Miscellaneous Papers, including the many information Letters on Christian Progress, sent to the Editor from all parts of the world—the whole being an unfailing Storehouse from which to supply the Instruction and Pleasure which all desire who wish to improve and enjoy their Sabbath rest. In conclusion, it may be said that this Volume contains a power for good, equal to the Preaching from a Hundred Pulpits. 896 Large Pages. The Price is only *TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.*

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

GREAT GOOD THINGS.

A number of years ago Dr NORMAN MACLEOD edited a "Good Words for Young People," the character of which was indeed like its name. In 1874-5 its name was changed, and astonishing improvements were made. That volume contains no less than 500 pictures, a splendid Story by George MacDonald, in 15 Chapters; a very good Story by Louisa M. Alcott, the great American Authoress, in 24 Chapters; another great Story, in 48 Chapters, by Charles Camden; and still another, in 17 Chapters, by the celebrated Hans Christian Andersen; A Tale of the Franco-Prussian War, in 7 Chapters; a great many Curious and Amusing Puzzles, 34 Instructive Educational Papers, 67 Stories and Character Pictures, 23 Entertaining Biographies, 44 Fairy Tales, Funny Fables, and Wise Parables, 13 Delightfully Stirring Adventures, 30 Stories about Animals, 33 Stories and Pictures in Rhyme, 39 Scraps and Curiosities collected by the Editor—the whole is contained in 792 Large Clearly Printed Pages. Pictorially you have a Panorama of the Most Varied and Entertaining Description. Such an instrument to turn dull winter into a summer time of glorious pleasure and delight for the children has never before been offered, and at a Price for the Whole not to be believed.

TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR PRESENTATION.
DR. NORMAN MACLEOD'S Handsome
Volume, "Peeps at the Far East," Beautiful Binding, Ninety-One Illustrations, forms at once a Splendid Drawing Room Table Book, a mine of information about India, a memorial of the famous and world-admired Dr., and of great power to please young and old. Published at 21/, now only to be had for 7/6 at

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

MY conscience, BAILIE! are the Hatters' Glaisca going daft? Man, it's awfu'. Dootless ye hae seen their advertisements this week or twa back, and I'm thinking you've taken notes o' them; and let us ken your mind about them. Yo haeften heard, BAILIE, the saying, As mad as a March hare; but noo the folks wull gie that up, and say, As mad as a Hatter. I canna sit doon tae my tea when I come hame at nicht frae my wark, and look ower the evening papers, which is my habit, but the vera first thing my een see, is thae Hatters' Advertisements. Dash it, BAILIE, man, I'll be whuppit if I can see or read onything else but them Hatters, day and night, at hame or wark, it's dinging in my ear—Hats, Hats, Hats! Man, BAILIE, it's terrible; it maun be put a stop tae, for there's nae doot about it, if no stopt I'll hae Hatterophobia in the cranium. The ither nicht I rose up frae my tea quite in a passion, without tasting it. The wife says she, "Losh me, Tam, what in a' the warl's gane wrang wi' ye?" Noo, BAILIE, a thing like this never took place in oor hoose before, and nac wunner the guidwife thoct I had gane clean gyte. I saidna a word, but rushed frae the hoose, determined to see what it a' meant, and judge for mysell if there was onything like a grain o' truth in what the Hatter bodies were saying. Weel, I took a turn along the Trongate and Argyle Street, and had a very close look intae a' their windows as weel as their doors, for baith inside and oot are dressed wi' a' manners and styles o' Hats and Caps. Mind ye, BAILIE, there is great taste displayed by thae Hatters in dressing their windows and doors—very artistic indeed—and maun require great patience and time to do it. I examined some o' their goods markit at the doors. I felt the felts, for, BAILIE, I maun tell ye I'm an awfu' guid judge o' Felt Hats. Weel, I said to mysell, aifter a' they're no without some reason for making such a blaw in the papers; and was beginning to feel a wee cooler, particularly in the cranium. Weel, frae what I saw in some o' thae shops, the Hats priced lookit kin' o' reasonable enough. Noo, says I, when I got to the corner o' Jamaica Street, I'll awa and see what that ither chap is like that's making such an awfu' hullabaloo, so I looks at the address in the papers, and sees, WALTER WILSON & CO, 68 JAMAICA STREET (TWA STAIRS UP). So you're the chap that's called the Hat Reformer; weel, says I, the name and the appendidjes soonds weel, so I'll awa and hae a practical test o't by buying a hat; so I gets to 68 Jamaica Street, and up I goes. Thinks I tae mysell, this is a queer place for a Hat Shop; but in I goes. Man, BAILIE, I was amazed and thunderstruck at the sight; the place was croodit by old and young, rich and poor, and as far as I saw all were being attended to by the mony employees, baith male and female, in a maist pleasing and courteeus manner. When you enter first you see a large square central apartment. This is one of the Ladies' principal Departments for the sale of Straw and Felt Hats and Bonnets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c. To the right of this is another very large sale-room, also for Ladies; here are numerous articles, such as Umbrellas, Fancy Bags, Flowers, Fancy Baskets, and many other things of rare value, beautifully arranged in handsome cases. To the left of the central room is the Gents' Hat Department. Here I was maist interested. Many persons were getting attended tae by a large staff of male and female assistants. I had tae wait a short time to get saired mysell, as the salesmen were engaged with ither, and so I had time tae look aboot me, and judge on the spot if this Hat Reformer was justifeed in blawing such a tremendous blast frae his big trumpet in the papers, and which nearly took possession of my senses, as well as spoiling my tea for the nicht. Weel, BAILIE, I maun honestly say I cudna believe there was a place of such dimensions in the Hat line in Glaisca, or ony place else. The Prices of the various hats shown was raily astonishing, for cheapness combined wi' quality, finish, and style. I askit the Reformer, Mr WILSON (for he was introduced tae me by this time), Hoo could he sell his goods sae cheap? He said simply, "I buy with Cash in the largest and best houses in the market, enormous quantities, as you see around you; we have enormous sale for them; the Ready Cash and the

quick turnover is the secret of selling Hats at really Wholesale Prices." I was convinced of the fact wi' the ane I bocht, and saw ither buying, and sae I felt quite satisfied that this firm of WALTER WILSON & CO., HATTERS, 68 JAMAICA ST., were well entitled to the names (now undoubtedly theirs) of HAT REFORMERS in every ense of the wrd. Noo, Mr BAILIE, this is the end o't, and aifter that I expect ye'll be takin' a slip up to this wonderfu' place yersell, 'ae buy a Hat and take notes. I'll awa hame tae the wife noo, and tell her a' about it, show her my new hat, and to please her aifter the tea affair, tell her I'll treat her and the weans to new Hats and Bonnets, at the obliging Firm of

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE HAT REFORMERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS
AT
THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE

OPENING AND COMPLETION OF THE
BAZAAR.

PANTOMIC ARCTIC REGIONS,

AND
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.
IMMENSE ARRIVALS OF FANCY GOODS.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE
announce to the Citizens of Glasgow the COMPLETION of their GRAND BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR, the whole of the Stock of Toys and Fancy Goods being now arranged and laid out, forms a complete exhibition, to which they invite the attention of their numerous patrons. To all seeking suitable articles for Presents, we have no hesitation in saying you are here sure to find something to please, and the price will be right. Remember—Open Free To-Day, and through the Christmas Holidays; and if you wish to give the little ones a treat take them to the

CALEDONIAN HOUSE FANCY FAIR.

For full particulars of the Opening of the Fancy Fair and Toy Bazaar with Pantomimic Arctic Regions, and of Bargains in every variety of Fancy Toys for Boys and Girls during the Christmas and New-Year Holidays, see Daily Papers of Friday last.

The best Route to the Caledonian House is by Sauchiehall Street and through the Wellington Arcade; or the Cowcaddens Tramway Cars pass the door every five minutes.

COPLAND & LYE,
CALEDONIAN HOUSE,
110 TO 120 COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.

Now Ready, Part 4, Price One Shilling, post free,

"JOHN CHEAP, THE CHAPMAN'S
LIBRARY;" the Scottish Literature of Last Century
Classified.

These are very desirable reprints of many curious and quaint old productions well known and much appreciated by the grandfathers of the present generation. The present Part contains the Lives of John Knox and John Welch, the Life and Prophecies of Alexander Peden, Life and Prophecies of Donald Cargill, Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and The Laird of Lag's Legacy, forming a very handsome little book certain to be appreciated by book collectors.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

HIGH-CLASS PICTURES

CHINA, BRONZES, &c.

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL

1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station,
and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommoda-
tion for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City
(either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone exten-
sive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furni-
shed in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the
"BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combin-
ed with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES :—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9;
Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS.**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at
134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

NEW YEAR CARDS.

British and Foreign, all Styles and Prices.

Scrap Books, mounted and blank, from 1s to £10 10s. Carte
de Visite and Cabinet Albums, all the latest novelties, including
the new Easel Album. Swiss Carved Goods, a variety of useful
and elegant articles. Chromos and Screen Pictures of every
kind. The largest stock of Photographs in the West of Scot-
land. Photographs arranged and neatly mounted. Pictures
framed.—**A. DUTHIE, 6 RENFIELD STREET.**

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for **BINDING APPREN-
TICES**, Stamped or Unstamped.—**ROBT. LAWSON**,
LITHOGRAPHER and **PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.**

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements
for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies
received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published
Prices.

THE BEST VALUE

In **LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY**,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S
23 UNION STREET,

Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles,
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and GENTS'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nervous Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE

8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened
the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and
hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
SMART SHAPES FOR "YOUNG MEN,"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

AVOID DRAUGHTS

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at
very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

"THE SLAVE." Large Coloured Photo., by
Messrs GOUPII, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR
FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,
71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.
C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

NEW-YEAR CARDS.

LORIMER,
14 RENFIELD STREET, AND 52 JAMAICA STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE
DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export
PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can
now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID,
City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to
insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent
capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat
Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready
for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

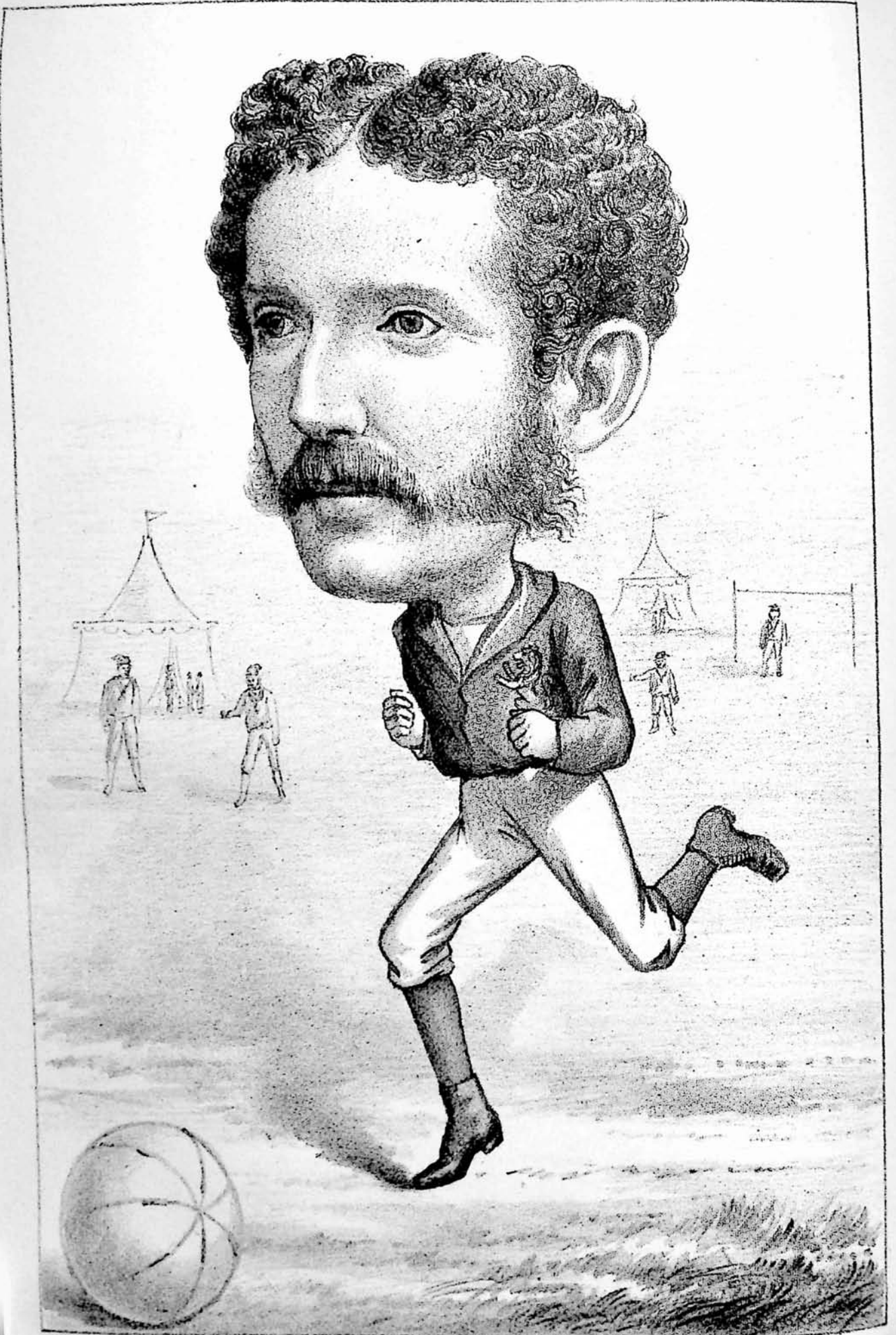
BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH
SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.
" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.
" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.
" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.
" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.
A Great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours,
Coloured Photos. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 220 Glasgow, Wednesday, January 3rd, 1877. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 220.

IF summer has its "shows," winter has its pantomimes, and the more vigorous sports are dedicated to her from autumn till she lingering chills the lap of May. None of these sports has so suddenly and deservedly sprung into popularity as football, of which the BAILIE, as the guide, philosopher, and friend of all the young men in the City who have got the *mens sana in corpore sano*, proposes to discourse for the benefit of those who have not retained their youth while maturing their experience like himself. Football, like most other things, has a history; but there has been as great a change in it as the modern code of morals, and increased facilities for flirtation, have wrought in love-making. The football game of "Tom Brown's School Days" is still practised in a modified form—hacking and kicking not being now reckoned fit sport for even aristocratic barbarians—but it has been almost completely supplanted in popular favour by the new and improved edition known as the Association game. In it football is football, and nothing else, but still neither gentle nor unattended with risk—in fact, a thoroughly Spartan sport. Ill suited for any but the young and vigorous in want of an arena for working off their exuberant natural spirits, it affords a severe test of nerve, muscle, and staying power. Liteness of limb, fleetness of foot, quickness of eye, endurance, coolness of judgment, and dexterity in working, with power and certainty in kicking, the ball, are all needed to make a first-class player. When played by such proficient, we see displays of no mean strategy or craft, brilliant "runs" or attacks at goal, and skilfully planned or stubborn defence. Since the Scottish Football Association was formed some four years ago, the game has risen into the importance of a

regular weekly public spectacle, which has an interest and attraction for thousands who never kicked a ball in their lives. Every village now has its club, and some of them even send teams to attempt to wrest the Association Challenge Cup from crack City clubs, who in their day have astonished such experienced and skilful players as the English. On a Saturday afternoon, when a big match or a cup tie is "on" at say Hampden Park, the ground of the Queen's Park Club—probably the best, certainly the most lauded and praised team in Britain—thousands of people wend their way thither, and the burgesses of Crosshill are deprived of the use of their public-houses for some hours after the event is past. All ranks and classes, from Leven lads to Park patricians and Langside ladies, turn out whether the day be genial and bright or raw and murky, and cheer or shout remarks in approval of some skilful bit of dribbling, passing, or tackling. When a goal is taken, the excitement is often so great, that the uninitiated can scarcely be blamed for thinking it rather silly of the spectators making such an ado about twenty-two young fellows contending in what is called generous rivalry. Not unfrequently the desire of victory on the part of the opposing teams is so keen as to cause some one to lose his temper, and use an amount of force in "charging" that seems too rough for jest. Such a clash of arms often leads to a "spill," which is part of the fun of the fair. Torn garments don't count. Nor is this eagerness reserved for the field alone. No outdoor sport "possesses" not only its votaries, but all those also who take an interest in it, so much as football; some players even are all but semi-professionals. It is the theme of conversation everywhere with the hobbledehoy of the city—criticisms of the last and anticipations of the next big match (as often as not of a very partisan tone), interspersed with dreadfully tiresome itera-

tions of the wonderful feats performed by "Jamie," "Joe," "Billy," or "Harry," or some other well-known player, whose Christian name is generally used with a familiarity that would betoken the greatest intimacy with him—being heard all over the shop when "Young Glasgow" gets together. Of those to whom football has become an absorbing passion, few are better known, than Mr WILLIAM DICK, the Secretary of the Scottish Football Association, a Society which, like its prototype in the South, has done admirable service in securing uniformity in the rules of the game, in fostering competitions, and increasing the general excellence of the play. When Will Waterproof had got his bottle of port under his belt, he saw all things as they are, but through a kind of glory. To the Man you Know this glory is football—every one should either play it or patronise it; and the many thousands who now amuse themselves by kicking the leather he regards as the very life-blood of the nation. He is not himself a football player of any note, but that does not prevent him putting his whole soul into his duties. To say that he discharges them with efficiency would be but poor recognition—enthusiasm is nearer the mark—and withal there is a kindness and good-natured smartness about him that makes Mr DICK a general favourite in the wide circle of players. Nothing is dearer to him than an opportunity of showing attention to some English team while in town, his belief being that matches with them help to unite us more closely to our ancient foes. The commodities known as Bass and Allsopp are more potent influences in this direction. Mr DICK has done good service by publishing a neat and handy Football Annual, which may yet grow into something creditable. But for this, and the fact that he parts his hair carefully in the middle, those who have only heard him on football might look for other signs of culture in his walk rather than in his conversation. What, by the bye, would Mr Dick and the Associated Clubs think of saving up the "hauls" of gate money to secure a permanent Foot-ball Ground?

A "Tooth" that should be Taken Out—The "High" Tooth of Hitcham.

Time Out of Mind—The daft days.

We are enjoined not to hide the discovery of blessings found by the way: see the HINDOO PENS.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Nile, and the Waverley Pen."
1s per box. Sold at all Stationers, 1s 1d by Post. Patentees
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

A Happy New Year.

A HAPPY New Year! A Happy New Year!
What a world of wishes is wrapped in the greeting
When exclaimed by the voice of a friend old and dear,
From the gush of a heart in sincerity beating!
Merry Christmas has come! Merry Christmas has gone
With its roll of enjoyments now over for ever,
Its rites and festivities rolled into one,
Like the hurry and flurry and frenzy of fever.
On the doomed bird and beast for the plenary feast,
Old Death had wrought hard in his greedy employment,
That wiser, or weaker, we might have at least
A carnival loaded with carnal enjoyment.
Bloated Christmas is gone, but a happy New Year
Bringeth spring with its promising pretty primroses,
And the zenith of summer exalting its sphere
O'er the beautiful world which a new year discloses.
Then brown brawny autumn comes trudging along
With the labours of summer aloft on his shoulder,
Awaking the dance and evoking the song
From the flood-tide of joy in the grateful beholder.
So a happy New Year! a happy New Year
To the powers and the people of mighty Sanct Mungo;
And our good little brothers, around, near and dear,
As Patick, Hillhead, Pollokshields, and Strathbungo.

(Circuit) Court Circular.

IT is somewhat singular that on the same day that Lord Young was congratulating our Sheriffs and Magistrates on the marked diminution of crime, the Home Secretary was informing the public that our prison accommodation was insufficient for the numbers considered worthy of being detained therein, and that a suitable suburban residence had been provided for the overflow. Possibly both are correct, and the overcrowding may only be occasioned by a temporary expansion in the persons of the inmates from their frequent contact with tur(n)keys and the good cheer usually served up at this festive season. The BAILIE trusts a return to "skilly," when the holidays are over, may have the desired effect of reducing the prisoners within former limits, and thus bearing out Lord Young's remark, to some extent, by proving that offenders, if not offences, are rapidly diminishing

SEA-SON-ABLE.—His Worship has heard it rumoured in Arctic circles that on Tuesday last Commander Nares was in Glasgow in search of the North Pole, and that on Wednesday, discovering it snow go, and feeling his surroundings somewhat zero-us, he, after having coaled, made tracks for Blanket Bay. [This is a more likely rumour than the other, that a celebrated local firm is in treaty for one-half of the Pole to stir its ice cream with, the other to be dissolved for the delectation of the whales and walruses in Kelvingrove Aquarium].

"Robinson Crusoe" at the Gaiety.

INQUIRING child (one of seven whom a happy father has brought to see the pantomime, and who has been studying the programme for the last five minutes)—"Who was Billy Taylor, papa, and what had he to do with Robinson? and I never heard of Davy Jones either, nor Rude Boreas, nor Picalili, nor Quashibungo, nor Hokypoky, nor Jack Junk, nor Kickaboo, nor——"

Happy father—"These are—ah—what you may call—ah—mythological characters my boy." (Wishes he hadn't brought the inquiring child).

Curtain rises on the usual dismal opening scene, at the bottom of the sea this time, which afterwards changes to the Port of Hull. Entry of Miss Gourlay and Miss Leslie, looking two of the most bewitching maidens that could possibly be imagined.

Appreciative young lady (in stalls, to confidential friend)—"Aren't they awfully pretty, Jack? which do you prefer, candidly now?"

Confidential friend—"Yes, my dear, they are really very nice, but upon my word, when you are here I can't admire anybody else very much!" (And the silly little creature actually believed him! Credulity, thy name is Woman!!)

Then Mr Bernard comes on as fresh as a daisy, and meets a reception which proves how great a favourite he is. Miss Anderson follows, in a particularly fetching suit. Evidently another favourite. Her foot (one of the nicest little feet in the three kingdoms, by the way) has certainly not lost its cunning in the matter of step-dancing.

Knowing man (in stalls)—"Just returned from Paris, I understand. Eh? What was she there for? Oh—ah—to improve her French accent, no doubt." (Everybody wonders who he's talking about).

Dreadful broadsword combat between clever Charley Groves as the heavy villain and Miss Gourlay, in which that young lady proves herself a foewoman worthy of even Barry Sullivan's steel. If that vigorous tragedian wants any more eyelids cut through, just let him apply at the Gaiety stage door, and he'll be accommodated at once.

Dignified spectator (struggling desperately to maintain his gravity while everybody is screaming at Mr Groves' fun)—"Can't say I see anything remarkably funny in it, and I don't understand why people should laugh in that insane—" (Here Charley twitches his moustache three times in succession, and the dignified spectator

can stand it no longer. Laughs much louder than anybody else).

A very funny scene with a troupe of native Christy Minstrels. Everybody enjoys Bones' old jokes and conundrums immensely.

Impertinent fellow (who must have heard of Bernard and Vestris somewhere)—"You may break, you may shatter the Christy Minstrel if you will, but a hankering after blacking will hang round him still!"

Transformation curtain.

Ourselves (on the way out)—"One of the best pantomimes and cleverest companies we have ever had in Glasgow. Misses Gourlay, Anderson, and Leslie are three regular Graces, Mr Bernard is seen to more advantage than he has ever been before, Messrs Groves and Mackintosh are irresistibly funny, and Mr Lindsay does his work like the artist he is. The scenery is very good, and the supernumeraries are splendidly drilled. In short, the piece is as near perfection as we can expect in this woefully wicked world."

♦♦♦
CURRANT EVENTS CASTING THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

As happy Newy'rd'y comes but once a year,
We bun's abundance hope to share for one day,
Nor think to buy such mundane joys ow'r dear
Till once we feel *sick transit gloria Monday.*

♦♦♦
Men We Know.

HIIGHLAND policemen, with and without lassos.

The Christmas Waits—to our cost.

Inconsiderate creditors, who are continually bothering about "that little account."

Bullying cabmen, who always want sixpence more.

Old clothes dealers, on the watch for business at street corners.

Barrel organ players, with pan-pipes occasionally thrown in.

And lastly, a man we admire without knowing—the Editor of the BAILIE.

♦♦♦
LITERATIM ET VERBATIM.

Schoolboy—There are some words no' in that dictionar' ye sell't me.

Bookworm—Weel, weel, my man, ye should ha' look'd what was in't afore ye bocht it.

♦♦♦
THE PRESENT PASTIME.—New Year's day was yesterday—and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to "change their breath." Hence the origin of the word "changehouse" ?]

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I've been to the Royal to see "Aladdin," you've been to the Royal to see "Aladdin," Mattie has been to the Royal to see "Aladdin," and I, you, and Mattie are all going back to see "Aladdin." I won't say it's the very best pantomime Mr Glover has produced, but I'll say it's one of the very best. You couldn't characterise it better than by calling it a series of brilliant pictures, pictures, however, that are alive with bustle, and are made gay with the strains of popular melody. Of course there will be day representations of "Aladdin" all the week.

Extra performances are now the order of the day at the Gaiety, the result being crammed houses. To get anything like a comfortable seat, one has to go a long time before the curtain rises. I see again, my Magistrate, that you have deprived me of my say about Mr Bernard and his piece by treating of "Robinson Crusoe" yourself.

During the holidays the Prince of Wales Theatre ought to secure a fair share of public patronage. The pantomime of "Prince Beaming" has one great attraction—it is finished every night at a "reasonable hour," as the reporters would say. Besides, "Prince Beaming" is funny. All attenders of the Prince of Wales are certain of a laugh.

A representation of "Caste" will be given in the Queen's Rooms in a week or two by the same party of ladies and gentlemen who played it so cleverly about the beginning of last year.

Henry J. Byron opens his provincial tour in Edinburgh on 2nd April. Lindsay and Groves, of the Gaiety Company, are to be of the cast. Young Mackintosh, as I mentioned three weeks ago, has been engaged by Charley Collette for the London Opera Comique.

Haydn Corri, brother of Henry Corri, and at one time a popular baritone, is dead.

Barry Sullivan is rapidly recovering. He will appear at the Theatre Royal in a round of Shakespearian characters early next month.

The site in West Nile Street sacred to the drama as the stance of the old Princes' Theatre, and more recently familiar to sawdust, and nigger minstrelsy, and presently known as Hengler's Cirque, will before long be converted to more noble uses—the Inland Revenue authorities having decided upon erecting an important edifice on the ground, whither will be transferred the business which is now transacted in Queen Street.

Mr Airlie, conforming to the claims of the "daft days," provided us with a comic evening on Saturday at the City Hall—the entertainment having been supplied by Tute's clever band of coloured minstrels. The people laughed consumedly at the fun of the Sables, and the hall as usual was crowded. Next Saturday the "gentlemen will appear again," with a different programme.

I see, BAILIE, that there is a "movement" to have the portrait of the "Man you Know," the Master-of-Works and City Architect, painted by Sir Daniel, but whether the picture is to be hung upon Mr Carrick's own walls, or upon those of the Corporation Galleries, I haven't heard. The likeness of one who has had so much ado with the construction of modern and the re-construction of ancient Glasgow is well worthy of a place among the portraits of other eminent citizens.

I was up at Park Circus one day not long ago, my Magistrate, looking at Mr Macdonald's pictures. He has three or four of the very finest Maccullochs I have yet had the pleasure of seeing, and very reasonably he sets a high value on them, and will not part with them on any consideration. His collection, also, is exceedingly rich in Sam Bough's water-colour works, some of them as exquisite little bits as the artist ever painted. I wish that the courtesy which made this collection accessible to me were widely copied. There must be vast stores of enjoyment scattered about in the houses of our wealthier citizens. What a splendid exhibition might be got together for the public enjoyment from these private houses!

I had a letter from friend Fraser the other day, in which he tells me that the Edinburgh Exhibition this season is to be even

finer than that of last year, but I do hope, notwithstanding their home demand, that the Academical painters will remember Glasgow, and will contribute to us largely out of their abundance. Charity, whilst naturally beginning at home, should also be largely diffusive, and some amends are surely due to us for the stinted measures of the last two years.

I had no idea until the other day that such beautiful tapestry was woven in Glasgow. Look in some day upon young Edmond, 179 West George Street, who designs for Barbour & Miller of Bridgeton, and if you are not delighted with the rich specimens of work that he can show you, I shall be much surprised, BAILIE.

At this time of the year, BAILIE, there is nothing more necessary to children's enjoyment than the means of indoor recreation, and what a pleasant sight it is to see the little chits at their parlour and nursery games. The fondest of Paterfamilias, if he choose to visit Messrs Short & Stewart's elegant premises in Buchanan Street, can have a choice of selection of these domestic games that will astonish him, and he cannot fail, if he brings home the tempting playthings, to earn the lasting gratitude of his olive branches. Some of these toys have most grotesque jawbreakers for names, words which it would puzzle even Charley Collette to pronounce. Q.

Hints for Private Theatricals.

FOR Pawnbrokers—"Obliging a Friend," or "All that Glitters is not Gold."

For Undertakers—"Gentlemen in Black," or "Borrowed Plumes."

For Policemen—"Area Belle," or "Cupboard Love."

For the Tramway Co.—"The Whistler," or the "Bells."

For Vocalists—"No Song no Supper," or "Two Flats and a Sharp."

For Hatters—"Mad as a Hatter," or "Teddy the Tiler."

For Barbers—"My Turn Next," or "Easy Shaving."

For Doctors—"Sleeping Draughts," or "Make your Wills."

For Henpecked Husbands—"Blow for Blow," or "Peace at any Price."

For Gardeners—"Old Gooseberry," or "Cool as a Cucumber."

For Fishmongers—"A Fish out of Water," or "Whitebait at Greenwich."

For Landlords—"Setting Day," or "Happiest Day of my Life."

For Dairymen—"The Maid of the Milking Pail," or "Milky White."

For Firemen—"Thro' Fire and Water," or "Maud's Peril."

For Lodging-House Keepers—"Furnished Apartments," or "Lodgers and Dodgers."

ONE FOR THE JUNIOR MACCULLOCHS.

1st *Feminine Party* (log.)—"I thoct his brither was a baker."

Second do.—"Ae na lassie—he's a penter—no o' houses ye ken. He trails about an' pents parks."

A Rail Conviance.

ONE great objection frequently urged by the tourist against railway travelling, is the velocity with which one is hurried past places of historic fame and spots around which the poet and the novelist have woven the fairy fabric of romance. The North British Railway Company, with praiseworthy energy, have set themselves to the removal of this difficulty on one of their most picturesque lines, that from Colledge to Coatbridge; and the morning trains are now brought to a stand for about ten minutes every few hundred yards, thus affording the most ample opportunity for noting the objects of interest along the line of route. The advantages of this arrangement are obvious.

The intelligent foreigner, for instance, finds himself with the first stoppage in line with the infantry barracks, the Bridewell chapel, and the coal depots, and is enabled at a glance to take in the awful grandeur of our military establishments, the piety of our criminals, and the clear-headedness with which a large and increasing mineral traffic is mismanaged.

On the other hand, the men of business inside the train, already familiar with the delays, can while away their precious time agreeably, with perhaps a service of fruit, a solo on the windpipe, or a variety of "morning exercises" suited to the situation.

A few yards further and the train is drawn up on one of the most dangerous crossings in the kingdom, when the pleasing excitement evinced by this quiet joke is apparent on the features of all; the manner in which the passengers stretch their necks on the outlook for a coming train, earning for them from funny officials the comical nicknames of cameleopard's and travelling *cranes*.

When the new Bothwell line is opened the pleasures of the journey will, of course, be greatly enhanced.

As it is, the route supports three itinerant musicians; and there is every prospect that picnic parties will have the privilege of visiting the romantic neighbourhood of Shettleston, returning same evening, or as soon thereafter as circumstances may permit.

This novel mode of combining business and pleasure may possibly pall upon the taste of the commercial community, and it is thought they may prefer the more expeditious run offered by the Caledonian; but doubtless the N.B. directors have allowed for the diversion of this unimportant item of their receipts.

Meantime, the BAILIE congratulates the Company on their liberality and foresight, and invites all his friends who find time hanging heavy on their hands to try this latest and effectual method of "steaming the happy hours away."

"Coelum, non Animos, Mutant."

THE BAILIE is rapidly coming to the conclusion that the Police force is much the same all over the world. It is a caste by itself, like the gipsies or the Jews, and though seas may divide its members, they have the same ferocious instincts wherever we find them. There is no use, it seems, in railing at Tonalt for being a liar and a brute. "It is his nature, too," as Dr Watts exquisitely puts it, and he is but carrying out the laws which govern his kind everywhere. In far San Francisco the guardian of the peace fires his revolver into peaceful boarding houses; in nearer Paris he assumes a "moral" garb, and insults respectable ladies; and in Preston, nearer still, he has been breaking inoffensive legs, and trying to suborn witnesses, after the most approved fashion. We're no worse off than our neighbours; and his Worship supposes that we must grin and bear it, taking care to keep out of Tonalt's devastating way till it shall please Providence to endow him with human instincts.

New Novels.

- "A BAD Debt," by the author of "Too Much Aloan."
- "Went to Bed in March," by the author of "A-Rose in June."
- "A Splash on his Shirt-Front," by the author of "A Blot on his Escutcheon."
- "Smothered by his Sweetheart," by the author of "Crushed Beneath Her Idol."
- "The Original Ink-Eraser," by the author of "The Last Inca."
- "Bolted without Paying," by the author of "True to Her Trust."
- "The Checked Ulster," by the author of "The Scarlet Shawl."
- "A Stomach Ill, Too," by the author of "A Heart Well Won."
- "Under the Table," by the author of "At the Bar."
- "Demented Daisy," by the author of "Mad-cap Violet."
- "Three Delusive Suns," by the author of "Two Fair Daughters."

Scottish Rites—First-footing and dram-drinking.

A Feast of Mars.

ANY one conversant with our reserve forces must be aware that they're a desperately convivial lot of warriors. They never get a chance of drawing blood, but they show their sanguinary leanings by tapping their own claret pretty often and pretty freely. The regiments have their balls (not rifle balls, but "hops"), with plenty of c(h)ampaigning afterwards for those gallant commercial heroes, their officers. There is, however, one regiment, which affects to despise all officers but its own; its privates, "all, all honourable men," lay to their souls the flattering unction that "to be a Roman is better than to be a king." Theirs is a ball to speak of. To use a martial simile, it's a regular cannon ball, a burst to which a bomb-shell couldn't hold a fusee.

But it isn't half enough for our heroes, who love to figure in the uniform they are fond of abusing so roundly, and so each company must have its own jollification. And such jollifications; it would do your heart good to see the youngsters at it, BAILIE. You couldn't stand it in the body, but just let's look in together in the spirit (not the liquid, but the ethereal spirit) and see how the thing works.

Appetite—rather; don't you see the head waiter, just about to faint; he's actually taking a glass of brandy to sustain him, poor fellow.

Oh, that's one of the band. What does he want? "Some o' that enticin' stuff, please, sir." Oh, I see, give him some soufflé, old man. Good gracious, he's going to eat with that pointed fish-knife; stop him, for his mother's sake, before he spikes himself.

Ah! now he'll be quiet, he's helped himself to a stock of cigars and a glass of brandy. Not a bit of it, he's shouting something that sounds like "Chaw! chaw! awdaw! awdaw!" Speeches, I suppose.

Precisely. "Her Majesty is a—er—motherly—a—woman, and—a—er—good queen." The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family are put up in a slump lot and are toasted in the aggregate.

All the high and mighty officers present are of course happy—no insinuations, sir, I mean happy and nothing more.

The regiment is toasted, applauded, and cheered, the company itself goes in for a home-made toast, buttered on both sides. Everything is received with "H'p, hip, hurrah!" and the invariable "One cheer more."

The prizes are distributed with as many pun-

notes attached as the gallant chairman's brain-pocket contains.

Songs and speeches once more. "Hearts of Oak," and "The Mulligan Guards," alternate with "Three Times Three" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The atmosphere thickens with smoke, and the noise increases till "Molly Malone" is chorussed in tones that might rouse the cattle of Bashan themselves from their distant graves.

Order, order though, it's eleven o'clock and Long Tomkins is bursting to rid himself of that speech about the ladies.

Ah, there he's on his legs.

What's he saying?

Something about "Fair eyes—dote—military—this company—special favour," &c.

Won't do; he may as well sit down.

His voice would be more audible if his comrades would stop giving "three cheers with Highland honours," and bawling "For they are jolly good gir—rls, which nobody can deny." Good-night, good-night, this is enough for us, old boy, but they don't all think so. Hear young Fast. "I say, we should have had a special licence and kept up the fun till two or three." Chorus facetiously, "Turn that man out."

Hallo! what's that he says? "Come along, you fellows, up to my diggings and we'll have a night of it."

Ah, these puppies of war are sad dogs, aren't they, BAILIE?

A Nice State of Things.

IT is not generally known, but it is not the less a fact, that the cabmen of Glasgow are in the habit of exacting "black mail" from the hotel-keepers for taking travellers to their respective houses, and that those who refuse to submit to the exaction lose many customers. One gentleman this autumn was taken in succession to five different hotels by the scoundrel who drove him before he was set down at the one to which he had demanded to be driven. The black mail demanded in each case is one shilling—just a "bob." Yes, indeed, they should have the bob, but it should be the Yorkshire one, "a bob in the eye with a stick." My certie, things have come to a pretty pass, and the worst is that some of the Bonifaces are so mean as to encourage the cabbies in this detestable practice.

The Daily Mail—The "Limited."

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d.—CARMICHAEL'S, 161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

Thumb-Nail Sketches.

VIII.—BELLA BEAUXYEUX.

"NO, not *Miss* Beauxyeux: Bella Beauxyeux, or Beauxyeux, or Bella, whichever you please, but drop the prefix. Disrespectful? Not a bit of it. She likes it; and surely one cannot show respect for a lady better than by consulting her wishes.

"There's something so namby-pamby,' she says, 'about "Miss." It makes one think of bread-and-butter, and all that sort of thing. Call me Bella.'

"That's the sort of girl for you! A regular out-and-outer, with no nonsense about her, as Jack Martingale says, for once in his life perpetrating 'poetry.' Harry Sangfroid once delighted her by telling her that she was the most gentlemanly fellow he ever met. She and Harry are as thick as thieves, to use her own expression. You've heard the story of old Mrs Stratelace meeting them walking arm-in-arm at a pic-nic at Loch Eck, both calmly smoking. And none of your cigarettes, mind you, do for Bella—she must have a genuine full-flavoured Havana. Fancy old Stratelace's 'pheelinx!' I'm not quite sure whether she fainted or went into hysterics, or both; but this I know, that she immediately hurried her two scraggy daughters and her gawky son from the unhallowed spot, and that ever since the name of Beauxyeux has been an abomination in the Stratelace household.

"Yes, I believe there *is* a Beauxyeux *mère* somewhere in the background; also a Beauxyeux *père*; likewise a Beauxyeux *frère*, in the shape of a mild youth in spectacles; but they're 'no account.' *The* Beauxyeux is our young friend there.

"Yes, she's decidedly pretty, though the hypercritical might consider her rather too much inclined to *embonpoint*, and of a too 'flashy' type generally. Ill-natured people say that there are distinct signs of an incipient moustache on Bella's upper lip, but I own I can't see it. And Harry Sangfroid, who ought to know, says that it is a base libel.

"Moustache or no moustache, however, the Beauxyeux is quite conscious of her charms, and knows how to set them off to the best advantage—though here, again, a severe critic might complain of a slight 'loudness' of dress and general 'get up.' Rouge and pearl-powder? Of course; but that's nothing. All girls go in for that sort of thing now-a-days.

"No, she certainly isn't a favourite with her

own sex; but *that* doesn't trouble her. She thinks women's society decidedly slow; and once told me that the most dreadful period of her existence was the interval between the ladies' departure from the dining-room and the arrival in the drawing-room of the male element. The usual feminine accomplishments she holds in high disdain. She boasts of never having handled a needle since she was twelve years old, and only plays the piano when she accompanies herself to some 'comic' ditty. She was with difficulty restrained from singing 'Tommy, make room for your Uncle' the other evening at an old maids' tea-fight, into which she had accidentally strayed.

"Her accomplishments are of the manly order. She rides superbly, can give most fellows points at billiards, and pulls a very fair oar. They say that when she was staying with the Stubbles the other week, she took a gun and did good execution; but for this I cannot vouch.

"Now, what do you think of that 'for high?' Decidedly *chic*, eh? More like cheek? Ah, well, my dear fellow, that's a matter of opinion."

Pollokshields Plutoeracy.—No. 3.

Scene—Cottage of a Low Rental.

1st Visitor (in sable tails).—"We have just come to say good-bye, as we are setting off on a 'tower' to the Continent, and intend leaving my eldest daughter at Dresden, to finish her education, for a year."

2nd Visitor (in sealskin).—"Oh! it is so delightful to see the world! My husband and I had a 'tower' through France and Waterloo last summer. There was some 'Joan,' that everybody talked of in a place called 'Ruin,' that we intended going to see. But we heard that she was dead, so my husband said it was no use wasting the time and money."

Lady of the House (with an effort).—"You are quite right. Joan of Arc died some little time ago; but you might have gone to see Rouen. I have not had the pleasure of a Continental 'tour,' but I wish you a pleasant time and safe return."

[Exeunt visitors.]

(On the way home)—*Visitor 1st*.—"What an ignorant person Mrs B. is! Did you notice how she could not pronounce the word 'tower,' although she was determined to use it."

Visitor 2nd.—"Oh! she wished to copy us of course. But I think I shall give up calling, for she really seems to have been brought up in the backwoods."

Legal Change—Twelvepence for a shilling.

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

ROUGH.—There was a good turn out of your class at the procession last Tuesday, but the appearance of the policemen was far from being smart.

"60 DAYS."—You should note how a really able and enlightened judge like Lord Young can temper justice with mercy.

MILLIONAIRE.—If your wealth was added to our worth it would be a better world. Don't forget the poor at this season—er^d on the side of liberality.

HILLHEAD.—You are not likely to have your water shut off again without notice.

* * "Struck with a Feather" next week.

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Times—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The ENCORE WHISKY.
Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

HATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The Largest Stock in Glasgow of the Newest Styles in GENT'S SATIN and FELT HATS.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE HAT MANUFACTURERS,
68 JAMAICA STREET,
TWO STAIRS UP.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE
GINGER BEER.

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

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

WEAR
THE "ACME" SHIRT.

FORSYTH, 5 Renfield St.

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4d.
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

OVERCOATS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' OVERCOATS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,

151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1877.

AS we foretold some time ago, the parties in the Council who manage these things have appointed their candidate to the Police Treasurership, and as usual patient merit has been spurned, and a host of applicants discomfited. But why did Mr HALL not get the appointment? Not because he wasn't a thoroughly suitable and competent person, one with a knowledge of the office which no other candidate could pretend to? Oh, no! Bailie COLLINS and his followers had nothing but praises for Mr HALL, but they wouldn't give him the place. It would never do for the Board itself to take the blame of the mess they are in at present, so Mr HALL has been made the scape-goat, no matter that others must or should have known of the late Treasurer's irregular conduct, or that Mr HALL did his utmost to keep things right, and did so very successfully. By their action the Board practically say to subordinates, "If you don't bring before us every hole that you can pick in the coats of your superiors, you need not hope to be promoted to their places." The superior is to supervise and control his subordinates, and they are to do the same over him, and so relieve the Board of any trouble. On another important point the voice of the Board is even more distinct. Personal security they regard as indispensable, as they have had enough experience of Guarantee Societies, who not unnaturally decline to make good deficiencies which due care would have prevented. What care is the Board to take now? Those who aspire to Treasurerships and such offices under the Board had better therefore give up the thought, unless they have

such a trifling sum as £4000 or so about them, or have friends who both can and will caution them to that extent. Such offices are in future to be carefully preserved for those who can do so, and men of greater merit who have the misfortune to be poor are not to have a chance. And all this is what they call promoting the public interest!

“The Session of the Poets.”

THE BAILIE is requested by “One Who was There” to state that the reports which recently appeared in the newspapers of the “meeting of the poets” are extremely misleading. He supplies the following as the correct version of the proceedings, and his Worship prints it, leaving his readers to take their choice, without offering any opinion of his own:—

There was a numerous attendance, and the proceedings were opened by each man taking a chair, and insisting upon its being *the* chair. After much confusion and uproar, during which the police were called in to eject several particularly riotous bards, it was decided that there should be no chairman, but that the poets should toss for precedence in speaking, the tossing-coins to be placed in a pool, and spent in refreshments at the close of the meeting.

It was some little time before any poet could discover the requisite piece of currency; but at last a small coin—whose similarity to a half-sovereign—caused poetic eyes to twinkle—spun into the air, and

Mr Trowser M’Puff, having won the toss, proceeded to address the meeting. He regretted the unseemly dispute which had taken place in reference to the presidency of the meeting. There was no manner of doubt that *he* was the proper chairman. (No, no! Question! and murmurs). As the laurel-crowned bard who had for a generation lavished all the wealth of his poetic genius upon the garments manufactured by the eminent firm of—

[The BAILIE is compelled to decline giving this eminent firm a gratuitous advertisement. His terms may be learned by application to his publishers].

The next speaker was Mr Fitztupper Close, who remarked that poetry was poetry, wherever it was found. (Sensation). The poet might sing in marble halls, he might warble in the peasant’s hut, or, again, he might, like their talented friend who had just sat down, chant in the clothier’s workshop. (Cheers). The philo-

sopher’s trousers might be extolled by the poet as appropriately as the prophet’s mantle, and the shears of the tailor might be wielded as heroically as the sword of the warrior. The—

Mr Tennyson Swinburne Pindar, a young man of wild aspect, remarked—not to say, shrieked—that he was sorry to interrupt the previous speaker, but he had tossed and decided that it was his turn to speak. He understood that this meeting had come together to hear him (Mr Pindar) recite that remarkable poem of his which had taken the world by storm when it first appeared in the *Cleishmaclaver Gazette*—a poem which—

Mr Pindar was interrupted by great uproar, during which he was ejected, loudly protesting against the meeting separating without discharging “the business for which it was called.”

Several speakers addressed the meeting together, when one poet suggested that they should “melt” the pool. This proposition having been agreed to, *nem. con.*, some dismay was caused by the discovery that Mr M’Puff’s half-sovereign was a new farthing, and that the only other contents of the pool were two brass buttons.

When the BAILIE’S informant left, the meeting were all reading their own poems aloud, and the landlord was sending, for the sixth time, for the police.

One Objection by the BAILIE to the Lord Provost’s Church Scheme—The possibility of St. George’s steeple being taken down.

The Complementary Colour to “Invisible Green”—Blind-man’s-“buff.”

Light-house—The Gas Office.

Applying an Air Brake—Shutting up an opponent with a volume of abuse.

A Retrospect of Scottish Jurisprudence—Endless pleas lost and won, and multitudes of fees gone into the lawyer’s pockets.

Silence is golden—Yes, when turtle fat’s i’ the mouth.

GAMMON FROM THE GAMIN.

(Buchanan Street Station: arrival of South Train.)

Swell (excitedly to Loafer)—Did you see a dawg running along the platform?

Loafer—Ye-e-s.

Swell (very excited)—When?

Loafer—Yesterday!

[*Swell* departs blessing the Scotch.

Quavers.

IT was hardly to be expected that Gade's "Zion" would make much impression here. We are too well up in choral music in Glasgow to be satisfied with anything short of the best work in this way, and the Danish composer's sacred cantata cannot be classed among the best. Still the Committee did not do amiss in giving us the opportunity of hearing it. Gounod's "Gallia" was by far the most attractive of the three works at this concert in a choral respect—for Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is much more a work for the soloists than for the choir, and the chief chorus in it—the "In Sempiterna Sæcula, Amen"—is unfortunately a weak and ineffective exhibition of counterpoint, Rossini being invariably deficient in that kind of writing.

Having expressed a somewhat unfavourable opinion of Mrs Osgood as a vocalist at a recent concert here, we now the more readily record our great satisfaction with her singing on last Tuesday evening. Her style is very nearly perfection, and the quality of her voice is tuneful, bright, and telling, if not very full. Mrs Osgood is a decided acquisition, as the phrase goes, to our rather limited roll of oratorio sopranos, and she has one great advantage over not a few, that her enunciation is good, not a word being lost to the listener.

The labours of the Committee of the Choral Union being over, as far as concert-giving is concerned, at least, it becomes our pleasing duty to congratulate them on the eminent success with which their efforts have been attended this season. This series stands in marked contrast to the previous two in the hold that seems to have been taken on the occasional concert-goer, the non-subscribing part of the house being as regularly fully attended as the subscribing portions. This is not the least element of encouragement for future enterprise of the kind. How grateful the citizens must feel to those gentlemen who have so ungrudgingly given of their time and means to establish these concerts among us, need not be stated.

The orchestra did its part earnestly and well. One takes leave indeed of this splendid body of players as if of friends whom one has known for a very long time, one's warm side has been so completely gained. And there is not a little of this feeling applicable to the frequenters of this delightful series of concerts, one seeing the same faces in the same seats night after night—almost giving the idea of one long enjoyable evening instead of a number of them.

Another time the second violins will no doubt be seen to better. They were not of equal quality to the firsts. The tenor violins also would need consideration, so as to make this part as efficient as it ought to be.

A Timely Rhyme.

OLD '76 has cross'd its Styx, has cut its stick
—is dead; now rules the dates and marks
the fates new '77 instead. Old '76 has pass'd
away with gloom all girt about; new '77 with
birth is given but rays of fear and doubt. But
come what will of good or ill, 'tis ours to do our
best; our motive just, to hope and trust, and
leave to heaven the rest.

The Muzzle-to-"Bow"—The Act going to the dogs.

High Price of "Game"—10s 6d for playing at snowballs.

At "the Gaiety"—"Crusoe," and not only "Friday," but also every other evening.

A "Light" Entertainment—With Aladdin's Lamp.

"Shall any Good Thing come out of Nazareth?"

THE Ass came out with the above exclamation the other morning on hearing of the proposal for a Stock-Exchange Christian Association. "Why not?" added he; and with a loud hee-haw! he cleared the threshold of his mysterious sanctum at a bound to "rig" up a list of subjects—religious, social, and historical—worthy of the most startling revival since the Reformation. After sporting his oak for a couple of hours the long-eared one emerged excitedly with the following:—

SYLLABUS OF THE S. E. C. A.

Opening Service—*Tune*, "Sold-aw."

LECTURE.—The Broker—origin of the term—*brak* or *wrak*—free translation, break or wreck, with illustrations of the breaking and wrecking occasioned by dabbling in shares within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

2nd. Watch and Prey. (*Tune*, "Martyrs.") With pious instructions how to watch your eye, and a knee-sy mode of preying when occasion offers.

3rd. Bible Cities—Jericho. (*Tune*, "St. Nicholas.") The easiest route thither—Bible incidents in connection—Zacchæus "up a tree," and "a certain man went from Jerusalem to Jericho," &c.

4th. Foxe—His Book of Martyrs—with beautiful lime-light effects, showing sufferers in the stocks bearing it out with Christian patience.

5. Historical Parallels.—The Queen of Sheba, and Emma the girl of the period, with comparative notes on the value of mines in ancient and modern times.

6th. Advantages of Early Religious Training—"Train up a child," &c.—with the most approved modes of "holding the baby" when called upon.

The other social subjects will consist of three essays or S's, viz., Shoddy, Sham, and Snobocracy, or tendencies of the times.

It is intended also to exhibit from time to time on the walls of the lecture room several well-known works of art, such as "Joseph sold by his brethren," "Jonah taking the first ship for Tarshish," "the rising of the (N)ile," &c.

Further particulars in a few days.

Figaro states that some alterations are to be made in Wagner's "Walküre" when it is produced in Vienna. One of these is that *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*, who marry, are "made cousins instead of sisters." This change, says *Figaro*, is "in the interests of morality." A marriage between sisters is decidedly unusual; but it was left to *Figaro* to discover that such a union is immoral.

A Hewer of Wood—Mr Gladstone.

A Drawer of Water—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The Toe-pick of the day—The chiropodists'.

Horace in Glasgow.

XXIV.

ODE I., 34.

I'VE neglected you sadly this year or two back,
While, dear BAILIE, I've loafed at my ease;—
Now I've put up my helm on a different tack,
And I'll be a good boy—if you please.
With your delicate hints and your sarcasm stern,
I admit many pipes I have lit;
But that last fierce behest!—it quite "gave me a turn"—
By Jove, I've responded to it!
Like Infant's of Woolwich, its thundering boom
Must have reached to Belgrade at the least,
And re-echoed to Beaconsfield, snug in his room,
As another "report" from the East!
I own the dread power of your terrible nod;—
Day and night are your smile and your frown;—
If this dog's had his "day," why then here is for "quod,"
With poor Tray and old Towser to drown!

A "Peg" to Hang a Dog by—A policeman.

Somebody advertises the following:—
"Wanted, a talking parrot. Apply," &c. If the
advertiser goes to the weekly meeting of the
United Trades Council any Wednesday evening,
he will find any number of talking parrots
to pick and choose from.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.
THIS EVENING, (TUESDAY), JAN. 2ND at 7.30,
And Every Evening until further notice,
THE "ROYAL" PANTOMIME,
A L A D D I N
AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.
THIS and EVERY EVENING,
C. BERNARD'S Grand Fairy and Musical Extravaganza,
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
By the Finest Burlesque Company that has ever been seen in
this Theatre.
Box Office Open from 10 till 3 Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.
This and Every Evening, the
GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
HARLEQUIN PRINCE BEAMING,
OR
THE MAGIC ROSE.
Box Office open from 12 till 3.

NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

Scrap Books, mounted and blank, from 1s to £10 10s. Car's
de Visite and Cabinet Albums, all the latest novelties, including
the new Easel Album. Swiss Carved Goods, a variety of useful
and elegant articles. Chromos and Screen Pictures of every
kind. The largest stock of Photographs in the West of Scot-
land. Photographs arranged and neatly mounted. Pictures
framed.
A. DUTHIE, 6 RENFIELD STREET.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 1877.

Last Appearance.

TUTE'S GREAT MINSTRELS.

First Appearance in Scotland of this the largest and most
versatile Troupe of CHRISTY MINSTRELS
that has ever appeared at these Concerts.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—

ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to
5.30, 7 to 10.

DENNIS TOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6 30
to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.
EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6 30
to 10. Bands in Attendance.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,

44 GORDON STREET,

These Galleries are Now Open to the Public, filled with
RARE AND CHOICE WORKS OF ART,
VALUABLE PICTURES AND DRAWINGS
of the Highest Class direct from the Esels of the Greatest
Living Artists.

ART FURNITURE, CABINETS, CHINA, BRONZES, &c
E'DWARD FOX WHITE,
44 GORDON STREET, } and { 13 KING STREET, St. James',
Glasgow, } London, S.W.

THE FANCY FAIR AND BAZAAR

AT

THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS AND NORTH POLE

WILL BE THE

CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE

again call attention to their Novelties for Presents.
Their Fancy Fair and Bazaar is filled with Fancy Goods
exactly adapted for New-Year's Presents, Marriage Presents,
&c. In this collection the most fastidious will be sure to find
something to please. See opinions of the Press—viz., the
Herald, the Daily Mail, the Glasgow News, the Citizen, the
Evening Star, the Times, the Weekly News, the Bailie, &c., &c.
After all the above particularly favourable critics, nothing
further need be said as to

THE HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS

AT THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

The best Route to the Caledonian House is by Sauchieha'l
Street and through the Wellington Arcade; or the Cowcaddens
Tramway Cars pass the door every five minutes.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

110 TO 120 COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CITY HALL, NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
"MESSIAH."MRS. OSGOOD.
MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.
MR. WM. SHAKESPEARE.
SIGNOR FOLL.

CONDUCTOR.....MR H. A. LAMBETH.

Tickets—8s 6d, and 5s—from Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49
Buchanan Street.

Doors open at 11.30; Concert at 12.30;

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

Subscribers and Ticketholders are respectfully informed that
on 1ST JANUARY ("MESSIAH") the Doors will Open at
11.30, and the Concert will Commence at 12 30. As stated on
the Tickets, Seats cannot be Reserved after 12 o'clock.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CITY HALL—NEW-YEAR'S EVENING.

GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

VOCALISTS:
MRS OSGOOD.
MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.
MR SHAKESPEARE.
SIGNOR FOLL.SOLO VIOLIN—MR J. T. CARRODUS.
ORCHESTRA OF 50 PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR.....MR J. T. CARRODUS.

Tickets—3s, 2s, 1s, from Messrs Swan & Pentland, 49 Buch-
anan Street.

Doors open at 6.30; Concert at 7.30.

MIRRORS! PICTURES! FRAMES!
ARTISTS' MATERIALS, &c.BRYSON, HILTON, & CO.,
CARVERS, GILDERS,
PICTURE FRAME, & MIRROR MANUFACTURERS
163 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
AND
88 AND 90 STOCKWELL STREET,
GLASGOW.

The Cheapest Frame Maker in the City

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

PROMOTED BY THE LORD PROVOST, MAGIS-
TRATES, AND TOWN COUNCIL.A RECITAL on the ORGAN will be given by Mr LAMBETH
on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt, and on every
succeeding Saturday at the same hour till further notice.

Admission, and Programmes of the Music, Free.

MR WILLOCK'S DANCING ACADEMY,
144 WEST NILE STREET.

New Quarter commences MONDAY, 8th January.

Juveniles Meet at 5; Adults at 8 P.M.

PRIVATE CLASSES—Tuesdays at 8; Saturdays at 4 P.M.

A GREAT DEMAND.

A DAY OF REST.

For an answer to the Question—"How shall we Pass, and in Passing, improve the Sabbath?" The Day is sacred to Rest, and an entire change of exercises are necessary to supply and enjoy this rest. The enterprising London Publishers, Messrs STRAHAN & Co., have provided an unprecedented mass of Literature of a character extremely well suited to answer the above requirements, in one Volume. They present you with Hundreds of Works by the best Authors; Illustrations by the best Artists; containing, amongst an Extensive and Varied List of Writings, the beautiful story of the White Cross and Dove of Pearls, which contains in its 82 Chapters hundreds of Pictures of Life, Pleasing and Pointed Sermons, Agreeable Conversations, and Profitable Meditations; The Candle Lighted by the Lord, a Religious Tale of very attractive qualities, in 18 Chapters; A Story about Jerusalem in New Testament Times, in 9 Chapters; 77 Lives of Extraordinary Men and Women; 73 Poems by the best Modern Poets; 35 Addresses from the Pulpit, to illustrate Bible Subjects; 43 Sketches of Character; 151 Miscellaneous Papers, including the many information Letters on Christian Progress, sent to the Editor from all parts of the world—the whole being an unending Storehouse from which to supply the Instruction and Pleasure which all desire who wish to improve and enjoy their Sabbath rest. In conclusion, it may be said that this Volume contains a power for good, equal to the Preaching from a Hundred Pulpits. 896 Large Pages. The Price is only

TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

GREAT GOOD THINGS.

A number of years ago Dr NORMAN MACLEOD edited a "Good Words for Young People," the character of which was indeed like its name. In 1874-5 its name was changed, and astonishing improvements were made. That volume contains no less than 500 pictures, a splendid Story by George MacDonald, in 15 Chapters; a very good Story by Louisa M. Alcott, the great American Authoress, in 24 Chapters; another great Story, in 48 Chapters, by Charles Camden; and still another, in 17 Chapters, by the celebrated Hans Christian Andersen; A Tale of the Franco-Prussian War, in 7 Chapters; a great many Curious and Amusing Puzzles, 34 Instructive Educational Papers, 67 Stories and Character Pictures, 23 Entertaining Biographies, 44 Fairy Tales, Funny Fables, and Wise Parables, 13 Delightfully Stirring Adventures, 30 Stories about Animals, 33 Stories and Pictures in Rhyme, 39 Scraps and Curiosities collected by the Editor—the whole is contained in 792 Large Clearly Printed Pages. Pictorially you have a Panorama of the Most Varied and Entertaining Description. Such an instrument to turn dull winter into a summer time of glorious pleasure and delight for the children has never before been offered, and at a Price for the Whole not to be believed.

*TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.*ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR PRESENTATION.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD'S Handsome Volume, "Peeps at the Far East," Beautiful Binding, Ninety-One Illustrations, forms at once a Splendid Drawing Room Table Book, a mine of information about India, a memorial of the famous and world-admired Dr., and of great power to please young and old. Published at 21/, now only to be had for 7/6 at

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,
UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Requirements from the Manufacturers, SHORT AND STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SHORT AND STEWART,

British Sports
Warehouse.



British Sports
Warehouse.

18 BUCHANAN STREET.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella, Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such. Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS PICTURES

CHINA, BRONZES, &c.

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

DINE at the **BALMORAL RESTAURANT**,
Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every
Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. **THREE COURSES** for 1s 9d.
Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL
1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. **GOOD STOCK ROOMS**
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at
134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Now Ready, Part 4, Price One Shilling, post free,

**"JOHN CHEAP, THE CHAPMAN'S
LIBRARY;"** the Scottish Literature of Last Century
Classified.

These are very desirable reprints of many curious and quaint old productions well known and much appreciated by the grandfathers of the present generation. The present Part contains the Lives of John Knox and John Welch, the Life and Prophecies of Alexander Peden, Life and Prophecies of Donald Cargill, Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and The Laird of Lag's Legacy, forming a very handsome little book certain to be appreciated by book collectors.

ROBERT LINDSAY,

125 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

THE BEST VALUE

In LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S,
23 UNION STREET,

Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and GENTS'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,
8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
SMART SHAPES FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

A VOID DRAUGHTS.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures.
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and at
very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

"THE SLAVE." Large Coloured Photo., by
Messrs GOUPIL, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.

A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpare" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR

FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,

71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON, LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published Prices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO RESTAURATEURS, GROCERS, SHIP STORE DEALERS, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

WANT LONG FELT NOW SUPPLIED.

J. & R. TENNENT'S World Famed Export PALE ALE, XXX Stout and Double Strong Ale, can now be had in splendid condition, in bottle, from F. M'DIARMID, City of Glasgow Bottling Stores, 44 Renfrew Street, and to insure the public getting it genuine, as bottled by him, a patent capsule is put on each bottle.

Families who prefer it on draught may also have it in neat Stoneware Half Firkins (4½ gallons), with crane attached ready for drawing. The favourite half and half mixture is also supplied.

FINLAY M'DIARMID,
CITY OF GLASGOW BOTTLING STORE,
44 RENFREW STREET.

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.
" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.
" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.
" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.
" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.
A Great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours, Coloured Photos. A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.

MY conscience, BAILIE! are the Hatters o' Glaisca going daft? Man, it's awfu'. Dootless ye hae seen their advertesments this week or twa back, and I'm thinking you've taken notes o' them; and let us ken your mind about them. Ye hae aften heard, BAILIE, the saying, As mad as a March hare; but noo the folks wull gie that up, and say, As mad as a Hatter. I canna sit doon tae my tea when I come hame at nicht frae my wark, and look ower the evening papers, which is my habit, but the vera first thing my een see, is thae Hatters' Advertesments. Dash it, BAILIE, man, I'll be whuppit if I can see or read onything else but them Hatters, day and nicht, at hame or wark, it's dinging in my ear—Hats, Hats, Hats! Man, BAILIE, it's terrible; it maun be put a stop tae, for there's nae doot about it, if no stopt I'll hae Hatterophobia in the cranium. The ither nicht I rose up frae my tea quite in a passion, without tasting it. The wife says she, "Losh me, Tam, what in a' the warl's gane wrang wi' ye?" Noo, BAILIE, a thing like this never took placo in oor hoose before, and nae wunner the guid-wife thocht I had gane clean gyte. I saidna a word, but rushed frae the hoose, determined to see what it a' meant, and judge for mysell if there was onything like a grain o' truth in what the Hatter bodies were saying. Weel, I took a turn alang the Trongate and Argyle Street, and had a very close look intae a' their windows as weel as their doors, for baith inside and oot are dressed wi' a' manners and styles o' Hats and Caps. Mind ye, BAILIE, there is great taste displayed by thae Hatters in dressing their windows and doors—very artistic indeed—and maun require great patience and time to do it. I examined some o' their goods markit at the doors. I felt the felts, for, BAILIE, I maun tell ye I'm an awfu' guid judge o' Felt Hats. Weel, I said to mysell, aifter a' they're no without some reason for making such a blaw in the papers; and was beginning to feel a wee cooler, particularly in the cranium. Weel, frae what I saw in some o' thae shops, the Hats priced lookit kin' o' reasonable enough. Noo, says I, when I got to the corner o' Jamaica Street, I'll awa and see what that ither chap is like that's making such an awful hullabaloo, so I looks at the address in the papers, and sees, WALTER WILSON & CO, 68 JAMAICA STREET (TWA STAIRS UP). So you're the chap that's called the Hat Reformer; weel, says I, the name and the appendidjes soonds weel, so I'll awa and hae a practical test o't by buying a hat; so I gets to 68 Jamaica Street, and up I goes. Thinks I tae mysell, this is a queer place for a Hat Shop; but in I goes. Man, BAILIE, I was amazed and thunderstruck at the sight; the place was croodit by old and young, rich and poor, and as far as I saw all were being attended to by the mony employees, baith male and female, in a maist pleasing and courteeus manner. When you enter first you see a large square central apartment. This is one of the Ladies' principal Departments for the sale of Straw and Felt Hats and Bonnets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c. To the right of this is another very large sale-room, also for Ladies; here are numerous articles, such as Umbrellas, Fancy Bags, Flowers, Fancy Baskets, and many other things of rare value, beautifully arranged in handsome cases. To the left of the central room is the Gents' Hat Department. Here I was maist interested. Many persons were getting attended tae by a large staff of male and female assistants. I had tae wait a short time to get saired mysell, as the salesmen were engaged with ither, and so I had time tae look about me, and judge on the spot if this Hat Reformer was justified in blawing such a tremendous blast frae his trumpet in the papers, and which nearly took possession of my senses, as well as spoiling my tea for the nicht. Weel, BAILIE, I maun honestly say I cudna believe there was a place of such dimensionis in the Hat line in Glaisca, or ony place else. The Prices of the various hats shown was raily astonishing, for cheapness combined wi' quality, finish, and style. I askit the Reformer, Mr WILSON (for he was introduced tae me by this time), Hoo could he sell his goods sae cheap? He said simply, "I buy with Cash in the largest and best houses in the market, enormous quantities, as you see around you; we have enormous sale for them; the Ready Cash and the quick turnover is the secret of selling Hats at really Wholesale Prices." I was convinced of the fact wi' the ane I bocht, and saw ither buying, and sae I felt quite satisfied that this firm of WALTER WILSON & CO., HATTERS, 68 JAMAICA ST., were well entitled to the names (now undoubtedly theirs) of HAT REFORMERS in every sense of the word. Noo, Mr BAILIE, this is the end o't, and aifter that I expect ye'll be takin' a slip up to this wonderfu' place yersell, tae buy a Hat and take notes. I'll awa hame tae the wife noo, and tell her a' about it, show her my new hat, and to please her aifter the tea affair, tell her I'll treat her and the weans to new Hats and Bonnets, at the obliging Firm of

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

THE HAT REFORMERS,

68 JAMAICA STREET,

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 81 Virginia 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. 221. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 10th, 1877. Price 1d.

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 221.

NOW-A-DAYS municipal dignities are cheap in the market. What to a struggling manufacturer or a fortunate speculator may seem the be-all and end-all of existence, more frequently than not has no possible attraction for the best class of our city merchants. The doings of the "Council" may afford these people an occasional topic for after-dinner jocular-ity, but they have never been possessed by any desire to join in the race for its membership. Their time, in good truth, is too valuable to be wasted in listening to the puzzling oratory of Mr Martin, or yawning over the interminable figures of Bailie Collins. But it must not be supposed that these contemners of the powers that be are indifferent to the well-being of their neighbours. If they sneer now and then at our latter-day magistrates as a parcel of second-rate shopkeepers, it does not follow that they have no interest in the general prosperity of the city. Observe any important movement connected with social or commercial progress, or which has the fostering of a cultivated taste for its end, and you will usually find that our magistrates and councillors have neglected, somehow or other, to take anything to do with it. It is Mr John Burns to whom the Foundry Boys Society owes the greater portion of its prosperity; Mr John Matheson, and not Lord Provost Bain or Councillor Neil—to take a couple of names at hap-hazard from the Council roll—has been the guiding spirit of our excellent series of Orchestral Concerts. A further illustration of all this will be found in the career of Mr JAMES WHITE of Overtoun, whom the BAILIE has selected to introduce to his readers as a "Man you Know." Mr WHITE has never coveted a place at the Council Board. The loaves and fishes insepa-

table from municipal rank have never been hot in his mouth. But when the future Ure or Strang has set down the history of Glasgow in this second half of the nineteenth century in "guid black print," the name of Mr WHITE will figure in the chronicle as that of one of her foremost citizens. The "Man you Know" was born early in the century, at Shawfield, near Rutherglen, where his father, Mr John White, carried on business as a chemical manufacturer. He was educated at the Glasgow Grammar School and at the Glasgow College, and in 1828 was apprenticed as a lawyer with Messrs Nisbet & Peebles; and on that firm becoming dissolved, he finished his apprenticeship with Messrs Dow, Couper, & Young. In 1834, on the expiry of his apprenticeship, Mr Young and Mr Dow retired from the business, and Mr WHITE joined Mr Couper as a principal, the firm thereafter being known as Messrs Couper & White. This partnership continued till 1851, when, upon the death of his uncle, and his father's retirement from business, the "Man you Know" joined his brother, Mr John White, in carrying on the chemical works at Shawfield. Among the earliest of the many public positions occupied by Mr WHITE was that of a Director of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, of which he was also Deputy-Chairman for six years. His experience here stood him in good stead when some time afterwards he was elected Chairman of the Investigation Committee of the North British Railway, at the most serious juncture in its existence. The system which had prevailed under Mr Hodgson, of paying dividends out of capital, of cooking accounts, and of muddling affairs generally, had borne the results which attend all such disastrous modes of pursuing business. From being regarded as one of the most prosperous, the N. B. Railway at once became, in the estimation of the public, one of

the most ill-starred concerns in the country. Mr WHITE'S energy, however, aided by his business talent, enabled him, although not without the expenditure of much worry and exertion, to put things once more in a proper train, and to rescue the company from impending ruin. For his signal services he was urged to accept the Chairmanship of the Directors, but this situation he did not see his way to accept. Some notion may be gained of the time Mr WHITE has bestowed on public business when it is mentioned that he was for two years Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, that he is a Director of the Ferguson Bequest Fund, Chairman of the Royal Exchange Directors, Chairman of the Livingstonia Mission, of the local committee for supporting the Belgium National African Exploration Mission, and of the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri's Indian Mission Scheme, and is also a Director of various City institutions. The "Man you Know" is a Liberal in politics. Besides having been chairman of the committee of Messrs Bolton and Crum at last general election, and being at present Chairman of the Dumbartonshire Liberal Association, he has been repeatedly asked to become a candidate for the representation of both Glasgow and Dumbartonshire. A Free Churchman, he is lavish in his support of the schemes of his Church—he recently gave no less than £1000 towards a fund for endowing Free Church professors. The museum in Kelvingrove Park—in front of which his bust has been placed—numbers him among its main supporters. He has contributed over and over again to its finances; his latest contribution having been the wiping off of the entire remaining debt on the new wing of the edifice. Like all successful men, Mr WHITE usually insists on having things his own way. When the good folk of Dumbarton were about to erect a Town Hall and a Burgh Academy, and had appointed Mr Thomas Gildard architect of the new buildings, the "Man you Know" stepped in and succeeded in inducing them to throw over Mr Gildard, and give the work to Mr Robert Melvin. Mr WHITE dislikes opposition. If you are to work with him, you must work as he wishes you. His business tactics are invariably bold and sweeping in their character. Where a less courageous man would shrink from a transaction of thrilling magnitude, he plunges directly into it, and his unflinching success justifies the audacity of his policy. When may we expect a return of the days when the type of candidate for our Town Council will be

JAMES WHITE, and not James Methven Cunningham?

Pæan to the Bagpipe.

THE Piper strutting o'er the Ducal lawn,
Proud as the peacock by his burly side,
His shaggy cheek distended, eyelids drawn
Round, eyeballs peering o'er his nostrils wide,
Blows *blindly* on, in the supine belief
That, as he treads the quaking, quivering sod,
His precious self and his chief idol, Chief,
Descended not from recreants from abroad.
Nor that the bagpipe's blatant bellowing blast
Was blown of yore by fierce exotic savages,
Who for their black-mail sins had been outcast,
And fled before the vengeance on their ravages.
Puffed up, puffed out, in all the pagan pomp
Of plaid, and plume, and kilt, and cairngorm,
He heeds not, though the flattering scions romp
Around his rolling, swelling, sweltering form.
As cocks crow notes of war from the farm-yard,
As wolves howl anger from their restless den,
To tell th' untrusted world they stand on guard—
The chanter shrieks defiance through the glen.
In peace, a petty plaything; but in war,
Wild as the echo of a Highland yell!
Which, meeting, 'meetyly match the horrid jar
Of clanging steel and banging shot and shell.
Sure conjuror to draw the fell claymore!
Inspirer of the Celt's barbaric rage!
When black barbarian brothers leap and roar,
Then, wailing, flee the foe they would engage!
And, erst, when roving, tipsy Tam o' Shanter
Had wandered from the light of love supernal,
His friend below came up and chose the chanter
To hurry madly on the dance infernal;
And crowned the bagpipe's everlasting fame,
At that grim banquet of nocturnal revelry,
In firmly rivetting its noise and name
To all the weird magnificence of devilry.
Then, when Tam, frantic, spoke and broke the charm,
His Majesty clutched up his rude harmonium,
And *scampered* home with it beneath his arm,
To blow unearthly strains through Pandemonium.

Ill-timed Wit.

POOR Glassmore was up before the beak last Tuesday morning on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and got the usual sixty days. The irreverent dog, who will have his joke, pled in extenuation that he had only been spending a "Happy" New Year's Day, but the presiding Magistrate isn't a fellow who appreciates wit, and Glassmore narrowly escaped getting other thirty days for contempt of court.

The real reason for the movement of the British fleet lies in Salisbury's having had sense enough to perceive that they must Be-sik-a' remaining so long in one place. He—Haw!

Smokers! A Genuine Havana Cigar for 3d.—CARMICHAEL'S,
161 Ingram St., or 121 Buchanan St.

Happy Airdrie!

IN these days of dull mediocrity it is refreshing to hear of a master spirit towering Saul-like above his fellows and earning the tribute due to exalted talent. The *Airdrie Advertiser* supplies an instance in a Mr Reid who has not only risen to the enviable office of "deacon in the church," where he was wont to discharge the more humble role of "beadle," but "occupies the distinguished position of supplying grain and straw to those traders who are kind enough to give him their patronage." For attaining this giddy height, Mr Reid was presented the other day with a gold watch and chain, and gold brooch for his betterhalf, and, in handing over the testimonial, Bailie Ferrier assured the honoured guest, in name of the subscribers, in terms at once most touching and tautological, "We will at all times deem it our greatest desire to hear of your well-being, your welfare, and your health." His Worship cannot allow this interesting notice to pass without alluding to the parallel between the honoured Airdrieonian and himself, and the distinguished position he has gained by supplying with literary fodder those who are kind enough to favour him with their patronage. But he has no desire to be made a martyr of—to be presented with a portrait of the Ass, or anything of that kind—perish the thought! He takes it for granted, however, that all are delighted to know of his prosperity, his success, and his good fortune!

FROM A BACHELOR OF HEARTS.

Old '76's web is out,
Of good and bad a varied textile,
And for four years I'm free from fears—
No girl can pop, save in Bissextile.

Intemperate Teetotalism.

THE teetotal Provost of Sugaropolis has distinguished his six-week old reign by delivering a series of teetotal speeches, from the latest of which, as it appears in the *Greenock Telegraph*, the following elegant extract is taken:—"He (the Provost) could only say that if the Almighty gave him the choice—were these the alternatives—he would much rather carry any member of his family home as a corpse than have to carry him home the worse of drink." (Applause)!!! The BAILIE entreats those among his fellow citizens who are jealous of the dignity and good name of their city to take warning by this "shocking example" and beware of teetotal Provosts, lest the unhappy fate of their neighbours should befall them.

A Shrewd Councillor.

IT is not to a Council meeting that one instinctively turns in search of common sense or knowledge of mankind, but evidently there are brilliant exceptions to the general rule of municipal mediocrity. A discussion arose at our Council Board the other day about the acoustics of the Council Chamber, and somebody maintained that the reporters did not catch one-half of the pearls of wit and wisdom which fell from the lips of the speakers in that sacred hall, whereupon Mr Salmon (let his name be immortal!) replied that it was a most fortunate circumstance they didn't! "O that some power the gift wad gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us," sang the distinguished individual whose statue we are going to unveil on the 25th; but it has been reserved for Mr Salmon to realise the poet's ardent aspiration. He perceives at a glance how supremely idiotic he and his fellow councillors would look in the eyes of the public, if what they are pleased to consider their speeches were reported *verbatim*. Hail! clear-sighted Salmon, hail!

Surely a Son of a Gun.

A RECENT assault case at Brighton illustrates very forcibly the wisdom of the petition, "Save me from my friends." Matthews and Brigden were friends till one day Matthews, a nervous shaky old fellow, happened to amble innocently down the street in which his friend's shop was situate. The eye of Brigden was on him, and he, being "a fellow of infinite jest," and not the sort of man to let an old friend pass without a cheerful greeting, ran out, and, slapping Matthews heartily on the back, brayed in his ear so cordially, that the poor old soul's restoration to health on the third day was only partial. The Magistrate, a Bright-un himself probably, saw at once the point of the joke which Matthews had missed, and fined the delinquent in a shilling!

The BAILIE'S Brighton correspondent writes to say that a melancholy figure now wanders by the sad sea waves, trying with all the energy of despair to discover that joke, and chaunting to the music of the billows "His sweet voice haunts me still."

Important Theatrical "Revival" — "Legitimate" pantomime.

A woman who goes in for being "the architect of her own fortune," is clearly a *designing* creature.

New Meanings of Old Words.

CONTINUED.

GENT., diminutive of gentleman, noun, lamentably common, feebly masculine, and, in most cases, *objective*—(here the modern philologist has united judgment with skill in the abridgment, by completely excising “man” and lopping off the soft terminal from “gentle,” reducing the term to its short, sharp, and petty limit, *apropos* of the *thing* it represents)—a barely bearded boy, boistering and roystering “as he goes along;” without programme; “sudden and quick in” everything; novelty his chief object, newest “shell,” “tile,” tie and collar, cane, pipe, and pouch, latest song and slang; *au fait* in all the superficialities of “life;” and whose *versatile* habits and *varied* education have been formed and picked up here, there, and everywhere. Qui capit, ille facit.

GENTEEL, adjective, positive—*standing* immediately between poverty and plenty, and revealing the former at the *expense* of the latter; the shadow for the substance; assuming a virtue and having it not; robbing the pantry and larder to pay the cabinet-maker and upholsterer; failing to produce *fortissimo* effects from the piano, from the stamina of the tail of a red herring; preferring the services of the milliner and clothier to those of the purveyor for the *cuisine*; torn and worn to *skin* and *bone* without accomplishing the desirability of making both *ends mee*(at); in short, shortening the *substantial* for the *circumstantial*. *Come* it genteel, alas! *go* it genteel.

GENIUS, noun, largely *possessive*—a millionaire; often a monopolist; of few talents and less culture; but of great *grasp*, and of *singularly* expansive capacity, application, and concentration; a giant in the greedy game of “grab;” the ostentatious patron of poets and painters; the stay of the sculptor, the might of the musician; peddling with churches, charities, and cattle shows; school boards and fishery boards; regretting the low ebb of education, and probable extinction of the oyster; entertaining a particular prospective *personal* penchant for improvements in the flavour and succulency of zoological and horticultural produce; feasts, flatters, and fawns upon the aristocracy; invariably purchases an estate and erects, at *once*, a mansion and monument to *his* unequivocal success in, most emphatically, “the golden age.” Sic itur ad astra.

GOVERNOR, gav'nor, noun, masculine, applied regardless to *number*, *person*, or *case*—this once respectable title is now so graciously, gratuitously, and lavishly bestowed, and in all degrees, as to defy the limits of any lexicon: beginning with the paternal authority, and the principals of all commercial establishments, it descends in equal potency to the unskilled “gaffer” of the unskilled labourer; John, the waiter, repeats it to flatter his visitor into a gratuity; the shopman, to cozen his cautious customer; and whether at apple stall, or Saltmarket fish shop or shooting gallery, “gav'nor” is offered as the talisman to your purse. To what base uses, &c.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Elderly Individual—Whaur ye goin', Wullie?

Small Boy—Tae the stationer's for a dizzen funeral letters.

E. I.—Is yer Auntie deed at last?

S. B.—Weel, she's no deed yet, but my Uncle says she'll be deed the morn, an' as this is Saturday he wants the letters bocht afore the shops shut.

HISTORICAL FACT.—The Knight of the Rueful Countenance is in nowise related to the Prince of Wails.

The Cabman's Rest—Sunday?

Trust-worthy.

PAISLEY has a “Cart Navigation Trust.” Really it has, without a joke. Why shouldn't they make a fuss about their Cart?—it's as dirty as our own noble stream, I'm sure. As you say, it's anything but a *carte blanche*!

Nothing to do; haven't they just? Here's a specimen of their labours. They used to run a passenger steamboat—fact!—from Paisley to Renfrew and back. One morning a member of the Trust was sauntering on the quay, placidly contemplating his precious charge, and assisting—oh wondrous condescension—the skipper of the Renfrew boat, to make all snug for the voyage.

Just then a thoughtless female “body” came running down with a pail in her hand to draw water. The danger was imminent, but the representative of the Trust was equal to the occasion. Quick as lightning he snatched the pail from the woman's hand, and, in a voice choked with emotion, ejaculated—

“Na, na, ma guid wife, hae ye no sense tae see that the veshel mun get oot, afore ye tak awa the watter?”

Thus was the honour of Paisley saved and the usefulness of the Trust vindicated.

Cui Bono?

IN a printed list of “working rules for this shop” (never mind, good reader, what shop) it is stipulated that “In all cases a *lying* day be kept by the employers.” What's the use of all the lies that are to be told on that day? and do the men also take a turn? and are there to be in succession “a stealing day,” “a killing day,” and so on? If so, the Ass will take precious good care to keep clear of all such shops when the latter process is going on.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?—Somebody advertises, “Come home, John. All will be forgiven. Your things are prepared.” The last sentence is rather ominous for John, and looks as if he were only wanted back to take away his wardrobe. It seems a toss up whether John should go home or not.

A BUMP-ER.

Scene—Opposite the Phrenological Institute; Saturday, 10 p.m.

1st Irishman (to his comrade)—“Look here, Pat, let's go up an' have our heads read.”

2nd Irishman—“Och don't be in a hurry. Be dad I'll get my head well redd whin I get home.”

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are promised a Burns demonstration at the Theatre Royal on the evening of Thursday fortnight, the 25th instant. On that day, as all the world is aware, Lord Houghton is to unveil Mr George Edwin Ewing's statue of the national poet in George Square. In order to be in keeping with the time, Mr Glover is also preparing a Burns statue, which will be unveiled with due ceremony at night in the "Royal."

Everybody is talking of the cleverness of Mr Groves' burlesque acting in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Gaiety. Do you know, BAILIE, that when Charley first took to the boards his ambition was to shine in tragedy; he has played *Hamlet* in his time; he had once serious thoughts of tackling *Macbeth*!

The pantomime of "Prince Beaming" at the Prince of Wales, is now supplemented by a drama, the leading part in which is taken by Mr Cooke, the lessee of the house.

Glancing, the other day, over a number of the *Theatrical Chronicle* for the 14th of January, 1843, I came upon a notice of the pantomime at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, the *Clown* in which was no other than my old friend Willie Shaw, once of the band in the Glasgow Theatre Royal, and afterwards of the Scotia Music Hall; while the *Pantaloon* was Henri Corri, the well-known baritone; and poor Sam Cowell appeared in a singing part termed *The King of the Gipsies*.

Does any enterprising young gentleman wish to cut a figure on "the boards?" The Princes Theatre, Govan, is to let. It is "stocked with scenery," is "two miles from Glasgow," and the rent is £4 per week. Don't all speak at once, members of the Betterton and Garrick clubs.

We are threatened with a couple of *King Harrys*. John Coleman and George Rignold—handsome George, who didn't succeed in Australia, are about to perambulate the country, each playing "Henry V." If they should be engaged now, one at the Royal, and the other at the Gaiety, at the same time.

There is to be an exceedingly fashionable attendance in the Queen's Rooms on Wednesday night, on the occasion of the performance of "Caste," to which I alluded last week. "Caste" will be preceded by the farce of "Who Speaks First?"

"Dan'l Druce," the successful play of last year, will be produced at the Gaiety early in the season.

We are to have a "grand comic night" at the City Hall on Saturday. I needn't predict that the hall will be crowded on the occasion. When did you find Mr Airlie with a thin audience?

Mr Bernard's "Queen's Minstrels" are drawing crowded houses at the Circus in West Nile Street. And so they ought, I say. Too often the "burnt cork" business is such as to make the "judicious grieve," but the entertainment provided by the corps under the direction of Messrs Bernard and Vestris is not only a clever one, but it is a polished one as well.

Those enthusiasts whom the wetness of the season has prevented from cutting their capers on Lochburnie, are fortunate in having capital substitutes for the ice, in the various city skating-rinks. It doesn't much matter where you live you are almost sure of finding a rink at your door. The addresses are Burnbank, Dennistoun, Stirling Road, and Eglinton Toll.

Only fancy, BAILIE, our own Glasgow exhibition has actually come round again; all our experiences are a year the mellow, and of a good many of us the beards are a year the greyer. If all I hear be correct, the coming Exhibition is likely far to surpass the last one, and that not only on the score of greatly improved local work, but also because the assurance of support from our Academical friends at Edinburgh seems very decided. I expect that Greenlees and many others will be found to have surpassed all previous work, but I have made up my mind this year, BAILIE, to see the pictures in the gallery first, and then to give you my opinion of them. To-day is the sending-in day, and now a whole month of suspense will elapse ere either the painters can see their work on the walls, or the public can have their curiosity satisfied. Let us hope, your Worship, that neither painters nor public will have cause for disappointment when the opening comes. The extra time allowed between the sending-in day and

the opening day, this year, is to be employed by the hanging committee, who were nominated on Thursday, in making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the pictures they have to hang. If the names given to me are the correct ones, we may look, I may venture to say, for a thorough devotion to their work.

I must not forget to tell you, BAILIE, that I went down, a day or two ago, to see Miss Thompson's celebrated picture of *Quatre Bras*, on show at M'Clure's rooms, and when I say that I was both greatly pleased, and much surprised, whilst looking at it, I doubtless echo the feelings of all those who have inspected this wonderful woman's work for the first time. I was not prepared to be either pleased or surprised, consequently my enjoyment was all the greater.

You never showed up at "the Begg," old friend. I can assure you you would have been very welcome. The club dinner was held on the 23rd of last month, in lieu of Christmas-Eve. Mrs Crawford sent up a splendid repast, and all the *Begg-ars* did their full duty to it.

By-the-way a circular came to hand the other day, your Worship, from the Committee of Management of the School of Art in which special attention is called to the private classes, and to the advantages they hold out for the study of drawing and painting, and also to the very great "mercantile value of an Art Education." The document is well worth reading, if you can come across it.

During the holidays I looked in at the Corporation Galleries to see the drawings exhibited by the students of the School of Art and Haldane Academy. There are not so many this time as I have seen—perhaps only a selection is shown—but the quality is, I think, beyond that of former similar exhibitions. While in the West End I went down to the *atelier* of the Messrs Kier, glass-stainers. Here I saw some admirable work, both ecclesiastic and domestic. I fear it is not known as it should be that stained glass of such excellence in drawing, colour, and "technique" is produced in Glasgow. Some day when you are so far west you might call.

OUR BOYS!

Message Boy (to servant girl at house door)—
"Are ye no gaun to gie me my Nui'rday?"

Servant Girl—"The mistress says she's sorry she has naething less than a pound note."

M. B.—"Tell yer mistress I can gie her change."

[Servant girl communicates this to "the mistress" and brings back a threepenny bit which had been found in the lining of mistress' purse].

M. B. (to message boy No. 2 on going down the steps)—"I had only 'twa wing' a' the time."
[Great laughter].

In consequence of the rage for a certain class of shares, it is suggested that our brethren of the Stock Exchange should be known in future as the "people of Tharshish and the Isles."

"Hall" Mark—The sterling metal at the Treasurer's.

A Weather Profit—An ironmonger's upon skates.

Meteorological—More rain—"the weather is unwrung."

The Curlers' Feast—A tee and "turn-out."

An Old Boy on the "Skil Brod."

8th January, 1877.

MR BAILIE,—I hae twa bits o' gran'sons at the skill, an' I declare the skil-maister lookit better efter them when a' was in his ain haun afore the Brod sprang up, than he diz noo—by a lang chalk. It's my opinion that if it wisna for mysel', auld an' a' as I am, they wid be perfect ignoramuses; it's me that brings them on, an' I'll tell ye hoo. The sort o' preliminary proceedings wi' me, is tae shake twa three bawbees in their faces; I then tell them some bit story an' ask them tae write it doon frae memory promising tae gie them a penny tae buy a cri-cri or some ither trash. Man, it tak's fine, BAILIE! I hae brocht them on win'erfu' by that plan. The ither nicht I telt them about a puir body that had lost, and in a week or twa efter foun', her parrot—jist a bit o' news I had heard in Anderston Walk frae an auld freen. Efter I telt it tae them, they sat doon like twa doos an' wrote the bit nerritive, jist for sheer love they hae tae their gran'father, though I've nae doot they wid hae an eye on the penny, puir callants! I intend tae mak' newspaper correspondents o' them, tae dae the "Saturday nicht in the Sautmarket," an' "What books tae Reed" kind o' thing, an' tae show you the progress they hae made already in literature, I gie you an exact copy o' the parrot story. The first is Alick's—

"There was a woman who had a porret and lost it and she came through Sharp lane the porret cried how are you Cattie and she went up to the wife house and said that's my porret and the wife said it is not yes it is and ill go for the Polic for you and she brought up two Polic and the Polic took the two of them up and the Lutenient said how do you no it is your porret because I no it be look of it and it will kiss me and it will kiss me to and it bit her lip and the Lutenient said O what a stupid woman you are."

The ither yin is Geordie's—a harmless guid meaning callant, but he has sae mony Irish tricks wi' him that we ca' him Paddy.

"their was a porret and the woman lost it and she was looking for it and she hard it crying cattie cattie how are you cattie and she went up and said the porrit was hers and she said it was not and the police went up and took them both to the office and the man ask her how porrit was it and the woman said it was mine and she said it was mine and she said the porrit wood kis me and she said it wood kiss anny boddy and she tell the porrit to kiss me and it bit her lip and the man said it was hers and the man ask her what was the use of telling a lie to anny boddy."

These exact copies you micht pit in your paper, an' maybe some o' the Skil Brod folk'll tak' the hint, an' no hae an' auld body like me daein the wark an' getting nae pay.

The Jography an' Grammer an' counts that they hae tae learn at hame are slapp'd aff in half

an hour, an' a' the rest o' the nicht an' the next morning I'm deaved wi' the tane yelping—"Nor his ox nor his ass," "nor his ox nor his ass;" an' the tither, "after a corporal an' carnal," "after a corporal an' carnal," or something o' that sort.

You'll ettling be wanting tae ken ma name as a guarantee o' guid faith, as the maist o' papers have it, an' in that case I hae much plesure tae sign mysel' yer auld frien', SANDY NEILSON.

A CURLER'S RHYME UPON RIME.

'Twere vain to hope 'midst varying weather's laws:
Like woman's constancy is faith in frost
That one day freezes, and another thaws,
The slipp'ry promise to performance lost.

"Adorned Donkeys."

UNDER such a heading we were lately informed by a contemporary that the Princess Sepanine is driving a team of four superb asses in the streets of Paris. Mattie snaps her fingers at the Princess, and begs to tell her that she and the BAILIE have an Ass, besides whom all her superb asses are the merest cøstermonger's donkeys. Her Ass and the BAILIE'S is adorned with a bearing, an intelligence, an amount of zeal, strong, broad, common sense, and a capacity for grog, that not all the Sepanine asses, and not the Sepanine Princess herself can ever hope to come up to. He is *the* Ass of *all* asses—just as that fine old fellow Wellington was *the* duke of *all* dukes.

A TEXT FOR "THE 25TH."

"I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!"—
And Burns no less the prophet we discern
In this than poet; for there's now the fact,
The auld brig hale yet, while the new ane's crack't.

EXCELSIOR.—That was an awful "beast" seen lately in the Chinese seas, with a tail 150 feet long, but it all went to nothing when Mr Well-dun's beastie came out which he saw in the English Channel, which had fins like piry-masts, and sprang out of the water 40 feet at a bound! Welldone, Weldun!

Peter meeting his friend the Ass lately, wished his Donkeyship a couple of "good new (y)ears" at the very least.

1876 AND "221."

The year we knew, the "Man we Know,"
Their number out, away they go.

The Black C.—A "C.C.C." minstrel.

A Good Beginning.

FOR the last week everybody has been shaking hands with everybody else in the most affectionate way, and the phrase a "Happy New Year" has been familiar in our mouths as—well, say currant bun. Now the old proverb asserts that "well begun is half done," so the BAILIE, with his usual unwavering confidence in old proverbs, ventures to express the opinion that the best way to ensure twelve months' happiness is to be as jovial and festive as possible on New Year's Day. In order to test the truth or fallacy of this theory, the Magistrate has extorted from some of his friends particulars of the manner in which they spent the day, and he means to compare these confessions with their respective careers during the year.

Mr Tom Latebird meant to hear the Messiah in the forenoon. Was rather late of getting up, and by the time he reached the City Hall the place was full, and he couldn't get in. Had something standing at a bar, and then went to the Gaiety to see the pantomime at three. The place was full, and he couldn't get in. Had something more standing at another bar, and went to the Royal in the evening. The place was full, and he couldn't get in. After a lot of trouble found a public house that wasn't full, and got in. When he reached home, the door had somehow grown so confoundedly narrow that he could hardly get in.

Miss Amelia Wallflower thought that probably she might have some visitors, and was dressed and ready by ten. Nobody came. Yawned awfully. Fell asleep. Wakened up, and had lunch. Still nobody came. Yawned fearfully. Fell asleep. Wakened up, and had dinner. Still nobody came. Yawned dreadfully. Fell asleep. Wakened up, and had tea. Still nobody came. Yawned frightfully. Went to bed.

Mr Jack Hailfellow started to make a few calls in the forenoon. Knew by sad experience the enormous amount of currant bun he would be expected to consume, and so took the precaution of going without breakfast. Notwithstanding this foresight, by the time he reached the Lovelace's, he couldn't have swallowed another mouthful of anything in the shape of cake to save his life. Mortally offended the entire Lovelace connection by stubbornly refusing to taste something or other in a cake-basket, said to have been made by Miss Lucy of that ilk.

Miss Bella Deuxtemps was keeping herself up for that party of the Hoppingtons at night, and so didn't do anything special during the day,

except have an awful row with her sister Nettie about a sash she wanted to wear. She (Nettie) is always wanting something she has no right to. The party was an awfully jolly affair. Fifteen waltzes! Just fancy that! And she didn't miss a single one, while Nettie was only up seven times, in spite of the sash.

Mr Peter Monygrub went to business as usual. Why shouldn't he? Eh? Only comes once a year? Stuff and nonsense! So does every other day in the 365! Does not see any reason why a sane man should cram himself with all sorts of indigestible rubbish merely because it's the first of January. Dined at a restaurant as on other days; three courses for a shilling.

The BAILIE confesses that to himself, New Year's Day is not a time of unmingled pleasure. It conjures up too many visions of departed scenes of happiness, too many thoughts of old friends now gone, of merry voices now silent, of bright eyes now closed, of warm hearts now at rest. He could almost persuade himself that the smoke of the blazing plum-pudding, as it rises above the festive board, wreaths itself into the cynical words "*vanitas vanitatum.*"—Hallo! What's this? A tear? Come, come, this will never do! Mattie, my dear, fill me out a bumper of Bernard's "Encore." That's the thing! Now then, here's a health to all the world, and may everybody have a very happy New Year!

What the Lanark Folks are Saying.

THAT the old burgh is invaded every week with "live" cattle.

That the "cattle" are both quadrupeds and bipeds.

That both classes think the streets their exclusive property.

That there are two "rings" in Lanark.

That they are not "gold" rings but "auction" rings.

That "Messrs" Lawrie & Symington, and Grierson & Stodart are the presiding deities.

That "James" thinks he should have a monopoly of fourpences off the £1.

That "James' friends" have given him a dinner and presentation.

That they don't allege "James" subscribed to the fund.

That the *Hamilton Advertiser* says he is *the man* of the firm, and it has "loftiness" of character.

That "James" says he conducts his transactions without a blush on his cheek.

That as a rule auctioneers are too cheeky to blush.

That Grierson & Stodart won't blush either.

"NOTES" AND QUERIES.—How many sheets of music-paper are in a choir? How many "stops" were in Saturday's blow-out? 'Ow many 'airs are in a fiddle-beau? How many keys fit Locke? How many "voluntaries" have been played off by a Bishop?

THE BAILIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"QUEEN'S PARK."—You thought yourselves invincible, and treated the Leven lads too lightly. The defeat will do you good, though it seems to have driven some of your never very discreet friends clean daft.

"EX-POLICEMAN."—If there are any more disclosures, it may be necessary to "overhaul" the whole force, from the Chief downwards.

"TREASURER."—It suited some folks to insist that applicants for the late vacancy should find personal security, but that mightn't be so next time. Hence the new scheme.

"—."—Xmas for Xristmas. X in the Greek Xristos answering to our own CH.

"G. D."—Next week.

"STOCKBROKER."—Between the death of both plungers and promoters you must be having a bad time of it.

"W. W."—Your jokes (?) might have sounded facetious in the mouth of a cowfeeder as your threat might have done in that of a bobby, but the lowest depth was to speak of one of the finest old gentlemen in the city as not being a cowfeeder.

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
British Medical Journal—"A safe stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Medical Times—"Very wholesome. Maybesafely used."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Medical Press—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Medical Record—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Practitioner—"A safe stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Sanitary Record—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Public Health—"Should be in general use."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Food Reformer—"All who value health should use it."

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**
Glasgow Office: 47 OSWALD STREET, CITY.

SINGLE HATS AT WHOLESALE PRICES
WALTER WILSON & CO.,
OF 68 JAMAICA STREET,
Are now carrying on their Business in their Temporary Premises,
72 JAMAICA STREET.

GLASGOW HAT CLEANING COMPANY,
Temporary Premises—
72 JAMAICA STREET.
BUSINESS AS USUAL.

WEAR
THE "ACME" SHIRT.

FORSYTH, 5 Renfield St.

DAVISON'S
CELEBRATED CHAMPAGNE GINGER BEER.

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

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

HAIRCUTTING, 4d; SHAMPOOING, 4^d
WILLIAM M'LEAN, 96 MITCHELL STREET.

OVERCOATS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' OVERCOATS, Newest Styles and Most Fashionable Materials, beautifully made from Scotch and English Tweeds, and Finished in a very superior manner by experienced Tradesmen.

Prices—10s, 15s, 20s, 25s, 30s, 35s, 40s, 45s, 50s.

J. LESLIE & CO.,
151 ARGYLE STREET
(NEAR ST. ENOCH SQUARE).

THE BAILIE.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1877.

LADY MACBETH'S preventative against failure was to screw the courage to the sticking place; but even this won't always do. It is not given to mortals to command success, or few might be troubled with that eternal want of pence which vexes such a large proportion of the race. The tale of the defeat in the struggle with fortune is often a touching one; but if we may trust those public revelations known as reports of Bankruptcy Examinations, it is as frequently a prosaic record of incompetence, rash speculation, or wasted opportunities. Innocent misfortune at all times deserves at least commiseration; but in most bankruptcies it is the poor creditors who have the claim on our sympathies. The game of outrunning the constable is an old one. Every season's crop of cases presents, however, marked peculiarities, and the past year was no exception. Not to speak of some estates which cut up very badly on the death of their owners, contrary to general expectation, we had numerous startling disclosures of how some people, nominally in the grain trade, were found willing to buy or sell everything and everybody, and their utter recklessness augmenting as they

got the deeper into difficulties, they, as if to render their impending collapse more complete, embarked in wild speculations on the Stock Exchange. These greater sinners had any number of smaller imitators; having little or nothing of their own to lose, they ate, drank, and made merry while it lasted, but when the collapse came they were all swept out by the same tide of evil fortune. The mode in which such commercial ephemera come into the possession of other people's property is not more wonderful than the way they use it while they have it, or their inability to account for it when they come up in the Bankruptcy Court. They are liberal in giving orders, and when they get delivery they will pledge the goods with one of the apparently growing class of unlicensed pawn-brokers, or they will dispose of them by auction in a sale-room—in fact, do anything except pay for what they have purchased. When the game is played out they are generally found declaring that they kept no books, a step which would seem all the more necessary as nature does not appear to have endued some of them with memories. Their transactions of but yesterday are hazy, and they can tell nothing about what they did a couple of months ago. Such conduct is far too common, and cannot be too strongly condemned. The law would not seem to reach such offenders, and in the long run they get their discharge and start afresh, while the creditors get a trifling dividend, and not unfrequently nothing at all. In speculation and reckless trading, as in gambling, somebody must lose. Honest traders, however, have the remedy to a large extent in their own hands, and while the present depression lasts, they should be all the more cautious with whom they deal.

What Folk are Saying.

THAT the festive season being past most people have subsided into their old ways.

That between the bad weather and the scarcity of money it was a very quiet New Year.

That the Council Chamber acoustics seem to be more than a match for the Committee appointed to mend the matter.

That it was very modest of Mr Marwick to say that nothing had ever been got out of hands as soon as this year's Parliamentary Bills.

That an attempt is to be made to buy a genuine Watt engine for the West End Park.

That some people in the Council seem to have Watt engines on the brain.

That Councillor Martin not only likes to stand

on the head of what he does, but isn't above taking credit for what Councillor Waddell has done.

That there is nobody in Glasgow fit to be appointed librarian to the Mitchell Library, according to the Committee.

That probably some of the Committee wouldn't know a qualified librarian if they met one in their parritch.

That the St. Enoch Square Cabman's Rest muddle is not to be remedied unless the Railway Company like to undo the wrong.

That some folks are in a great hurry to get a new bridge erected at Portland Street.

That if this is ever done, those who own property there won't have the worst of the bargain.

That the Established Presbytery are displeased that their three representatives are not allowed by the other ten to control the Ferguson Bequest.

That they won't dance to the U.P.'s piping on the Fast Day question, but they are going to have a kick by themselves at ordination dinners, and such like.

That the Frees are bent on depriving them of the fees for proclaiming banns.

That the Rev. Mr M'Naught has had to pay back to his former friends the tidy sum of £2777 11s 10d.

That he would have been all the bigger blessing to the Establishment if he had been able to keep hold of this money.

That it was too bad of Father Munro and his factotum to rush into print against the Stipendiary because he didn't decide that they were in the right in the "stair-head quarrel."

That Harry Alfred is in ecstasies at the Abercromby Street fathers having "funked" in their threatened action against him.

That the Good Templars are pitching into each other like Christians and brothers.

That Captain M'Call isn't pleased at the new dog crusade having yielded so few fines.

That accordingly there are sure to be plenty of dog cases brought up by the very zealous bobbies.

That those who thought they had settled the Agricultural Society dispute seem to have "hollered" before they were out of the wood.

That the public are anxious to know the cause of Superintendent Brown's summary dismissal but are not likely to be told.

"The bondage for me," quoth Peter the other morning at breakfast, "is the yolk of an egg."

Quavers.

THE St George's Choral Union are to be congratulated not only on their success last week in the way of performance, but on the fact of their having got on to the right line of musical study. Haydn's "Seasons" is just the sort of work suited to the Society, and the sort, too, that we have been waiting to have taken up in Glasgow apart from strictly private performance. There are any number of musical compositions in the cantata form (in which Haydn's "Seasons" must be classed) waiting to be heard with competent orchestral accompaniment, and professional aid for the solos, as at the concert referred to.

Gade's "Crusaders" is announced for the next concert of the Society, and is quite in its line of work, and we shall hope to hear by-and-bye such cantatas as "The Ancient Mariner," "Paradise and the Peri," "Fridolin," "The May Queen," "The Bride of Dunkerron," "The Legend of St Cecilia," and "The Woman of Samaria," under similar favourable conditions, leaving the more massive choral works to the principal musical society of the city.

With the study of such works as these cantatas will come some of the graces of singing, hardly yet noticeable in the spirited young Society under Mr Moodie, who himself is a most intelligent and enthusiastic musician.

Miss Catherine Penna (how reminiscent the name is of one's school lessons—*penna, penna, penna, pennam, &c.*!) made a favourable impression in Haydn's music, and the tenor bearing the name of the sweet swan of Avon succeeded better on the whole than on the previous day in Handel. Mr Maybrick, completing the trio of soloists, sang fairly well. The delicious accompaniments were a treat of the rarest sort, in the hands of the band under Mr Carrodus.

The last of the orchestra this season was seen and heard at the Kibble Concert on Saturday afternoon, when there was the usual large audience. *Au revoir!*

The first private concert this session of the Hillhead Musical Association, comes off on Thursday the 11th inst., in the Queen's Rooms, with a very engaging programme. One may well anticipate a crowded attendance and good singing.

Your Worship being so musical—it is quite the fashion, indeed, to be so just now in the municipal body—will have noticed with pleasure the real ability which marks the musical criticisms in the leading journals of your city. There is the *Herald*, to begin with. One cannot say a great deal for the literary style of these art notices in the old lady's columns—it is too much of the Dash-it! school for our taste—but the observations show considerable acquaintance with musical composition and, let it be willingly conceded, authoritative judgment on vocal attainments, not forgetting, by-the-bye, the matter of keeping us all right about our organs.

Then the *Mail*. There one gets good sound musical criticism—if a shade more essay-like than journalistic, yet clearly from the pen of a practical musician, whether a lady or gentleman is immaterial, and affects not their value; if the former, rather indeed increases their interest. As might be looked for from the politics of this journal, its musical views are somewhat revolutionary, and lean to what is called "the higher development school."

The musical observations of the latest daily in Glasgow—the *News*—are characterised by the dignity and repose which become an organ of Conservatism, and in keeping with the politics of the journal, a too rapid musical development is deprecated. Unlike the *Herald*, which has rather frowned on every musical enterprise not of the highest, the *News* has sought to foster the smaller associations, these without doubt important factors in the spread of the art in Glasgow.

To the *Citizen* is to be accorded the possession of a popular and attractive style of review, with sufficient technical knowledge to give the opinions weight with the general reader.

And now, after all these compliments, who is going to do the amiable for yourself, Sir? Let him approach, nothing fearing.

The Turkey Difficulty—Carving.

A Model Councillor.

RONALD M'DOUGAL, a member of the Liverpool Council, caters to the wants of his customers both while alive and dead, his occupation being that curious combination, restaurateur and undertaker. He seems also to be a rabid teetotaler and a determined opponent of the mayor who happens to be a brewer, and also of the leading members of the Council who do not regard Ronald as much in the way of being a burning and shining light. To resent this fearful wrong Ronald in his wrath published a most scurrilous cartoon representing Alderman Walker's supposed progress since he left Ayrshire, in which he imputed unholy motives to every one from mayor and magistrates downwards. For this little freak Ronald has been compelled publicly to eat more abject and humble pie than could be found even in cold water establishments like his own, and act as undertaker at the burial of his own reputation as a public man. Probably Ronald's comparatively successful progress since he left the Highlands has turned his head. His fate should be a warning to dullards who rashly attempt to handle such a sharp edged tool as satire.

A Nice Derangement of Epitaphs.

WE read in a contemporary last week that a spiffle had been held in a well-known hotel on the occasion of the guest's return to America "after a visit to this and other adjacent countries." This is just stretching the word adjacent rather further than it can well afford, unless it be a popular delusion that there are some 3000 miles or so of sea rolling between Great Britain and America. But the next sentence was of even more startling novelty. "The evening was spent in an enjoyable manner by a concert company of city repute." It wasn't the 80 friends of the guest who enjoyed themselves, but the concert company, which is probably not an unusual occurrence. Again, isn't city repute rather equivocal? It includes "well-known to the police," and a lot of other kinds of reputations.

ON THE RAILS.

The speeding year is in its wonted form;—
The jolly, folly, holidays are past;
Wet, cold, and warm, breeze, calm, and storm,
Life's smiles and tears, joys, hopes, and fears,
Fast follow, mingle in this year as last.

An Overture to a Pantomime—"The Song of the Shirt."

Books.

Helen's Babies. Messrs David Bryce & Son.

Is any one in want of a good laugh, or has he a wish to feel happy with all the world? Then let him buy a copy of this little volume. The humour is quite unique. There is nothing in it of the Mark Twain or Josh Billings stamp. All is fresh, easy, and unconventional.

John Cheap the Chapman's Library. Parts II., III., IV. Glasgow: Printed for the Proprietors by Messrs Porteous Brothers. Lindsay, Ingram Street.

Those interested in Scottish folk-lore will welcome the appearance of these little volumes. Their contents are fac-similes, even to the illustrations, of the old chap-books so common about the end of the last century. Included in the present issue are the famous "Life and Prophecies of Alexander Peden," and lives of Knox and Welch.

Many Moods in Many Measures, by J. K. CHRISTIE. Lothead Brothers.

Mr Christie rhymes with great fluency, and many of his verses are bright and sparkling.

* * The Glasgow Calendars are this year more numerous than ever. Among the artistic ones, as distinguished from the merely commercial, we may enumerate those of Messrs Kerr & Richardson, Mr Pryde, Messrs Cruickshank, Mr William Geatles—designed by Moyr Smith, Messrs Gilmour & Dean, and A. F. Sharp & Co.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

(Scene, a Christmas tea table, at the commencement of a gay and festive juvenile evening party.)

Enquiring Youngster—"Papa, why do they call this cake *short-bread*?"

Papa (promptly, and with an eye to its approaching fate)—"Because it won't last long!"

'76—'77.

THE Sabbath quiet had scarcely passed away,
When rose a sound of revelry by night—
The song, the shout, the reckless rude horseplay
That slumb'ring echoes 'woke with wild confused affright.

As midnight's toll'd there falls a shower of rain
Like tear-drops cold o'er '76 a-dying;
The wind, as mourning, sweeps some sad refrain,
Or howls, as o'er the birth of '77 a-sighing.
O'er all, the riot—and the moon; her sight
With clouds thick veiled from such indecent mirth—
The kindly clouds, that 'gainst the morning's light
Shower snow, 'neath purest guise to hide the shameless earth.

Remarkable Instance of Self-Denial on New Year's Day—The Perth Town Council resolving, instead of toddying themselves, to toady the Queen.

"A fe^w curs^ery remarks"—"A full, true and particular" Papal Anathema.

Possible Har^um scare^um—Russia invading Turkey.

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN," &c.—With a good many women marriage seems to be not only preceded, but also followed by courtship—the Divorce Court-ship.

New-Year Ills—Bills and pills.

THEATRE - ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Lessees.....Messrs GLOVER & FRANCIS.

THIS EVENING, (MONDAY), JAN. 8TH, at 7.30,

And Every Evening until further notice,

THE "ROYAL" PANTOMIME,

A L A D D I N

AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Box Office open from 11 till 3.

THE GAIE TY,

Proprietor and Manager,—Mr CHARLES BERNARD.

THIS and EVERY EVENING,

C. BERNARD'S Grand Fairy and Musical Extravaganza,

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

By the Finest Burlesque Company that has ever been seen in this Theatre.

Box Office Open from 10 till 3. Prices as usual.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr FRED. COOKE.

This and Every Evening, the

GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

HARLEQUIN PRINCE BEAMING,

OR

THE MAGIC ROSE.

Box Office open from 12 till 3.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING

CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 13TH JANUARY, 1877.

GREAT ANNUAL COMIC CONCERT.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries 2s.
Tickets for Reserved Seats to be had at the office, 7 West Regent Street.

Doors Open at 7; Organ Performance at Half-past 7 o'Clock.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

HENGLER'S CIRQUE, WEST NILE STREET.

THE

QUEEN'S MINSTRELS.

Proprietors.....Messrs BERNARD and VESTRIS.

EVERY EVENING AT 7-45.

SATURDAY MORNING AT 3.

The Greatest Combination of Minstrel Talent in the Kingdom.

TWENTY POPULAR PUBLIC FAVOURITES,

In a Monstre Programme of Humorous, Elegant, and Sparkling Varieties

A FEAST OF FUN

AND

GOOD MUSIC

BY

GENTLEMANLY ENTERTAINERS WITH BLACKENED FACES.

The only Minstrel Company Patronised by

THE QUEEN AND COURT.

PRICES:—

Fauteuils, 4s; Reserved Chairs, 3s; Back Area, 2s; Area, 1s; Gallery, 6d.

Seats Booked and Plan at the Gaiety Theatre.

GLASGOW ATHENÆUM.

CAPTAIN A. H. MARKHAM, R.N.,
Will DELIVER a LECTURE on
THE RECENT ARCTIC EXPEDITION,
In the CITY HALL,

On THURSDAY, 18th JANUARY, 1877.
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., in the Chair.
Tickets—2s, 1s, and 6d—to be had at the Institution and principal Booksellers.

Tickets for Reserved Seats (Numbered) in Front of Area, 3s each, to be had at the Institution only.

** Annual and Life Members of the Athenæum will be admitted at Half-Price, provided they make application to the Secretary for Tickets before the day of Lecture.

Doors Open at 7; Chair to be taken at 8 P.M.

THE COMPANION PICTURE TO THE CELEBRATED
"ROLL CALL,"

"QUATRE BRAS,"
OR THE FIGHT BEFORE

WATERLOO!
PAINTED BY MISS E. THOMPSON,
IS NOW ON VIEW FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY,

IN
JAMES M'CLURE & SON'S GALLERY,
14 GORDON STREET.

Admission—10 till 5, One Shilling; 6 till 9, Sixpence.

NORTH BRITISH GALLERIES,
44 GORDON STREET,

MR WHITE'S EXHIBITION

of
RARE AND CHOICE PICTURES AND DRAWINGS
of the Highest Class,

Selected from the Easels of the Leading Artists of the
British and Foreign Schools,
Is NOW OPEN. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

SKATING RINKS IN GLASGOW.

The following Rinks are now Open daily:—

ADMISSION—One Shilling. Skates Free.

BURNBANK, GREAT WESTERN ROAD—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 7 to 10.

DENNISTOUN, ARK LANE—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.

CATHEDRAL PALACE, STIRLING ROAD—1 to 5, 6.30 to 10.

EGLINTON, EGLINTON TOLL—10.30 to 1, 2.30 to 5.30, 6.30 to 10.
Bands in Attendance.

CITY HALL ORGAN RECITALS.

PROMOTED BY THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND TOWN COUNCIL.

A RECITAL on the ORGAN will be given by Mr LAMBETH on SATURDAY FIRST, at Four o'clock prompt, and on every succeeding Saturday at the same hour till further notice.

Admission, and Programmes of the Music, Free.

NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

Scrap Books, mounted and blank, from 1s to £10 10s. Carte de Visite and Cabinet Albums, all the latest novelties, including the new Easel Album. Swiss Carved Goods, a variety of useful and elegant articles. Chromos and Screen Pictures of every kind. The largest stock of Photographs in the West of Scotland. Photographs arranged and neatly mounted. Pictures framed.

A. DUTHIE, 6 RENFIELD STREET.

THE CLOSE OF THE FANCY FAIR

AT

THE CALEDONIAN HOUSE.

TOYS & FANCY GOODS AT HALF-PRICE.

MESSRS COPLAND & LYE

now announce to the Citizens of Glasgow the Wind-up of their Fancy Fair and Holiday Entertainment. They feel that after the very

FLATTERING OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

nothing on their part is needed than to say that the whole of their Stock of Toys will be cleared out at half the marked prices. For example, Toys that have been selling at One Penny will be sold for One Half-penny; also Sixpenny Toys will be sold for 3d, and 1s Toys will be sold for 6d, and so on till the whole Stock is cleared out. Messrs C. & L. requiring the room for other departments, cannot afford so much space for Toys, and would rather give them away than lose valuable space. They also call the attention of the benevolent to their Sale To-Day of Broken and Damaged Toys, just the thing for Infirmarys, Convalescent Homes, &c. Large Lots will be given away for a few shillings.

For Bargains in Dresses, Ladies' Felt Hats, Skirts, Berlin Sewed Work, Boots, Cottons, &c., see Daily Papers of Friday last.

The best Route to the Caledonian House is by Sauchiehall Street and through the Wellington Arcade; or the Cowcaddens Tramway Cars pass the door every five minutes.

COPLAND & LYE,

CALEDONIAN HOUSE,

110 TO 120 COWCADDENS, GLASGOW.

DANCING ACADEMY, 152 West Campbell

Street.—Mr J. F. WALLACE'S CLASSES NOW FORMING. Meet Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5, 7, and 8 P.M.; Saturdays at 4. Private Single Lessons given.

MIRRORS! PICTURES! FRAMES!
ARTISTS' MATERIALS, &c.

BRYSON, HILTON, & CO.,
CARVERS, GILDERS,
PICTURE FRAME, & MIRROR MANUFACTURERS
163 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
AND
88 AND 90 STOCKWELL STREET,
GLASGOW.

The Cheapest Frame Maker in the City

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY SAUCE

Will strengthen the most delicate Stomach.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY LILLA & EDWARDS.

CIGAR EMPORIUM 6 ST. ENOCH
SQUARE.

Box Containing 100 Sixpenny Alcibiades for 30s.
" " 100 " La Criollas for 26s 6d.
" " 25 Fourpenny La Pasigas for 6s.
" " 100 Threepenny El Buen Fumars for 17s 6d.
" " 100 Twopenny Jockey's Own for 12s 6d.
A Great Variety of other Fine Brands at equally low prices.

PICTURES! Oil Paintings, Water Colours,
Coloured Photos, A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQ.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

IN view of the approaching Season, SHORT AND STEWART would respectfully draw the attention of intending purchasers to their New, Large, and Choice Assortment of Home and Foreign Fancy Goods, including many fresh Novelties, admirably adapted for Birth-day, Marriage, and Complimentary Presentation. The quality, value, style, and price should be seen before purchasing elsewhere.

SHORT AND STEWART,
UMBRELLA, PORTMANTEAU, AND TRAVELLING REQUISITES
MANUFACTURERS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

TRAVELLING REQUISITES.

ARE you intending to travel? If so, then furnish yourself with your Travelling Requirements from the Manufacturers, SHORT AND STEWART, 18 Buchanan Street, in whose Stock may be found whatever is essential to Travelling comfort, whether by Road, River, or Rail, in variety and perfection. Portmanteaus, Bags, and Dressing Cases made to order from parties' own design. Estimates given.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

SHORT AND STEWART,

British Sports
Warehouse.



British Sports
Warehouse.

18 BUCHANAN STREET.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

SHORT AND STEWART, Umbrella, Portmanteau, Trunk, Bag, and Travelling Requisites Manufacturers, would call the attention of their friends and the public to the fact that every Department is now in thorough working order, and that they are now prepared to execute all orders intrusted to them with promptitude and despatch. Purchasers who desire high-class goods at a minimum price, are requested to call and inspect their Stocks; their ambition being to sell only the best of everything at the smallest remunerative profit, consistent with honest trading.

SHORT AND STEWART,
ATHLETIC AND PARLOUR GAME PURVEYORS,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WATERPROOFS.

SHORT AND STEWART would solicit Gentlemen who desire well-made fashionable Waterproof Coats, Leggings, &c., to see their Stock and compare their prices. Their Waterproof Garments are all finished in a very Superior Style by experienced tradesmen, and no article will be sold by them as waterproof that cannot be guaranteed as such.

Their 6s 6d City Waterproof Coats are marvels of quality, style, and cheapness.

SHORT AND STEWART,
MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES,
18 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

HIGH-CLASS PICTURES

CHINA, BRONZES, &c.

AT

THOMAS LAWRIE & SON'S GALLERY,
85 ST. VINCENT STREET.
Open from 10 till 6 Daily.

DINE at the BALMORAL RESTAURANT,

Opposite the Caledonian Station. Table-de-Hote Every Day from 12 to 4 o'clock. THREE COURSES for 1s 9d. Patent Grill in full operation.

RUTHERFORD BROTHERS,
ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,
65 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

THE BRIDGE HOTEL

1 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The Old-Established House, adjoining the Waverley Station, and opposite General Post Office, affords first-class accommodation for Commercial Gentlemen and others visiting the City (either on business or pleasure), having recently undergone extensive alterations and additions; entirely re-decorated and furnished in the most approved manner. Parties honouring the "BRIDGE" with their patronage will find every comfort, combined with cleanliness and attention. Cheerful Sitting-rooms.

CHARGES:—Breakfasts, from 1/ to 2/3; Dinners, from 1/9; Bed-room, 2/; Attendance, 1/ per day. GOOD STOCK ROOMS
JAMES M'GREGOR, PROPRIETOR.

W. TEACHER & SON'S Finest Old
HIGHLAND and IRISH WHISKIES, BRANDY,
RUM, and GIN, LONDON, DUBLIN, and BURTON
MALT LIQUORS, may be had at

134 CUMBERLAND STREET, Corner of Crown Street and
Cumberland Street.

90 St. George's Road.

136 New City Road.

Corner of Garscube Road and Lyon Street.

Corner of George Street and High Street.

Corner of South Wellington Street and Rutherglen Road.

Corner of Portland Street and Bedford Street.

Corner of Elderslie Street and Dumbarton Road.

450 Argyle Street (Opposite Carrick Street).

The Very Best Value in PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS,
BURGUNDIES, HOCKS, CHAMPAGNES, and other
Wines.

No Goods Sold for Consumption on the Premises.

Country and English Orders carefully executed—terms, cash.
Goods of precisely the same quality and price at their other
Establishments; as also at

WHOLESALE STORES—12 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

Now Ready, Part 4, Price One Shilling, post free,

"JOHN CHEAP, THE CHAPMAN'S
LIBRARY;" the Scottish Literature of Last Century
Classified.

These are very desirable reprints of many curious and quaint old productions well known and much appreciated by the grandfathers of the present generation. The present Part contains the Lives of John Knox and John Welch, the Life and Prophecies of Alexander Peden, Life and Prophecies of Donald Cargill, Battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and The Laird of Lag's Legacy, forming a very handsome little book certain to be appreciated by book collectors.

ROBERT LINDSAY,

125 Ingram Street, Glasgow.

THE BEST VALUE

In LADIES' & GENTS' GLOVES, SCARFS, & HOSIERY,
always to be had at

HENDERSON & COOK'S,
23 UNION STREET,

Combined with all the Newest and Most Fashionable Styles.
Every Requisite for Gentlemen's Wear always in Stock.
Gents' ALL-WOOL, TWEED, and DRESS SHIRTS, and GENTS'
COATINGS and SUITINGS, made up tastefully and expeditiously.

NEW WORK OF VITAL INTEREST.

Post free Six Penny Stamps,

From J. Williams, No. 22 Marischal Street, Aberdeen,

A LONG and HEALTHY LIFE.

CONTENTS:

1. Medical Advice to the Invalid.
 2. Approved Prescriptions for Various Ailments.
 3. Phosphorus as a Remedy for Melancholia, loss of Nerve Power, Depression, and feeble digestion.
- The Coca Leaf a Restorer of Health and Strength.

THE TIMES RESTAURANT AND CAFE,

8 AND 10 QUEEN STREET.

MR JOHN CAMPBELL begs to intimate that he has opened the above premises as a first-class Restaurant and Cafe, and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Steaks and Chops Grilled as in London.

FELT HATS
HARD & SOFT MAKES
ALL THE FASHIONABLE SHAPES
WARRANTED TO RETAIN THEIR SHAPE
AND COLOUR. THE PRICES RANGE
FROM 5/6 TO THE FINEST MADE.
SMART SHAPES FOR "YOUNG MEN"
LADS & BOYS.

MILLAR'S
FAMILY HAT WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN ST CORNER,
GLASGOW.

A VOID DRAUGHTS.

DOOR SCREENS, Pictures for Screens and Screens for Pictures
DOOR SCREENS—a delightful amusement making them up.
DOOR SCREENS—a large choice of Pictures, suitable, cheap.
DOOR SCREENS—a great protection from Cold and Draughts.
DOOR SCREENS—a great comfort and convenience in a sick room.
DOOR SCREENS—A great variety in style and quality, and very Moderate Prices.

JOHN M. SIMPSON, UPHOLSTERER, 60 GT. CLYDE STREET,
(Corner of Maxwell Street), GLASGOW

GLENFIELD STARCH.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS SAYS THIS IS THE FINEST
STARCH SHE EVER USED.

"THE SLAVE." Large Coloured Photo., by
Messrs GOUPEL, from the Celebrated Picture by Madame
DE CHATILLON.

Also Scraps for Album, 1s each.
A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE



H. S. MACDOWALL & CO'S
"NONPAREIL" SHERRY,



PRICE 25s PER DOZEN—CASH.
This Wine, which is well matured, and of Fine "Amontillado" character, is equal to any 42s Sherry in the Market. The "Nonpareil" Sherry can be Sampled at
182 WEST GEORGE STREET GLASGOW.

ISLAY WHISKY.

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

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

ARE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

SALES FOR 1874 UPWARDS OF 240,000

OFFICE:

65 BUCHANAN STREET GLASGOW.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST FOR
FAMILIES, DRESSMAKERS, TAILORS,
BOOTMAKERS,

AND ALL
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

See them before buying any other.

Only Office in Glasgow,
71 UNION STREET.

NO BRANCH OR AGENCIES IN THE CITY.

DINE AT
THE ROYAL RESTAURANT,
10 AND 12 WEST NILE STREET.

C. WILSON & SON, Proprietors.

INDENTURE FORMS (Legal) for BINDING APPRENTICES, Stamped or Unstamped.—ROBT. LAWSON, LITHOGRAPHER and PRINTER, 14 QUEEN ST., Up Stairs.

A. F. SHARP & CO. receive Advertisements for all British and Foreign Newspapers. London dailies received at 5 p.m. on day of publication, and sold at Published Prices.

A GREAT DEMAND.

A DAY OF REST.

For an answer to the Question—"How shall we Pass, and in Passing, improve the Sabbath?" The Day is sacred to Rest, and an entire change of exercises are necessary to supply and enjoy this rest. The enterprising London Publishers, Messrs STRAHAN & Co., have provided an unprecedented mass of Literature of a character extremely well suited to answer the above requirements, in one Volume. They present you with Hundreds of Works by the best Authors; Illustrations by the best Artists; containing, amongst an Extensive and Varied List of Writings, the beautiful story of the White Cross and Dove of Pearls, which contains in its 82 Chapters hundreds of Pictures of Life, Pleasing and Pointed Sermons, Agreeable Conversations, and Profitable Meditations; The Candle Lighted by the Lord, a Religious Tale of very attractive qualities, in 18 Chapters; A Story about Jerusalem in New Testament Times, in 9 Chapters; 77 Lives of Extraordinary Men and Women; 73 Poems by the best Modern Poets; 35 Addresses from the Pulpit, to illustrate Bible Subjects; 43 Sketches of Character; 151 Miscellaneous Papers, including the many information Letters on Christian Progress, sent to the Editor from all parts of the world—the whole being an unfailling Storehouse from which to supply the Instruction and Pleasure which all desire who wish to improve and enjoy their Sabbath rest. In conclusion, it may be said that this Volume contains a power for good, equal to the Preaching from a Hundred Pulpits. 896 Large Pages. The Price is only

TWO SHILLINGS AND ELEVENPENCE.

ROBERT LINDSAY,
125 INGRAM STREET.

MY conscience, BAILIE! are the Hatters o' Glaisca going daft? Man, it's awfu'. Dootless ye hae seen their advertements this week or twa back, and I'm thinking you've taken notes o' them; and let us ken your mind about them. Ye hae aften heard, BAILIE, the saying, As mad as a March hare; but noo the folks wull gie that up, and say, As mad as a Hatter. I canna sit doon tae my tea when I come hame at nicht frae my wark, and look ower the evening papers, which is my habit, but the vera first thing my een see, is thae Hatters' Advertements. Dash it, BAILIE, man, I'll be whuppit if I can see or read onything else but them Hatters, day and nicht, at hame or wark, it's dinging in my ear—Hats, Hats, Hats! Man, BAILIE, it's terrible; it maun be put a stop tae, for there's nae doot aboot it, if no stopt I'll hae Hatterophotia in the cranium. The ither nicht I rose up frae my tea quite in a passion, without tasting it. The wife says she, "Losh me, Tam, what in a' the warl's gane wrang wi' ye?" Noo, BAILIE, a thing like this never took place in oor hoose before and nae wunner the guidwife thocht I had gane clean gyte. I saidna a word, but rushed frae the hoose, determined to see what it a' meant, and judge for mysell if there was onything like a grain o' truth in what the Hatter bodies were saying. Weel, I took a turn along the Trongate and Argyle Street, and had a very close look intae a' their windows as weel as their doors, for baith inside and oot are dressed wi' a' manners and styles o' Hats and Caps. Mind ye, BAILIE, there is great taste displayed by thae Hatters in dressing their windows and doors—very artistic indeed—and maun require great patience and time to do it. I examined some o' their goods markit at the doors. I felt the felts, for, BAILIE, I maun tell ye I'm an awfu' guid judge o' Felt Hats. Weel, I said to mysell, aifter a' they're no without some reason for making such a blaw in the papers; and was beginning to feel a wee cooler, particularly in the cranium. Weel, frae what I saw in some o' thae shops, the Hats priced lookit kin' o' reasonable eneugh. Noo, says I, when I got to the corner o' Jamaica Street, I'll awa and see what that ither chap is like that's making such an awful hullabaloo, so I looks at the address in the papers, and sees, WALTER WILSON & CO, 72 JAMAICA STREET (TWA STAIRS UP). So you're the chap that's called the Hat Reformer; weel, says I, the name and the appendidjes soonds weel, so I'll awa and hae a practical test o't by buying a hat; so I gets to 68 Jamaica Street, and up I goes. Thinks I tae mysell, this is a queer place for a Hat Shop; but in I goes. Man, BAILIE, I was amazed and thunderstruck at the sight; the place was croodit by old and young, rich and poor, and as far as I saw all were being attended to by the mony employees, baith male and female, in a maist pleasing and courteous manner. When you enter first you see a large square central apartment. This is one of the Ladies' principal Departments for the sale of Straw and Felt Hats and Bonnets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c. To the right of this is another very large sale-room, also for Ladies; here are numerous articles, such as Umbrellas, Fancy Bags, Flowers, Fancy Baskets, and many other things of rare value, beautifully arranged in handsome cases. To the left of the central room is the Gents' Hat Department. Here I was maist interested. Many persons were getting attended tae by a large staff of male and female assistants. I had tae wait a short time to get saired mysell, as the salesmen were engaged with ither, and so I had time tae look aboot me, and judge on the spot if this Hat Reformer was justified in blawing such a tremendous blast frae his big trumpet in the papers, and which nearly took possession of my senses, as well as spoiling my tea for the nicht. Weel, BAILIE, I maun honestly say I cudna believe there was a place of such dimensions in the Hat line in Glaisca, or ony place else. The Prices of the various hats shown was railly astonishing, for cheapness combined wi' quality, finish, and style. I askit the Reformer, Mr WILSON (for he was introduced tae me by this time), Hoo could he sell his goods sae cheap? He said simply, "I buy with Cash in the largest and best houses in the market, enormous quantities, as you see around you; we have enormous sale for them; the Ready Cash and the quick turnover is the secret of selling Hats at really Wholesale Prices." I was convinced of the fact wi' the anc I bocht, and saw ither, and sae I felt quite satisfied that this firm of WALTER WILSON & CO., HATTERS, 72 JAMAICA ST., were well entitled to the names (now undoubtedly theirs) of HAT REFORMERS in every sense of the word. Noo, Mr BAILIE, this is the end o't, and aifter that I expect ye'll be takin' a slip up to this wonderfu' place yersell, tae buy a Hat and take notes. I'll awa hame tae the wife noo, and tell her a' aboot it, show her my new hat, and to please her aifter the tea affair, tell her I'll treat her and the weans to new Hats and Bonnets, at the obliging Firm of

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE HAT REFORMERS,
OF 68 JAMAICA STREET,
TEMPORARY PREMISES,
72 JAMAICA STREET.

