

THE
BAILIE
1882-83

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The Bailie.



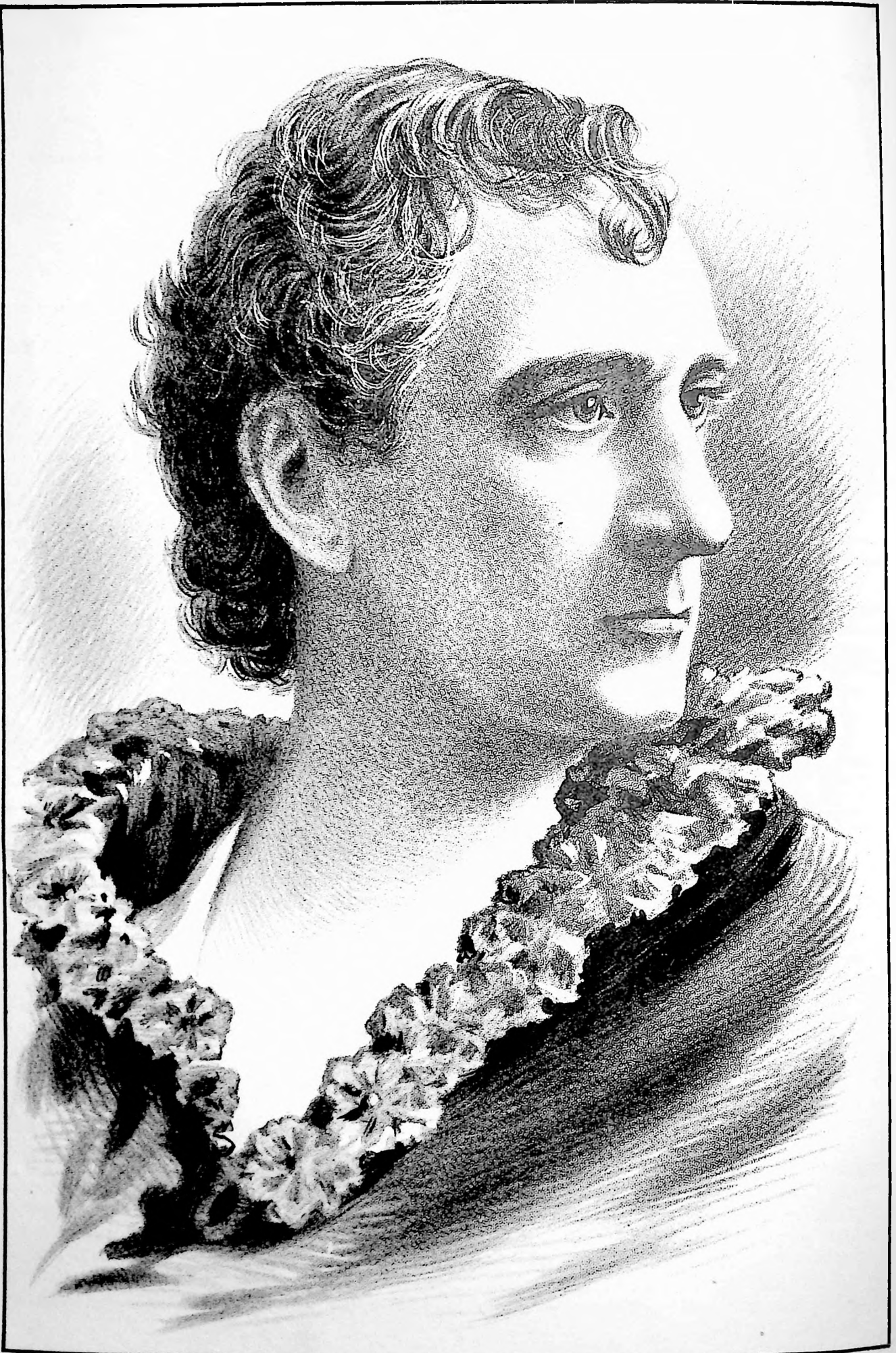
VOLUME XXI.

1883

MEN YOU KNOW—VOLUME XXI.

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 521. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 11th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 521.

THE great actor who made his *debut* on the Glasgow stage at the Gaiety on Monday brings with him a reputation gained in three continents. Mr EDWIN BOOTH is an American to the manner born—is indeed the foremost of all American actors. He has played with great success in Australia, and he has been welcomed in this country as in some respects the counterpart, as he is the friend, of Henry Irving. His reputation, moreover, is no thing of yesterday. A quarter of a century ago he was already a man of mark in his profession. In 1858 he had become manager of the Winter Garden Theatre in New York, of the Boston Theatre, and of a theatre in Philadelphia. And his personal influence, exercised through these several channels, tended largely to elevate the entire stage of the country. Mr BOOTH, as is well-known, comes of a theatrical stock. His father was the Junius Brutus Booth who seemed, at one time, as if he were destined to rival the elder Kean. All the brothers of EDWIN BOOTH were trained to the profession, and his brother-in-law is John S. Clarke, the eminent comedian, whose career may be said to be divided between the American and the English stage. EDWIN BOOTH, as may be gathered from the above, has been an actor from his boyhood. His earliest recorded stage appearance, however, only dates from '49, when he played *Tressel* in a performance of “Richard the Third.” From 1849 till now he has lived constantly in the public eye. His Australian journey has already been mentioned, together with his management of the Winter Garden Theatre in New York. Subsequent to the destruction, by fire, of the Winter Garden, Mr BOOTH erected the theatre in the Empire City which still bears his name, expending something

like £150,000 on the building and its fittings. But in BOOTH'S Theatre his fortunes steadily declined. He continued in management from '68 to '73, and was compelled to retire, in the latter year, with the loss of his entire capital. Since '73 he has remained simply a “star” actor. He visited this country two years ago for the second time—he had been here in 1861—meeting with an enthusiastic reception, and the enthusiasm which greeted his *debut* was still further increased when, in the spring of '81, he accepted a short engagement at the Lyceum, playing *Iago* to Mr Irving's *Othello*, and, conversely, *Othello* to the *Iago* of the English actor. Leaving Britain for America in the autumn of '81, he returned to London in the beginning of last summer, and appeared, with much success, at the London Adelphi, in a round of his more famous parts. At present he is engaged in a tour through the provinces. Crossing the Border some ten days ago, he played last week in Dundee, and now, as already stated, he is performing nightly at the Gaiety here. In his style Mr BOOTH belongs to what may be termed the classical school of actors. He has none of the weird power and the strange personal fascination of Henry Irving; the easy breadth, and happy lightness of touch, which distinguished Dillon in his best days, is denied to his earnest, and somewhat, to coin a phrase, mannered temperament. But while Mr BOOTH'S method is comparatively measured in its character, it is likewise remarkable for its mingled force and refinement, for its passion and its elaboration. He is at his best in *Richelieu* and *Bertuccio*. His *Othello*, however, is picturesque and chivalrous, while his *Lear* is informed with terrible frenzy and melting pathos. Notwithstanding his long theatrical life, with its varied episodes of travel and adventure, Mr BOOTH is still in the period of middle age. He was born

so late as 1833, and may consequently look forward to a lengthened term of busy work. It is unlikely, however, that further experience will bring any modification to his style. What he is now he will continue for the rest of his career. We in Glasgow are therefore fortunate in that we are favoured with his appearance among us at a period when he has acquired a ripe knowledge of his art, and when his powers are yet unfettered by any weight of advancing days.

BECAUSE!

(Scene—Third-class carriage of late Greenock train; workman ("half-on") has, in the heat of argument, called his *vis-a-vis* (also "half-on") a liar.)

Vis-a-vis (solemnly and with uplifted grimy forefinger)—Ca' no man a liar, *because*, maybe the man ye ca' a liar is a man that could knock the face aff ye. [Tableau.]

"THREE SINGLE GENTLEMEN ROLLED INTO ONE."—If we may believe the Rev. Mr Reid, of Port-Glasgow, the Greenock Presbytery contains at least one remarkable character. This is the Rev. Mr Murray, whom his colleague describes, first, as an Ajax; secondly, as fitted to "make a grand captain of the Salvation Army;" and, thirdly, as deserving of being created "Professor of Dignity and Master of Ecclesiastical Manners in the Presbytery." A Salvation Army Ajax in the garb of a Professor of Dignity must be worth going a "good few" miles to see.

PULL MARTIN, PULL BAKER!--Mr James Martin says that he "would much rather sit beside a man coming out of a foundry than beside a baker." It is to be hoped that Jeems intended by this remark no gratuitous and underhand allusion to anybody whom he is obliged to "sit beside" in the Council. To do so would be to exhibit bad taste, and we know that Jeems abhors bad taste as he abhors dirt.

Deserving a Carpet-ing—The General who forced the British troops to do homage to an emblem of Mohammedan superstition.

THIS I'LL DEFEND—*Macfarlane's Motto*.—One at least of Councillor Martin's allegations has been wiped off *the "slate."*

CAUTION.—Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of the "BIG J" and "BIG WAVERLEY" PEN.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
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After Luncheon.

(Dialogue in the Antechamber.)

LORD PRO.

MAN, man, Sir Stafford, but you did richt weel; Yon touch or twa frae Burns was awfu' guid; I wadna wonder but some funny chiel May ca' you *North-quate* after what you did.

SIR STAF.

North-quate's not bad, but *North-coat's* nearer still, And when I slip this upper garment on, I'll think how of your city I've my will, And with much relish warble "Here's a han'."

LORD PRO.

What! Burns again; ha! ha! you're surely fond O' what he left us? That, man, mak's ye smile, eh? Ye like a' Scotch things—you've already owned—D'ye read oor Scott?

SIR STAF.

My conscience!

LORD PRO.

And the BAILIE?

SIR STAF.

Tush, tush, good Provost, I have told you plenty; "Conservative campaign," each paper states! I came to grace the BAILIE'S Volume Twenty, And nothing else—

JAMES BROWN.

My lords, the carriage waits.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

(Scene—Hotel.)

Proprietor (to Irish waiter)—I say, Reilly, didn't that American gent. go away in a hurry?

Irish Waiter—Sure no, sor, he went away in a cab.

How Are We to "Take" It?

HOW inconsistent those teetotallers are, to be sure! At one of their meetings in Edinburgh last week Provost Moncur, of Dundee, who apparently belongs to the cold-water fold, said that "unless the Church went strongly into this matter the Tel-el-Kebir of strong drink would never be taken." The only inference that can be drawn from this martial metaphor is that the Provost and his friends are anxious that the "strong drink" should be "taken," whereas they have always heretofore given us to understand that they wanted it left alone!

"THE LOVE OF MONEY."—Some great unknown advertised that his ticket admitting to the ceremony of conferring the freedom of the city might be had for half-a-guinea. Sir Stafford could scarcely have had better evidence of the money-making enterprise of a fellow-citizen—than the BAILIE has of his meanness. If he could not use his ticket, could he not have given it to a friend—if he has one?

"Butcher-ed to make an Oxford Holiday!"—The Greek Chair in the University of Edinburgh.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page 8

On 'Change.

MONEY was abundant in London all last week. Three months' bills could be readily discounted at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or a fraction higher, the Bank of England rate being 5 per cent. for the same class of paper. It might thus appear that everything was quite cheerful in the money market, and that no one need apprehend any impending tightness. Amid all this apparent calm there is an ominous symptom of an approaching breeze. The breeze may not freshen to a gale, but the temporary blast will probably make things lively for a time. There is no mistaking the indication offered by the Bank of England return published in the morning papers of Friday, and though the directors did not make any change in the rate, and indeed had no cause to do so, it is difficult to see how an advance can be averred. A diminution of more than 4 per cent. in the proportion of reserve to liabilities can hardly be regarded as a sign of encouragement.

Hoggan & Co., and their legal advisers, Borland, King, & Shaw, have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the Tharsis Co. Wiser counsels have prevailed, and the complaining clique of £7 paid shareholders has withdrawn the absurd appeal to the House of Lords against the recent decision in the Court of Session. One would have thought that the Court of Session might have produced enough law for any man, but some lawyers are never satisfied, and their clients have generally to pay the piper.

By the new arrangement made by the Tharsis Co., all the shares will be put upon an equal footing. Each £7 paid share will contribute £1 more, making £8 in all, and the holder will then hand over five of them, equal to £40, when he will receive four of the £10 shares or £40 in return. The two classes of shares will then occupy the same position, and everybody will be satisfied excepting Hoggan & Co. and Borland & Co., who ineffectually attempted to establish a claim for dividend upon 30 per cent. more capital than had been supplied.

One good result may probably flow from this curious case. Should it happen, it will serve to show that good may come out of evil. Directors will be more careful as to their mode of financing, and they will take care not to put one class of shares at a disadvantage in comparison with others. The case now ended was a piece of shocking selfishness on both sides. The directors did not want to call up the unpaid £3 on the £7 shares, because they had no need for the money, and could finance more advantageously than by calling up the unpaid capital. They effected a saving thereby, and the holders of the £7 shares got the benefit of it, because they participated rateably in the dividend that was earned. The holders of the £7 shares were more greedy still, inasmuch as they desired to pay up uncalled capital which was not wanted, and so acquire dividend on £10 instead of £7. By so doing they would, of course, have lessened the dividend on the £10 paid shares, but that did not matter. They wanted to be in the front rank when they were mere supernumeraries. Had the dividend been $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or nothing at all, instead of 25 per cent., nothing would have been heard of this conflict of interests. And so I come back to my original proposition that the dispute was a piece of selfishness all through.

There is one part of the Tharsis shares reconstruction scheme which strikes me as being of doubtful propriety. I refer to the idea of issuing share warrants to bearer, and splitting each £10 share into five of £2. To all appearances, this manipulation of the shares ought to be as broad as it is long, and no more peculiar than the exchange of five £8 shares for four upon which £10 have been paid. The cases, however, are totally different. The equalisation of the existing shares had become a matter of necessity. The cutting down of the shares to £2, on the contrary, is a mere pandering to a spirit of speculation and greed. It will probably be alleged that the new proposal is intended to provide facilities for investment to small capitalists, as if the Tharsis Co. were a philanthropic institution. The company was not invented for any purpose of philanthropy, but merely to make money. It has made money beyond all expectation, and

the shareholders might justly be recommended to let well alone. They will very likely decide otherwise from the rooted but erroneous belief that 2 and 2 make 5.

This method of working out a simple arithmetical proposition is dear to the speculative mind. The way it is done is to subdivide shares and stocks into smaller parcels, so as to give the small capitalist a better field for investment. It is delightful to witness how attentively large companies watch over the interest of the small capitalist. Sometimes the plan is to divide a stock into two sections, marking one "preferred" and the other "deferred." The theory is that because you divide a stock into sections, its intrinsic value remaining exactly as before, its price on the market ought to be considerably enhanced. Here I would again insist upon the distinction to be drawn between the words "value" and "price." No matter how transparent the scheme may be, it generally succeeds for a time, and those who are knowing enough usually select that time to philanthropically transfer their interest to that especial object of their solicitude—the small capitalist. It is this melancholy reflection which induces me to express a hope that the Tharsis shareholders will not take the step they are understood to meditate.

SCRUTATOR.

MUCH THE SAME THING.

(Scene—Princes Street, Edinburgh; hour, 4 p.m.)

Newsboy (to swell)—*Evening Express*, sir?

Swell (wishing to appear funny)—No thanks, 'twasn't made expressly for me.

Newsboy (after a moment's survey)—Neither was yer claes!

"Elevating" 'Em.

LAST week a choir, stated to be "organised" by a "Professor" with an outlandish name, began a "brief series of concerts" in Glasgow. The organising Professor says that he projected his show "with the view of providing amusement of a more elevating character than that afforded by the music hall." Considering that the frequenters of our music halls are not permitted nowadays to wash down their comic songs and gymnastics with anything stronger than coffee or zoedone, there is clearly an opening for something of an "elevating character;" but it is to be feared that, if the disinterested Professor wants to attract the music hall *habitué*, he must make the "elevating" agent rather stronger, and more material than hymns and zither duets.

TWADDLE.—Mr John Ramsay, M.P., complains of being "condemned to listen," in Parliament, "to the reiteration of mere twaddle." If Mr Ramsay objects to listening to twaddle, it is to be presumed that he stops his own ears when he himself holds forth.

"Going Over the Score" — Beginning the twenty-first volume of the BAILIE.

A Prize Ticket—The burgess ticket.

English Damsons are now best for Preserving. Prices are right at the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon St.—M. CAMPBELL.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—I'm afraid that the weight of opinion, play-going opinion, that is, in this city, is inclined to rank "The Squire," as a work of stage art, very much lower indeed than "Far from the Madding Crowd." Mr Piner's play is a highly-coloured, and in some respects a vulgar melodrama; the work of Mr Comyns Carr is natural above everything—it has the rural air, the magic of the country and country life. For all that "The Squire," when played by the Kendals, and especially by Mrs Kendal, always proves a most popular piece.

This week the Kendals will appear at the Royalty in "The Queen's Shilling," a comedy which has already been seen in this city, and which is taken from a French piece entitled "Le Fils de Famille;" in "A Scrap of Paper," which is, of course, Victorien Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche" done into English; in "The Squire" and in "The Lady of Lyons."

For my own part I don't like "The Queen's Shilling" one bit. "The Scrap of Paper" and "The Lady of Lyons"—notwithstanding that the last named piece is so much run down now-a-days—are excellent, and the acting of Mrs Kendal as *Susan Hartley* and *Pauline Deschappelles* is more than excellent.

The engagement of Mr Booth at the Gaiety is for six nights only. He will appear during his stay, in "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Fool's Revenge," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Miss, or, rather, Mrs Pateman, who makes her first appearance at the Gaiety this evening, is a lady whose theatrical training has been acquired, for the most part, in the United States. She is, however, of English birth, and indeed acted, for a considerable period, in various provincial theatres on "this side," before leaving for America. Miss Pateman possesses abundant vigour of style, complete mastery over all her artistic resources, and an excellent stage presence. Her return to England from America was made in 1876, since which year she has occupied a leading place on the London stage.

The chief part in "The World"—that of *Clement Huntingford*—as played to-night and during the week at the Grand Theatre, will be undertaken by that excellent and experienced actor Mr William Rignold. Its cast, moreover, will be further strengthened by the appearance of Mr Charles Wilmo, who will be *Moss Fewel*. "The World," as I've already said, is the very best play of its kind. During its stay the Grand ought to be crowded nightly.

Some of your readers, my Magistrate, may remember an extraordinary story which appeared in the *Times* in the July of 1861, regarding a Major Murray who was inveigled, by one Roberts, a money-lender, into a house in Northumberland Street, Strand, London, and there ferociously attacked by his companion, the evident aim of the latter being robbery. The Major, however, after a most desperate struggle, succeeded in making his escape, having inflicted such injuries on his assailant that Roberts died a few days afterwards. Certain sceptics at the time regarded the whole affair as rather fishy, but the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide in the matter, and whether anything else than mere plunder was intended never came out. The authors of "Humanity," which is to be presented at the Royal Princess's Theatre to-night have taken this incident as the groundwork of their play, and added to it a passage in the life of Grace Darling, the famous light-house heroine, Miss Amy Steinberg will appear in the piece in her original part, *Grace Barton* or *Darling*.

It is on the cards that the conduct of a famous chemical business, which has hitherto been conducted by a single firm, will shortly be transferred to a limited liability company.

Who are to be the new Bailies? What was the meaning of the intimation in the *Citizen* that Bailie Dunlop is to be elected to the Magistracy for another year?

That was a happy notion of the committee who had charge of the arrangements for the presentation of the city's freedom to Sir Stafford Northcote, to have our Bailies, on Thursday forenoon, walk into the City Hall in full view of the audience, and while the organ was playing, each with a lady of title on his arm. Nothing, indeed, could well be finer than the manner in which Bailie Dunlop conducted himself under the trying ordeal of leading in the Countess of Galloway. Bailie Wilson, too, seemed quite at home as he guided Lady Northcote to the front of the platform. Some of the others, however, failed to act up to the gallant example set them by the "senior magistrate." Bailie Dickson, for instance, who had Lady Campbell relegated to his care, could hardly decide whether he should take his seat first and allow the lady to follow, or *vice versa*, until Mr Brown, a thorough master of all details in such matters, relieved him of the embarrassment by gently indicating that he should lead. The excellence of this arrangement became apparent when the douce Bailie M'Onie, who was left unfettered, was placed on the other side of her Ladyship. Altogether, in spite of the litches I have hinted at, the appearance made by the magistrates was quite too. How pleased they all looked to be sure, as they beamed serenely from the platform upon the audience in the area. The occasion was one which only comes once, even to a "gold magistrate," and certainly our friends made the most of it.

Surely it was out of no desire to gain some further insight into oratory that Mr Ure, Advocate, occupied a seat in the City Hall gallery, next to the platform, on Thursday. The little speeches of Lord Provost Ure are usually chaste and pointed, but his style of delivery, as it seems to me, is better adapted to the pulpit than the platform; in fact, the more earnest and impressive he becomes, the more he reminds one of a dissenting preacher.

The luncheon which followed the "presentation of the freedom" to the Conservative leader was so far peculiar, inasmuch as ladies, for the first time on record, graced the municipal board with their presence—a circumstance which, by the bye, was duly enlarged upon by Dr Cameron in the short speech he delivered on the occasion.

As usual, the speaking at the luncheon was limited, the orators being the Lord Provost, Sir Stafford Northcote, Dr Cameron, and Councillor Martin. The speech of the last-named celebrity, which was something of an interpolation, was as follows:—"Three cheers for Mrs Northcote"! Rumour has it that Jeems's ignorance of honours and dignities gave Bailie M'Onie the opportunity, at the close of the proceedings, for reading him a little lecture on etiquette—a lecture which the East-End magnate took with his usual placidity of temper.

"We in Glasgow," quoth the Lord Provost to Sir Stafford Northcote, "are specially favoured in the matter of our water supply." "Unhappily," replied Sir Stafford, "all the time I've been here I've never had the opportunity of tasting a drop."

That allusion of the Lord Provost's, at Thursday's luncheon, anent the division lobby in which he might sometimes be found, when voting in the House of Commons, has created quite a sensation. Whether intentional or not the reference has been accepted as the traditional straw which serves to show in what direction the wind is blowing.

"They say" that a well-known member of the School Board, who is likewise entitled to wag his paw in an East-End poopit, made an earnest attempt to gain admission to the Corporation luncheon, but that his claims found no favour in the eyes of Mr Nicol, who met his demands with a stern *non possumus*.

Auld Jeems has made up his mind that young Jeems shall stand for the Second Ward vacancy. What a proud proud nicht it'll be in Cairncraig when baith father and son are in "the Council."

There is a feeling of uneasiness in certain quarters on account of the prolonged and mysterious absence of the energetic secretary of the Scottish Miners' and the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association.

—o—

H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, together with the Duchess of Albany, will arrive at Blythwood House on Friday, will visit Glasgow on Saturday—returning to Blythwood in the evening, will spend a quiet Sunday and Monday at Blythwood, and will take their departure for the South on Tuesday.

—o—

Messrs Ferguson & Forrester, who plenshed the tables for luncheon in the Council Chambers, will also be the purveyors when the Duke of Albany will be entertained to lunch in the Corporation Galleries. I understand that the list of invitations to the latter entertainment is something—well, enormous. Why, the entire aristocracy of the United Kingdom seems to have been "papered" by the Corporation for the occasion.

—o—

Before going in to the Corporation luncheon on Thursday, Mr Young was introduced to Sir Stafford, and had the pleasure of shewing him his plans of the new Municipal Buildings. Sir Stafford, as "a citizen of Glasgow," was much interested and appreciative.

Q.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT two of our newspapers distinguished themselves last week.

That the *Herald* had "the honour of supplying Sir Stafford Northcote with the materials for some of his most effective points."

That the *Mail* congratulated the Junior Liberals on having selected its Editor as the chief speaker of their gathering on Tuesday, and congratulated its Editor on being "equally happy and fortunate in the selection of his subject."

That the city is being over-run with Royal and noble visitors.

That Sir Stafford's visit was a success.

That one familiar form was conspicuous by its absence from the side of the Conservative leader.

That Sir James Bain "wasn't there."

That he'll be "all there" at next Parliamentary election.

That the Scottish Legal rumpus is about to be renewed.

That the Board of Management have treated the motion carried at last meeting with contempt.

That they have reverted to the hour of Four.

That there will be a revival of the former disturbances.

That this may result in a few of the members drawing their funeral allowance.

That two of the expectant M.P's. were on the stump last week.

That the rent day is approaching.

That Jeems once lost £2,000 in a West-end car.

That money is to be made in the tailoring trade.

That the School Board meeting on Monday was most entertaining; Rubbert chief entertainer.

That Dr Lang is anxious to have potato cooking perfect.

That Mr Long is most anxious to have the spoons held correctly.

That the one should be made professor of spud stewing and the other professor of soup supping.

That Rubbert considers the suggestion a slander on his townsmen.

That Rubbert wouldn't be the worse of taking the hints to himself.

That the retiring Councillors are all willing to again place their services at the disposal of their several constituencies.

That a little fresh blood would do no harm to the Corporation.

That the *Herald's* correspondence regarding the Trades' House has ceased.

That the Merchants' House would afford good material for a long series of letters.

That the 'Shaws folks have made Donald a Councillor.

What the 'Shaws Folks are Saying.

That the Municipal Election took place on Friday last.

That the town has not been as lively for years.

That the contest was keen and spirited.

That nothing but good humour prevailed during the whole day

That the unexpected happened in more cases than one.

That the result sounds the death knell of all clique work.

That the Pope's legion was nowhere.

"MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE."

Rab—They tell me ye're gaun tae tak' anither wife, Andra. Is't true?

Andrew—Weel, a wadna say but it is.

Rab—It'll just be twa year come Hallowe'en sin' ye marrit yer saicond ane.

Andrew—Weel? What o' that?

Rab—Haith! but ye're no lang o' gaun through a wife."

"DEMONSTRATIVE" FEMALES.—The shrieking sisterhood "demonstrated" preliminarily last week under the presidency of the great and good Burt. What we may expect when the "demonstration" comes off may be gathered from Mrs M'Laren's pensive expression of regret that she and her sisters "are not allowed to use physical force." If the dear creatures intend to employ every argument short of that *ad unguem*, the sooner the tyrant Man surrenders at discretion the better.

Quavers.

MR A. C. MACKENZIE has been commissioned to write an opera for the Carl Rosa Company. The libretto will be furnished by Mr Francis Hueffer, musical critic of the *Times*, its subject being taken from Prosper Merimee's Romance of "Colonba." Mr Mackenzie will probably be the first musician of Scottish birth who has appeared in the field of opera. His cantata, "The Biide," and instrumental overtures, afford good proof that he will worthily fulfil his task.

Harvest festival services were held on Sunday last in St. John's Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. Dr Penney is the incumbent. At "matins," the music embraced the Te Deum set (in B flat) by J. Baptiste Calkin, and a Jubilate by Dr Garrett in E (unison); and at "evensong" special psalms were sung to chants by Randall, Turlie, and Battishill—also the Magnificat and Nunc Dimitis by E. Hopkins, the latter unisonally, though of course with more or less elaborate harmony on the organ. A recent harvest anthem by Herbert Wareing, "Sing praises to God," which did not prove particularly effective, and Elvey's lively "O give thanks," as an offertory anthem, were also included. The choir, numbering 25 or so, sang very well indeed, considering that the trebles (boys) were mostly new voices. Mr J. Lowe, organist, played judiciously and well. Dr Penney preached eloquently yet practically on the special subject of the services. There were good congregations at both diets.

We have had "Patience" at the Gaiety Theatre during the last fortnight, with crowded houses. We are afraid, however, that the artistic standing of Mr Sullivan's operettas is not much known to a very large section of musical people among us—those, in fact, who are indifferent to theatrical matters, and who think mostly of music in connection with the concert room. The extravagance of the subjects of these operettas has something to do, we think, with this want of acquaintance with the music, and one cannot but feel sorry that it should be so, and that what might in a less ephemeral connection have become classic, is likely to pass away with the peculiarities of society that suggested their composition. The music of "Patience" is of a very high type of art, worthy indeed to rank with that of opera buffa (not to be confounded with opera bouffe) of the school of Cimarosa or Paisiello. The score is all elegance, variety, and melodic and harmonic fitness, and sorely as the composer must have often been tempted to ease or carelessness through the absurdity of the words, there is not a commonplace or unconscious bar throughout. It is to be hoped that there is truth in the report that Mr Sullivan contemplates an opera on a serious subject—we should then have something worthy of his undoubted musical genius, and likely to live.

To quote the favourite adjective of the minister of Ladywell Church, there was a "tremendous" audience in the City Hall on Saturday night, attracted by the engagement of the Glasgow Select Choir. The programme was tripartite—Scotch, English, and Irish, though in the latter the nationality was not strictly adhered to. Archer's "Kate Dalrymple," with Moodie's "Willie Wastle," in encore went capitally. "The Flowers of the Forest" (Patterson's arrangement), though less demonstratively received than these last, seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. "Sally Brown" was neatly sung. Gower's "Sailor's Grave" will win its way. It requires to be heard once or twice ere its beauties can be felt. Hardly a word requires to be said about Mr Allan's clever choir. If anything the singing is rounder and fuller than of late. Mr Duncan has made a great stride as a soloist.

Winked at by the Police—Cooks and pretty housemaids.

A "Miss"-spent Life—An old maid's.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 16 Sauchiehall Street. Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 6os. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

A Slur on the Profession.

IN a case heard before Sheriff Cowan at Paisley last week, a witness who was testifying as to the alcoholic habits of the defender, said, "We all know that the coal trade is rather a social kind of institution generally, and that a good deal of drinking goes on." That distinguished member of the coal trade, Mr Jeems Kaye, is unfortunately absent at present at what was till recently the seat of war, but the BAILIE begs on his behalf to protest against the libel implied here. That the coal trade is "rather a social kind of institution" his Worship's readers are well aware, from Mr Kaye's accounts of the festive gatherings which he has from time to time assembled under his hospitable roof, but the insinuation of habitual intemperance is a base and wicked calumny, which our distinguished friend would do well to dispose of effectually on his return from Egypt.

FROM SYENITE TO "GARNET."

He who the Pyramids amidst
Of Egypt's dates historic thinks,
May wonder if thou ever didst
This war foresee, O placid Sphinx,
As part that past with present links,
The grand antique Egyptian glory
With "Special Correspondent's" story,
The hieroglyphic symbol wonders
With telegraphic signs and blunders.

"DRY ROT."—At last Tuesday's meeting of the Greenock Town Council a report was submitted "on the dry rot existing in the East Parish Church premises," and it was agreed "to execute the necessary repairs at a cost not exceeding £30." The BAILIE does not for one instant suppose that the seat of the "dry rot" in question is the pulpit of the East Parish Church, but if such *were* the case the sum voted for "repairs" could certainly not be considered an extravagant one.

Miss Mixer wants to know what is the salary attached to "The situation in Egypt" which she sees mentioned in the newspaper bills, and thinks it might suit her brother Bob, who has been loafing about town for nearly twelve months now.

A Listless Occupation—That of an unsuccessful recruiting sergeant.

A Time Bargain—Buying a good watch cheap.

Underwriters—Junior clerks.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Auchray on ta Polis Regatta.

I WAS shust licking on a post-stamp to send a bit scripple to a frien' in ta Heelants when Tugalt M'Phail comes up ant address me in Gaelic—Whateffer I'll no pe at ta Polisrnan's Regatta. "Well, well, I'm surprised at you, Tugalt," says I; "I'm sure you'll know tat my carcase woot sink ta poat a few inch pelow ta surface; pesides, I've no sympassy wis ta force apeing at ter gentilities. Put me in an auld herring wherry wis two or three of a crew tat I know in ta force ant we'll pe mair at hame. Ta Chief Cons'ple ant ta gentry could pic-nic on ta shore with their spy-gless ant peep at a good haul o' fish, ant ta newspaper critters would give us a bit plaw for skill in a poat, ta same as we wass a rear-admiraals. Ant forpye it woot pe far petter whateffer if some of ta lats woot start a Savage Club ant have a gran' display doon ta watter, ant, with Inspector Craig's Indian clubs, ta Heelin' fling, herring wherries, bagpipes, tug-of-war pull-at-ta-ropes, ant Tullochgorum, we woot snuff oot all claims of ta Londoners to the title of ta Savage Club whateffer."

"A fery goot observation—ferly goot observation, to pe sure," says Tugalt; "ant I don't sink a lat tat was brocht up on ta heather should stretch his shanks on a skiff at all at all, ta same as he wass a University frae ta Oxfords or Cambridge. Yis, yis, I secont tat, Auchray," says he, "ant go in for ta Savage Club." After a dip in ta snuff mull Tugalt left, and so did—Yours fery savagely,

AUCHRAY M'TAVISH, X 71.

A NURSERY CURSORY RHYME.

Hey diddle didole, the Sphinx and its riddle,
Sir Seymour jump'd over the fort,
Sir Garnet came later, and conquer'd the Traitor,
The Khedive ran after the Porte.

A FAIR OFFER.—In stating the other day that Dublin is the most brutally criminal town in the three kingdoms—which is correct—the Recorder of that capital described it as the Second City of the Empire—which is incorrect. If, however, Dublin be desirous of bringing her population a little nearer to that of the city which is the Second City, we shall be only too happy to hand over a few thousand Irishmen, who at present do their best to raise us, criminally speaking, to a level with our rival on the Liffey.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blender of the "Real Johnny."*

The Humours of the Deacons' Choosing.

BEING present the other day at the Deacons' choosing, Peter was rather tickled with the results.

For deacon the Shoemakers have chosen a C.A., the Weavers a flesher, the Fleshers a tobacconist, the Bakers a fire-hose maker, the Skinners a manufacturer of bedsteads, and the Barbers a lithographer!

The crafts have been as comical in the selection of their collectors. The Hammermen have made choice of an umbrella maker, the Tailors of a gas engineer, the Cordiners of a clerk, the Skinners of a muslin manufacturer, the Gardeners of a forgerman, the Barbers of an ironmonger, and the Dyers of a house factor!

The "eternal men," as a contemporary of Granny's phrases it, are thus well returned; and no doubt the chair, during this year of grace, will be sustained with a lofty dignity; the clerkship with a lawyer-like ability; and the officership with a becoming respect. And yet—"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE FIRE-FLY.

Up in the mornin' 's no' for me,
Even a comet's tail to see.
If it, like me, sat late at night,
Nor head nor tail would be so bright.
Why can it not the heavens sweep
Ere decent people fall to sleep
When goes the wearied sun to bed,
Why does it not get up instead?
Why can't it graciously incline
To suit its time to mine to shine?

"Blue China" Officials.

IF we may believe Mr Younger, the officials of the City Parochial Board are not made of common clay like their neighbours, but of the finest and most delicate porcelain. That gentleman considers that the appointment of a committee to consider their duties and salaries "would make each one feel as if he was being put on a pedestal to be shot at." Poor, dear, sensitive things! How it must jar upon their feelings to be obliged to come in contact with nasty, common paupers! Would it not be well to transfer them to the Kelvingrove Museum, and label them, one and all, "Please don't touch?"

Corn-craiks—Grumbling farmers.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Dunlop Street.—See Advertisement page 13.

NOTHING

SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS, and our GERMAN HAT ADVENTURE has been one of the most successful succeedings that has been chronicled. It was a "happy thought," and has taken immensely with Gentlemen, who have all along desired something lighter than the ordinary Felt or Dress Hat of English Manufacture.

Our recent Extensive Purchases of Hats in Germany have created quite a sensation on the Continent. The trade journals of Germany, France, and England have long and exhaustive articles on the subject; and on receipt of the *New York Hatter and Furrier* for September we observe a leading article commenting on our new enterprise.

GENTLEMEN

Are invited to inspect our NEW STYLES in GERMAN FELT and DRESS HATS—the Shapes are novel and becoming, and they are about half the weight of the Ordinary Hat. In ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN HATS our Stock is now fully assorted. We show the Latest London and Paris Styles. Neat Shapes for Young Men—special and exclusive designs. Gentlemen who contemplate buying should see our Stock before going elsewhere.

Only Hats of the Highest Class at the Colosseum. All Felt Hats under 4s and all Dress Hats under 8s are sold at our New Branch for the Million—No. 80.

THE LEADING HATTERS,
THE LEADING MILLINERS,
THE LEADING DRAPERS.

COLOSSEUM,
JAMAICA STREET.

WALTER WILSON & CO.

See other Advertisement on Last Page.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

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17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

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519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

JAMES HENDERSON
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

JOHN GARDINER & SONS'
FINEST OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.
Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

S. T. MUNGO CAFE,
58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
NOW OPEN.
CHARGES MODERATE.

RANFURLY PRIVATE HOTEL,
BRIDGE OF WEIR. Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms strictly moderate.
JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

"THE CREAM OF SCOTCH WHISKY."
RODERICK DHU OLD HIGHLAND
WHISKY obtained the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT at the ADELAIDE EXHIBITION. Quotations from the Proprietors—WRIGHT & GREIG, 90 West Campbell Street.

ROYAL RESTAURANT
RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment.
Chef de Cuisine.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.
J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

MESSRS. HAZLEHURST & SONS,
Camden Soap and Alkali Works, RUNCORN,
have been Awarded the GOLD MEDAL by the NEW ZEA-
LAND EXHIBITION for Excellence in the Quality of their
BLUE MOTTLED, TABLETS, and PALE SOAPS.

AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,
33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

16S 8D PER £100.
CASH still **ADVANCED** upon **GOODS**
DEPOSITED at above Rate of Interest per Month on
Loans exceeding £10.

145 NEW CITY ROAD,
Corner ROSEHALL STREET.
JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

MURRAY'S FAMED
MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
463 ST. VINCENT STREET.

* * * *The present number begins the Twenty-first Volume of THE BAILIE. A Title-page for the preceding volume may be had, FREE, from the Publisher.*

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1882.

ONE of the most amusing features of that funny gathering of the "Junior Liberals" the other night, was decidedly the oration of Mr R. W. Duff, M.P. This particular Junior Liberal is painfully conscious of his blushing honours, and there is a perky sort of mock-modesty about his utterances that must have been even more irresistibly comic to listen to than it is to read. He seems to say, "In spite of 'my position'—in spite of the fact that I am a Junior Lord of the Treasury—I do not profess to have the destinies of my country and her dependencies altogether in my hands, and I can talk to you as if I were one of yourselves." It is very rich; but as the other Junior Liberals seem to have swallowed it all in good faith, nobody else, the BAILIE supposes, has any right to do more than wish them a good digestion.

THE GREAT REPOSITORY.
(Scene—Country churchyard.)

Countryman (who is showing his city friend the lions)—There's the place my auld mither lies, an' if I'm spared an' weel whar I'll lie tae.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

A Golden Vision Dispelled.
AT the women's rights meeting held in the Christian Institute the other day a lady rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of Scat-cherd said that at the forthcoming "demonstration" in St. Andrew's Halls "every man who got in would have to pay half-a-crown!" The BAILIE would be sorry to disturb the golden dreams of the fair demonstrators, but he may be allowed to "insinuate," as Mr Boatswain Chucks hath it, "in the most delicate manner in the world," that they need not expect their apparently empty treasury to overflow from this source. It implies a shocking want of taste, no doubt, but it is none the less a fact that the average male would rather pay a good many half-crowns to avoid a shrieking sister than dis-burse one to meet her.

An Expensive Precedent.
A YOUNG Newhaven fisherman was pre-sented the other day with the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society for having saved a boy from drowning, and it was men-tioned on the occasion that this was the first medal which the Society had given to anyone in Scotland. The cause of this apparent insensi-bility to Scottish valour and humanity is under-stood to be "thrift, thrift, Horatio!" It was perceived by the Society that if they once re-cognised the existence of those qualities north of the Tweed they would be ruined in medals in a very short time. Now, however, that the dangerous precedent has been set, the BAILIE trusts his countrymen to rally round the Society, and enable it to meet the claims upon it.

Dunces and Duns.
THERE is a small town, not a hundred miles from the Border, which has hitherto been known by the name of Dunse—and his Worship "will not deny, With regard to the same, What that name might imply;" but the dunces—beg pardon, the inhabitants—have resolved to take away the reproach implied in the name of their place of abode, and henceforth Dunse is to be known as Duns. Whereanent the BAILIE'S friend Hardup remarks that the change *may* be an improvement, but that, for his part, he'd sooner any day have to deal with dunces than with duns.

A "Standing" Grievance—A public clock.
Works of Art—Lying prospectuses.
Foot Lights—Bicycle lamps.

Jeems Kaye at Cairo.

BAILIE, this last week has been fu' o' events—events o' sich a stirring character that I, a humble man, never expectit tae see while on earth.

First, I wis introduced to Arabi, and found him a decent-looking black-adviced man, wi' a red nicht-cap and a black tassel. My interview wi' him wis short. He couldna speak Scotch, and I couldna speak Italian or Greek, or whatever it wis, so we jist sat and looked at one anither. Then tae break the silence I handed him my snuff-box, but he shook his heid and said something I didna ken. Says I, "D'ye no snuff, Arabi?" but he aye jist said "nong! nong!" or something like that, so I put my box back in my pocket, and says tae mysel' "we'll no come much speed at this rate," and then I says oot lood, "Weel, guid day tae ye, Arabi, better luck tae ye next time." And I cam' oot.

Then I went tae see the entry o' the Kidevee intae Cairo. It wis a gran' procession—camels and dromedaries wi' black men riding on them. Man, BAILIE, the procession at the unveiling o' Burn's statue wis naething tae't. At nicht there wis a gran' banquet. I wis there, of course, and after they had a' made speeches, every ane praising up his neebor, I wis asked tae propose the Kidevee, and mak' ony miscellaneous remarks I thocht proper; so I says:—"Gentlemen, as I rise tae my feet and survey this brilliant assemblage wi' uniforms o' red, white, and blue, and a' colours o' the rainbow, and as I cast my eye roon and see a' the cockit hats an' swords hinging up, the thocht naturally rises tae my lips, 'What are we a' here for?' and following back the train o' ideas my next natural thocht is, 'What were we a' fechting for?' and thirdly, 'Noo that it's a' ower, what are we tae dae next?' Hooever, we'll let thae fleas stick tae the wa'. As I'm on ma feet I may say that although it's as warm and genial here as they say, still I widna gie auld Scotland wi' a' its frost and snaw and its caul' win'—which mak's us hardy—for it a'. Some go intae great rhapsodies about the Nile and its crocodiles! I say, gie me the Clyde wi' its partans! Some talk o' the mosques and the palaces wi' the domes on the tap. They may be a' very gran', but for me the Hydropathic doon at Kilma'colm, or the Govan Parish Poors' Hoose, are as gran' buildings as I have ony wish tae see. Some talk o' the dhows they hae here, but they hae never seen the 'Columba' or the 'Lord o' the Isles,' and tae a' you English and Irish I wid

say 'come doon tae the Clyde, and ye'll see scenery that canna be matched for beauty or variety in the hale world.' But I'm wandering, an' therefore tae return. Gentlemen, it's a source o' great thankfulness that everything at the Review passed aff weel, an' that oor freen' the Kidevee an' a' his wives were pleased; an' that reminds me that frae what I hear the Kidevee is about as bad as Brigham Young. I had nae idea thae black folk were allooed tae hae mair than one wife, but I hear oor freen' has mair than a hunner. It must be an awfu' hoosefu' tae gang hame tae at nicht, an' if he has tae sit doon an' read the papers tae them a'—but maybe thae hae nae papers oot here, the black folk 'll no can print, I suppose; but tak' it as ye like, Kidevee, it must be an awfu' haunfu' for ye. Whiles when there's a rippit in oor hoose I think one wife is ower mony, but wi' mair than a hunner I pity ye. Ye maun be thankfu' tae rin intae the coal bunker, or ony place, tae hide oot o' the road; but tae resume. Some say the medical department broke doon. But then something must break doon. There's so much red tape at big salaries in London that they must bungle something jist tae let us see their power—and why no' the medical department? But after a' I expected it wid be worse than it wis, for I thocht they micht dae as they did at the Crimean War, send the men and horses tae one place and the food and fodder tae anither. And noo, gentlemen, I'm aff the morn and I hope ye'll get things sorted up, and come back as quick as ye can, an' be welcomed wi' open arms by the hale country, and I hope every ane o' ye, frae the drummers tae the drill sergeants, 'll get a step up the ladder o' promotion. Gentlemen, the toast is, 'Egypt, the Kidevee, and a' the Mistress Kidevees.'

There wis great cheering when I finished, and then a when mair spoke, but I had tae come awa' tae pack my carpet bag.

As I write this the Clyde-built clipper ship "The City o' Shettleston," 150 A1 at Lloyd's, is getting on board her provisions, and the sailor bodies are hauling up the anchor and singing "Ye ho! my lads! ye ho!" which, I suppose, is some Egyptian sang thae hae learned. Then the bosun's mate is standing at my cabin door trying tae threed a needle tae sew a button on for me, and I'm writing this tae get it posted tae ye at once.

My mission here is ended, and although I havena got the acknowledgements I deserve frae heid-quarters, still I'm conscious o' haein'

dune some little for my country. It was as your special correspondent B. I cam' here, and if you and your freens are satisfied I'll be delighted.

Haeing a few minutes tae spare, as it seems the anchor is fankled some way, I gie ye an extract or twa frae a letter I got frae Betty yesterday; it will show you hoo I wis cheered up when in a foreign land:—

"My dear Jeems,—It's wi' a heavy heart I lay doon my stocking and tak' up my pen tae write ye a few lines. Ye maun never go awa' again—at least so faur—I widna care about ye going tae Millport or the like o' that, but Egypt! it seems as if ye micht as weel be at the north pole, and the win' howling roon the hoose at nichts and no a man in't.

"Business is improving. I suppose it's because the winter is coming on, only the laddie made twa bad debts last week. Besides he caused the carter tae tumble a cart o' coals on the tap o' the new wheelbarrow and smash the wheel aff.

"When I was ripeing Dauvat's pockets the ither nicht after he went tae bed, I got a new fardin pipe and a box o' matches. Ye'll hae tae speak tae him aboot this when ye come back.

"The minister wis up the ither day, and he was awfu' angry at you for telling the BAILIE aboot the toddy, hooever, I said that when ye cam' back ye wid propose rising his salary ten pounds, and that pleased him.

"Mrs M'Farlane next door has got a new bonnet wi' geraniums a' hinging roon aboot it. I must get one the same whenever ye're hame, for I think it wid become me.

"The wee bantam wis clocking again, but Mirren dipped her intae a byne o' water and she's a' richt noo."

Ye see what it is, BAILIE, to hae a loving wife at hame.—Yours,
JEEMS KAYE.

P.S.—Ye can send oot that cheque and hae't waiting my arrival.

A NEEDLESS "ALEXANDRINE" ENDS THE SONG.

—*Pope.*

The real Conservatives now sing o'
Gladstone as "the grand old Jingo,"
None speaks now stronger, longer, louder,
Of peace by guns, and drums, and powder.

"Gie's a guid conceit o' oorsels"—"Mr Martin 'indignantly' called upon Mr M'Pherson to show where before he had been mistaken" (*vide* Thursday's Town Council proceedings).

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Megilp.

THE first musical promenade at the Institute Galleries on Saturday was not very well attended. "Patience" must have been a powerful counter attraction. The band, however, under Mr Cole's conductorship, was all that could have been desired, and should prove a powerful attraction during the remaining Saturdays of the season.

The Dumbaron Exhibition will open next Friday. Several of our well-known West Country artists—notably those connected with Helensburgh—are interesting themselves in it, and the show promises to be a good one. James A. Ewing sends the busts of five local men.

Peter Buchanau is off to the Brig o' Turk, and Alfred East to lower Loch Ard.

Leon Richeton is engaged in etching two or three of the pictures in the Corporation Galleries, one of them a very fine female head by Rubens.

C. J. Lauder has gone to Leith in search of harbour subjects.

William Young is still at Grange, the picturesque hamlet at the entrance to Borrowdale. His stay has now lasted over five weeks, and the weather, all the time, has been of the pleasantest. A still October day in the dale, is a day, he declares, to be remembered, not for weeks, but over a whole winter, so delightful are the effects with which it invests both woodland and mountain side.

During the four weeks which have elapsed since the opening of the present Autumn Exhibition at the Royal Manchester Institution, pictures to the value of upwards of £2500 have found purchasers. One-fourth of the works sold are paintings by foreign artists.

Among the lecturers to the Greenock Philosophical Society, during the coming session, will be W. D. M'Kay, A.R.S.A., who will discourse on his favourite topic of "The Influence of Nationality in Art." Mr M'Kay holds very distinct opinions with regard to this matter, and he speaks, besides, very clearly and well. It may be questioned, however, whether he is, himself, the best example possible of his own theories. While he is a species of typical Scotchman, alike in his manner and his appearance, his art is by no means characteristically Scottish art. Fred Walker has had an influence on M'Kay, and so has Corot, and neither Walker nor Corot had anything in common with our purple mountains, rushing streams, and tempestuous lakes.

Makart, the famous Austrian painter, "the Rubens of our days," has just married a *dansuse* of one of the Viennese play-houses. Had he been an Englishman he'd have "gone in" for the niece of a Duke, or an "Honourable" at the very least.

WHAT'S IN A COLOUR?

(Scene—St. Andrew's Hall, Wednesday evening; Sir Stafford Northcote and party arriving on platform.)

Individual in Gallery (to old Scotchman beside him)—What's the red sash for?

Old Scotchman—Oh! mun, he'll be an Orangeman.

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—A lecture was given in Glasgow last Thursday night on "Vegetarianism for the Individual." Bauldie asks, pertinently enough, What individual?

TRICYCLES BY BEST MAKERS. { Every intending purchaser of a Tricycle should see the New Rotary Tricycle. Makes two tracks only. Goes through a 29-inch door. Easily driven up hills. Makers challenge the Trade to race it.—JENNINGS'S, 101 Mitchell Street.

No Blate!

IF the possession of modesty were a disqualification for holding the office of Provost of Greenock, Mr Campbell would certainly not be debarred from re-election on that account. In the presence of a deputation of his supporters the other evening he pronounced a most enthusiastic panegyric upon himself, his virtues, and his public services. There is an old-fashioned saw, which we used to write in our copy-books, to the effect that self-praise is no commendation; but it will be apparent, on reflection, that Mr Campbell's method is not without its advantages, and not the least of these is its discouragement of mendacity. When one man lauds the virtues of another we may be pretty sure that he is conscious, in his inmost heart, of telling "whoppers;" but, when the virtuous one does the laudation himself, there is at least a chance of his being sincere.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF

MR AND MRS KENDAL,

MR HARE,

Tuesday, THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

On Wednesday and Thursday, 11th and 12th October,

For the Last Time, THE SQUIRE.

On Friday, 13th October, BENEFIT of Mr and Mrs KENDAL,

when will be Acted Sardou's Celebrated Comedy,

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

On Saturday, 14th October, BENEFIT of Mr HARE,

THE LADY OF LYONS. A QUIET RUBBER.

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GRAND THEATRE,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT at 7-30; Saturday at 7.

First Production at Grand Theatre, Glasgow,

By Messrs HOLT & WILMOT'S

Enormously Successful No. 1 Company,

THE WORLD.

(From Drury Lane),

Under the Management of Mr CHARLES WILMOT.

Who will appear as *Moss Jewel*, as Played by him at Drury Lane Theatre.

By arrangement with Augustus Harris, Esq. (Manager, Theatre

Royal, Drury Lane),

WILLIAM RIGNOLD

Has been specially engaged to play his Original Part of

Clement Huntingford.

Acting Manager for Messrs Holt & Wilmot,

Mr T. C. BURLEIGH.

Prices from 6d to £1 1s. Box Plan, where Seats may be secured at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street.

THE GAIETY.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr JOHN HESLOP.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY

EDWIN BOOTH AND Miss BELLA PATEMAN.

Tuesday, HAMLET; Wednesday, OTHELLO; Thursday,

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"TWA HOURS AT HAME."

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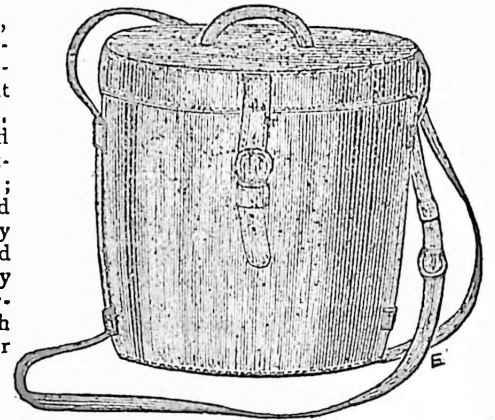
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ing days and a touch of frost in the mornings
and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that
winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold
climate and uncertain weather it is desirable
that all who value their health should be pre-
pared for it. "To be forewarned is to be fore-
armed," and we would therefore advise those
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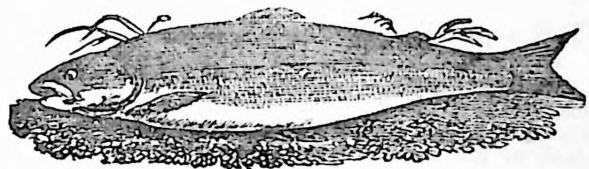
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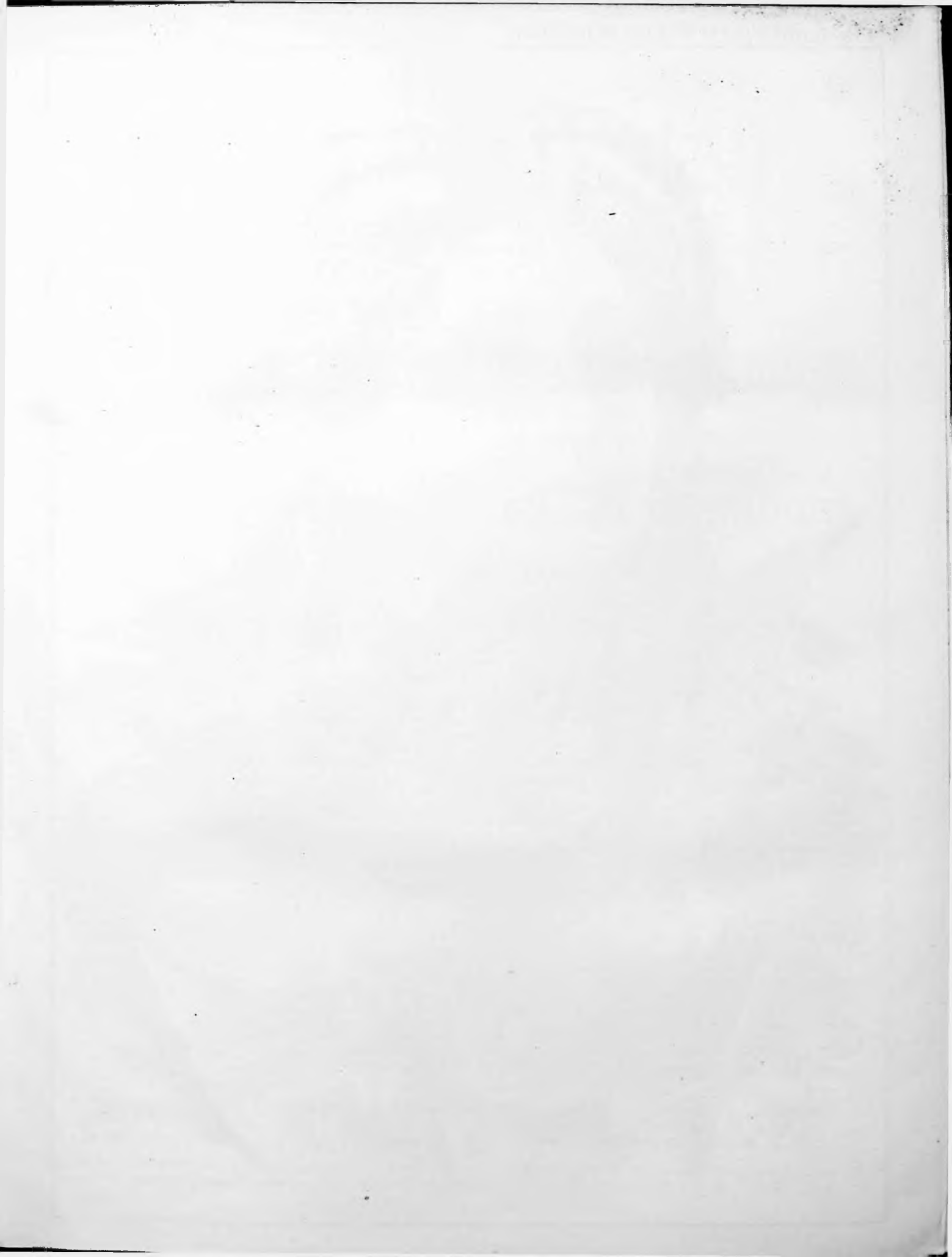
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 522. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 13th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 522.

NO actress of our time has achieved the world-wide reputation of MADAME RISTORI. Writing of her not long ago, Mr Sala—whose knowledge of things theatrical is not surpassed within the four seas—remarked:—“I am not far wrong in saying that more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since RISTORI played Medea in England, and in the Italian language. I know it ‘by the token’ that in the summer of 1856 I was in Russia, and that a friend wrote to me at St Petersburg, telling me that a burlesque on ‘Medea,’ written by Robert B. Brough, had been produced at the Olympic Theatre, that Robson had personated the vindictive heroine, and that the original Medea, the great Italian *tragedienne*, had witnessed the performance from a private box, and had been deeply impressed by Robson’s acting. Previously she had spoken of him as ‘un uomo straordinario.’ Great artistes understand and appreciate; and *really* great artistes are not jealous of one another. In 1857, RISTORI created a furore in Spain; in 1860 she captured Holland, and the Dutchmen surrendered without so much as cutting a single dyke; in ’61 she invaded Russia, and the conflagration (of applause) which she raised at Moscow was followed by no disastrous retreat across the Beresina. In 1864 she invaded Constantinople, and subsequently she conducted many triumphant campaigns, not only in the United States, but also in the remotest Republics of South America. Lady Macbeth, Medea, Phædra, Deborah, Judith, Marie Antoinette, Camilla, Francesca di Rimini, have been among her favourite ‘stock’ parts. She was again in England in 1873, and in the November of that year was supposed to have taken her ‘farewell’ to the English stage at the Queen’s Theatre, Manchester. But the ‘fare-

wells’ of popular dramatic artistes are not to be taken *au sérieux*. Like the gentleman in the old song who was ‘in trouble’ in the cart at Tyburn Tree, they ‘often take leave, but seem loth to depart.’” To this brilliant summary of the career of the great *tragedienne*, it may be added that she was born in the early months of 1821, and is therefore to-day in her sixty-second year. RISTORI has been an actress from her childhood. Her parents were strolling Italian players, and as soon as the little girl could walk she was introduced to the stage. It was in the ‘fifties that RISTORI’S fame became European. She appeared in Paris in 1853, a period when Rachel was at the height of her greatness, coming without any blare of trumpets or beating of drums, and by dint of her innate power, and the majesty of her art, succeeded in bringing the playgoers of the French capital to her feet. Shortly after her Parisian *debut* she became the wife of an Italian nobleman, the Marquis del Grillo, and her position, as well in the outer world of society as in the inner world of art, seemed thus secure. The death of her husband, however, in 1860, followed by a series of monetary losses, caused her to withdraw from the saloon and the drawing-room, and throw in her lot altogether with the stage, which, indeed, she had never entirely quitted. Madame RISTORI appeared on Monday, and will continue to appear during the rest of this week at the Theatre Royal, playing, now *Queen Elizabeth*, and now *Lady Macbeth*. Although, like *Othello*, “somewhat declined into the vale of years,” she is excellently suited in either character. For weird horror and thorough realism, her sleep-walking scene, in the latter part, has seldom been equalled; while her *Elizabeth*, in gesture, in bearing, in action, in movement, and in command, is altogether admirable. Speaking of RISTORI’S representation of the death of the Virgin Queen, Mr Clement Scott,

an admirable critic, says:—"It is painful; but it is true. It is almost savage in the intensity of its truth. For what do we see? An old, decrepid, withered, age-beaten woman, obstinate to the last, cruel to the last, dictatorial to the last, savage to the end, fighting death and tearing out the very eyes of the monster, like some toothless animal. It is an unlovely picture; this miserable hag, with her wisp of red hair and her asthmatic cough, wrestling with death and bowing to destiny after all, but it is fine art on the part of Madame RISTORI to make an audience breathless with the sight of so much horror." In summing up his notice of this famous actress, the BAILIE cannot do better than quote the opinion regarding her expressed ten years ago by a Manchester writer:—"Madame RISTORI is doing a service to her art by once more bringing the august presence of its highest traditions among us; and we venture to assure those who are wise enough not to forego the chance which is offered them, that something more than a passing remembrance is to be gained from a study of even two or three of her performances. Stage advertisements are not to be usually taken *au pied de la lettre*; but the 'enterprising manager' probably hits the mark with singular accuracy when he announces her as 'the greatest *tragedienne* in the world.'"

LIKE DRAWING TO LIKE.

(Scene—Counter in Maryhill.)

Lorryman (height six feet two, weight seventeen stone odds)—I think I'll try a half?

Snip (height five feet one, fighting weight seven stone two)—A half! A gallon ye mean!

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS."—Granny the other day began one of her "leeterary nottices" thusly:—"Our readers may remember that a few years ago we reviewed Major Serpa Pinto's exciting narrative of his journey across Africa." The old lady must imagine that her readers have precious little to think about if she supposes that they can remember one of her "reviews" for days, not to speak of years.

Autumn Manœuvres.—The holding of Ward meetings.

The Trades' Haul.—A rise of wages.

The Water Mark.—The Blue Ribbon.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blender of the "Real Johnny."*

October.

HO, ho, old brown October,
Staid and sober,
And you're here!
Here, with leaves all crumpled—
Crumpled up and rumbled—
Each leaf a winter's tear.

Ho, ho, old brown October,
Staid and sober,
How you tell,
As the trees throw off their clothes,
That the year too swiftly goes;
Well-a-well!

Ho, ho, old brown October,
Staid and sober,
Summer bright,
With its skies of cloudless blue,
Is away from me and you;
Now long's the night.

Ho, ho, old brown October,
Staid and sober,
But you bring
Joys which summer cannot boast,
As across the fire I toast
My feet and sing.

Here's to winter that is near,
(And amid its goodly cheer
May all keep sober!)
Here's the biting winds and snows;
We'll stave off all their blows
With brown October.

FLOWERY LANGUAGE.

(Scene—West End drawing-room. Miss Sentiment is conversing with her intended.)

Miss Sentiment (languishingly, and toying with a lily)—Do you know anything about the language of flowers?

Her Intended (an every-day young man)—Yes, I know this much, it's the language you find in a book-eh (bouquet?)

(The match is broken off.)

RAILWAY "SLEEPERS," AND "THE ECHOING HORN."—His Worship has heard and read of many means and appliances towards somnolency—counting a hundred and swallowing narcotics—but never, well hardly ever, of any equal to this, given in a leader in the *Glasgow Herald* of Friday: "The sweet sleep that has just been successfully wooed by railway whistle or workman's horn." If sleep be wooed by a railway whistle, ["Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad"] it is not so surprising that its brother death is sometimes wed by a railway smash.

A Ristoriation.—Queen Elizabeth at the Royal.

TRICYCLES BY BEST MAKERS. { Every intending purchaser of a Tricycle should see the New Rotary Tricycle. Makes two tracks only. Goes through a 29-inch door. Easily driven up hills. Makers challenge the Trade to race it.—(JENNINGS'S, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

FOUR hundred per cent. ! Who would not rush to share the exhilarating draught, and return, again and again, to refresh himself at the golden fountain? Fortune is said to favour the brave, but he must be brave indeed who would claim to deserve such a fare. The advantages are too visionary and the risk is too great. When the editor of *Chambers' Journal* published the article entitled "Never take more than 5 per cent," he must have had in view what is now politely termed a "syndicate" to sell something or somebody—most likely the latter. The most pronounced craze in this direction is a series of ingenious combinations to work electricity, and it is one of those affairs, not yet five months old, which is impudently stated to be returning 400 per cent. "Syndicate" is derived from two Greek words which translate "with justice." There is a bitter sarcasm in the fact when it is remembered to what base uses the word is now applied. In its application to a council, or board of management, the word was entirely obsolete until within the last few years. Its revival in that sense is a sign of the age we live in. Unscrupulous adventurers wanted a word that would look alluring. Instead of applying themselves to invent one, which would have taken too much time, they hit upon the expedient of resuscitating "syndicate," and a very useful invention it turned out to be. It is many degrees better than "backwardation." The inventor of that addition to the English language ought to be hanged.

Joint stock companies, limited or otherwise, are vulgar contrivances for making money. The proper way is to take out a patent for the invention of something. The patent may not be of much intrinsic worth when it is taken out. It may even be valueless. That does not matter. The next step is to form a syndicate, with a small capital, registered under the Companies' Acts so as to ensure limited liability. The patentee, of course, takes a large interest in the transaction, say one-half, to prove his confidence in the project. The process is a kind of variation upon what is known as "the confidence trick." Then a limited liability company is launched, with a large capital, to buy up the rights of the syndicate, or perhaps only a portion of them, at five times the amount subscribed by the small band of brothers who originally entered into the compact. The patentee has arranged that he is to receive a handsome proportion of this sum, and it has been also agreed that part of the profit shall be carried to a reserve fund. There is still left a sufficient amount to leave a profit of say 300 per cent. to the happy holders of shares in the original syndicate. The affair is so managed that the patentee, promoter, or vendor, whichever he may be called, receives as much as will recoup him for the nominal half interest he took in the first venture, besides leaving a tidy sum over. He eats his pie, in short, and still keeps it. What becomes of the limited company, with the large capital, is left to conjecture.

I believe that I was the first to point out the follies and inconsistencies of the numerous gold mining speculations set on foot a few years ago. I persisted in warning the public against the precarious character of those undertakings, and I gained no small degree of obloquy for doing so. Appealing letters were sent asking me to desist from a course which I considered to be right. Some of the writers mistook me so far as to offer bribes. They "would make it worth my while," they said, and so forth. Sometimes the "consideration" took the form of the ludicrous proposition that I should accept the eleemosynary gift of a few fully paid up shares, which would qualify me for drawing a salary and holding any office from director down to hall porter. There was no form of meanness that the promoters would not resort to, as if I could possibly associate myself with concerns I knew to be shams and with men whom I despised. More than once I was threatened with summary vengeance if I did not instantly stop my outspoken criticism. This was very terrible, but as everybody knows it failed of its effect.

Recent proceedings in the law courts prove that my opinions were not formed without warrant, and I cannot sympathise with the unlucky Scotch investors who risked so much of their capital in the face of repeated warnings. Mr Justice Day's judg-

ment in the case of the Hoover Hill Company is a pungent commentary upon the folly of investing in concerns formed to work mines which had practically ceased to exist, and the disclosures made indicate that Peru, America, and India were all vigorously rowing in the same boat. The simple but sanguine British capitalist, in fact, seems to be regarded as fair game by every adventurer who chooses to have a shot at him.

My correspondent from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, is thanked for his valuable communication. I shall be glad to hear from him again when anything of a similar nature "turns up," as Mr Micawber would say. SCRUTATOR.

LITERAL.

(Scene—Stillroom in an Edinburgh Hotel.)
Waiter (reading)—92d Highlanders, under command of Col. White, V.C.C.B.
Stillroom Lassie—An' what's C.B?
Waiter—It means Companion of the Bath.
S. L.—Awa wi' ye man, wha wad hae a companion i' their bath?

"The Pigeon Trick."

THE other day a morning contemporary gave its readers a solemn warning against being taken in by what is known as "the pigeon trick," by means of which several thefts have been carried out of late in Glasgow. The *modus operandi* is given as follows:—"The thief is a young man, and he obtains admission into the houses by stating that a bird of his has alighted on the outside of the window. He is allowed into the house, and while the occupant is lifting the window he makes off with any article he can lay his hands upon." This is a very old and transparent artifice, and scarcely does credit to the originality or ingenuity of our *chevaliers d'industrie*. A victim of "the pigeon trick" must have quite as much of the pigeon about him as the operator has of the hawk.

WHICH?—At last week's meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council it was stated that during the quarter ending in September only three samples of food had been sent to the public analyst for inspection—two samples of milk and one of tea. Are we to gather from this that the Edinburgh dealer is very immaculate, or that the Edinburgh consumer is not very particular?

A Water-Colour Exhibition.—A procession of the "Blue" Ribbon Army.

Agricultural "Holdings."—Harvest homes.

CAUTION.—Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of the "BIG J" and "BIG WAVERLEY" PEN.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY Pen.

For Fine Writing try the Commercial Pen. Sample Box, with all kinds, 1s 1d by Post. Patentees of Pens and Penholders: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair St., Edinburgh. Es. 1770

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—People whose memories carry them back for a generation must recollect the wild wave of excitement which spread over the English-speaking world by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is a question, indeed, whether any other book has produced a measure of sensation at all approaching to that created by Mrs Stowe's romance. Even yet its echoes linger among us, and, indeed, when re-read by the soberer light of to-day, "Uncle Tom" is a novel which thrills and tingles your nerves. A dramatic version of this famous story will be produced to-night at the Royalty Theatre by Mr Knapp. The company who will take part in the performance is an American one, and its members are familiar with the local colour of the scenes they severally represent. The interest of the more exciting scenes of the play will be further increased by the appearance of a troupe of trained bloodhounds on the stage.

—o—
"The World" is still running at the Grand. "For Gold," a piece which will be supported, among others, by Miss Louisa Gour'ay, Mr G. C. Murray, and Mr T. H. Potter, is announced by Mr Charles for production on Monday next.

—o—
Madame Ristori's visit to the Theatre Royal is limited to six nights. The company by whom she will be supported was specially organised on her behalf by Mr Edward Saker of the Liverpool Alexandra Theatre. It includes, among its members, Messrs Walter Bentley, Braggington, Amory, and Barron, and Miss Carrie Lee Stoye.

—o—
Miss Amy Steinberg and her company did very fair business at the Royal Princess's Theatre last week. This evening a play entitled "Delilah" will be produced at Mr Beryl's house. "Delilah" is an adaptation from one of Ouida's novels. Next Monday Mr Charles Sullivan will re-appear at the South Side.

—o—
On no former occasion that I can recollect has the influence of the local press in matters theatrical been so marked as in the case of Mr Edwin Booth. When he opened at the Gaiety, on this night week, the audience was—well, it was meagre. Tuesday's house was an improvement on Monday's; Wednesday's was a bumper; and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the theatre was crowded. Of course Mr Booth is a great, a magnificent actor, but it was "the papers" that made this known. Had it not been the notice accorded to him by the press, the public would have remained ignorant of his surpassing powers.

What a hit it would have been for the Gaiety people, had they secured Madame Ristori in succession to Mr Booth. They had educated their patrons into a liking for high art, and to follow a great tragedian with a still greater *tragedienne* would have been a triumph of theatrical management. As it is, the jangle of the "Bells of Corneville," after the poetry of "Hamlet" and the music of *Othello's* "farewell," seems somewhat out of tune and harsh.

Mr Shiel Barry, who appears to-night at the Gaiety as the miser of Planquette's opera, was the original *Gaspard* of the "Les Cloches," when it was produced, four years ago, at the London Folly. His mad scene, at the close of the second act, is marked by great tragic power. Previous to sustaining the part of *Gaspard*, Mr Shiel Barry was only known as an impersonator of Irish low comedy parts. Some ten years ago he was the *Handy Andy*, in a production by Mr Glover, at the Theatre Royal here, of the comedy founded on Lover's novel of the same name.

—o—
The Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Reformatory and Industrial School question begin their sittings here in the Dean of Guild Court on Thursday. They will visit some of our local institutions, most likely Duke Street Reformatory, and the Lochburn and Mossbank Industrial Schools. Many members of the Juvenile Delinquency Board will be cut to the quick if not allowed to air their crotchets and recommend their nostrums before Lord Aberdare and his colleagues.

Although nothing could well be finer than the scene at the opening of the Exhibition of Art Needlework in the St Andrew's Hall on Saturday, there were some awkward situations at the commencement of the proceedings, owing to the early arrival on the scene of the Duke and Duchess of Albany. After being led to the platform they stood mute and motionless, and, as it was still a quarter to twelve, nobody seemed to comprehend how these fifteen minutes could be utilised. There was a long pause, during which the occupants of the platform gazed perplexedly from one to another, while the audience surrounded the dais and stared open-mouthed at the Royal pair, until the Prince, uncomfortable, apparently, at the keen scrutiny of the ladies in the audience, applied for relief to the Earl of Glasgow, who joined in consultation with some others, and then the whole party moved round the various stalls to examine their contents.

After making the circuit, in which there were many remarkable introductions and excited hand-shakings, particularly among the ladies, the Duke delivered his address. He is not a fluent speaker, and his utterance is marred by a slight nasal twang; but for point and brevity he set an example to many of our local orators, who seem not to understand the magic of a short speech.

Amongst the audience in the Exhibition, the Duke and Duchess recognised Mr and Mrs Kendal, with whom they shook hands.

—o—
The subsequent proceedings in the large hall were carried through with a show of dignity and impressiveness never attempted on the occasions when Sir Stafford Northcote and the Home Secretary were honoured with the freedom of the city. The magistrates had no tilled ladies to attend to, but the absence of tils was more than made up to our local magnates in the fact that they were allowed to mount their "cocked hats" and official robes on the occasion. How brow, brow they looked!

The Lord Provost who, like the magistrates, was in full official costume, led on the Duchess with becoming grace and tenderness, but, for once in his life, however, he made too long a speech.

Some disappointment was occasioned, as it seemed to me, by the brevity of the Duke's remarks. It could scarcely be realised by the audience, when His Royal Highness had concluded the reading of his sheet of fo'lscep, that he was finished, and it was only by repeated bowings that he could make it be understood that he had really no more to say. Then the loyalty overcame the disappointment, and what had been a feeble measure of applause gradually swelled into a great and enthusiastic cheer.

—o—
Mr Martin, wherever he is, can never remain passive, and as his voice on Saturday would have been superfluous, and his figure in the Magistrates' procession impossible, he busied himself, while the company was assembling, in arranging the seats on the platform.

—o—
What strange adversity brought the Rev. Dr George Jeffrey into the company of reporters in the St Andrew's Hall on Saturday? In the Presbytery House, where the rev. doctor is clerk and autocrat, he has had the scribes placed as far from him as possible, so that those dainty ejaculations which used to spice the reports during a well-known heresy hunt are now all lost. On this occasion the reporters' seat afforded him comfort and a good view, and he did not despise it.

—o—
It is worth noting that the conduct of the citizens of Glasgow on Saturday during the Royal visit has given great satisfaction to the "powers that be," the only misdemeanour that is charged against them being the rather heartless way in which they laughed at the precarious position of our "mounted constabulary."

—o—
I hear that the circus season will set in unusually early. It is Mr Hengler's present intention to open in the West Nile Street Cirque on Saturday, 4th November. His companies are now in Liverpool and Hull. Among the novelties to be produced are a grand war spectacle, and an exciting stag hunt, some of the actors in which are already on the ground. The season is to extend till about the end of January next.

A new phase in the ministerial character was exhibited at the meeting of the Free Synod in Glasgow last week. It was proposed that in the different churches there should be a kind of thanksgiving service for the successful ingathering of a prosperous harvest, when one brother considered that "it was hardly necessary, as from inquiries that he had made the crops were not nearly so successful as was generally supposed." In his opinion, therefore, there was no meaning in offering thanks for a blessing that had not been vouchsafed.

Those Corsican Brothers of the Town Council, Messrs Martin and Neil, are to address their constituents on the Tuesday and Thursday of this week.

The local branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland are to be condoled with. As if their present troubles were not weighty enough they are to be further bowed down by a lecture on Saturday from their president, Rector Ross, M.A., B.Sc., &c., on "Educational Problems of the Future."

The following mournful intimation, which is printed on the blackest of black-bordered note paper, speaks for itself:—"Died here, on the evening of Monday, the 9th inst., after a short but painful illness, the 'Bothwell Bachelors' Ball.' Clyde Hotel, Bothwell."

The "tremendous" castigation given to the Reverend Rubbert of Ladywell in Saturday's *Herald* was, I am told, the handiwork of one of his colleagues on the Board. For further information apply to the Rev. Dr M—o.

Councillor Jackson will defy the Juvenile Delinquency Board and all its works anent "outside" inmates at the meeting of Council on Thursday, November 2nd. There can be no doubt as to the issue.

The reminiscences of Crimean campaigning, &c., just commenced in the *Evening Times* are the personal experiences of Mr R. S. Farquharson, bandmaster 1st L.A.V. Q.

"Care and Supervision."

THE following advertisement appears in a morning paper:—"Board (superior), requiring care and supervision, vicinity Edinburgh," &c. The only logical interpretation of this mystic announcement is that the boarder will have to exercise "care and supervision" in the assimilation of his "superior" provender. It seems rather odd to mention such a circumstance as an inducement, but there's no accounting for tastes, and the "vicinity Edinburgh" explains any little eccentricity. By the way, Morningside is in the vicinity of Edinburgh, isn't it?

"Joint Occupation."—On leaving the meeting in St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday afternoon many folks at once "adjourned" and showed with Burns that "Freedom and Whisky gang thegither."

October Brewings—The impending parliamentary storms.

Lines of Communication—Telegraph wires.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for Families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT we've had a second giving of the freedom of the city in a gold box.

That between Sir Stafford and the Duke, the Lord Provost and Magistrates have been hard wrought for the past week or two.

That on the whole they've borne themselves to excellent effect.

That Glasgow has lost none of her credit at their hands.

That the Ward meetings are in full cry.

That up till Friday they were comparatively dull.

That Friday's meeting changed all that.

That Bailie Morrison pulled a long face over at the remarks of Councillor Gray.

That Bailie Torrens lost his temper.

That if the audience grinned at Bailie Morrison they roared at Bailie Torrens.

That the last Police Bill was adopted quietly enough.

That there'll be some excitement before the coming one is adopted.

That it has not yet done altering.

That Councillor Jackson is anxious that all unlet property should be taxed.

That this would help to put a stop to speculative building.

That Parliament is about to be gathered together.

That Glasgow is still represented by two members only.

That the floating of companies isn't quite so safe a job in the city of Glasgow as it is in London—particularly for the promoters.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

(Scene—A Select Supper Party.)

Mrs Smart (the hostess, in the course of conversation)—Are ye no thinkin' o gettin' maerried yet, Mr Young? What dae ye say to Miss Auld?

Mr Young—She's owre auld for me.

Mrs Smart (who is a bit of a small joker—Oh, but ye can easily git owre that difficulty, for on maerryin' her ye wud mak her "Young.")

Extremes Meeting—Principal Caird and Oor Jeems sitting cheek by jowl on the platform at the Freedom Meeting on Saturday afternoon.

Card Plays—"Queen of Diamonds" and "Won by Honours."

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. It will pay you. Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

Megilp.

THE annual meeting of the Fine Art Institute will be held on Monday, the 30th inst. Following the usual custom, four members of the council will retire, all of them being, however, available for re-election. The retiring councillors, it may be added, at the present juncture, are Messrs James Muir, H. Steven, David Murray, A.R.S.A., and R. Murdoch.

It is an "open secret" that the attendance at the combined Black and White and Water-Colour Exhibition, in the Fine Art Institute, has by no means been so large as its promoters expected beforehand. Would it not be well, therefore, if the council were to follow the system adopted, in other years, with regard to the annual exhibitions of the Institute, and issue working-class tickets at a reduced rate? Of course these would only be used by working-class people, and only be available for admission in the evenings.

Joseph Henderson has returned to town from Carradale, where he spent the autumn weeks.

Another artist who is back in his studio is Tom M'Ewan. The pictures he has brought home are all what is termed *genre* in their character. One of them, for instance, represents a little girl stringing together a necklace of scarlet hips; another shows us the workshop of the "Village Blacksmith;" and a third contains the figure of a woman entering a byre. Then he has a "bit" at a cottage door—introducing an old woman and a little girl; a group of a herd boy and a calf; and a characteristic cottage interior, with a young mother bending over the cradle of her first-born. Mr M'Ewan's colour in these several works is remarkable for its quality, and likewise for its occasional strength and brightness of tone.

The Dumbartonshire Art Club Exhibition, which is now open in the Burgh Hall there, is noticeable for the presence of one or two pictures of note. Among these are the "Caliban" of Sir Noel Paton, and the "Magician's Chamber" of Sir W. Fettes Douglas. The "Caliban" is hard in execution and leathery in colour. It has the faults, indeed, of Sir Noel's style of painting. But while it has his faults, it has also his excellencies. The drawing, for instance, is masterly. Calliban's face, with its yearning for an indefinite something, expressed through brutish features and weary eyes, is a creation. And the feeling of the picture is instinct with poetry. The "Magician's Chamber," like the "Caliban," is an ambitious work. But while its technical qualities—the colour, for instance, is deep and luminous in tone—are superior to those of the other picture, it falls distinctly below the "Caliban" in motive and conception.

"The Silver Strand" of Horatio MacCulloch, Keeley Halsewell's "Waiting for a Nibble," and David Murray's "Glen Sannox" are other three of the more important works in the Exhibition.

Attention should likewise be paid by visitors to the "Waterfall" of Wellwood Rattray, number 109 in the catalogue; to A. K. Brown's "Clyde below Bowling"—surely the cheapest picture in the Exhibition; to a sheet of remarkably clever "Sketches on board a Clyde steamer" by William Mills; and to the contributions, generally, of Smart, Colin Hunter, J. D. Adam, Aitken, Little, Boyd, Duncan M'Kellar, Davidson, East, Greenlees, and J. D. Taylor.

The exhibition of cabinet pictures by the Glasgow Art Club will open about the middle of November.

Some exceedingly promising work is shown in the Exhibition, in Davidson's, Sauchiehall Street, of the St. Mungo Art Club. Of course the members have still a great deal to learn—who is the artist who knows everything?—but with all their shortcomings, certain of the pictures, at least, are of distinct artistic merit.

Messrs Aitken Dott, & Son, of South Castle Street, Edinburgh, propose to open an exhibition of water-colour drawings, the works of Scottish artists, about the end of November. They have already been promised contributions from M'Taggart, Lockhart, Herdman, Ledy, and one or two other Academicians, and altogether the collection bids fair to be a good one.

Last week's sales in the Dundee Exhibition reached £752.

The New Police Bill.

AT the First Ward meeting last Tuesday night Councillor Thomson addressed a timely warning to the citizens on the subject of the new Police Bill. Distinguished strangers have been known, on learning the provisions of the old Act, to express their surprise that the citizens of Glasgow should find existence endurable under such a *régime*; but the old Act is nothing to the new. "If," says Mr Thomson, "under the former Act we were chastised with whips, we are now to be scourged with scorpions." Is it too late to protest against the inauguration of a state of things for which it would be impossible to find a parallel nearer than St. Petersburg?

Tramway Reform.

AT last week's meeting of the Partick Commissioners, Mr Thomson called attention to the dirty state of the tramway cars running between Glasgow and the suburb in question, declaring that they were a disgrace, and "recommended that the Tramway Company get the guards bathed and cleaned, and their 'brecks' patched." Isn't this too much to demand all at once, Mr Thomson? Let the Company do the cleaning first, and then, when the Glasgow public have got accustomed to the startling spectacle of a clean guard, patch his "brecks," or even give him a new pair. The BAILIE is a Tory, and does not approve of these sudden and violent changes.

Rubbert and "the Ladies."

THE lesson in gallantry which the Reverend Rubbert read at last meeting of the School Board is having its effect. At the Third Ward meeting last week, Mr David Logan, who presided, remarked that the ward had "no fewer than 834 females"—then, correcting himself—"ladies on the roll." We are not to suppose from this that the Third Ward ladies are not females, but that, as the BAILIE has said, Rubbert's influence as a champion of dames is making itself felt.

CATHOLIC-IRISH.

(Scene—School near Glasgow. Teacher questioning class after having given lesson in history)

Teacher—Well, now, my girl, why was it that James II. had to flee from England?

Girl (with triumphant expression)—Bekis he wis Arish.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Quavers.

THE Choir of Govan Parish Church (Mr J. E. Senior, organist and choirmaster) are practising Anderton's cantata "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," and choruses from Gounod's "Redemption;" also, some part-songs, two of them composed for the concert.

Maxwell Church Musical Society, conducted by Mr Gillespie, have chosen for practice "The Burning Ship," the music by B. F. Barker, and words by Howard M. Ticknor. The composition is unmistakably American, but will no doubt afford some measure of satisfaction in practice and performance. The choir will also practise some part-songs and choruses, among the latter being "The Comrade's Song of Hope" of Adolphe Adam.

To-night (Tuesday), also on Thursday and Saturday, the Kennedy family will appear in their musical entertainment, chiefly Scottish, in St Andrew's Hall. Mr Kennedy's reputation as a Scottish vocalist is world-wide, and if time has robbed his voice of some of its old charm, the skill and intelligence of the singer remain, and Mr Kennedy is yet unrivalled in his particular walk. His family, diminished in number by the sad calamity at Nice, assist in diverse musical capacities, and an interesting and attractive programme is submitted for each evening's concert.

There was the usual large audience at the City Hall concert on Saturday evening. The vocal part of the programme, of the ballad character, was as a whole well sustained, Madame Florence Winn, a daughter of Mr Winn, the popular basso, and Miss Jennie Griffen, soprano, taking a large share of the honours. A principal attraction, however, was the appearance of Miss Marie Schumann, solo violinist. Miss Schumann, who was born in Chicago, of German parents, and is only half through her teens, proved to be quite an exceptional adept on the violin, promising, in fact, without exaggeration, to become ere long a second Norman Neruda. Her tone is remarkably mature and her stopping "clean" and neat, while, altogether, with her command of the bow, her style is powerful yet graceful and elegant.

Miss Schumann made perhaps her most legitimate hit in the Andante of the Mendelssohn Concerto; but the presto was a marvel of rapid playing, the tempo being considerably faster than usual. The audience were perfectly taken by storm, especially in the Fantasia on the Bohemian Girl, by Weist Hill, her double stopping being tuneful and soft to a degree. Miss Schumann's talents came to light, as mentioned lately, two years ago, when she was a member of Miss Litton's company at the Royal. She has since been studying under Mr Weist Hill, through the recommendation of a gentleman well known in musical matters here, and there seems no reason but to expect the amplest fulfilment of the remarkable promise already given.

Mr Henry Nagel, conductor of the Dundee Choral Union, is retiring from the post at the end of this his twenty-five year of service in that capacity. A musical festival is to be held in January next as a fitting termination to the important labours of Mr Nagel, who may be said to have done for Dundee and the district what Mr Lambeth has done for Glasgow and the west.

A double number of Dr Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians has been published, containing parts 15 and 16. The articles are few, but lengthy. There is one on Schools of Composition, by W. S. Rockstro; one on Schubert, and another on Schumann, by Dr Grove; and a short dissertation on "Scottish Music," by Mr J. Muir Wood, of this city. The Dictionary is unique in character, and of the greatest value to all interested in the art; but, at the slow rate at which it is proceeding, there is no saying when it will be finished.

Gospel Songs, words by W. T. M'Auslane, and music by W. Moodie, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of which are just published, are far ahead of the usual run of sacred melodies, in respect both of poetry and musicianship.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Good for Edinburgh

THE BAILIE begs to congratulate the Edinburgh Trades' Council on the quiet snub administered by them the other day to Dublin's irrepressible Lord Mayor. That dignitary had written, asking the Council to co-operate in the agitation arising out of the righteous chastisement inflicted by Judge Lawson on Mr Gray, M.P.; but the representatives of the Trades decided to allow the letter to "lie on the table," on the ground that "the communication had come from a very bad source, as the Corporation over which the writer of the letter presided had not been particularly anxious to maintain order in their own district." Why do not working-men all over the country take the same sensible and dignified tone in dealing with the blatant nuisances on the other side of St. George's Channel?

A Bazaar a la Mode.

IN an advertisement of a bazaar which is about to take place it is mentioned that no one will be pressed to buy, that no raffling will be permitted, and that no alcoholic fluid will be vended at the refreshment stall. What a lively prospect, alike for saleswomen and visitors! The affair is likely to be about as cheerful—and eke as successful—as a pic-nic conducted on teetotal principles, or a ball on the Spurgeonian system, which would compel ladies to waltz with ladies and men with men.

In Re Vestiaria.

THE following mysterious utterance occurred in the course of an educational leader in the *Herald* the other day:—"The extremes of abuse forty years ago in England were found in University dress, living in luxurious ease upon educational endowments, and in academies of the type of Dotheboys Hall." It is all a mystery, but the most puzzling part of it is the reference to "University dress." In what respect was the University dress of forty years ago an "extreme of abuse?" Speak, O oracular female—speak!

"Doing the Grand"—Patronising Mr Charles's establishment.

An Irish "Party."—A wake.

Just Weights—Conscientious "scruples."

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Dunlop Street.—See Advertisement page 13.

"THE CREAM OF SCOTCH WHISKY."
RODERICK DHU OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY obtained the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT at the ADELAIDE EXHIBITION. Quotations from the Proprietors—WRIGHT & GREIG, 90 West Campbell Street.

R O Y A L R E S T A U R A N T
 RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment. *Chef de Cuisine.*

M I T C H E L L & C O.' S
 OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

W H I S K Y,
 From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
 FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
 47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
 190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

F O R B I L I O U S N E S S, I N D I G E S T I O N,
 Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

T O O T H A C H E O R N E U R A L G I A in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

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 EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
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 Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.
 Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

S T. M U N G O C A F E,
 58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 RUCHANAN ST.
 REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
 NOW OPEN.
 CHARGES MODERATE.

RANFURLY PRIVATE HOTEL,
 BRIDGE OF WEIR. Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms strictly moderate.
JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

GREAT OCTOBER BARGAINS.

EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERIES OF BARGAIN LOTS FOR THIS MONTH'S GREAT SALE.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE.

Nothing can bring before the Public more strikingly the gigantic strides we are making over the heads of our would-be opponents than the simple and strictly truthful statement that during the months of August and September our turn-over was two and a half-times greater than the corresponding months of last year—that is, for every thousand last year, we have this year during these months sold Two Thousand and Five Hundred Pounds. There is no other House in this City can honestly make a similar statement. Mr Wilson is determined that in October he shall not be behind, and now offers unheeded of inducements to his fellow-citizens to visit his popular Warehouses and see the wonderful offerings now laid out. Mr Wilson will not tell you next week that his bargains are better than this week, like a certain Dealer, who has advertised for the past ten years that this week outvies and puts in the shade the value he gave you the previous week. Did Mr Wilson do so, he would think it was high time he was in a Lunatic Asylum. All we advertise we fulfil to the letter. Should our Clients fancy there is any discrepancy they will oblige by asking to see Mr Wilson, who personally superintends the Ladies' Departments, or Mr Binnie, who manages the Gentlemen's and Boys' Departments. Mr Wilson or Mr Binnie may be found at all hours in the Warehouses from 8 45 a.m. till 8 p.m.

SEALSKIN JACKETS.—The best value ever offered in Glasgow. Extraordinary Purchase of Superb Jackets, all Picked Skins, £10 to £44. Every Lady should see our Fur-Lined Mantles, Dolmans, Jackets, Four-in-Hands, Ulsters, Newmarkets, Coats, &c. Our Stock is the Largest and Finest in Scotland. Over 5000 Garments to choose from. Special Ulsters to order in a few hours' notice.

This Week, Extraordinary Purchase of AYRSHIRE BLANKETS, the best Goods in the market, 25 per cent. under usual prices. Also, a Tremendous Line of 10 4 7lb. ENGLISH BLANKETS, slightly soiled, to be thrown away at 7s 11d. This line should be seen to at once.

TWO HUNDRED and FIFTY THOUSAND HATS, BONNETS, and SHAPES, at prices that make every one wonder how it is done. Seal Hats, Beaver Hats, Satin Hats, Feather Hats, Push Hats, Chip Hats. Our New Princess Bonnets at 5½d are selling in thousands. And no wonder. They are sold elsewhere at 1s and 1s 6d each. Finest Mohair, only 11½d each.

STILL THEY COME!—SHIPMENT after SHIPMENT of BAGS, ALBUMS, and FANCY GOODS weekly arriving at the Colosseum. Our 5s 11d Album is a surprise; looks like an article at 30s. Our 6s 11d, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, and 9s 11d Albums have been sold regularly at 20s in this City. Every Visitor expresses his surprise at the low prices we quote for these Goods. Rare Marriage and Birthday Gifts.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—Most extraordinary value. We question if there are Gentlemen in this city who can say that they ever saw so many Hats elsewhere as we show in the Colosseum this season. The Shapes are legion, and notwithstanding the great addition of High-class German, French, and American Hats to our Stocks, we have not advanced our well-known prices—viz., for Felt Hats, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d; and for Dress Hats, 7s 11d, 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. For some qualities fifty per cent. more is charged in ordinary retail shops, and nowhere else can such a magnificent variety of new and aristocratic shapes be seen, our usual stock sizes being from 6¼ to 8—a range which will fit almost any head in the kingdom, from the largest to the very smallest. This is a great boon to Gentlemen with very large or very small heads. Travelling Rugs, Caps, Bags, &c. Gentlemen's Gloves, Hosiery, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Braces, Scarfs, Umbrellas, Purses, &c.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
 JAMAICA STREET.

MURRAY'S FAMED
MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
 Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
 ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
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MESSRS. HAZLEHURST & SONS,
 Camden Soap and Alkali Works, RUNCORN,
 have been Awarded the GOLD MEDAL by the NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION for Excellence in the Quality of their BLUE MOTTLED, TABLETS, and PALE SOAPS.
 AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
 MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,
 33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

16S 8D PER £100.
CASH still ADVANCED upon **GOODS**
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 145 NEW CITY ROAD,
 Corner ROSEHALL STREET.
 JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
 Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1882.

HOW eager our friends of the Town Council are to make us good by Act of Parliament. Talk of motherly legislation, why it seems to the BAILIE that the provisions of the new Police Act are nothing less than grand-motherly in their character. Taken one by one, to be sure, the various provisions of the measure seem comparatively harmless, but when regarded altogether they form one of the most formidable encroachments ever attempted on the liberty of the subject. In good truth, if the wire-pullers of the Town Council are to proceed much further on their path of repression, recourse must be had, for the due protection of our proper rights and privileges, to a Citizens' Defence Committee. What a pity it is that sensible people, like the LORD PROVOST and his colleagues, do not know where to stop, when playing at legislation. The New Police Bill has been laid down on fairly good lines, but the enthusiasm of its concocters has completely run away with them, and fashioned, what might have been an excellent municipal measure, into an engine of active provocation and possible tyranny.

The head of the new gendarmerie in Egypt had better, says the Animile, look to himself. The chief Baker was hanged in Pharaoh's time, and history has an occasional trick of repeating itself.

"Thicker than Water."—Pea soup."

A Handsome Offer.
AN Edinburgh correspondent of a daily paper says:—"The dearth of municipal candidates here is simply deplorable. There never was a time in the municipal history of Edinburgh when Councillors holding office and seeking re-election had so little occasion to fear opposition. Dissatisfied Ward Committees are at their wits' end to secure candidates of any description." This is a very sad state of things, and, though the BAILIE has often had occasion to administer gentle chastisement to his Edinburgh friends, he would be sorry to desert them in their extremity. Under the circumstances, then, he is prepared to make them a present of a choice selection of municipal candidates, some of whom have served in our Council, while others are merely prepared to do so. In making this offer his Worship is certain that he will have the acquiescence of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and that there will be little dispute as to the individuals with whom we can most conveniently part.

"IT JIST COWS A!"
 (Scene—East end.)

Smart Urchin (leading a cow which has evidently seen better days, but is now very meek-looking and much emaciated, encouragingly)—
 Come awa' lass.

Passing Policeman (alleged member of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, severely)—
 Hi! whaur 'ye gaun wi' the coo?

Smart Urchin (conclusively) — Gaun tae wauner't.

"Brooks of Sheffield" (?)

THE virtuous soul of a Mr Brooks, who describes himself as "an importation" into Glasgow, has been shocked by the fact that an occasional shop is open on Sunday for the sale of milk, "sweeties," or medicine, and he tackled Bailie M'Onie on the subject at last week's meeting of electors of the Sixteenth Ward. Mr Brooks finds that "the glaring lights of our streets on the Sabbath Day are really objectionable." If Mr Brooks objects to the aspect of our streets either on what he calls "the Sabbath Day" which, by the way, is Saturday—or on any other day, his remedy is very simple. He confesses to being an importation: let him become an exportation.

OVERCOATS.—A Choice Selection of NEW HIGH-CLASS MATERIALS for WINTER OVERCOATS at Prices that must be completely satisfactory to our Customers. — MACINTOSH & FLEMING, 104 Argyle Street.

A-vengedd!!

BY the courtesy of a well-known and enterprising publishing firm, the BAILIE is enabled to give his friends the following extract from a forthcoming volume of great and tragical interest, the principal scenes of which are laid in our own neighbourhood:—

"The solemn hour of midnight had been jangled forth upon the raw October night-air, and the sleeper stirred uneasily in his bed as if disturbed by the jarring sound of the bells. Even after the last faint hum had died away, he tossed restlessly from side to side as if some dire crime sat upon his conscience like a nightmare. The door of the bedroom opened swiftly but noiselessly, and a cloaked figure, after a moment's survey, stepped on tiptoe towards the sleeper, and cut short a melodious snore by tweaking him violently by the nose."

"Not a word!" he hissed, as the dazed inmate of the bed sat up in fright and bewilderment; "make but the slightest sound, and——" The sinister gleam of an unsheathed blade emphatically and unmistakably disclosed the speaker's meaning.

"Rise, dress quickly, and follow me."

These commands were obeyed with much trembling, but amid perfect silence, and in five minutes the two were wending their way through the wet and deserted streets of the great city.

Exactly at the same time, but in a different quarter of the same city, a scene similar in all respects was enacted. The destination of these parties was the same, but the first pair had entered at least five minutes before the second pair made their appearance. The second of these two unfortunate men whose slumbers had thus been rudely broken in upon, whose liberty, for the time at least, was taken from him, and whose life to all appearances was in deadly peril, found himself ascending the stair of a large, deserted building—evidently one of those unlet warehouses or stores met with only too frequently now-a-days in Glasgow.

A cloaked and slouched-hatted figure confronted them on the first landing.

"Ha! ha! vile calumniator! Now shalt thou swallow thine own foul aspersions! Now shall I gurrind thee 'neath my heel! Enterr!"

And swinging open the door with a majestic and imperious grace he aided the poor, trembling victim's onward movement by a vigorous push.

The scene that flashed upon the distended orbs

of the victim evidently struck him with the extremest horror, for he staggered back with arms extended and with hoarse cries for mercy. His appeals were met with a derisive laugh, and he was speedily forced into a chair and securely fastened. Close beside him, also well pinioned, was the first-mentioned victim, his countenance deadly pale, his lips of a livid blue, and his whole figure prostrated with the extremest apprehension.

The large hall was crammed in front of them with women—we beg pardon—ladies, of all ranks and ages, from the lace and satin clad to the be-shortgowned and druggot-petticoated, but all with countenances inflamed with those dreadful passions—injured dignity and revenge! And, strangest of all, not one among all the hundreds there but held in her one hand a bowl of steaming soup, and in the other a cooked potato! What could it all mean?

The figure with the slouched hat and cloak advanced in front of the prisoners, and, amid profound silence, spoke a few emphatic words.

"Ladies of Glasgow! behold your traducers! Let your gaze wither them into nonentity! You have them now within your power—you know how they have spoken of you! (Cries of 'We do! we do!') You know what vile libels they have given vent to in one of our public governing bodies, of which I am a humble—but, I hope, at least a chivalrous member. You are maligned—('We are! we are!')—by these trembling caitiffs—they have had their turn; now! do you take yours!"

One by one, amidst the wildest shouts and outcries, the women—the ladies, we mean—stepped forward and forced into the unwilling mouths of the two half-dead victims the soup and potatoes with which each were furnished. There was no hope for the poor unfortunates—hesitation and refusal only increased the determination of the enraged multitude, and in a very short time they had visibly increased in bulk. Before an hour had passed of this forcible feeding, the buttons of their vests had disappeared with emphatic pops, their faces had become purple, and the chairs on which they sat creaked noisily beneath their ever-increasing loads. . . .

When the last come lady had disposed of her burden as the preceding hundreds had done, the door was closed and locked, and the unconscious and swollen pair were left in the cold and silence to the company of swarms of domestic rodents which rushed out on all sides to devour

the fragments that were left of this horrible feast! . . .

Extract from the "Bill" of a Daily Newspaper of next day.

"Horrible explosion in an untenanted warehouse in Glasgow! Complete destruction of the building! Buttons and fragments of black cloth found among the ruins!

Extract from same paper, two days later date.

"Much consternation has been caused by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of two of our leading citizens—both connected with our local educational governing body—one, a leading minister of the Establishment, and the other a prominent missionary and debater. Both, strange to say, disappeared from their homes on the same night, and at present their friends are plunged in the deepest anxiety and distress, having been unable to gain the slightest clue to their whereabouts. We shall issue a special edition giving the latest details as they transpire."

Extract from the gossiping column of a "weekly" of same city:—

"I met Rubbert to-day in Buchanan Street, handling his 'powney' with an unwonted air of beaming triumph and satisfaction. He looked unearthy gay and exultant, and as I passed on, I could not keep wondering what immense piece of good luck had so unmistakably stamped his whole bearing with the keenest exultation. What *has* happened to him?"

Rubbert Meets His Match!

THE Rev. R. M. MacInnes, of Ayr, must be a sort of Van Amburgh in his way—nay, more than a Van Amburgh, for while that gentleman succeeded in taming nothing more formidable than lions, Mr MacInnes has the credit of having effectually "sat upon" the Rev. Robert Thomson. Rubbert invaded a Dis-establishment meeting at Ayr the other evening, and challenged the iconoclasts on the platform, including Principals Rainy and Cairns, to dialectic combat. Thereupon Mr MacInnes, who was in the chair, ordered the Ladywell champion to sit down, which—*mirabile dictu*—"he at once did." Could we not make the doughty MacInnes a member of our School Board? He might be the means of saving a good deal of time and temper.

"LIBERAL" REMITTANCES REQUESTED.—In the advertisements of Friday's "Liberal demonstration" at Ayr it is pointedly stated that all applications for tickets of admission must be "accompanied by a remittance." Quite so. Your Liberal never forgets to keep an eye on the main chance. He does not believe—if the BAILIE may be excused a somewhat ancient pun—in *unremitting* attention to politics.

Men of Light and Leading—Electric-Light Company Directors, to be sure.

Dead Charges—Interment dues.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 60s. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

Fools and their Money.

MR BRAMWELL BOOTH, son of the now famous "General," the recognised head of that congregation of simpletons the "Salvation Army," was married on Thursday, and, of course, his astute papa made the "event" an occasion for sending round the hat this time for wedding gifts for his "big boy Brammy," as he styles him. Each "captain" had instructions to call on all gentlemen suspected of having evangelical leanings to solicit subscriptions towards the said gift. A thanksgiving paper was likewise supplied, upon which subscribers were to mark down the particular sins from which they had been delivered, and for which this gift of money was a mark of gratitude. "Brammy's" marriage was witnessed by several thousands of devotees, who paid one shilling each for the sight. Pious peepshows are as dear now as ever they were.

A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

Skinniface—Div ye think noo, that Maister MacAlvyn is, as Dr Chaumers wud ha'e said, "a man o' wecht?"

Boniface—Weel, I've been un'er him for a gey wheen years noo, an' I've aye fand him geyan heavy on the likes o' us.

"Swallow, Swallow!"

AT a meeting held the other night "to consider the readjustment of local taxation," Councillor Gray declared that his colleagues in the Council "swallowed everything that was placed before them." The BAILIE has no doubt as to the swallowing powers of the Town Council, especially when there's a municipal "feed" on, but if they're capable of swallowing everything that is placed before them, suppose they were to try swallowing Jeems Martin the next time *he's* placed before them? They might perhaps get him down, but if his Worship isn't very much mistaken Jeems would prove a remarkably tough morsel to digest.

NOBLE CREATURE!—One of the forthcoming "health lectures" in the Christian Institute, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, will be devoted to "Alcohol, and Its Influence on Body and Mind." Bauldie, who has of late been thinking seriously over the error of his ways, expresses his willingness to sacrifice himself in the interests of temperance, and illustrate on the platform the influence of alcohol on *his* body and mind.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Every Evening this Week at 7-30. Saturday at 7.

MISS AMY STEINBERG.

Supported by Mr JOHN DOUGLAS'S COMPANY, from the National Standard Theatre, London, in a production of the great Olympic Drama,

DE LILAH;

OR MARRIED FOR HATE.

A dramatised Version of OUIDA'S popular novel "HELD IN BONDAGE," by JAMES WILLING.

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

THEATRE ROYAL,
COWCADDENS (*Under Letters Patent*).

FOR FIVE NIGHTS ONLY.

MADAME RISTORI,

The Greatest Living Tragedienne,
IN ENGLISH,

SUPPORTED BY

MR WALTER BENTLEY

AND POWERFUL COMPANY.

TUESDAY, 17TH OCTOBER,

MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth,Madame RISTORI.

Macbeth,Mr WALTER BENTLEY.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH OCTOBER,

ELIZABETH.

THURSDAY, 19TH OCTOBER.

MACBETH.

FRIDAY, 20TH OCTOBER.

BENEFIT OF MADAME RISTORI.

ELIZABETH AND

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE FROM MACBETH.

SATURDAY MORNING MATINEE.

Doors Open at 2; commence at 2-30.

ELIZABETH AND

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE FROM MACBETH.

SPECIAL SCENERY.

GRAND AND APPROPRIATE COSTUMES,

By HINCHCOMBE, London, and Hosts of Auxiliaries.

Notwithstanding the Enormous Expense attending this great Engagement, the Prices will remain as formerly. Box Plan at Donaldson's, Musicseller, St. Vincent Street.

BOTANIC GARDEN AND WINTER GARDEN.

OPEN DAILY from 9 a.m. till Dusk. Admission Sixpence.

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

To be had at Mr Sloan's 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

**YOUNG'S
PARAFFIN OIL VERSUS GAS.**

TAKING Gas at 3s 0d per 1,000 Cubic Feet, the equivalent quantity of Light obtained from YOUNG'S PARAFFIN OIL, at its present Retail Price, costs only 5d. It produces much less Heat and Sulphurous and Carbonic Acids, whereby the Air is kept Healthy and Pure and there is no injury to Books, Paintings, or Art Decorations. It has been extensively used in all Climates for Thirty Years without a Single Accident.

YOUNG'S OILS and LAMPS may be obtained from the principal Ironmongers and Grocers.

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(LIMITED),
7 WEST GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE GAIETY.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr JOHN HESLOP,

TO-NIGHT, AND FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

MISS ANNIE POOLE. | MISS KATE LOVELL.

MESSRS CONRAD KING, J. H. ROGERS,

GEORGE BALFOUR, HARRY COLLIER,

AND

SHIEL BARRY.

GRAND THEATRE,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT at 7-30.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS, AND LAST SIX NIGHTS OF
THE WORLD.

Prices from 6d to £1 11/6. Box Plan, where Seats may be secured at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street.

MONDAY, 23D OCT.—"FOR GOLD" COMPANY.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

GREAT SUCCESS IN LONDON.

GREAT SUCCESS IN MANCHESTER.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF JAY RIAL'S AMERICAN
COMPANY, IN

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

GRAND SCENIC EFFECTS.

MAMMOTH TRAINED BLOODHOUNDS.

THE MAGNOLIA SLAVE JUBILEE BAND.

TO-NIGHT (MONDAY), 16TH OCTOBER, AT 7-30,

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 21ST OCTOBER, 1882.

FIRST GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

The Celebrated

REEL AND STRATHSPEY PLAYERS.

The Celebrated HIGHLAND DANCERS AND PIPERS.

SCOTCH VOCALISTS—

Miss AGNES HUDSON.

Miss M. W. FYFFE.

Miss MARY SANGSTER.

Mr A. FINLAYSON.

Mr WM. FORSYTH.

Mr HARRY LINN.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street.

Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45 o'clock.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GRAND CAFE PARISIEN and GROTTTO,
20 BUCHANAN STREET.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!

ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE CITY!

ALWAYS NOVEL! ALWAYS COOL!

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Best Illustrated Papers—English and Foreign.

BEST VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, BY THE PRINCIPAL
LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ARTISTES.

MR W. E. ROYAL,

The Great London Comic Vocalist, and most Successful of
Comedians.

THE GREAT KATE BELLA,

Most Distinguished of Descriptive Vocalists, Supported by the
Elite of the Profession.

Skating in the Grotto Daily from 12 till 6 p.m.

First Refreshment, 6d (all the Evening); Saturdays as formerly.
Strict order and propriety enforced. This Rule rigidly
enforced.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
THREE NIGHTS ONLY,
TUESDAY, 17TH, THURSDAY, 19TH, AND SATURDAY,
21ST OCTOBER.

MR KENNEDY,

The Scottish Vocalist, will give his Entertainments on the
SONGS OF SCOTLAND,

Assisted by the following Members of his Family :—

MISS HELEN KENNEDY,	Soprano.
MISS MARJORY KENNEDY,	Soprano.
MISS MAGGIE KENNEDY,	Pianoforte.
MR ROBERT KENNEDY,	Tenor.

TUESDAY, 17TH OCTOBER.
"TWA HOURS AT HAME."

THURSDAY, 19TH OCTOBER.
"A NICHT WI' BURNS."

SATURDAY, 21ST OCTOBER.
"A NICHT WI' THE JACOBITES."

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

Body of Hall, 1s; Balcony, 2s.—Tickets at the Musicsellers

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SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.

HONORARY PRESIDENT,
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS.—SESSION 1882-3.

THURSDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1882.
JOSEPH THOMSON, Esq., F.R.G.S.,
Leader of the R. G. Society's New East African Expedition.
Subject—"LEAVES FROM MY AFRICAN SKETCH BOOK."

THURSDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1882.
J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.,
Subject—"THE ECLIPSE OF 17th MAY, 1882."

THURSDAY, 14TH DECEMBER, 1882.
W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S.,
Prof. of Geology, Owen's College, Manchester.
Subject—"THE CHANNEL TUNNEL and the PHYSICAL HISTORY of the STRAITS OF DOVER."

THURSDAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1883.
SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.A.S.,
Professor of Physics in University College, Bristol.
Subject—"THE EARTH A GREAT MAGNET."

THURSDAY, 8th FEBRUARY, 1883.
W. E. AYRTON, F.R.S.
Professor, City and Guilds of London Technical College.
Subject—"ELECTRIC LOCOMOTION" (with Experiments).

THURSDAY, 1ST MARCH, 1883.
F. A. ABEL, Esq., C.B., F.R.S., F.P.C.S.,
Director, Chemical Establishment, War Department.
Subject—"THE RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF EXPLOSIVE AGENTS" (with Experiments).

Tickets for the Course—1s, 2s 6d, and 5s—from the principal Booksellers and Music-sellers. Reserved Seats, 7s 6d; Numbered, 10s 6d, only from Messrs MacLehose & Sons, 61 St. Vincent Street; and from the Secretary.

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

The Tickets are Transferable.

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The Edinburgh Chambers, 122 St. Vincent Street.

KERR'S NEURALGIC CONE.—A valuable preparation for the cure of Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Earache, Tic-Doloureux, &c., by outward use. One application giving immediate relief. Sold by all Chemists' and the Maker CHAS. KERR, Chemist, Dundee. Price 1s 6d; by post, 1s 8d.

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Proprietor. A. MACGREGOR.

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Admission—Day, 9 to 5 1s; Evening, 6d.

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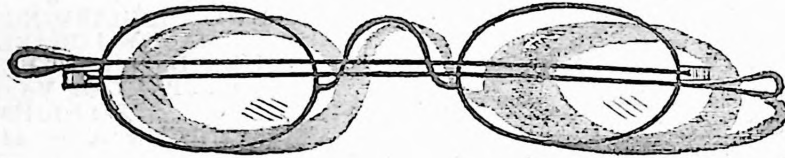
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Including Ports, Sherries, and Clarets,
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Quarter-Cask BRANDY, ex "Minerva," @ Bordeaux, 79/94
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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Friday, 20th October, at Half-past One.

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LIBRARY OF BOOKS
In General Literature.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place, on Tuesday, 24th October, at Twelve o'clock.

NOTE.—Parties having surplus Parcels of Books may have them included in this Sale by sending them to the Auctioneers not later than Thursday, 19th current.

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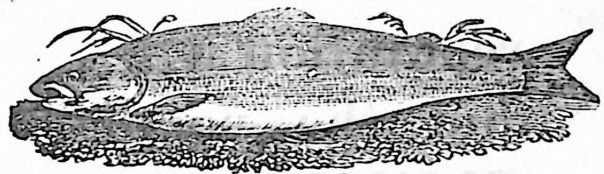
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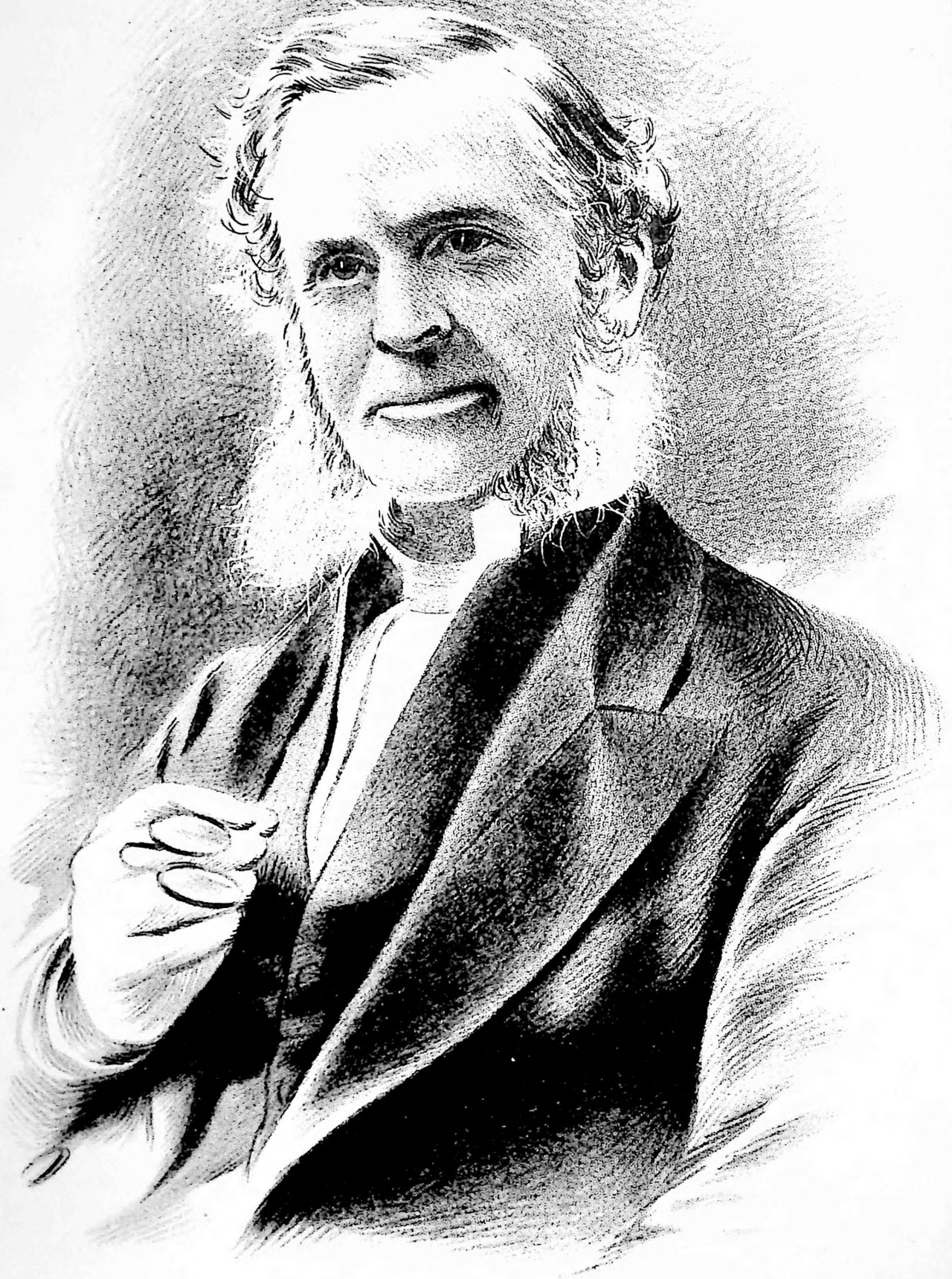
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 523. Glasgow, Wednesday, October 25th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 523.

WHAT a score of years hence, will be the position of the United Presbyterian Church? Heretofore she has been the church of the middle classes. The gentry of Scotland who are not Episcopalians belong to the Establishment; the wealthy merchants and manufacturers are adherents, as a rule, of the Free Church; and the poorer classes, when they are members of any denomination at all, call themselves either "Established" or "Free." But the U.P., that curious amalgam of Secession and Relief, has, up till now, possessed an attraction for the well-to-do, for the people who are neither wealthy on the one hand nor poverty-stricken on the other. And as are the people, so have been their pastors. Hard-headed, sensible men, not very strait-laced in matters of theology, but neither eloquent preachers nor celebrated writers—this, almost without an exception, has been the character of the United Presbyterian clergyman ever since United Presbyterianism possessed a corporate existence. Taking the general condition, therefore, of the U.P.'s into consideration, the BAILIE—who, as becomes the season, is in an ecclesiastical frame of mind—wonders whether the body is likely to succeed in the future as it has succeeded in the past. Is there no probability that it will be absorbed by-and-by into the vigorous, militant life of the Free Church; has the Establishment no attraction for that portion of its members who delight in wide and cultured views, and freedom from hard and fast theological dogma? Something more is needed than common-sense evangelicalism for the continued success, now-a-days, of a separate religious sect. One of the more prominent members of the United Presbyterian body, and one who has done good service

to maintain its fortunes, is the Rev. DAVID YOUNG, D.D., of Woodlands Road Church. Dr YOUNG, who was Moderator of the Synod in May last, has been distinguished, all his life, by his large capacity for work. He is still young; young, that is, for a Moderator of the Church. Coming of an ecclesiastical family—his uncle was the Rev. Dr David Young of Perth—and intended from boyhood for the ministry, he was cradled, in a sense, in theology. His boyhood was spent in Alloa, and he received his education, partly in St. Andrews, partly in Glasgow, and partly in the United Secession Hall. Shortly after he had obtained his licence as a preacher, Dr YOUNG received several calls. One of these was to Brechin, another to Perth, a third to East Campbell Street Church, Glasgow, and a fourth to Milnathort. He accepted the Milnathort call, and remained there for something like nine years. At the end of this space he was invited to succeed the Rev. Hamilton MacGill, in the pulpit of Montrose Street Church, in this city, the vacancy being caused by the appointment of Mr MacGill to the Home Secretaryship of the U.P. body. Dr YOUNG acceded to the request preferred by the Montrose Street congregation, and pastor of this congregation, which now occupies Woodlands Road Church, he still continues. As a preacher Dr YOUNG is earnest, and somewhat dignified. He has no sympathy with "notions" in theology. The standards of the Church, as they were accepted by his fathers, are the standards he elects to recognise. Much good service has been done by the Rev. Doctor to the body of which he is a member. He is a ruler in the Northern Presbytery of Glasgow; and is, and was, and that long before he became Moderator, a light in the yearly meetings of the Synod. His degree of D.D., which was received, nine years ago, from the University of Glasgow, is one to which, as a

skilled and accurate theologian, he possessed an excellent claim. In conferring it the University, while doing honour to Dr YOUNG, likewise vindicated its position as a wise and discriminating *alma mater*. Coming back, at the close, to the question of the general position of the U.P. Church, of which Dr YOUNG, as he has shown, is a distinguished member, the BAILIE would whisper to its leaders that, if they would preserve the position they have held so long, some "new departure" in their policy is urgently called for. Union has had its day, and the Disestablishment crusade has fallen utterly flat. Let them reason together; let them take counsel. To outward seeming, at least, the body is gradually, year by year, losing its hold upon the nation.

FACT, OF COURSE.

(Scene—Board School in Anderston.)

Teacher—Now, what gives us light by night?

Small Girl (hesitatingly)—A dinna ken whit it's in this pairt, bit it's Dixe's bleezes at the ither en' o' the toon.

FIRST COARSE—SECOND DITTO.

The broth of a boy goes in for his soup,
Another with virtue of Cato
Sends all into pot as he gives it them hot
On boiling with *gout* a potato!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"Invalid Port" is the legend with which a Glasgow grocer has adorned the exterior of his premises. Are we within a measurable distance of "Attenuated sugar," "Antiquated eggs," and "Lactiferous water"?

ARABI PASHA.—It has recently been discovered that the celebrated Egyptian rebel has two brothers residing in the Green Isle. They are rather harmless characters, and pass by the names of *Arrah-be-aisy* and *Arrah-be-dad*.

Not from the same Batch—Pharaoh's chief baker and Baker Pasha.

The Police Board—"Bed-and-" Board"—both in one.

Scientific "Needle"-work—Boxing the compass.

Oriental Tapestry—The holy carpet.

CAUTION.—Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of the "BIG J" and "BIG WAVERLEY" PEN.

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY PEN.

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MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33 Blair St., Edinburgh. Es. 1770.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

To the Home-Come Troops.

ALL hail! and welcome back—
You've done good work;
You found Arabi's track
And did not shirk.

With sterling British pluck
At Tel-el-Kebir,
The foemen down you struck
Spite gun and sabre.

Never with greater speed
Have ranks been broken;
Never of greater deed
Has history spoken.

Each soldier, young in years,
In war no tyro,
With throat a-crow with cheers
Marched on to Cairo.

There, sans his flag of truce,
Was fell Arabi—
(He'll look for tree and noose
For trick so shabby).

There all the gallant band
Passed in review,
Foot and horse soldiers and
Jackets of blue.

News flashed o'er land and main—
News of what *we* did;
Now you are home again
Ready when needed.

Still, while our flags are spread,
While fame is sounded,
Think of the fallen dead,
Sigh for the wounded.

STOWED AWAY.

(Scene—Kirk Street. Two urchins playing at the "three mugs.")

1st—Your cheatin', Tam; that's no fair.

2nd—No, am no.

1st—Bit ye are, an' if ye don't stop it I'll tell ma brither Geordie.

2nd—Ha! ha! Ye can if ye like, fur I'll maybe no be leevin' when he comes oot o' Duke Street.

"BOOKS" AND NEWSPAPERS.—The newspaper has no better supporter than a "better." He is the special supporter of the "special edition." No one is more interested in the British "race," and if those who "run" may read, why may not also he?

An "Utter" yet Un-æsthetic Movement—Uttering base coin.

Change for a Sovereign—From Windsor to Balmoral.

Neck-romancy—Behheading Mrs Anderson.

TRICYCLES
BY
BEST
MAKERS. { Every intending purchaser of a Tricycle should see the New Rotary Tricycle. Makes two tracks only. Goes through a 29-inch door. Easily driven up hills. Makers challenge the Trade to race it.—JENNINGS'S, 101 Mitchell Street.

On 'Change.

COALS have been going briskly, not that the weather has become so much colder, but in consequence of a steady and apparently healthy demand for shipment. The odd feature in the market is that the export is irregular, and that last month it actually showed a decrease from Scotch ports. Taking as my guide the exhaustive statements published in the *Herald* by Messrs F. W. Allan & Co., I see that in June last the shipments from Scotland to foreign ports were 133,000 tons, against 118,000 tons in the corresponding month of last year. Last month the figures were reversed. The Scotch shipments abroad amounted to only 122,000 tons, comparing with 135,000 tons in September, 1881. The decrease is considerable, not only when compared with last year, but taking the relative proportions of three months back, yet I have not heard that the Terminus is at its old tricks again.

Ardrossan rejoices in the presence of a financier named Kirkhope. This gentleman has conceived the brilliant idea of starting a company called "The Steamer Shares Company, Limited," with a capital of £25,000, in £10 shares, and he has invited me, by circular, to participate in the inestimable blessings it will confer upon humanity. The object of the company is "to take small shares in steamers." Now it will occur to the reader that if he should at any time desire "to take small shares in steamers" he can attain that end without employing the costly machinery involved in a board of directors, secretary, treasurer, broker, banker, and manager. Not that these officials are especially prominent in the draft prospectus now before me. All I can gather from it is that a manager has been appointed, and that his name is Thomas Kirkhope, who lives in Ardrossan.

His line of argument is unique. "The ordinary steamship companies," he tells me, "own the whole of each steamer in which they are interested." I should hope so. Otherwise they might risk an indictment for felony. Further on I read that "the long period of depression in trade appears now at an end, and it has revived materially." What has revived materially? Kirkhope springs eternal in the human breast, but should the long period of depression revive materially it might be awkward for the Steamer Shares Co., Limited.

Ardrossan, doomed with cash to part,
Still on Kirkhope relies,
Each company that's brought to mart
Bids expectation rise.
Kirkhope, like glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Sends out a bigger ray.

Of all the schemes for making money the least inviting is to start a graveyard. Strictly speaking a Cemetery Company is as legitimate as any other enterprise, always provided that it is conducted on principles other than those which made the Cathcart project a scorn and a byword some years ago. But it is not agreeable to reflect that you are making capital from the misfortunes of others, yet this is exactly what your cemetery owner does. He might as well own a colliery, only in that case he would be subtracting from the earth instead of adding to it. One of these ghastly circulars reached me the other day. The special advantages were economy and a splendid view. The prospect includes the hills of Campsie, Kilpatrick, and Gleniffer, to say nothing of Benlomond and Neilston Pad. There is a kind of grim mercantile humour in this inducement "to tread the walks of death," as Homer has it, and I suppose that speculators will continue to go on providing for the wants of the great majority.

One of the chief requisites for a director appears to be that he is a director of something else. This is the case with the board of the Globe Wine Company (Limited), three of its members, otherwise unknown to fame, being advertised as possessing the recommendation that they are directors of other companies. The public might say of this new company, parodying the words of the immortal bard, "Methinks there are two Gilbeys in the field." Hitherto there has been but one, and it was a name to conjure with in the wine trade. Whether the Globe, which

looks like a secession from Gilbeys, will annihilate Gilbeys, or itself perish in the attempt, is of little consequence to the bibulous public, who will probably support the company that can supply the best article at the lowest price. SCRUTATOR.

Sublime Self-Sacrifice.

AT the Eighth Ward meeting the other night the magnanimous Bailie Dunlop remarked that "he hoped it would be distinctly understood that in going back to the Council he did so in order to devote attention to one or two matters in which he felt deeply interested. There were one or two departments of Council work, particularly the City Improvement Scheme, where he thought it would be his duty to remain and extricate them out of their difficulties." Noble creature! He would much rather retire into that dignified repose which he is conscious of having earned, but the voice of duty is louder than that of inclination. Who knows but, after extricating his brither Cooncillors from their difficulties, he might even be induced to undertake the task of extricating the Imperial Government from theirs?

PADDY.

(Scene—A public, New City Road.)

Irish Barman (to landlord)—Shure, there's a big strange dragoon sodger at the door. He wants a gill of rum wid sugar.

Landlord—Oh, he'll be on furlough.

Barman—No, shure, he's on horseback.

THE OTHER SHOE.—A lively *Saturday Reviewer* remarks:—"We have always admired the constancy and endurance with which ladies listen to lectures." Peter says his experience is quite the other way. It is the constancy and endurance with which ladies—married ladies, that is—do the lecturing, that has brought his admiring faculties into play. Peter, the BAILIE may add, is a member of the noble army of bachelors.

A THANKFUL MAN.—The following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—"Book Deliverer Wanted for the City Advertised is now Filled with thanks to applicants." Grateful book-deliverer! But why should he be filled with thanks to "applicants" any more than to the rest of the community?

'Tis "mine," 'twas his—The "gold" magistrate and the "gold box."

A "Fast" Train—An excursion one on the 26th.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“For Gold,” a drama by Mr Elliot Galer, will be produced at the Grand Theatre this evening. Years ago Mr Galer was a capital tenor, and of late he has proved a successful provincial manager. Not content with these two titles to renown, he is determined, ambitious man that he is, to become a famous dramatist. One thing, however, can be said of him, or at least of his drama, and that is that an excellent company has been engaged for its representation.

Next Monday Mr Charles presents us with “The Romany Rye,” the George R. Sims piece which is at present attracting all London. Among the scenes in this drama are “The Gipsy Encampment,” “Craig’s Nest,” “Little Queer Street,” “Race-course at Hampton,” “Deck of the Saratoga,” “Cellar in the Black Croft,” and “The Wreck of the Saratoga,” and from these titles some notion may be gained of its style and character. Indeed, “The Romany Rye” is said to be of the same class as “The Lights O’ London,” “only more so.” Mr Lugl Lablache, Mr G. R. Peace, and Miss Marie Illington will be the representatives at the Grand, of its leading parts.

Mr George R. Sims is engaged on a farcical comedy for J. L. Shine. It will be produced, early in the season, at the Grand Theatre here.

It is now over a score of years since “The Colleen Bawn” was first produced in Glasgow, and what crowds, to be sure, flocked to the old theatre in Dunlop Street to witness Dion Boucicault’s great Adelphi triumph. How we all cheered Tom Glenny’s *Myles*, and Sam Emery’s *Danny Mann*. As “The Colleen Bawn” was the first of the Irish sensational dramas, so it has remained the best of the series. The Irish drama has always been a safe draw at the Royal Princess’s Theatre, and when Mr Charles Sullivan appears to-night as *Myles-na-Copalcien*, the theatre, I expect, will be crowded.

The Gaiety remains closed for the present week. For next Monday Mr Heslop announces the appearance of Mr G. W. Anson “A wise child,” in the latest of Mr Sims’s comedies.

Some dozen years ago Mr Anson was a member of the company of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, his position being that of second low comedian. Even then, however, he was an actor of distinction. The last appearance of Mr Anson in this city was in “The Two Orphans,” on the occasion of its production by Mr Glover, at the Theatre Royal, Cowcaddens.

The Jay Rial “Uncle Tom Company” continue another week at the Royalty.

For next Monday Mr Knapp announces the appearance of Madame Sinico-Campobello, and a company specially organised for the performance of operatic excerpts. Time was when Madame Sinico—she was Madame Sinico then—numbered her admirers in Glasgow by the thousand. She is still a popular vocalist, and this popularity, added to the circumstance that high opera is so seldom performed here, ought to draw large audiences to the Royalty during her stay.

It is on the cards that “Perola,” the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera, will be produced, before long, at the Royalty. Another of Mr Knapp’s novelties will be “Rip van Winkle,” the new opera by Planquette, which was played with so much success the other evening at the London Comedy Theatre.

Miss Fanny Daventry comes to the Royalty early next year. She will, of course, appear as “Diana of Lys.”

Two of our managers, Mr Knapp and Mr Heslop, were in London last week.

“Civilisation’s far back in Glasgow,” exclaimed one of the few Scotchmen in the City Hall during the widest scene connected with last week’s meeting of the Scottish Legal Life Assurance Society. A glance at the faces of the audience plainly showed that the nationality of the meeting was distinctly Irish. In fact, such howling and howling could only come from importations from the “Sister Isle,” but so effectually did

the said “importations” exercise their lungs that the perspiration actually dropped from some of their faces. An amusing feature of the gathering was the anxiety manifested by the audience, both male and female, to reach the platform. When once this coin of vantage had been gained, its fortunate possessors sat calmly down to smoke and hand round bottles containing—well, something else than water. Seldom, indeed, has the City Hall presented such a scene of smoke and clamour, and it was only when utter darkness prevailed that the audience retired from this Donnybrook, headed by no less a personage than Mr David Fortune.

Is it generally known that one of the rooms connected with the Corporation Galleries was fitted up by Mr Sturrock on Saturday week as a withdrawing-room for their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany? Rumour has it that, at the close of the day, our Buchanan Street friend was offered a fabulous sum, by a well-known member of Glasgow society, for the combs and brushes used by the illustrious pair.

The champagne glasses set apart for Royalty at the luncheon are likewise said to have been made the subject of keen competition by some of our curiosity-hunters. Who was the fortunate individual who “carried them off?”

The members of the Natural History Society of Glasgow are about to take “a leap in the dark.” They have agreed to admit, or rather elect lady members. Aha!

The efforts of the committee in charge of the Burns’ bust are meeting with a most satisfactory measure of success. About £300 has been now subscribed, and the Very Rev. Dean Bradley has allocated as a site what is admitted to be the most suitable position in Westminster Abbey—viz., on the immediate left of the monument to Shakespeare, and in close proximity to the monuments of Thomson and Campbell. Visitors to the Abbey must be familiar with that portion of the Poets’ Corner, and may remember that Shakespeare’s monument occupies the centre of the lower portion of a stone screen; on its right is the statue of Campbell, above which is a bust and tablet in memory of Southey; on its left is the monument of Thomson, and above this a blank space has now been dedicated to the bust of Burns. A more fitting position could hardly have been arranged for, although the Deans of Westminster had for many years been sympathetically anticipating Scotland’s tardy recognition of her poet.

The subscription lists include shillings from South Africa, Canada, the United States, most of the large towns of England and Scotland, and many of those of Ireland. The Prince of Wales heads the House of Lords’ list, and 57 out of the 60 Scotch M.P.’s gave their names and shillings to Mr Anderson’s list. While no sum larger than 1s has been received, many smaller sums of 2d and 3d grace the subscription cards, and in a way complete the catholic and “man to man the world o’er” character of the movement. It is impossible now to have the bust erected before the next birthday anniversary, but before 25th January, 1883 Westminster Abbey will contain an additional and a special attraction to Scotsmen.

It must be distressing to Mr Martin to find that his greatest achievement since he entered the Council—that of discovering an inferior stone to the one contracted for in the building of the hospital at Belvidere—has turned out something not unlike a “mare’s nest.” And this is all the more sad after his dramatic display before the East End electors on Tuesday last. “In my one hand,” he shouted, “I hold the stone with which the hospital should have been built, and in my other hand I hold the stone with which it was built.”

But while nothing has come out of the charges hinted at in the indictment preferred by the East End magnate against certain city officials, the report on the matter by the Council Committee is a document which will be read with a good deal of interest in municipal circles generally.

Last Sunday week, in a South Side Church, the preacher, who boasts the letters D.D. after his name, spoke of the approaching time when "we would turn our swords into ploughshares and our cannons into Patent Galvanized Iron Churches." What a glorious prospect—to worship in an edifice made perhaps of Arabi's Krupp guns or a Woolwich infant rolled into sheets and galvanized. We have something to live for after all.

The following "good Scotch names" were represented by the 34 persons at last week's Circuit:—Docherty, three times, O'Donnell, Welsh, Hughes, Cassidy, M'Quaker, M'Master, Gowans, Dollan, M'Dermott, Hinds, Tinnie, M'Crory, Kelly, Kearney, Broadley, Curran. The remainder were British, but half of their bearers gave strong hints of the Paddy. They reminded one of old Hawkie, who used to complain—"Fouk canna get the gude o' their ain gallows for them."

The Ranfurly Hotel, which is one of the finest establishments of the kind in Scotland, and has developed, of late, into a species of residential house, was gifted to-day, by the Johnstone Justices, with a hotel licence. Why it had not this before is one of those things "no fellah can understand." There be hotels and hotels, and, as it seems to me, the "Ranfurly" belongs to the class of hotels which an enlightened Bench of Justices would endeavour to protect and increase.

HE HAD HIM THERE.

(Scene—Field by the Thames; artist has clambered over a hurdle fence and is busy making close studies of a prisoned flock of sheep; enter farmer, red with rage, insisting on the artist "gettin' out o' that this minit.")

Artist—I beg pardon, but really, sir, I cannot see that I am doing any harm, and I am sure you will—

Farmer (in amazement, stopping him short)—Well, I'm blowed, not a-doin' any harm; oh no, it won't, will it not? an' it won't be a-doin' any harm if you keep them sheep a-standin' all day a-starin' at you, instead o' fillin' up as fast as they can them bellies o' their's for me! Not a-doin' any harm, why—

[At this point Pingo packs up.]

GRANNY'S LATE LEADER.

The Reverend Rubbert can't get the cup board *
To pick with the "Boards" a bone,
For Granny takes care she'll keep him out where
His talking he'll have all alone.

* Cupboard—"Press."—P.D.

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

(Scene—School Board Room, Aberdeenshire. Election of School Board officer.)

Chairman (to candidate)—Could you put in a broken pane of glass, William?

Candidate—No, bit I cud tak' oot the broken ane an' pit in a hale ane.

(General titter amongst the members.)

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. I. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

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The New Police Bill.

Proposed Additional Clause.

THAT it shall herein be ordered and ordained that any person convicted before a Stipendiary, or other duly constituted Magistrate, of either of the under-mentioned faults and misdemeanours, shall be mulcted in a penalty of forty shillings, failing payment of which, he shall be incarcerated in prison for the space of fourteen days:—

Failing to give the wall to a policeman.

Laughing in a policeman's face, or speaking irreverently of his white gloves.

Winking at the Chief Constable.

Neglecting to bow to the Senior Magistrate.

Yawning over a Lord Provost's speech.

Advocating openly a reduction in the taxation of the city.

Refusing to admit that Glasgow is the best lighted city in the kingdom.

Hinting that a good round sum has been squandered by the Improvement Trustees.

Neglecting, if he be a doctor, to give due intimation, to the Sanitary Department, of every pulse he feels, or if a dentist of every tooth he draws.

Expressing the belief that some new blood is sorely needed in the Town Council.

Whispering that one way to become a Magistrate is to say "aye" to the powers that be.

Suggesting that certain of our Magistrates look woeful guys when they turn out in their cocked hats and official gowns.

Asserting that the new Police Act is otherwise than perfect.

ASINUS AT THE PLAY.—By players, and others, a good deal has been excised from and altered in the acting "Shakespeare." Were Asinus to follow with a new edition, he would as a considerable improvement have *Macbeth* killed not in the fifth act but in the first; and some others of them to "cut their sticks" earlier than when in Birnam Wood.

When is a "Door" not a Door—When it's a jar—of whisky.—*Vide* reports of Licensing Courts.

"Bentley's Miscellany" Ristor'd—The recent company at the Theatre-Royal.

A Musical Pitch—A band stand.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—*vide Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NRII. MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blunder of the "Real Johnny."*

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page 8

Solon.

WHEN John Ure assumed the honourable office of Lord Provost of Glasgow his outlook for distinction was unpromising. His predecessors had provided water and gas, supplied public parks and baths, made crooked paths straight, pulled down ancient landmarks, and, by means of an imperious Improvement Trust, given free spaces in which a grimy population may breathe the breath of life. Indeed, there was no material renovation to be wished, and John sat down in his robes disconsolate. But he was ambitious, and could not rest. He cast his eyes around; took sage counsel of the Fathers of the Corporation. At last he was rewarded. He saw that St. Mungo was wicked, sadly in need of moral reformation, and he became a preacher of righteousness. Ordinary events in the Council awoke his oratorical powers, and anything out of the common stirred him into an ecstasy of eloquence.

Then came the days of his prepared speeches—deep methodical exercises which read like sermons—delivered in tones monotonous enough to crush even the infant laughter of the irrepressible Martin. Yet after all his Demosthenical fire the Honourable John has discovered that iniquity is still unconsumed, and now he poses as a legislator. His mighty tongue has left the devil unsubdued, and, lo! he proposes to go to Parliament for help. He means to make his fellow-mortals good, and unable to curb their wilfulness by his own sweet influence he is determined to bind them with a Police Act—a stringent pair of stays that will straighten up their morals for all time. O, glorious Police Act! Its pages will carry and bury the thoughts of a Ure to the latest generations, and in its rubric will shine the name of the Honourable John through the mistiest years of coming time.

The constables will bless him always, for he has credited every Highland son of them with intelligence. Nay, he impeaches them with the higher qualities of logic, and allows them free scope to “suspect.”

Henceforth, ye shivering denizens of St Mungo, have a care of your conduct. After the passing of the Police Act,—which is to mark an epoch in the nineteenth century,—your freedom is gone. Get it interred, body and bones. No more of your balls and routes and dancing; no more eating and drinking, fiddling and singing; no more billiards; cakes and ale are to be hot in the mouth no more. A dazzling light from your windows, the echo of a Scottish song after eleven at night, will arouse the “suspicion” of the policeman, who will pounce upon ye as rioters and revellers and disturbers of the peace. But O, sallow dwellers in St Mungo, harbour no grudge in your bosoms against the good Lord Provost. He kills your liberty to preserve your virtue, and if he is not rewarded with a knighthood or his pains, then Royalty is no longer gracious. **DIABOLO.**

“GEM.”

(Scene—School in Paisley. Written examination proceeding on Napoleon’s character.)

Teacher (reading from a paper)—Napoleon was a “gem” man. What do you mean, Johnny? A collector of precious stones?

Chorus of Small Boys—He means he was “gem”—“gem” tae fecht.

(Collapse of dominie.)

“The (Police) Officers’ Mess”—The condition of the Govan “force.”

A Misnomer—The Improvement Trust (*vide* Sir William Collins’ statement).

OVERCOATS.—A Choice Selection of NEW HIGH-CLASS MATERIALS for WINTER OVERCOATS at Prices that must be completely satisfactory to our Customers.—MACINTOSH & FLEMING, 104 Argyle Street.

A Reproof to a Prince.

THE BAILIE has a crow to pick with the Duke of Albany. His Royal Highness is doubtless a very excellent young man in every relation of life; but what did he mean the other day by talking like this?—“We had hoped to have been at Preston a short time ago on the interesting occasion of the Guild festival there, and we shall ever regret that we were compelled to disappoint the kind friends who had prepared so hearty a reception for us. Glasgow is consequently the first large city in the United Kingdom—London, of course, excepted—that the Duchess and I have visited together.” Preston and Glasgow! Such names mingled! Our youngest burgess seems hardly sensible of the honour which has been done him; but, doubtless, he will hasten to make the *amende* the moment this mild reproof meets his eye.

PROFITING BY EXPERIENCE.

(Scene—A tap-room; a number of workmen are enjoying a dram.)

1st Workman (jocularly)—Weel, John, are ye gaun tae “fast” on Thursday?

2nd Workman (seriously)—Not if I know it. A had owre muckle fasting on the last occasion. The train didna arrive till aboot midnight, three hoors behint her time, an’ a hadna tasted bit nor sup frae five i’ the efternin.

What the ‘Shaws Folks are Saying.

THAT the majority of the new Council mean to improve the condition of the Burgh.

That there’s an old proverb about new brooms.

That, all the same, the resolution of Thursday’s meeting was a step in the right direction.

That the vigilance clique attempted to mar the work.

That the “men of known ability” will henceforth be known as the “stick in the mud” lot.

That the Provost entertained his election committee and friends on Friday evening.

That Councillor Munro was included among the friends,

OUR POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Hey, Jock! Are ye for “The Folly”?

No, man, I’m for Nell’s meetin’ the nicht; ye wun in for naething.

A N-ICE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—A young marryner the BAILIE knows speaks of his inamorata’s waist as the Heartache Circle.

Soft Soap—Mrs Langtry’s puff of Pears’.

A Hard Seat—The seat of war.

A Free Coup—A *coup de canon*.

Mot for Merritt—“I go on—For Ever.”

Steel Drops—Sabre cuts.

SAVES! SAVES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 603. Milner’s 1125.—JENNING’S, 101 Mitchell St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the "unco guid" have had a severe shock.

That Dr Adam has given them sair cause for anxiety.

That that strait-laced divine thinks that what is "sauce for the goose is not quite sauce for the gander."

That to drive over the city in a cab on a Sunday is hardly the thing for a man who objects to Sunday cars, steamers, and employment of every kind on the first day of the week.

That with Dr Adam, however, it isn't "do as I do," but "do as I bid you to do."

That last week's special meeting of Council was a lively one.

That it was called for the purpose of discussing the electric light.

That light was thrown on other matters than electricity before all the proceedings were over.

That the members of the Corporation have made up their minds to promote an Electric Lighting Bill in Parliament.

That the debate on the subject showed that the members know little or nothing about the electric light.

That deputations to other towns to learn the effect of the new illuminating power will shortly be all the rage.

That a favoured contingent of the Council will be located at the Westminster Palace Hotel to watch the progress of the bill.

That it seems questionable whether the bill will be of much value after it has passed.

That Sir William Collins has at last admitted that the policy of the Improvement Trust is a failure.

That Glasgow is losing £20,000 a year by the course adopted hitherto by the Trustees.

That the ground held by the Trust is to be sold at the current market rates.

That this is what Johnnie Neil advocated years ago.

That he got very well laughed at for his pains.

That the cry was "hold on till the prices rise."

That the Corporation have held on and the prices are as low as ever.

That the operations of the Trust would have ruined the wealthiest speculator in the country.

That the Scottish Legal meeting of last week was the rowdiest ever held in Glasgow.

That the Vigilance Committee are hungry for office.

That between the Directors and the Vigilants the Society is in a sad plight.

That the Ward Meetings are in full swing.

That as one Councillor after another tells over the story of his doings, the amount of work they have each performed seems fairly prodigious.

That surely it's too bad to keep these over-worked men in office term after term.

That there's a vacancy in the representation of Edinburgh.

That there's no vacancy in the representation of Glasgow.

That Glasgow, all the same, has only two votes in the Commons House of Parliament.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Daughter—Gie's a penny, mother, to buy lozenges for the kirk the morn.

Mother—I canna spare ye ane the nicht, 'Leezabeth, for there's a collection the morn for the awakening o' the Jews, and the penny'll be wantit for the plate.

Daughter—Awakening o' the fiddlesticks! Better gie the penny to me, for ye ken I aye fa' asleep wantin' lozenges; torbye, it's o' mair consequence to keep *ae* Christian awake than to wauken a hunner Jews that'll never thank you.

Quousque Tandem?

THOSE public nuisances, variously described as the "Salvation" and the "Hallelujah Army," who have been for some little time back doing their best to turn the good town of Dunfermline into an earthly Hades, are certainly not mealy-mouthed. The other night their "General" defied public opinion and magisterial interference, and stated his intention of putting down opposition "at the point of the bayonet!" Here is a pretty state of things, truly! A few "round dozens" with the cat-o'-nine-tails, distributed among the ringleaders of these impudent mountebanks, would do a vast amount of good both to themselves and to society in general. 'Tis pity we have thrown overboard certain salutary statutes of our forefathers, which would have enabled us to apply this admirable remedy.

What is the difference between a vicious child and an angry sweetheart?—Why, the one is "rude and wild," and the other is wooed and riled, to be sure.

Not a "Brown" Study—The revising of criminal indictments.

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We are only too pleased at any time to turn out Samples of our Stock to Visitors, and can assure Gentlemen that we value the patronage of the buyer of a single article as highly as we would the buyer by the gross.

IN OUR LADIES' DEPARTMENTS

We show many extraordinary lines This Week. Every morning fresh lines are laid out, and ladies will find it to their advantage to first look at our Stocks before going elsewhere. Do not buy till you compare with others. We want your custom, but not if you can buy cheaper elsewhere.

We should sell Half-a-Million of these Wonderful Mirror Back Hair Brushes at 6½ Ask to see them.

Ladies, ask to see our 19s 11d German-made Jackets.
Our Fur Capes—9s 11d, 12s 11d, 15s 11d—are worth double.
One only special Sable Tail Cape, £10; worth £20.
One only Twenty Guinea Skunk Set for Ten Pounds.

See the Giant Doll at 2½d—a sample of the good lines 1s Toys we will offer in December.

See the Half crown Tea Apron for 11½d.
See the 15s White French Stays at 5s 11d.
See the "Gem," our New Bonnet, at 14s 11d.
See the "Surprise," our New Hat, at 15s 11d.
See our New Patterns. See our Novelties.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1882.

WHO are to be the new Magistrates? The position of a Bailie in the Second City of the Empire is both an honourable and an onerous one—honourable because it carries with it abundant dignity, and onerous because its duties are numerous and are frequently both difficult and delicate. It seems a question, how-

ever, whether the best men are always selected for the Magisterial office. Nay, it even seems a question whether the best men usually aspire to it. For the three vacancies, for instance, which will fall to be filled up at the first meeting of the new Town Council next month, is there any likelihood that either Councillor URE or Councillor RICHMOND will receive a nomination? and yet no one denies that Mr URE and Mr RICHMOND are two of the most capable men in the Council. The names of Councillor BERTRAM, and Councillor SHAW, and Councillor FAIRLIE, have been whispered about of late as among the likely recipients of Municipal honours, and it is even hinted that Mr JOHN NEIL may at last reach the goal of his ambition, and be elevated into a gold medalled Magistrate. Be all this as it may, when the time comes we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile let us hope, if the best men absolutely are not selected for the Bailie-ships, that the second-best men will receive them. When we can't get the sun, we are occasionally quite willing to put up with the moon as a substitute.

The Great Cab Controversy.

THE next time Dr Adam takes a cab on Sunday he will, if he is wise, adopt some effectual disguise. If he does not take this precaution he must expect to be continually subjected to the ribald criticism of those whose density prevents them from perceiving that a Free Kirk minister is not to be judged by the rules which apply to an ordinary mortal. In the meantime the BAILIE is inclined to think that this pretty little controversy is likely to do a considerable amount of good, inasmuch as it has shed the light of common-sense upon a subject which stood much in need of such illumination. It is rather startling to find Dr Adam and common-sense in conjunction; but there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio —!

Steps are being taken to provide "private baths" for Pollokshields, East and West, and Strathbungo. My conscience! Whaur hae the sanitary folk been a' this time?

The Coming K (and coming it strong too)—Jeems of that ilk back from Egypt.

"Macgrigor's Gathering"—An audience at the Folly Theatre.

The "Transit of Venus"—Mrs Langtry's passage across the "herring pond."

A Shore Line—The Clan Company.

Quavers.

THE Crosshill Musical Association have chosen Schumann's New Year's Song and Schubert's Mass in F for their principal studies for the season. These are characteristic of their respective composers. The first is vigorous and incisive, the latter melodious yet reverent in feeling. Both are comparatively fresh. The society continues to flourish under Mr Smith's steady attention and care.

A Musical Society in connection with St Vincent Street Unitarian Church is this year to be conducted by Mr Channon Cornwall.

Barnett's cantata, "The Good Shepherd" is to be the study of Queen's Park U.P. Church choir this year. It was written for Kuhe's Brighton Festival of 1876. Produced in Paisley by the Musical Association immediately after its initial performance, it has not since been heard in Scotland. Possibly one reason of this is that, as usual with Barnett, it is no slight work, but that it is very fine music need not be said. Mr W. T. Hoeck, who has an inherited *penchant* for Barnett, will, of course, conduct as hitherto.

The usual Fast Night Concerts will take place on Thursday evening. The Tonic Sol-fa Society, under the baton of Mr W. M. Miller, will perform Handel's oratorio of "Samson" in St Andrew's Hall—broad and melodious music which, in spite of much that is passing away, has still the power to charm. The reign of fugue, however, gives signs of coming to an end as a means of expression in sacred subjects. The other concert on the Fast night is by the Glasgow Select Choir, who will bring forward Dr Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," which will be presented in a manner, little doubt, that will reveal beauties often concealed in ordinary performances of this very fine work. The sacred piece "Answer me, burning stars of night," written specially for the choir, and sung for the first time on the corresponding Fast night of last year, will also be produced. Its design, it may be noted, is alternate solo (the different voices) and chorus, in question and answer. Mrs Hemans, from whom the words have been taken, is becoming popular again with song-writers. For one thing they are sure of good sense, what your ordinary music-sheet poet is not always remarkable for.

Here is a copy, so far, *verbatim et literatim*, of a printed notice of the music to be performed, which was put up on a certain day, not long ago, in an important English Cathedral:—Thy mercy Ouseley; If we believe Goss; Lord for thy tender Farrant; Great and marvellous Monk; Blessed be Kent; I will lift up C. Whitfield; This is the day Green. What is omitted is equally absurd, not to say profane and discreditable.

Are the old days of massive unaccompanied choral music in our leading society for ever departed? Shall we ever hear "Sir Patrick Spens" again, or "In exitu Israel"? What was once so attractive a feature of the Choral Union performances should surely not be altogether neglected. Room should be found in the season for at least one concert where the choral glee, or the massive Motett might have a leading place.

The second of the new series of Saturday night Organ Recitals in St. Andrew's Hall, the distinctive feature of which is the interspersing of vocal or other solos, duets, &c, takes place on 28th instant. On this occasion Mr Thomas Berry will make what we must consider his first principal appearance as an organ soloist. Mr Berry, of whose capabilities as an executant the public have had many other opportunities of judging, will play, among other selections, an organ piece, *Allegro pomposo*, by Smart, one of the most legitimate writers for that instrument; a melody by Salome; an *Audante* from Haydn, and the Coronation March from "Le Prophete." Miss Fyfe and Mr Finlayson will contribute the vocal solos, and Mr Packer a flute fantasia; all indicating a line of departure that cannot fail to be generally appreciated.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Auchray—Ta Polis Pill

I WAS chust reading the first two three thousand claws of ta Polis Pill on Sursday nite when ter was a tremendous bumping at ta door, so I got up my paton to see what ta deuce was in ta neighbourhood, when in came ta coalman. He kicked up such a noisy in ta bunker like an earrsquake that I said in a joke if he'll not pe more noise in a polisman's hoose before ta next time I woot have him in ta lock up.

"Yis, yis, Mr M'Tavish," says he, "you'll pe ta prood man when ta new Pill begin. You'll pe putting your paw on eferysing, ant pe gaun smoking intae ta public-hoose fery much on duty. That one is ta best claws for you, Mr M'Tavish," says he.

"Well, Mr Dirty Pocks," says I, "I'll pe sure to see you if I'll be there."

"But, Mr M'Tavish," says he, "I'll see in one of ta claws if anybody cries coals or uses a bell or other noisy instrument he'll be fined, but I sink if ma cuddy get a bit tickle on ta hooch he'll pe able to cry for me. I suppose tat will pe no objection, Mr M'Tavish?"

"Don't pe ta least mistaken apoot that whateffer—if she'll pegin her doh-ray-fah on ma peat, off to ta offish goes your cuddy for being a noisy instrument."

"Well, well," says he, "I don't sink what will pecome of ta city whateffer, nor all ta steam whistles that plaws aff ta meal hours—ta rate-payers should stick one at efery street corner to whistle on a bobby when he'll pe wanted."

"A fery good observation for you, Mr Coalman," says I; "the bobby will no doot pe in demand when you'll pe hawking apoot wi' your licht weight. As for ta public works, they can put up steam clappers, or a time gun, or get ta len' o' your cuddy for a change."

"I see ters no use speaking to you, Mr M'Tavish, but I'll chust say we'll soon no get plawing her nose wisoot a penalty. Py ta pye, did you'll see ta claws apoot efery person tat use a strong fire will pe fined if ta light of such fire shines on ta street or scoria falis thereon."

"Yis, yis, I did saw ta claws, ant I sink tat scoria ant sciatica ant all other infeckshus disease should pe put down py ta polis, and you'll see one of ta nite beat lats will put ta blinders on Dixon's pleezes for shining on ta street. Nosing will henceforse shine in Glasca put ta light frae ta Council Champers—'a burning ant a shining light.'" "Especially burning, Mr M'Tavish," says he, as he went awa'. "I sink I'll have to emigrate to Paisley wi' ma cuddy. Good nite."

Megilp.

IT has been arranged that the Autumn Exhibition of the Institute will close on 18th November. During the four weeks that are yet to run there is time for both sales and attendance to improve.

The four gentlemen whom the Council of the Institute recommend for election at the meeting next Monday as members of Council are Messrs J. Muir, R. Murdoch, D. E. Outram, and W. Smith. Messrs Muir and Murdoch are at present members of Council: they are put up for re-election. The voting is to be conducted by voting papers, so as to allow each member present at the meeting to have a "voice" in the elections.

Intending candidates for membership of the Art Club may be interested to know that specimen pictures must be "sent in" by the 1st of next month. The election of members will be held on the 9th of November, which is likewise the date of the first general meeting of the Club for the season. Charles M'Ewen, of 79 West Regent Street, the Honorary Secretary of the Art Club, may be addressed on all matters connected with it.

Colln Hunter, who has completed his Arran studies, is at present engaged on a portrait—a new departure, surely, for a painter of the sea.

One or two artists still linger on in the Fifeshire villages. William Carlaw is painting at Crail, while Macmaster is at Pittenweem, and Robert Noble and several other Edinburgh men are at Buchhaven.

A. K. Brown has got home for the season.

Alexander Melville, the Oriental painter, has newly returned to Edinburgh from a sojourn at Bagdad.

Our Dumbarton friends have to be congratulated on the success that has attended their Art Exhibition. Never before, surely, did any local collection receive a measure of support from the wealthy people of the district larger than that extended to the one now on view in the Dumbarton Burgh Hall.

Another district picture exhibition, that of Dumfries, is about to be opened. This makes the seventh provincial art exhibition in Scotland—the other places which can boast of either having now or having had picture collections on view being Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Crieff, Dumbarton, Paisley, and Galashiels.

One of the notable private picture collections in Scotland is that of J. G. Orchar, of Dundee. It contains something like a dozen of M'Taggart's best works, together with a number of splendid examples of Sam Bough. Hook, Hunter, Pettie, Orchardson, Hugh Cameron, M'Whirter, and J. R. Reid are among the other artists represented on Mr Orchar's walls.

An exhibition of Industrial and Decorative art has just been opened in Manchester. It proceeds on an excellent plan. St. James's Hall, in which it is being held, has been fitted up into a series of rooms, each of which has been handed over to some one or other firm to do with as they please. Thus while Messrs Morris & Co.—William Morris of "The Earthly Paradise," Messrs Minton, Messrs Jeffrey, Messrs Gillow, and other well-known art manufacturers and decorators, are enabled to display their notions of colour and arrangement, visitors to the exhibition are taught various invaluable lessons, are shown, indeed, how art can be introduced into and made a part of our daily life. The Morris room, by-the-by, contains two exquisite stained glass windows, executed by William Morris from designs by Burne-Jones. Are we far from the time when an exhibition such as this could be held in Glasgow?

A "Bracing" Air—That of the moors.

A "Counter" Motion—"I move that we have glasses round."

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Dunlop Street.—See Advertisement page 12.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

(Scene—Manse parlour. Bridal party is present and the clergyman is about to tie the knot.)

Clergyman (to bridegroom's father, indicating bride)—What are you to her?

Bridegroom's Father—Sir?

Clergyman—What are you to her?

Bridegroom's Father—Sir?

Clergyman—What are you to her?

Bridegroom's Father—Well, if it's your pleasure, sir, I'll take a little spirits!

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 THURSDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1882.
 JOSEPH THOMSON, Esq., F.R.G.S.,
 Leader of the R. G. Society's New East African Expedition.
 Subject—"LEAVES FROM MY AFRICAN SKETCH
 BOOK."
 THURSDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1882.
 J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.,
 Subject—"THE ECLIPSE OF 17th MAY, 1882."
 THURSDAY, 14TH DECEMBER, 1882.
 W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S.,
 Prof. of Geology, Owen's College, Manchester.
 Subject—"THE CHANNEL TUNNEL and the PHYSICAL
 HISTORY of the STRAITS OF DOVER."
 THURSDAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1883.
 SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.A.S.,
 Professor of Physics in University College, Bristol.
 Subject—"THE EARTH A GREAT MAGNET."
 THURSDAY, 8th FEBRUARY, 1883.
 W. E. AYRTON, F.R.S.
 Professor, City and Guilds of London Technical College.
 Subject—"ELECTRIC LOCOMOTION" (with Experiments).
 THURSDAY, 1st MARCH, 1883.
 F. A. ABEL, Esq., C.B., F.R.S., F.P.C.S.,
 Director, Chemical Establishment, War Department.
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By Train leaving Glasgow (Central) at 8-15 a.m., Bridge Street at 8-18, Eglinton Street at 8-21, London Road at 7-33, and Bridgeton at 7-36 a.m. Returning from Carlisle at 6-10 p.m., Dumfries at 6-20, Lockerbie at 6-55, and Beattock at 7-20 p.m. same day.

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On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 25th and 26th OCT., RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE

Will be Issued at GLASGOW and PAISLEY to BEATTOCK, and Stations South thereof, up to and including CARLISLE; also to DUMFRIES and STRANRAER, and other Stations on the DUMFRIES and LOCKERBIE BRANCH and PORT-PATRICK RAILWAY, available to Return up to and inclusive of Monday, 30th October.

Passengers will please ask for Excursion Tickets.

SPECIAL TRAINS BETWEEN GLASGOW (Central and Bridge Street Stations), PAISLEY, and GREENOCK. Glasgow (Central) for Greenock at 8-50, 9-52, 10-50, and 11-50 am.; Greenock (Cathcart Street) for Glasgow at 7-50, 9-0, 9-45,

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Glasgow, October, 1882.



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CARLISLE, GIRVAN, NEW LUCE,

And Stations on the Port-patrick Railway.

Via CASTLE DOUGLAS,

The Tickets being valid for Return up till and inclusive of MONDAY, 30th OCTOBER.

On THURSDAY, 26th October, a Special Express Train will leave St. Enoch at 8-15, Shields Road at 8-20, and Paisley at 8-30 a.m.

	Return Fares.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.
For Mauchline and Auchinleck,	5s	2s 6d	
Old Cumnock, New Cumnock, & Sanquhar,	6s	3s od	
Thornhill,	7s	3s 6d	
Dumfries, Annan, and Carlisle,	8s	4s od	

Returning from Carlisle at 6-30, Annan at 6-58, Dumfries at 7-25, Thornhill at 7-55, Sanquhar at 8-15, New Cumnock at 8-35, Old Cumnock at 8-45, Auchinleck at 8-50, and Mauchline at 9-0 p.m. Passengers may return from Dumfries, Annan, and Carlisle up till SATURDAY, 28th October, by any Train, on payment at the Booking Office before leaving of 2s First Class and 1s Third Class additional to the Excursion Fare.

On THURSDAY, 26th October, a Special Express Train will leave St. Enoch at 9-15, Shields Road at 9-20, and Paisley at 9-35 a.m.

	Return Fares.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.
For Kilwinning, Saltcoats, Ardrossan, Irvine,	4s	2s.	
„ Troon, Prestwick, Ayr,	5s	2s 6d.	

Returning from Ayr at 7; Prestwick at 7-7; Troon at 7-14; Irvine at 7-23; Ardrossan at 7-20; Saltcoats at 7-25; and Kilwinning at 7-33 p.m.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, October, 1882.

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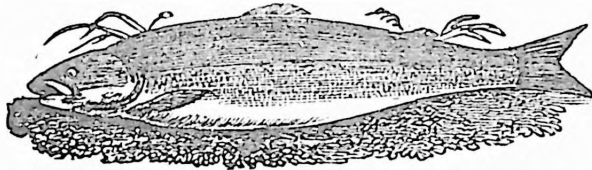
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THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

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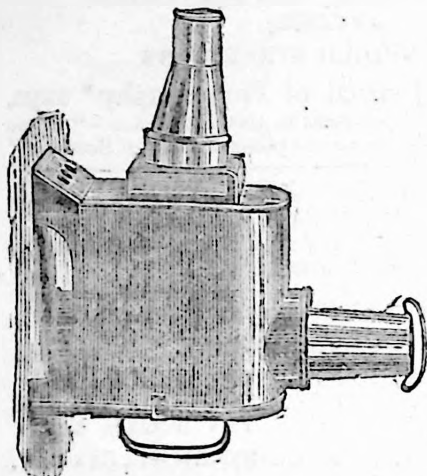
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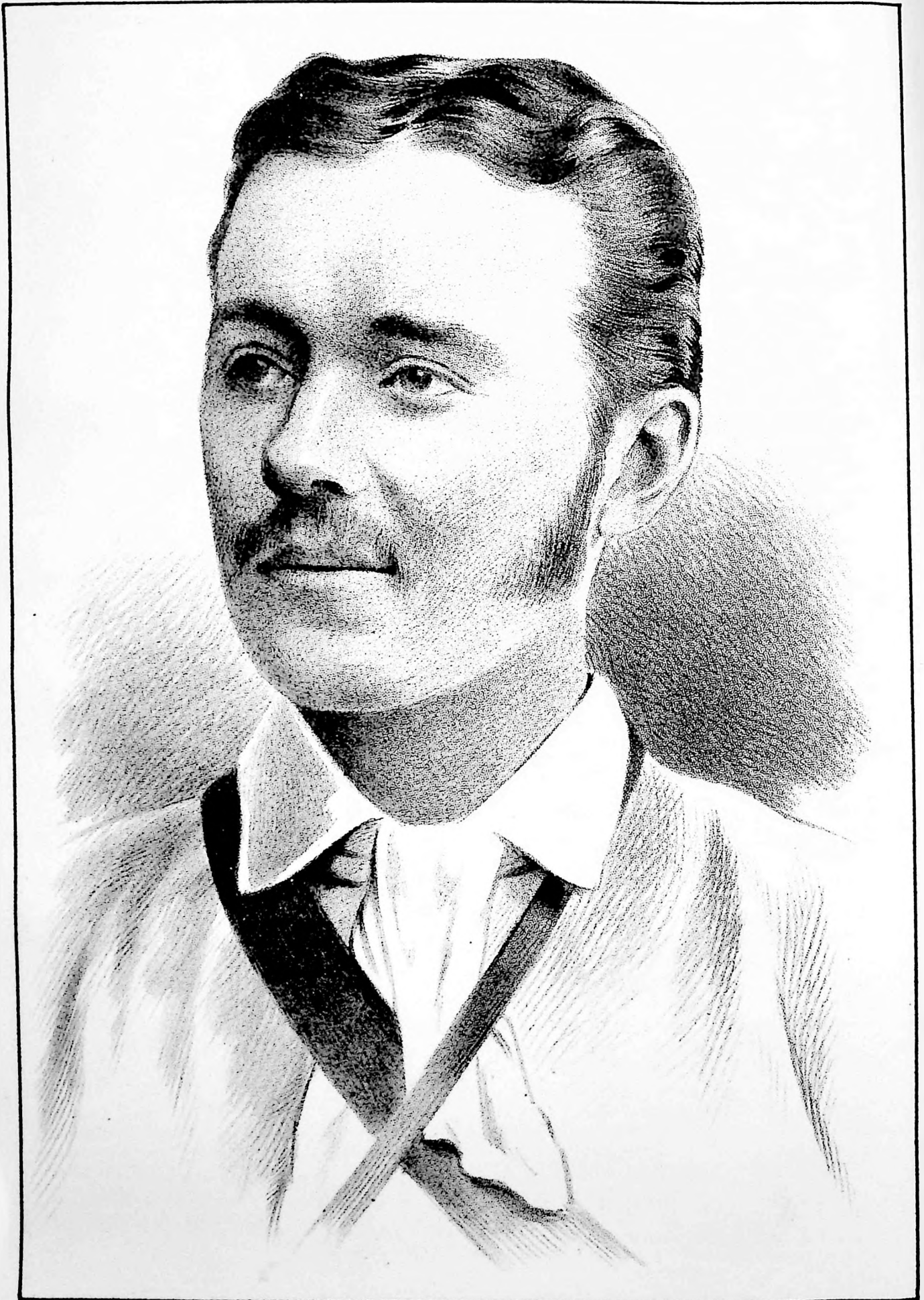
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 524. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 1st, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 524.

THE romance of African travel, notwithstanding that we are coming within measurable distance of the twentieth century, continues as vivid as ever. Bruce and Mungo Park never accomplished half the adventures achieved by Mansfeld Parkyns and Captain Burton, the story of the Grant and Speke expedition seems commonplace beside that of Stanley, Livingstone's largest feats were emulated by Commander Cameron, and now JOSEPH THOMSON, the latest, and likewise the youngest of African explorers, comes forward with a narrative which shows that, manifold as have been the discoveries already made in the Dark Continent, it still offers abundant scope for the daring heart and wandering foot of the born explorer. THOMSON, who was the leader of the Royal Geographical Society's last African Expedition, is, as all the world knows, a native of Dumfriesshire. His father, who is a successful and energetic quarryman, became lessee of Gatelawbridge Quarry, near Thornhill—celebrated in “Old Mortality,”—in 1868, and it was in Thornhill that the future African adventurer, who was born, by-the-by, in the village of Penpont four-and-twenty years ago—received his early training. Rumour has it that THOMSON was anything but a model boy at school. While he had none of the vicious qualities of the Thomas Idle of Hogarth, he was as little given to the studious habits and copybook virtues which distinguished Mr Francis Goodchild, the most fortunate and least interesting of fictitious heroes. His time, indeed, was given up to novel-reading, and the study of books of adventure, rather than that of syntax and vulgar fractions. Happily, however, while JOSEPH was emerging from the condition of hobby-de-hoy into that of early manhood, he

came under the influence of Dr Grierson of Thornhill. The Doctor, who is credited with possessing the finest private museum in Scotland, had started, about this time, a class for the young men of the village, which he termed the “Society of Enquiry.” The “Society” met in the museum, and its members were encouraged to ventilate any and every subject which interested them, whether this belonged to the exact or the speculative sciences. As became a quarryman's son, the attention of young THOMSON was naturally given largely up to the “rocks” and “fossils” of Dr Grierson's collection, and so enthusiastic was his pursuit of geological studies that, acting under the advice of the Doctor, he enrolled himself a student in Edinburgh University. In Edinburgh, as in Thornhill, he soon became a marked man. After studying two winter sessions and one summer session, he left for home, carrying with him, besides several prizes, the geology and natural history medals. In a scrap of hitherto unpublished autobiography which lies before the BAILIE, Mr THOMSON, alluding to this portion of his career, says, “My taste for scientific pursuit was now thoroughly fixed, but how to follow it out in my own line was the difficulty. It seemed as if I would still have to resort to the quarry and work at geology as an amateur, when a paragraph in the daily newspapers turned the current of my life. It was a simple announcement to the effect that Keith Johnston was shortly to head an African expedition. I volunteered to go in any capacity, and was accepted as geologist and naturalist to the party.” In order to thoroughly qualify himself for his new duties, THOMSON undertook a series, not of studies, but of peripatetic exercises. He one day, for instance, walked from Thornhill to the top of Criffel and back, and danced a hornpipe in the evening before going to bed. The distance from Thornhill to the

base of Criffel is three-and-twenty miles, and the hill itself is over 2000 feet high, so that in his day's walk he must have covered at least fifty miles of ground. On another occasion he started from Thornhill, intending to walk to Greenock—his brother is the pastor of the George Square U.P. Church there—but broke down at Kilmarnock, a distance of forty-four miles, on account of the newness of his boots. THOMSON'S earlier career as an explorer has been told, partly in his book—"To the Central African Lakes and Back," and partly in the papers of the Royal Geographical Society. Reaching Zanzibar in the beginning of 1879, he undertook one or two preparatory journeys in company with Keith Johnston, and then the pair started, at the close of the rainy season, to make the circuit of the great Taganyika Lake, and settle, once for all, the problem of its outlet. Johnston fell a victim, early in the journey, to fever, and THOMSON was left, either to go on or return. He was little more than a lad, he was alone—with no white companion, that is—in sub-tropical Africa. Taking counsel, however, with his own dauntless spirit, he elected to go forward. Month after month was spent in toilsome journeyings, through well-nigh impenetrable country, and among savage tribes. In the end his efforts were crowned with complete success. He travelled round the lake, he crossed the Lukuga, "a noble river, which swept in rapid, swirling eddies, between high tree-covered banks, away towards the Congo and the Atlantic," and thus resolved one of the more vexed and notable problems in African geography. His return to this country was made in the September of 1880, and six months afterwards his book appeared. As those interested in such matters know, the "Central African Lakes" was one of the successes of the season. The first edition was sold out in a fortnight, a second met with eager buyers, and the third appeared by the end of the year. "On the appearance of my book," to resume Mr THOMSON'S own narrative, "I again left this country for East Africa, commissioned by the Sultan of Zanzibar to examine into the existence of a reported coalfield on the river Rovuma. The bursting of this bubble did not improve the relations between his Highness and myself, and we parted with mutual pleasure. I returned home in the beginning of the present year, when, to my delight, I found the Royal Geographical Society ripe with a new scheme of African exploration. The region selected was the unknown country lying along the Equator, between

the coast and the Victoria Nyanza Lake, and I had had the honour conferred on me of having been unanimously chosen to perform this arduous and dangerous task." "I expect," Mr THOMSON continues, "to set out for East Africa about the middle of November, although it is unlikely that I shall leave the coast till the April or May of next year." To these interesting personal details the BAILIE may add that he had the satisfaction, some weeks ago, of listening to a paper read by Mr THOMSON before the Geographical Section of the British Association at Southampton. Its subject was no less than the "Geological Evolution" of that part of Africa which its author had visited. Certain of the statements provoked opposition, and a lively discussion ensued, portion of which was occupied by a duel between THOMSON and Commander Cameron. No third party could possibly take part in the combat, for the simple reason that no third party knew anything, except by hearsay, of the district under discussion. It was a cheerful sight, however, to witness the equanimity and self-possession of the downy chinned youth, amid the wagging greybeards and deeply seamed faces by which he was surrounded. That he created a favourable impression in the assembly was abundantly manifest, the ladies, especially, making a close study of his countenance, through opera-glasses and otherwise, as he spoke from his place on the platform, between Sir Joseph Hooker and Sir Richard Temple, the last-named of whom was the chairman of the section. Mr THOMSON opens the course, for the present season, of the Glasgow Science Lectures, with an address, in St. Andrew's Hall, on Thursday evening, his subject being "Leaves from my African Sketch Book." "His appearance," as the theatre-folk would say, "should draw a good house." Africa and its exploration provides a topic of abundant interest, and the man himself is a personage in whom we all feel more than interest, of whom, indeed, we are all, and not unreasonably, proud.

GRIN AND "BEAR" IT.—According to a contemporary, bears have made their appearance in the city of Quebec, and "have committed considerable havoc." Jones, who sold Caledonians and North British last week, says that this may be true, though it takes a good deal of believing, but that in Glasgow it is the "bulls" that "commit" the most havoc.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

On 'Change.

WHEN Jules Verne wrote that singularly clever work fantastically designated "Twenty thousand leagues under the sea," he unconsciously aimed a tremendous blow at the parasites, sharks, and reprobates who prey upon credulous humanity by organising sham trading companies. The author takes the "Nautilus" to the bottom of Vigo Bay, where the crew load the mysterious vessel with the treasure sunk there by the Spaniards in 1702, in order that it might not fall into the hands of the victorious British admiral. "Allow me to tell you," said M. Aronnax to the captain, "that in exploring Vigo Bay you have been beforehand with a rival society, who have received from the Spanish Government the privilege of seeking these buried galleons. The shareholders are led on by the allurements of an enormous bounty, for they valued these rich shipwrecks at five hundred millions." "Five hundred millions they were," answered Capt. Nemo, "but they are so no longer." "Just so," replied Aronnax, "and a warning to those shareholders would be an act of charity. But who knows if it would be well received? What gamblers usually regret above all is less the loss of their money than of their foolish hopes. After all, I pity them less than the thousands of unfortunates to whom so much riches, well distributed, would have been profitable, whilst for them they will be for ever barren."

The moral ought to be obvious in this age of Emma Mines and other curiosities of mercantile experience. Jules Verne's apparently impossible story finds its counterpart almost every week. People with money subscribe to lift the sunken treasure, and make great gain thereby, forgetting that some Captain Nemo may have been there before them to clear it out. They are often warned, but our author's psychology is not at fault when he hints that the warnings may not be courteously received.

A case in point occurs to me now, and there is every probability that it will be presented to the British public, a few months hence, in the form of a prospectus. There is a mine in one of the Western States of America which has already ruined two companies. After each collapse it fell into the hands of the cormorants who originally started the enterprise as a limited concern. They, of course, gained to the extent of the machinery and plant put down by two sets of deluded shareholders, to say nothing of the hard cash paid. In the course of these successive operations the mine was worked out. Nothing remains but stones, which happen to be plentiful in the neighbourhood, and of no commercial value. That being the case the time has now arrived for launching a third company, and I anticipate that the auspicious event ought to happen about the month of January, when the money market may be more propitious than it is at present. If the promoters remain true to their traditions, the company will be described as a going concern that only requires a little additional capital to make it immensely profitable. Reports will be submitted from eminent engineers, mineralogists, and chemists. The ore will be pronounced of exceeding richness and abundance, and the old farce may possibly be played over again, to the intense amusement of all who have seen it before, and the permanent profit of the clever scamp who take the money at the door.

The first ordinary general meeting of the Glasgow and London Insurance Co., Limited, will be held on Tuesday, 31st October. An early copy of the report, which reached me some days ago, shows that the company has made extraordinary progress considering the short time it has been in existence. It is not every concern of a year's growth that can point to a gross premium revenue of £85,000 and an issue of shares at 10s premium. The expenses of management, moreover, do not appear to be excessive; but the item of £13,400 paid for commission is enormous, as it amounts to more than 15 per cent. on the premium revenue. There is another entry in the balance-sheet which requires explanation, namely, the reserve of £15,500 for unadjusted losses. It is, of course, necessary that there should be some reserve to meet these liabilities, but the accounts do not make it clear if the premium revenue has been included intact

up to the end of the official period on the 30th June, or whether an allowance was made for current risks upon which the premium was thus not completely earned. The reserves of £15,500 may cover this outstanding responsibility, but it is not made apparent that they do, and the matter is of considerable importance. The company has made a distinct gain by securing Mr Robert Robinson as a director, but though he is a genial gentleman, who dearly loves a joke, it was hardly fair to print his name as "Robert." SCRUTATOR.

A "Zoo" for Glasgow.

CERTAIN correspondents of the *Herald* are desirous of establishing a "Zoo" in our midst, and one gentleman remarks that "large numbers of rare exotic animals and birds find their way to Glasgow." This is but too painfully true, and it might be well if these rare and exotic animals and "birds"—genus, human; family, chiefly Hibernian—could be stowed away carefully by themselves under proper supervision. Compartments might also be assigned to those various menageries, bear-gardens, and ape-aries which afflict us in the guise of Councils, Boards, and so forth. Altogether the idea is one which has the BAILIE'S hearty support.

FIVE PER CENT.

(Scene—Ob an; Donald's shop newly opened.)
Neighbour—Weel, Donald. Hoo's yer bit shop daein'?

Donald—O-oh, she wass doo ferry well; an' tae five per cent. proffit was coot!

Neighbour—Five per cent. But ye nicht get mair!

Donald—She'll doo! What she'll give seex pence for she'll got half-a-croon! O-oh aye she'll doo!

JOHANNES CHRYSOSTOMOS.—Johnny Neil is evidently practising linguistic niceties and euphemisms, with a view to his approaching (?) dignity as a "gold magistrate"—a literal Chrysostom. Rebuked the other day for accusing the Council of "howling at Mr Martin like a lot of uncivilised barbarians," Johnny was equal to the occasion. "I will withdraw the expression," he remarked with easy dignity, "and say that you did not receive him in the courteous way you should receive a public benefactor." Which is not bad in the synonym line.

"Songs without Words"—Those of our feathered warblers.

The Lady of "Lyons"—An(n)-Archy.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinions*, 11th October, 1880. NAIL MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blender of the "Real Johnny."*

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are to have a week—beginning this evening—of Italian opera at the Royalty. Among the pieces announced for representation are the “Trovatore,” “Don Giovanni,” and “Faust.”

Miss Marie de Grey comes next week to Mr Knapp's house, bringing with her an “excellent all-round company.”

The *prime donne* of the Carl Rosa Company (which will appear at the Royalty on Monday, the 13th November) are Madame Marie Rose and Mdlle. Valleria.

Mr Henry Irving will pay three professional provincial visits next year at the close of his Lyceum season and before he leaves for America. These will be to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. He appears in Glasgow, as a matter of course, on the stage of the Royalty.

That wonderfully comic piece, “Fun on the Bristol,” has been secured by Mr Knapp for his Christmas and New Year's entertainment. “Fun on the Bristol” has no plot to speak of, its characters are absurdly impossible, and its dialogue—well, its dialogue isn't quite so neat as that of the Robertsonian comedy. But these shortcomings notwithstanding, it is one of the most taking pieces going. You can't help roaring at it. “Fun” is its end and aim, and funny it is—wildly, madly, screamingly funny.

“A Wise Child,” and the burlesque of “Zampa,” will be presented this evening, and during the week, at the Gaiety, with Mr Anson and Miss Grace Huntley in the leading parts. The programme is a well-balanced one; it ought to command large audiences.

One of Mr Heslop's engagements for the Gaiety is that of Mr Herman Vezin, who will appear in a series of Shakespearian revivals. Mr Vezin comes here immediately after the withdrawal of the Christmas pantomime of “Beauty and the Beast.”

Tennyson's “Promise of May” will naturally supply the theatrical sensation of the winter season in the great metropolis. Mr Heslop has secured it for the Gaiety for next spring. Mr Charles Kelly and Mrs Bernard Beere will appear in their original parts when the play is produced in Glasgow.

Miss Kate Santley comes back to the Gaiety on the 13th of November for a couple of weeks, bringing with her the famous “Mascotte,” in which she will of necessity sustain the *title-role*. The acting and stage manager of Miss Santley's company is our old friend Mr Sam. H. S. Austin.

Mr Austin, by-the-by, has organised a football team from among the gentlemen principals and chorus of Miss Santley's Company, and I understand that a match is likely to be arranged between them and a Glasgow team during Miss Santley's visit.

“Arrah-na-Pogue,” which many good critics consider the best of Mr Boucicault's plays, will be performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre this evening, when Mr Sullivan will appear as *Sham the Poet* and Mr Nerney as *Michael Feeny*. By-the-by, BAILIE, do many of your readers remember the sensation Mr Carter made in the last-named character at the old Theatre-Royal in Dunlop Street? It was a complete surprise to the audience. Indeed, I can only recollect two other instances where as great a hit was made by members of the stock companies—the one being on the occasion of the first performance of “The Ticket-of-Leave Man,” when Mr Walter Baynham fairly took the house by storm by his *Hawkshaw*, while the other was Mr Lloyd's *Verges* in “Much Ado about Nothing.” In the case of Mr Baynham the house fairly “rose” at him; his disguise was so complete and his acting so powerful. Miss Temple, the leading lady of Mr Sullivan's company, is a pleasing young actress, and made an exceedingly favourable impression last week as the *Collen Bawn*, and this, I have doubt, she will increase, by her appearance, to-night, in “Arrah-na-Pogue.”

There is some talk among the Directors of the new “Glasgow Theatre and Opera-House Company” of re-producing last season's Drury Lane Pantomime on the stage of the Theatre Royal during the coming Christmas and New-Year Holidays.

Is the “Romany Rye,” some account of which I gave last week, and which is to be produced this evening at the Grand Theatre—the equal of “The Lights o' London.” Some Londoners say yes, and others say no. However this may be, and comparisons, as we all know, are usually odorous, there is no question that Mr Sims' second melodrama is a powerful, exciting piece of theatrical workmanship. It is said, besides, to possess no small amount of humour. Its characters, especially its amusing characters, have been drawn with great skill, and the stage arrangements, in one of which a gipsy encampment changes as if by magic to the exterior of an old English mansion, are specially effective. “The Romany Rye” will run at Mr Charles's house “till further notice.”

I have received the following letter, copies of which, I understand, have been sent all over the city. It speaks for itself:—

His Royal College of Music.—Founder and President: His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G.

SIR,—We have the honour to enclose herewith a programme of the Concert in aid of the foundation and endowment of the above College; and feeling certain that you will, with your accustomed liberality, wish to assist a national Institution, so greatly advantageous to this town, we most respectfully solicit therefor your kind patronage and attendance. His Royal Highness the President, in expressing his great approval of, and much interest in, the Concert, has most graciously intimated that he will be pleased to receive the autographs of those attending, and as we should much like you, as one of the principal residents, to insert your name in the Presentation Album (intended as an expression of sympathy with, and good-will towards, the Institution, for the personal information of His Royal Highness), we shall esteem it a favour if, at your earliest convenience, you will please call here and append your signature. Trusting to receive your patronage, and awaiting your kind reply,

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
PATERSON, SONS, & Co.”

Apropos of the “Album”—the “Royal Album”—I understand that Mr James Brown, “the perpetual,” handed it round the Council Chamber at last Monday's meeting of Town Council, and received 17 signatures to its columns.

An amusing incident occurred on Friday afternoon at the meeting of the guarantors and subscribers to the Choral and Orchestral Concert scheme. Col. Donald Matheson concluded a capital speech in support of the undertaking by inadvertently remarking that he “was certain the audience would approve the toast he had the honour to propose.” The energetic C.B. realised the position only when he heard the peal of laughter with which his last words were greeted, and he then entered into the jest as cordially as his neighbours. His resolution was passed by acclamation, amid great merriment, Mr James Campbell jocosely remarking that Col. Matheson's allusion to the “toast” “was probably due to mere force of habit.”

So, my Magistrate, our friend Councillor Grierson has given a hint of his possible retirement, before long, from the Municipal Parliament. His town house is, I believe, for sale. When this has been disposed of, and he has betaken himself to his estate in Dunfriesshire, will he withdraw from the Board of the North British Railway as well as from the Town Council?

Before Mr Grierson goes, however, he purposes, I believe, doing two things. One of these is the reformation of the Town Council Committees, and the giving of an exhaustive statement with regard to the accounts of the Tramway Company. His remarks, I may recall to your readers, anent the renewal of the Tramway Company's lease, were all in the right direction.

Some time in the course, I believe, of next month, Mr Mathieson is likely to divest himself of the office of Preceptor of Hutcheson's Hospital. I should not at all be surprised if Ex-Bailie Osborne were nominated to the post. The Preceptorship, by-the-by, is an office which would just suit Bailie Dunlop, were

it not that he has already engaged himself to rectify the affairs of the Improvement Trust.

Preceptor Dunlop. My conscience!

That there is the utmost necessity for a constant supply of fresh blood into our local parliament is a string on which you have harped, my Magistrate, for ten years past. Look, for instance, at the appearance of the platform in St Andrew's Halls during the recent Royal visit. As Councillor after Councillor made his way into the neighbourhood of the Duke and Duchess of Albany it was simply one old silvery-haired, or bald-pated man, who succeeded another equally distinguished by the marks of age.

At present, however, two young and promising candidates are in the field, eager to win their way to municipal honours. These are Mr James M'Farlane, who has come forward for the Fourth Ward, and Mr Malcolm Campbell, who is contesting the Eleventh Ward. Should they be returned, they are certain, I feel confident, to join that small party in the Council who seek to act independently—that party who no more fear the frowns than they seek the favours of those in power.

The Glasgow Tricycling Club has just been formed. It is composed of gentlemen having their places of business in the city, but who reside in various suburban districts, such as Lenzie, Renfrew, Pollokshields, Hillhead, and Crosshill. The chief object of the Club is to arrange runs into the country.

Mr Roderick Innes, recently of the *Glasgow News*, has been appointed editor of the *Galloway Gazette*, a weekly of the Tory persuasion which has a large circulation there-awa. Pleasant mannered, possessing a large fund of commonsense, and a capital pressman, Mr Innes may be depended on to make his mark among the Gallovidians.

Digestion.

DR W. J. FLEMING delivered a lecture on "Digestion" in the Christian Institute last Wednesday. It is to be regretted that the Doctor did not take the opportunity of furnishing the electors with a few practical hints as to the best mode of digesting the "cauld kail," in the shape of municipal oratory, which has been poured down their throats of late. He might also have thrown out a few suggestions, for the benefit of successful and unsuccessful candidates, showing the latter how they may most comfortably digest their defeat, and the former how to digest, with the least amount of personal inconvenience, the pledges which they have swallowed. Dr Fleming has missed the chance of becoming as great a public benefactor as—well as, say, Jeems Martin.

CELL OR SELL?—Mr Michael Davitt thinks that "to say anything more after a speech of Mr Ferguson is as difficult a matter as to pick up a crumb of bread in a Dartmoor cell." The BAILIE has not had the advantage of Mr Davitt's penal experiences, but he can affirm that if a Dartmoor cell bears any resemblance to a speech from Mr Ferguson, it must be very empty indeed.

Proverb Egg-sample—An œuf is as good as a feast.

Hallow-een—Saint Sepulchre's.

Megilp.

THE election, on Monday, of Sir Peter Coats to the Presidency of the Institute of the Fine Arts, must necessarily exercise a beneficial influence over its fortunes. Sir Peter is an enthusiast in whatever he undertakes, and he is certain to do his best for the Institute.

The election, however, on the same day, which followed that of Sir Peter, namely, that of Messrs Carlaw, A. C. Holms, D. E. Outram, and Robert Ramsay, or at least of three of these gentlemen, to the Council of the Institute, was something of a surprise to the former members of that body. It seemed that the principle upon which the majority of those present went was that fresh blood was wanted in the Council, and having this notion they voted accordingly. But "All's well," as we know of old, "that ends well," and this adage probably applies to Institute elections as to other sublunary affairs.

The artistic members of the Institute are to be congratulated on having secured Mr Carlaw as their new representative on the Council.

Good Cheer, the Christmas number of *Good Words*, is made up this season of a couple of stories, one of which is the work of Mr Anthony Trollope, and the other that of Miss Linskill. The latter is termed a Yorkshire pastoral and is illustrated by Samuel Reid. Another Glasgow artist comes to the front in the current number of *Good Words*. This is Alexander Davidson, who supplies the frontispiece to the November issue of Dr Donald M'Leod's serial. Mr Davidson's picture, which represents a servant girl on her knees, in the attitude of prayer, manifests an excellent feeling for light and shadow, and is spiritedly and yet carefully drawn.

Our artist friends are beginning to find their way home from their autumn quarters. William Young came back on Saturday from Borrowdale; and Messrs Alexander Davidson and Duncan M'Kellar, earlier in the week, from Aberfeldy. William Carlaw has likewise returned from Crail.

"Sending-in day" for the coming Art Club Exhibition is Monday, the 13th inst.

Some exceedingly fine drawings by James Paterson, illustrative of the Moor at Craigenputtock—a district which all Carlylians must regard with a species of mystic awe—were on view, last week, in the Fine Art Gallery of Messrs Reid in St. Vincent Street.

It is proposed that the Committee of the "Burns Bust" movement shall ask half-a-dozen Scottish sculptors to compete, with models, for the commission to execute the bust of the poet for Westminster Abbey. When the matter was mentioned last week in the column of "Gossip," a slight error crept in. It is expected that the bust will be ready in its place by 1884—not 1883. Those, by-the-bye, who have not yet subscribed to the bust, may procure cards enabling them to do so, upon applying, either to Bailie Wilson or Councillor Jackson.

KNOCKED INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK.—It is reported that at a meeting of County Road Trustees, Mr Walter MacFarlane said that "we are reviewing the business done at the following meeting." How that which is to follow was to be presently reviewed is "one of those things which"—well, the BAILIE "cannot understand." But he would be a wise man who could understand all that is said at meetings of County Road—and other Trusts.

Golden food—A "roll" of sovereigns.

"Burns" Nicht—Hallows'en.

An Outrigger—A tailor.

The "Carol" of the Future.

"Public works nowadays do not use a steam whistle but a steam organ pipe, as most of our steamers do now. Your musical critic will tell you that these organ pipes can be so tuned and blended as to make a harmonious morning carol."—*Correspondent of the Herald.*

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, slavey dear,
That to "morning carol" standard I may educate my ear.
I full oft have—blessed that "carol," but I somehow fancy I
Missed the "harmony," and therefore I must have another try.
If you're waking, call me early; for what mortal man would
choose,

Snoring discords on his pillow, all that "harmony" to lose;
Or prefer the idle fancies of a vain, delusive dream
To the exquisite sensation of a symphony in steam?

'Tis the Music of the Future, I have not the slightest doubt,
And Dick Wagner and his toadies it must quickly put to rout;
For the Meister's maddest "leit-motif" must cave in very soon
'Fore a dozen "Yankee devils" nicely blended and in tune.

So, my "J. N." and my Gairdner, you'd a back seat better take."
Stick to poetry and "practices, for your very credit's sake,
What Lorenzo said remember, when he spooned in Belmont's
grounds,

Of the fellow who's insensible to "concord of sweet sounds."

But for us who can the influence of heavenly music feel
"Carol" on, Harmonious Blacksmith, and still more melodious
"de'il,"

And the poet's last injunction shall be this throughout the year—
If you're waking, call me early, call me early, slavey dear!

A BIG TALE.

Tommy—I think I know what you're looking
for so intently at the ring in that soo's nose,
father.

Father (who goes in for a little "rig" occa-
sionally)—Why, my son?

Tommy—Because the nose being in the air
reminded you of a rise in pig-iron.

Father (chuckling)—Quite right, Tom; and
more by token, the last rise has saved my bacon.

TEMPLARS" AND TEMPERANCE.—Addressing
the electors of the Fourth Ward last week,
Mr James M'Farlane said that he had been
waited upon by a deputation of "Good Templars,"
whom he had informed that "although not a
Templar, he was exceedingly temperate." Why
"although?" Who ever hear of a temperate
"Templar?" On the next occasion of the kind,
Mr M'Farlane, you ought to say, "I am not a
Templar, because I am temperate."

FISHING NOTE.—Two enormous crabs were
caught on the river during a four-oared boat
race the other day. They are said, however, to
have proved rather indigestible diet.

DUNN "DONE"—Chief John, by the return of
Cetewayo.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky,
18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New
Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Tory Tyranny.

AT last week's meeting of the Liberal "Six
Hundred" Mr Borland drew a most mov-
ing picture—quite a diorama, in fact—of the
scurvy treatment to which the Lord Advocate for
the time being was subjected by a Tory Home
Secretary—Sir Richard Cross. Besides having
other indignities heaped upon him the hapless
Scottish official was, it seems, "put in a top-flat
room in the Home Office, and kept there as a
kind of head-clerk under the supervision of the
Home Secretary." This picture is almost tragic
in its pathos, and can be matched only by
Sterne's captive, by the Dauphin under the
thumb of the brutal Simon, or by the heroine of
"The Song of the Shirt." The only wonder is
that Mr Watson survived such treatment long
enough to take his seat, burly and sonsy, in the
House of Lords.

"Education" a la Mode.

IN distributing the local examination awards
at the University the other day, Professor
Dickson brought out a very significant fact.
While gushing over the candidates' proficiency
in "special subjects" he gently deprecated their
blunders in the use of what he is pleased to term
"Her Gracious Majesty's English." Just so.
While our boys and girls are being crammed
with conic sections and German—forgotten the
day after the examination which is the aim and
end of it all—they are unable to construct a
sentence in their mother-tongue. And this is
modern "education." Heaven help us!

A WICKED WISH.—At the opening of a new
reformatory for girls at East Chapelton the
other day Mr A. A. Ferguson, who presided, said
that he "should like to see those commodious
premises more fully occupied." Considering the
purpose of reformatories, this is no more nor less
than tantamount to desiring an increase in
"juvenile delinquency." Fie, fie, Ferguson!

The Three P's—Policemen, Preachers, and
Processionists.

A Railway "Guard"—A regulation prohibit-
ing railway servants from leaping on or off
trains while in motion.

Permissible Poaching—Poaching eggs.

A Tip-top Policeman—A I.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91
Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof
Safe from 60s. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Police Bill is being knocked from pillar to post.

That the landlords are up in arms against it.

That even the Lord Provost is of opinion that considerable time should be allowed for the discussion of the different clauses.

That there seems some likelihood that the Bill may be relegated to the shelf above that occupied by the great sewage scheme.

That the Lords of Session have been down upon our Citizen Magistrates.

That Bailie Watson made a sad mistake in the strike case.

That Superintendent John Nelson was anxious for a conviction.

That the Bailie sapiently consented.

That the law expenses will come out of the pockets of the ratepayers.

That the tramway conductors are not mending their manners.

That the last Friday's case was a very bad one.

That Bailie Dickson imposed a lenient penalty.

That a fine of 21s, or ten days' imprisonment, is no very severe punishment for a tramway conductor who assaults two passengers and nearly kills one of them.

That Bailie Lamberton went into the Council as the nominee of the working classes.

That his cry was "reform and retrenchment."

That, as oor Jeems remarks, a "gould chain an' a cocked hat" work wonders.

That last Thursday was the "Winter Fast."

That the farce of causing our working-class population to take a holiday at their own expense in the end of October is a very sorry one.

That either the Fast-day ought to come earlier in the year or it should be abolished.

That this is a matter for some unconventional parson to take up.

That Dr F. L. Robertson ought to see to it.

That the Parliamentary session has begun.

That Glasgow has now only one representative at St. Stephens.

That the Senior Member is dead against the cloture.

That he doesn't care to vote against his party.

That he has met with an accident while away at the fishin'.

That the ship joiners' strike still draws its weary length along.

That the men are beginning to listen to reason.

That the rent day is approaching

That the "shrieking sisterhood" are about to hold a great congress in Glasgow.

That all the strong-minded females will be there.

That sensible women-folk will be conspicuous by their absence.

That's It!

FOR some little time a controversy has been raging in the columns of the *Times* on the subject of the depopulation of the Highlands, and claymores have been crossed right valiantly by his Grace of Argyle and that curious hybrid, Mr H. D. Macfarlane, M.P., who enjoys the proud distinction of being an Irish-Home-Rule Scotchman. Neither combatant, however, has condescended upon the true cause of the depopulation of the Highlands. This the BAILIE will now give, in strict confidence and a typographical whisper. Here it is:—

The Highlands are depopulated *not* to make room for sheep or deer, *but*—in order to supply Glasgow with a police force! Would they were repopulated.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Peter—I say, Bauldy, hoo div ye pronounce the name o' the capital o' Egypt? Is't Kye-ro or Kay-ro?

Bauldy—'Deed, Peter, it maun be Kay-ro, nae doot ca'ed after Jeems Kaye himsel', wha's just been ower there lately.

Peter—Ise warran' the Emperor of Egypt is a relation o' Jeems's, for he's a Kaye too—the Kaye-deeve, ye ken.

UNNATURAL SELECTION.—The "high-toned Hibernian party who writes to the *Herald* under the *nom de guerre* of "Orion," and who plays the "superior person" and "candid friend" to the mob of wild Irishmen led by the hysterical Ferguson, applauds in his latest utterance "men such as Mill, Wilfrid Lawson, and Davitt." Why not "men such as Plato, Jeems Martin, and Arabi Pasha"?—a selection still more original and quite as appropriate.

COMING IT STRONG.—The other day a foundation-stone was laid in Edinburgh by an awe-inspiring being who is described as a "Dignitary of the Empire of Brazil." My conscience! We shall next hear of a Notable of the Kingdom of the Cannibal Islands, or a Magnifico of the Mountains of the Moon.

The Place de la Justice—A Licensing Court.

The Place de la Concorde—A Presbytery hall.

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ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1882.

THE delay in bringing forward the new
Police Bill will certainly be the death of
it. It was at the LORD PROVOST'S instigation

that the work was undertaken, and now he alone is shouting as in a wilderness—plaintively, but unheeded—that it should be brought before Parliament next session. No other member of the Council has expressed himself in favour of this proposal, but on the contrary a large number have already declared themselves eager for delay. The Ward Committees, one after another, are passing resolutions in support of Mr H. S. THOMSON'S motion for postponement, and public opinion is strongly and unanimously in the same direction. The present Act has served for the government of the City during the last twenty years, and no new peril to the peace or safety of the community having arisen recently, or being apprehended, the same law may well be expected to suffice for another year at least. Again, what about all the brave speeches which have been made in the Council, since Lord Provost URE assumed the chair, as to allowing the ratepayers an opportunity of expressing their views on all Bills to be promoted by it before being lodged? What opportunity have they had in the case of the new Police Bill? Was his Lordship's statement regarding the Bill made before the Ward meetings had been held, or after most of them were past? Even now have the public had a reasonable opportunity of informing themselves as to the terms of the proposed amendments on the present Act? How many citizens have even seen the Bill? A majority of the Wards not having been represented on the Committee which revised the Bill, it may well be asked, how many Councillors have mastered its details and compared the amended clauses with the Act? No doubt Lord Provost URE had set his heart on having a new Police Act passed during his tenure of office; and if he had been as cunning and tenacious of purpose as he is ambitious he would have seen that the work of revision was completed in six instead of ten months. Now, it would be a scandal and a setting of the public interest at naught to force on the Bill instead of deliberately discussing its provisions, so as to mould it into a wise and beneficent measure. His Lordship would gain—not lose—by doing so; and, as Her Majesty is to lay the foundation-stone of the new Municipal Buildings in April next, he is certain of the prize which in these degenerate days seems to be the be-all and end-all of occupants of our Civic Chair.

The "Scott"-ish "Capital"—Mr Gladstone represents the "tail" of Mid-Lothian; the present candidates are for the "Heart" of it.

Hibernian Confidence.

THE proceeds of the series of meetings to be addressed by Mr Michael Davitt in Scotland are," it is said, "to be forwarded to Mr Egan, the Land League Treasurer, to be devoted to the purposes of the new national organisation." In view of Mr Egan's late remarkable achievement in bookkeeping, this shows a guileless and touching confidence on the part of the "exiles of Erin" which we native Scots can at least admire, if we cannot imitate it.

Plain Language.

WHEN Mr Mundella made the idiotic blunder, at Sheffield the other night, of saying that Sir Stafford Northcote had been "added to the list of Conservative electors of Glasgow," he also spoke of our city returning three Liberals to Parliament. Where is the third? And how long is the constituency to suffer itself to be treated in a manner which has begun to excite the attention and ridicule of the rest of the country? Delicacy and forbearance have their limits, and it is high time to make Mr Middleton's friends understand that if that gentleman is unable or unwilling to attend to his duties he must make room for some one else. It is intolerable that a great constituency should be treated in such a way as no municipal ward in a country town would put up with for a single month. The BAILIE has spoken.

A "ROSE" BY ANY OTHER NAME?—The *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting on the unveiling of the London Carlyle statue, speaks of the Thames Embankment "now numbering Carlyle among its sculptured effigies of England's greatest men." Probably he will be having something similar about the cast of Burns when unveiled in Westminster Abbey. What, the BAILIE wonders, would the *D.T.* say if he spoke of, as Scotsmen, Shakspeare or Lord Bacon.

NO LONGER ALONE.—The BAILIE having found in "Celebrated Boys' Suits" a companion to the "gold magistrates' medals," he would like now to know who the celebrated boys are. "Our Boys," perhaps, of the famous long-run comedy.

Return of the (Black-)Guards (Guarded)—To "Duke Street."

Hallowe'en for "Paris"—When he "went" for apples.

Relics of Burns—Blisters.

Quavers.

THE ninth series of Choral and Orchestral Concerts promises to be perhaps the most important since they were instituted. The season will be of longer duration, the leading artistes will all be of a higher type than hitherto, the orchestra will be stronger than before, and what is equally interesting, many of the musical compositions will be new to us and of a striking order of merit. We have from time to time given general forecasts of the engagements and arrangements of the coming season, as they happened to be completed, and need hardly repeat the particulars. The names may be given, however, of those artistes who will appear for the first time at these concerts, and in conjunction with Albani, Lloyd, Maas, Foli, Santley, and King, of whose engagement all are already aware. The newcomers are Mrs Hutchinson, a soprano of taste; Middle Elly Warnotts, a bravura soprano who has distinguished herself at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts; Miss Eleanor Farrol; also Miss Julia Gaylord, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. There are also Miss Hilda Wilnot, contralto, a second Madame Patey in dignity and breadth of style, we believe; and Messrs Egbert Roberts and Henry Blower, tenors.

Herr Joachim, as our readers were told some time ago, will play for the first time at these concerts, Glasgow for some reason having been deprived of the enjoyment of his unrivalled performance for some fifteen years. M. Louis Breitner, a pianist of considerable reputation from Paris; Master Alfred Hollins, the blind boy-pianist, who has been here twice or so with the pupils of the Royal College for the Blind; and last and by no means least, Madame Sophie Menter, are the solo pianists, all making their bow for the first time at these concerts. The orchestra is raised altogether to seventy performers, the strength of Charles Halle's famous band. This should secure greater justice being done in the case of a certain order of orchestral pieces, while conducing to a better effect generally.

The new series will extend over a period of ten weeks, and will consist of twelve concerts—four choral and eight orchestral. The first concert will be given on Tuesday, 12th December, and the last on Wednesday, 14th February.

It hardly needs any words of ours to commend the concert of to-morrow night (Wednesday) in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, to the notice of the citizens. Signor Foli, Madame Patey, Miss Williams, and Signor Runcio, are the vocalists. The Chevalier De Kontski, and Herr Peznanski, strangers here, but of first-class merit, are solo pianist and violinist respectively. What more can be added except that the scheme which this concert is intended to aid is worthy of ample support, and which is something, surely, that it is royally recommended.

The performance of "Samson" on the Fast night was altogether a very fairly satisfying one. The chorus sang well, the altos being of very good quality: the principals (who had, by the way, a strange experience during the week as to *locale* of performance) were fully equal to their share of the work, "Honour and Arms" being specially successful in the hands of Mr Burgon, and the orchestra was, on the whole, the best of an impromptu kind that we have had as yet on such occasions.

The concert by the Glasgow Select Choir on the same evening was, as usual, marked by refinement and intelligence. They made an excellent choice in Dr Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," its first public performance here. The music is graceful and often "characteristic," and, as might be expected, scholarly, though not pedantic. The "Wailing Chorus" is marked by character and was finely rendered. The "Chorus of unbelievers" (male voices) was no less successful, quaint and stirring as its nature. The choir renders valuable service in the way of example in taking up such works, now and then, as the "Daughter of Jairus." Among the miscellaneous pieces "O Sanctissima" (for male voices) showed what can be done for the simplest music in regard to expression. Mr Allan conducted with his usual neatness and decision. Mr Berry did wonders with the organ, bringing out its good points and concealing its bad ones.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

The Charge of the Five Thousand. SHOULD anybody wonder why Mr Forster did not stick to his post in Ireland, that wonder will be removed by a perusal of Mr Michael Davitt's speech in the City Hall last Wednesday night. According to our friend from Portland, the member for Bradford succumbed to such a terrific charge as has never been known in history. "Five thousand Irish ladies," says Mr Davitt, "rushed to the front, and before such a force Mr Buckshot Forster went down." The BAILIE should rather think he did! Anybody who has ever had the pleasure of assisting at a "difficulty"—say, in the High Street—between Biddy Moriarty, Molly Maguire, and other Hibernian females of the "Land League" type, can understand what a "rush" of 5000 such "ladies" would mean. Why, Sir Garnet himself, backed by horse, foot, and artillery—Life Guards, Black Watch, and Charley Beresford—couldn't have stood it, let alone poor "Buckshot"!

THE WRONG SHOP.

(Scene—Lobby, West-End Baths, Greenock, Friday, 7.45 p.m. Member entering from the Shoe Room sees an Irishman standing in the passage. Member proceeds up stairs to the Billiard Room, Irishman follows.)

Member (turning round)—Do you wish to see any one?

Irishman—Is this where the meetin' is, sor?

Member—What meeting?

Irishman—Michael Davitt's, sor.

Member—Oh no, you are in the wrong building, the meeting took place last night in a sugar store down the street.

[Exit Irishman muttering.]

SO "MOWAT" IT BE!—Bailie Mowat says he "has been told by his medical adviser that he must not continue in the magistracy, as the Police Court duties are detrimental to his health." Some folks are inhuman to wish that similar advice might be given to, and taken by, one or two other occupants of our civic Bench, whose "Police Court duties" are detrimental, if not to their own health, at all events to that of common-sense and justice.

The Autumn Session—Whether or not he has been doing things in a summary manner, Mr Gladstone at last expects fruit.

Teetotal on the Stump—Cold water from a pump.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page 8

"The Monstrous Regiment."

ONE of those exotic females who are at present rampaging round the country-side, endeavouring—with a gratifying lack of success—to persuade our wives and daughters that they are down-trodden slaves, is good enough to "wish to controvert the idea that the movement is conceived in any spirit of antagonism to men." It is gratifying to know this. Perhaps the foreign spinsters who lead the "movement" might be willing, on strong pressure, to prove the absence of such a spirit by exchanging the platform of the "emancipated female" for the more modest sphere of the housewife. What bachelor or widower will sacrifice himself in the cause of peace and quietness? The BAILIE begs pardon. What gentleman will enable a single lady to sacrifice herself on the altar of non-antagonism to men?

A "CRUSH"ING REPLY.

(Scene—A Railway Platform. Time—The Fast Day.)

Guard (hurriedly opening the door of a third-class compartment)—Any room here?

Gent (terribly squeezed up in corner)—Plenty room—for complaint.

(Speedy disappearance of Guard.)

Lines upon "Lines."

"THE isle is full of noises;"

My train-oil lamp is burning,
And 'twixt words symposes,

Some punning fun I'm turning,

When comes a wild "nocturne,"

A "whistler" on his shunting,

And all my thoughts adjourn

Beyond my fancy's hunting.

I think it splits my head,

And they 'scape through the fractures;—

Perhaps better thus they've fled,

Than from my brain have pack'd yours.

AN INVARIABLE EXCEPTION.—Sir William Collins is really too modest. In benignantly recommending Mr Lamberton to his constituents of the Fifth Ward the other night he "assured them that they were as much indebted to Mr Lamberton * * * * as to any man in the Council, not even excepting himself." Come, come, Sir William! This is going too far. When we talk of indebtedness *you* must be excepted, you know.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES, Dunlop Street.—See Advertisement page 12.

Govanhill Book-"keeping."

GOVANHILL is, as we all know, a very remarkable burgh, and it is but fitting that its official books should be kept—literally "kept"—in an equally remarkable way. We must not be surprised, therefore, by a little story told the other day by an inhabitant who had been charged twice for his rates. "His first call for an explanation was," said the aggrieved one, "at the bank, when he was referred to Mr Donald, who told him he had got the appointment but not the books. Mr Robertson was next called upon, but he had not got them either, and sent him to a Mr Watt, who, unfortunately, had not got them either, and as he (the rate-payer) was tired by this time he was asked to take a seat, and the books were sent for. After a time a clerk appeared, but it was with the Crosshill books." Thereupon the disgusted rate-payer, naturally enough, "came away;" and the problem still remains—Who *does* "keep" the Govanhill books?

Indication of the "Cloture" outside Parliament—The Professorial movement to throttle the steam-whistle.

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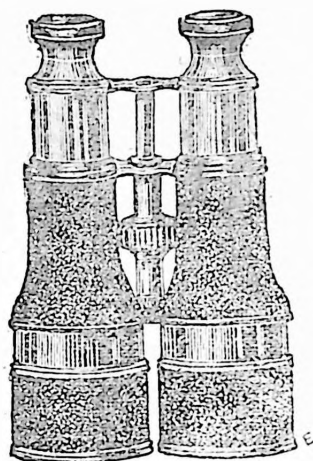
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We show many extraordinary lines This Week. Every morning fresh lines are laid out, and ladies will find it to their advantage to first look at our Stocks before going elsewhere. Do not buy till you compare with others. We want your custom, but not if you can buy cheaper elsewhere.

We should sell Half-a-Million of these Wonderful Mirror Back Hair Brushes at 6½d. Ask to see them.

Ladies, ask to see our 19s 11d German-made Jackets. Our Fur Capes—9s 11d, 12s 11d, 15s 11d—are worth double.

One only special Sable Tail Cape, £10; worth £20. One only Twenty Guinea Skunk Set for Ten Pounds.

See the Giant Doll at 2½d—a sample of the good lines 1s Toys we will offer in December.

See the Half-crown Tea Apron for 11¾d. See the 15s White French Stays at 5s 11d.

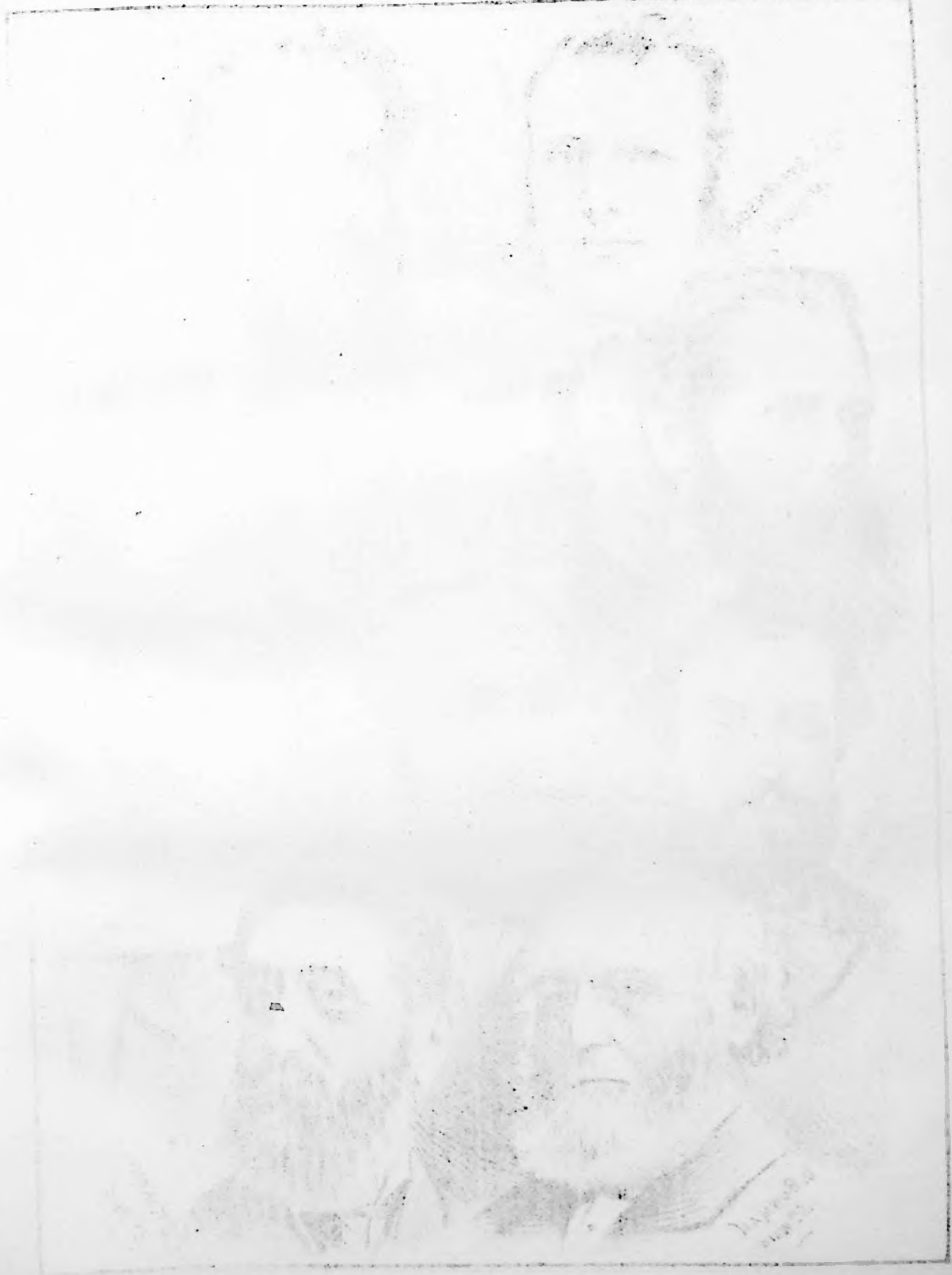
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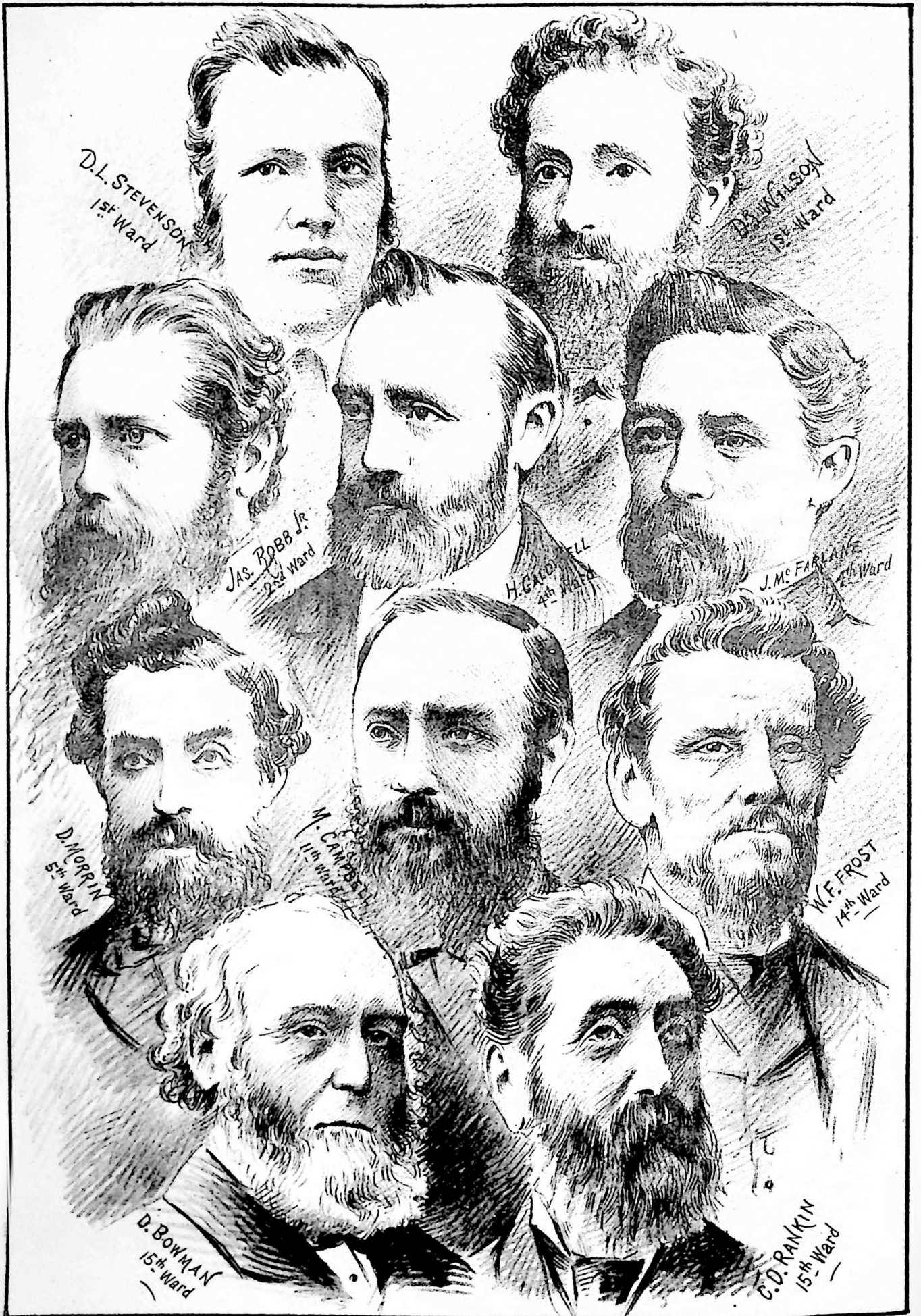
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 525. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 8th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 525.

THE election contests which are proceeding in Glasgow to-day are more or less instigated by an opposition to the powers that be. Rightly or wrongly, a certain portion of the citizens are dissatisfied with the prevailing policy pursued with regard to Corporation affairs. They cherish all due respect for our municipal rulers—the Lord Provost, for instance, is personally one of the most popular men in the city, but with the acts, or at least certain of the acts of these rulers, they find very considerable fault. “We are over-taxed, and an attempt is being made to over-govern us,” is the cry of the recalcitrants. And without going the length of the more extreme opponents of the majority in the Council, the BAILIE has no hesitation in saying that there is something in this cry. Comparing the taxation of to-day, and the taxation of, say, 1870, the gradual increase in the burden of assessment is broadly apparent. Whether any corresponding advantage has been conferred on the ratepayers is another matter. To outward seeming the city remains very much what it was a dozen years ago. What change there is is certainly for the better, but this is probably owing, in a greater degree, to the exertions of people themselves, than to the legislative enactments of our local parliament. And then as to the new Police Bill, which has provided the Opposition with a second string to their bow, the weight of public opinion, so far as it has received expression, is opposed, more or less, to every clause of that lengthy and somewhat involved measure. As was pointed out last week in these columns, the Bill is one which nobody asked for. It is meant to make us all perfect, but so far it has only succeeded in making a good many of us lose our tempers. These are

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the circumstances under which to-day's election contests are being fought. Some of them are manifestly of the very hollowest character. Neither Mr FROST nor Mr M'KILLOP can surely entertain the slightest hope that they will succeed in ousting Mr RICHMOND from the representation of the Fourteenth Ward. Mr ROBB'S opposition to Mr WILLIAM URE in the Gallowgate has utterly collapsed, and surely defeat is in store for the gentleman who has been pitted against ex-Councillor THOMSON in Bridgeton. It is in the Fourth, the Fifth, the Eleventh, and the Fifteenth Wards that the real tug of battle will be felt. In all of these the opposing parties appear to be very fairly matched. In two instances, those of Mr LAMBERTON, who is standing for the Fifth, and Mr FAIRLEY, who is contesting the Eleventh Ward, the candidates are put forward as people who have already done good work for the city. It may turn out, however, that this is just the reason why the electors may desire to supersede them with gentlemen who are as yet untried in municipal affairs. Two new men in each case are running for the Fourth and Fifteenth Wards. All four are more or less inimical to the manner in which Corporation matters are at present conducted. How the fortunate ones will carry themselves on their return to the Council yet remains to be seen. For his own part the BAILIE has every confidence in Mr CALDWELL, but then Mr M'FARLANE, you see, is close at hand to speak the electors quite as fairly as does Mr CALDWELL; while as between Mr BOWMAN and Mr RANKIN there seems very little to choose indeed. The BAILIE need hardly say, by way of conclusion, that he trusts the best men will win. Nay he has a hope even beyond this. The ratepayers have spoken out, at several ward meetings which have been held of late, with regard to the subjects of taxation and economy and it may surely be expected that some heed

will be paid in high places to their opinion. It may be impossible, with a due regard to efficiency, to retrench in any of the more important departments of the municipality, but care should be had, for the present at least, that no further increase of expenditure shall take place, and, above all, that there shall be no new development in the current rates of local taxation.

Queries for Candidates.

THE election which has just taken place in Edinburgh will be memorable for several reasons; but there was one feature of the contest which has not, the BAILIE thinks, received the attention which it deserves. During the "heckling" at one of Mr Waddy's meetings the candidate was asked, and told, his age. Now, this may seem a trifling matter, but it may prove to be our old friend the thin end of the wedge in a new disguise. Under the caucus system it is quite easy to conceive of some such schedule as the following being drawn up and submitted to any gentleman who proposes to solicit the suffrages of his fellow-citizens:—

What is your age?

Have you been vaccinated, and, if so, how did you like it?

Have you had measles, scarlet fever, elephantiasis, mumps, toothache, corns, and angina pectoris?

If so, did you have them together or separately?

Can you sing a comic song?

What are you going to stand?

Does your mother know you're out?

What is the average amount of your tailor's bill *per annum*?

Where was Moses when the candle went out?

When is a door not a door?

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

EASILY SUPPLIED.—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* for a "young dog or pup," which, he says, need be "no special breed." If the advertiser will but take an afternoon stroll down Buchanan Street he need experience no difficulty whatever in suiting himself. "Young dogs"—very sad ones, some of them—and "pups" abound in that locality, and as he is not particular about breeding his task will be all the easier.

Reduced to Writing.—A broken-down swell turning clerk.

A Round of Parts—An orange.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

"Omittance is no Quittance."

"A lady's verity is
As potent as a lord's."—*Winter's Tale*.

DEAR BAILIE, for a lady friend
You'll find a wee bit place,
Though, truly, what I have to send
Will not disturb your space.

There are some men of great pretension
Who fly off in a gruff rage
Should any of us chance but mention
We wish for Household Suffrage.

But you are not of those—your heart's
As true as olden knight's;
In all our tilts you take our parts—
I'll not say "Woman's Rights."

Because I do not like the phrase,
It sounds just rather strong—
And what we ask is not a craze,
'Tis but to right a wrong.

And see here, BAILIE—What are men
That they should this way lord it?
They make a law—the "how" and "when"—
Nor ask our help to word it.

O men! O men!—I know a few—
Such empty, helpless ninnies?
Give them a vote! and if you do,
It little short of sin is.

And I know women!—BAILIE, dear,
You long ago have weighed us—
I'll lose my temper now, I fear—
Do what you can to aid us.

Municipal Economy.

AT last Tuesday's meeting of Town Council Mr Martin asked "if we were to have a whole regiment of pensioners put upon the rate-payers simply because every party who considered himself unfit for duty was to be pensioned." The BAILIE does not quite see his way to answer this question; but it is an undeniable fact that there are numerous "parties" in the public service who, whatever their own views on the subject may be, are most decidedly "unfit for duty," and to pension whom would be real economy on the ratepayers' part. This remark applies to Coouncillors—aye, and to Schule Brod members forbye!

MORE LIKE IT.—The BAILIE is requested to make a slight correction. When Mr George Anderson met with the "accident" which prevented his being present to vote on the question of *clôture* he was engaged in fishing, not, as originally reported, for salmon, but for pla(i)ce.

The Mark of a High Calling (at least, in his own imagination) — A Highland policeman's stripes.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page 8

On 'Change.

FEW local schemes of interest, and hardly any of value, have been before the public during the past week. There is at the moment an absence of speculative enterprise here, whatever there may be elsewhere, and the soul seems to have been beaten out of pig-iron. A good steady business is being done in some departments, not speculative, but really involving actual shipments and a turn-over both of stock and capital. The coal-masters have got another innings, and they are making the most of the golden opportunity. They have waited long, and no one will grudge them their momentary success. The more active demand for shipment has occurred simultaneously with the increased consumption usual during winter, and the two causes have operated to bring about a higher range of prices. The advance was unquestionably needed, because rates have been too low for a long time.

The increased activity at the harbour has brought about the customary growl at the inadequate facilities provided by the railway companies. Here, again, my sympathies are entirely with the shippers. What I cannot comprehend is the absolute infatuation of the railway companies. They often appear to get into a comatose state, and to become incapable of active exertion. The return of pressure upon the lines may be certainly prognosticated, but when it comes the railway officials wake up like so many Rip Van Winkles rubbing their eyes after a twenty years' slumber. One would naturally imagine that the railway companies would desire to encourage traffic, not to impede it, and that they would do all that lay in their power to earn additional revenue for the shareholders. The reverse is the fact, as I stated long ago. To the official mind the sellers and buyers of coals exist for the benefit of railways. It does not appear to have suggested itself that if the merchants in coals, and the public generally, should happen to disappear altogether, the occupation of the railway companies would be gone. This continual blocking of the traffic for want of waggons is a discredit to the railway system. It is as scandalous in its way as the absence of sufficient berthing and crane accommodation at the terminus, but I am glad to see that the latter grievance has been ameliorated.

About fifty or sixty years ago there arose in this country a kind of craze for emigration to Mexico. It was especially rampant in Renfrewshire, but I never heard that the emigrants prospered much. There is a better chance now, no doubt, but the prospects are hardly good enough to warrant the investment of £300,000 on land there, as is proposed by the Scottish Mexican Freehold-Land and Cattle Company (Limited). The projectors show caution, however, in sending out representatives to investigate the property before buying, and I hope the two gentlemen selected will make good use of their opportunities before venturing to commit their principals to what might turn out a gigantic blunder.

An old Scottish proverb, couched in language more forcible than elegant, exhorts people to preserve their own piscatorial refuse for their own feathered favourites. My paraphrase of the coarse axiom loses in force and flavour, but its aim will be apparent. It applies with particular propriety to the London Riverside Fish Market Company, capital £255,000, which seeks financial support from Scotland for an undertaking started on the banks of the Thames.

SCRUTATOR.

A Theological Puppy—A divinity student who won't leave his dog-ma.

Contracting Parties—Reducing the number of one's private entertainments.

An Improvement Trust—The loan of a shilling when you expected sixpence.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Johnny's Emeute.

JOHNNY NEIL! Johnny Neil! Broken loose again, have you? What could have possessed you the other day to accuse the Lord Provost of not possessing "tact," of "using insulting language," and of "making a fool of himself in the chair?" This is very disheartening, after you have been a good boy for so long, and after your guide, philosopher, and friend, the BAILIE, had felt himself at liberty, only last week, to compliment you upon your "nice derangement of epitaphs." It is quite true, as you say, that "the chair" should "do justly and love righteousness," but it is also true that Johnny Neil must study politeness if he wants to be a "gold magistrate."

TO SMOOTH THE ICE.—*King John.*
Say, is the winter of our discontent
In William Frost unto Town-Council sent?
Our answer's this—a most emphatic "No;
The man we want is one can coolness show
In brain and tongue, towards the zero-us keeping,
When minds mercurial somersaults are leaping.

Professorial Modesty.

AT the opening of the University medical session last Tuesday Professor Gairdner remarked that "it was impossible on such an occasion to avoid looking back upon two former addresses delivered by him in 1856 and 1866, which he believed might now be referred to and turned to account, as introductory addresses, like the occasions which gave rise to them, were soon forgotten, especially by those immediately connected with them." Candid and modest Professor! Candid, to confess that your lecture was no more nor less than "cauld kail het again," and modest, to assume that your utterances are not immortal. The example might be profitably followed in quarters ecclesiastical.

TURKEY-RED AND READY.—When Mr Orr-Ewing would never say die to Mr William Colquhoun, query—Was he alizarine (all serene?) or madder? It looks as if madness that way lies.

Bauldy asks, in reference to the recent Edinburgh parliamentary election, "Waddy be Renton his cla'es on hearin' the result?"

Dumb Show—A panorama.

A Laughing Stock—A company of grotesques.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 60s. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—A week of high-class comedy and drama begins this evening at the Royalty. "She Stoops to Conquer" will be played to-night and on Thursday night, "Romeo and Juliet" to-morrow, "Much Ado about Nothing" on Wednesday, and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" on Friday. Surely this list should satisfy the most ardent admirer of the classical theatre. Miss Marie de Grey, who will support the leading parts in the various pieces, has at least the merit of ambition. She has, besides, surrounded herself by a well-balanced well-selected company.

Carl Rosa comes to the Royalty on Monday next.

The company engaged by Mr Heslop for his pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast" is an exceedingly good one. Miss Irene Verona, Miss Georgie Grey, and Miss Welborne will play three of the female leading parts, while among the gentlemen of the corps will be Messrs Fred. Sidney, Wilfrid Shine, G. C. Murray, and Jamie Cumberland.

Mr Joseph Eldred comes to the Gaiety this evening. "Girofle-Girofla" will be performed during his visit, with Miss Alice May in the role of the heroine. If my memory serves me rightly "Girofle-Girofla" hasn't been produced here since *Girofle* was played by Kate Lewis. When Eldred leaves the Gaiety the stage will be occupied by Miss Emily Soldene who brings with her the comic opera of "Boccaccio."

Crammed houses have been the order of the day, or rather the night, at the Grand Theatre, since the "Romany Rye" was placed on Mr Charles's stage. But there is no need to wonder at this. Any one who cares to be thrilled—and who doesn't?—will get his heart-strings wrung by Mr Sims's drama.

This evening when Mr Sullivan and his company begin the last week of what has been a very successful engagement at the Royal Princess's Theatre, "The Shaughran" will be placed on the stage. The *Com* will of course be Sullivan while Tom Nerney will appear in his best part, that of *Harvey Duff*. It was in this character that Mr Nerney first made a hit in Scotland. He opened in Edinburgh in the role of the informer, but neither the audiences nor the critics of the "Modern Athens" quite "tumbled" to his acting, describing it as restless and confused. Poor Nerney, who was sadly disappointed, as he had made a special study of the character, left the Scottish metropolis with a heavy heart. In Glasgow, however, he was accorded a different kind of reception. Round after round of applause was bestowed on his *Harvey Duff* by a crowded house, and flattering notices in next day's papers emphasized the verdict of the first night audience. In Edinburgh, as Nerney said himself, "I was nobody; in Glasgow I was the man, I was the man."

For the first time in municipal history the members of the Town Council are to be allowed this week to elect the Magistrates without any interference from the Lord Provost. An informal ballot will be held on the subject, and therefore we are likely, for once, to learn the real opinion of the Councillors as to who is, or ought to be, who. This "new departure" is one for which all honour ought to be paid to Mr Ure.

Nobody seems to have any definite idea as to who are likely to be the new Magistrates. If an independent Councillor, and one whose opinion always carries abundant weight, were wanted, then Mr Gray ought to have the prefix of Bailie added to his name. Mr Jackson is among the more useful members of Council, and there seems some likelihood that he may be elevated to the Magistracy, but the question arises, would Mr Jackson not be of more value to the community were he to remain outside of the charmed circle of Bailiedom. One of the names talked of, as has already been said in this column, is that of Mr Bertram, and it is believed that Councillor Filshill will have a chance. But why, if dignities be going a-begging, should Mr M'Laren be passed over?

At a meeting of committee on the Police Bill, held last week, the majority, after a heated discussion, resolved to send the Bill to Parliament on the 16th inst. There's many a slip, however, between the cup and the lip.

What a nice little game to play at is that of promoting bills in Parliament. Would the ratepayers like to know how much the running of the Gas Bill through Parliament cost? Already accounts have come in against the Corporation for £5000, and it is understood that at least other £2000 will have to be spent before everything is paid. And for all this we have got power to lower the illuminating strength of the gas!

Possilpark has at present a couple of public houses, and it was the application for two additional licenses at the J. P. Court last Tuesday that called forth this terrible contrast from the sedate and rigidly-formal procurator-fiscal. "Before these two public-houses were placed there," said Mr Douglas, "Possilpark was a perfect little Eden, but now it is a little Pandemonium!" Such words, coming from so unexpected a source, completely astounded the bench, and it is needless to say that the licenses were indignantly refused.

I was glad, my Magistrate, to hear a high and well-deserved compliment paid you last Thursday evening in the St. Andrew's Hall. The occasion was the opening meeting of the Glasgow Science Lectures Association, and said Sir James Bain, in introducing the African explorer, "An excellent biography of our young friend, Mr Thomson, has this week appeared in our clever local publication, the BAILIE (applause), and as every one reads the BAILIE I need not weary you by giving any details of Mr Thomson's life, but merely perform the formal duty of introducing him." (Loud applause.)

Mr William Warnock, who has been for some years a clerk in the criminal department of the County Buildings, will, I understand, be appointed chief sheriff officer, in room of the late Mr Murray. There were applications from all quarters for this comfortable post, which is worth, I am told, about £500 a year, but Sheriff Clark, with whom the appointment lies, is of opinion that a preference should be given to some one in the Buildings, so Mr Warnock will be exalted.

Councillor John Young is recovering somewhat from his long and severe attack of rheumatic gout, and there are prospects that he will at no distant date be able to resume his municipal duties.

The Saturday Afternoon Organ Performances in the City Hall, under the auspices of the Town Council, will be resumed on Saturday.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels, whose coming appearance in St. Andrew's Hall was announced in this column two months ago, open there to-night. Their season extends for twelve nights.

Hengler's opened on Saturday. Of course the house was crammed—that goes, as the French say, without telling. It will, moreover, go on being crammed so long as Mr Hengler's season last. In addition to many old favourites, the company who appeared on Saturday included numerous new faces. Need I say that Mr William Powell was, as of old, the presiding power of the evening.

A CLOSER.

(Scene—Parlour of a "public;" two parties are discussing, over a dram, the merits of their respective pastors.)

First Party (F. C.)—In fact, Dauvid, oor minister's the best preacher I ever heard.

Second Party (E. C.)—Then sharely, George, ye mun ha'e heard unca few in yer day!

A Protestant Martyr.

HERE is something for Ferniegair, 'Arry Halfred, Ladywell, *et id genus omne* :—"The Pope has appointed Mr William Mant Coghlan, lately a judge in the Bombay Presidency, to be 'Cameriere segreto di spador e cappa' to his Holiness." The hapless William Mant was, doubtless, an aggressive Protestant like the personages named, who should be warned by his horrid fate that even at this time of day Giant Pope can do something more than "sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them."

NOT A DEAD CERTAINTY.

(Scene—A tramp's lodging-house. A thunder-storm raging at midnight.)

Mickie (waking up in alarm)—Hoy, Paddy! do ye hare the illiments? It's frightened I am, every wan ov me. Shure I'm afear't the Day of Judgment has come.

Paddy—Then, bedad, ye may kape yer moind aisy on that score, for who iver heard ov the *Day of Judgment* in the middle ov the *night*!

Literary Personalities.

THE BAILIE has more than once had occasion to remonstrate with our librarians on the subject of the personalities in which they indulge by advertisement; and now Mr Bryce is at it again, worse than ever. He announces on the front page of the *Herald* that "Doyle's English in America,"—as if Doyle were Irish somewhere else; that "Howell's a Modern Instance," it's to be hoped not a fearful example; and that "MacDonald's Weighed and Wanting," which seems rather rough on Doctor George. Where is this sort of thing to end?

Quips and Cranks.

A "spirit medium"—A publican.
A saltatorial feat—"Dancing" attendance.

The swimmer's masterpiece—"Diving" into futurity.

Mental gymnastics—"Jumping" to a conclusion.

If "speech is silvern and silence golden," how rich a dumb woman must be!

The best "union"—Matrimony; the worst—The workhouse.

Æsthetical anagram—Oscar Wilde—wild(e) Oscar!

Strait-laced People—Wearers of tight stays.

The Monstrous Regiment of Women.

IT was a dream of fair women. Through mist and wind and rain they flocked from all quarters of Glasgow and filled St. Andrew's Hall. They assembled to seek their long-lost rights and liberties. They were on the war path, and their great enemy was Man. He had suppressed and kept them down for generations, but now they rose against him like an earthquake.

Fashion was there, grasping the hand of the fragmenty-attired washer-wife. Youth was there, smiling into the dim eyes of wrinkled age. Lean misery was there, with her gorgon visage to frighten the laughter out of plump mirth who sat by her side. Affection was there, blinking and smirking in spectacles. Simplicity was there, tittering and staring on the miscellaneous sisterhood. Diverse were the natures and social circumstances of the sweet crowd, but in one note they were all harmonious—they shrieked in unison against their common oppressor, Man.

The chief leaderesses had left their autumnal beauty in forsaken realms, and were now white with the snows of winter. The zest of life's midday was no more for them—they had all that money could procure and luxury administer—yet still they were reckless, and sought relief in this intellectual crusade against tyranny. Then there were ancient maidens whom uncongenial males had passed by without inviting them into the regions of matrimony, and now they had come to wreak their vengeance. In the audience were sonsie wives; thin, developing, matched or unmatched, termagants; and clusters of budding beauties who, half ashamed, had hid their blushes under the branches of the time-worn trunks.

Far away back in the far gallery there stood a rear rank of men—with spouses down below—who veiled their faces with their fingers, and remained secure under the milder rays of the distant gasaliers.

Loud the women shrieked and vowed and scorned, with hungry hearts clenched their hands and shook their heads and glared with greedy glance, and the male contingent shrank and vanished in a shiver of fear.

Wroth at the sight of his sex unmanned, up rose the wraith of John Knox to blow his "first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of women," but the women shouted derisively, laughed with fiendish energy a sarcastic laugh, and the poor wraith, not daring to put his airy trumpet to his visionary lips, shrunk away in an echo.

The dames and the damoise's conquered. They marched out of the hall; cast aside their petticoats and donned the breeks; transposed the attire of the children; got themselves elected to the chief positions in school boards, parochial boards, fishery boards, delinquency boards, lunacy boards, university boards, in the Town Council and House of Commons—avoiding with religious nicety the bake-boards, the cup-boards, and the pantry-boards.

But they had tasted the sweets of office, and could not rest there. By-and-by they enlisted into the army and the navy and the police force, and ruled the world in trousers. They crushed out the fragments of their tenderness, and would no more be wooed by men. Indeed, there were no men to woo them.

The poor men had tied themselves up in aprons to boil the kail and wash the dishes. They had taken the broomstick for a sceptre, were sitting melancholy in the corner, and were allowing the house and the family to go to—
DIABOLO.

A BASS INTELLIGENCE.

(Scene—First-class Refreshment Bar. Enter Two Gents.)

First Gent.—Two bottles of English beer, please, as quick as you can.

Barmaid—Sorry, sir, we don't keep English beer—we only keep Bass' beer.

(Tableau.)

Jeems Kaye's Return.

IN due time, BAILIE, the "City o' Shettleston" arrived at Kingston Dock, an' the Custom Hoose officers having searched a' oor carpet-bags tae see we had nae tobacco or snuff in them, we got leave to go away, an' I hired a noddy an' ordered the man to drive tae Stra'bungo. As I wis hurling up the quay I felt mair comfortable than I had done for a guid while back. I hadna as much room as I had in the ship, but it was a heep smoother: no sich an awfu' ups an' doons, altho' the causeway doon at the quay is nane o' the best.

I arrived at Stra'bungo, an' gieing the cabman his fare, wi' a sixpence tae himsel' because he hadna thrashed the horse an' had touched his hat an' ca'd me "Cornel"—they're sensible men the cabmen—I gaed away up the stair an' saluted Betty, wha wept tears o' joy, an' then I gaed doon tae the coal ree tae see my foreman. Here I wis met by a deputation o' the inhabitants, wha shook hands wi' me an' congratulated me on getting hame safely, an' said that I wis tae be entertained tae a banquet, an' that the hale toon wis tae be illuminated. A' the shops had shut, they said, except the doctor's, it keepin' open in case o' medicine being wanted. Further, they tell't me that there wis tae be squibs, curly crackers, an' fuzees, an' a' sorts o' things.

Little did I think, BAILIE, when I arrived at Kingston Dock, o' the honour that was in store for me. Hooever, I needna tell ye aboot the procession. The hin' end o't was at Eglinton Street when the first o't wis awa oot past the bakery at Crossmyloof. The guards o' the new 'Shaws cars had clean faces an' a floer in their button holes, an' the drivers had a' on shirt collars an' were clean shaved, which made me think the company hadna been sae sair on them wi' the fines as they used to be. If the Partick Bailie that wis speaking aboot the guards oot his way the ither day had only seen oors, he wid hae thought we were highly favoured indeed.

The great event wis the banquet in the evening. The hall wis crooded, an' hundreds were refused admission, as the theatre folk wid say. Mr Pinkerton wis in the chair, an' the minister wis there, an' I sat between them. After a when o' commonplace toasts had been duly honoured, such as "The Army and Navy," "The Clergy o' a' Denominations," "The Neeborin Burghs o' Crosshill an' East Pollokshields," an' a' the rest, the Chairman got up to propose the toast o' the evening, and ye could hae heard a preen fa'.

Gentlemen, he said, oor freen Mr Kaye has

returned frae Egypt safe and soond, after a series o' hair-breadth escapes that wid hae made ony or'nar man's hair turn white in a single nicht, an' if we were prood o' him before we'll be twice as prood o' him noo. While I was walking up Buchanan Street the ither day, Mr Kaye, I saw in Mr Burton's window at the corner o' Gordon Street your vera image as ye appeared oot in Egypt, wi' a lead pencil in one haun an' a' copy o' the BAILIE below your oexter. We were talking o' buying it to pit on the platform the nicht. It's no often a war correspondent gets sich an honour as that, but then, Mr Kaye, your despatches were sae trustworthy—nae gran' writing—nae peereorations, nae nonsense—everything true, and jist as ye had really seen't. Hooever, Mr Kaye, we're glad to hae ye back again. We're grateful tae ye for the honour ye hae shed on your native toon, an' we're gratified tae think that it was only when one o' Stra'bungo's hardy sons arrived in Egypt that matters oot there were brocht tae a heid. But if I wis tae speak frae June tae Janiuary I couldna express tae ye the feelings o' this great assemblage; so alloo me noo tae come tae deeds not words, an' present you wi' the freedom o' this ancient an' honourable burgh in a sma' silver box. (Great cheers.) Oor adjacent neebor (Glasgow) has been gieing awa' a heep o' freedoms lately, maistly tae strangers, wha laugh in their sleeve at the nice wee present; but we honour ane o' oorsels. It's but a sma' box, Mr Kaye—in fact, it's no much bigger than my snuffbox—but if it's sma' it's a' the easier carried aboot. Yer name's on the lid, an' below is the weel kent arms o' Stra'bungo, a lion staunin' on its hin' legs, an', as it seems tae me, playin' at the ba', wi' the motto, "Never a great loss but there's aye some sma' profit." Inside o' the box is the freedom written on parchment by the skulemaister. Of coorse ye ken it's only an empty honour, noo that the feudal system is done away wi', but it's a' we have in oor power tae gie ye. Mr Kaye, here's your box, an' lang may ye be spared to carry it aboot wi' ye. (Great cheers.)

Mr M'Fauran then got up an' said—Mr Chairman, Mr Kaye, an' various ither gentlemen too numerous tae mention: I'm nae great dab at speaking, no being brocht up in that way, but as an auld freen' o' Mr Kaye's, I hae much plesure in seconding the motion. I once heard Mr Kaye gieing an advice tae a nephew o' his wha wis beginning the world. "Wullie," says he, "if ye want tae be respectit an' get presented wi' a gold watch, chain, and appendages, get on

tae be a secretary or a treasurer tae a kirk or a boolin' green. Be too noble minded tae tak' ony pay—it wid only be a pound or twa onyway—an' in twa-three years ye'll get a handsome present; an' then ye can say ye're in failing health an' retire." Gentlemen, I treasured up thae pearls o' wisdom, intending them for my ain sons; but noo here's Mr Kaye himsel' getting a present. Only, hooever, I think my auld freen' didna expect this, an' that mak's a' the difference. (Cheers.)

Then I got up.

Gentlemen, I says, as I rise tae my feet, wi' the snuffbox in my haun', an' survey a' the weel kent faces, frae the minister doon tae the bellman, it mak's me prood that I am once more in Stra'bungo wi' a' its sylvan beauty. When I was hurling hame an' gazing on Dixon's bleezes, the brickworks, an' a' the fair scene, I wondered that ever I wis tempted tae leave't for even a day. But Burns or somebody says, "Absence makes the heart grow stronger." Never were truer words penned. When I wis lying in my wee bed in the ship, an' no vera able tae sleep on account of the way she wid be tumbling up an' doon, my mind's eye wid be always at hame, fancying I saw Mr Pettigrew weeing oot that unparalleled tea o' his at twa shillings, or Mr Pinkerton rinning after a tramway car wi' his wudden leg. An' when I wis sitting in Sir Archibald's Alison's ain tent smoking thae new-fashioned cigarettes, an' a black man bringing in coffee tae me in a silver teapot, an' surroounded wi' a' the luxury it was possible tae get in a tent no vera waterproof, I sighed for my ain fireside, wi' Betty beside me, an' my cutty pipe an' my *Evening Citizen*. Yes, gentlemen, i'm gled to be hame again. The black folk's nae better than they're ca'ad. I have heard it said that a' travellers are apt tae look doon on their acquaintances wha hae never travelled; but altho' I've been as faur awa' as Egypt I'll no be the least prood, an' I'll be gled to see ony o' ye drapping in when I'm no thrang, so that I may explain a' the knotty points tae ye—if ye jist gie me twa three nichts tae study the map, an' see exactly whaur Egypt is. For, min' ye, sailing in a ship's no like hurling in an omnibus. Ye vera sune lose your reckoning when ye've naething tae look at but sea an' sky, wi' maybe an odd lichthoose noo an' again, an' sae faur as I could see the ship nicht as weel been sailing roon an' roon. Hooever, gentlemen, I'll say nae mair about it enoo, for I see by a bill in my haun that during the winter I am tae gie a lecture tae the

Crossmyloof Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, an' the subject is to be "Egypt, its Past History an' Future Prospects, as viewed from a Military Point of View, being the Reminiscences of a War Correspondent attached to the Heelan' Brigade during the late War! Admission, 3d and 6d; a few reserved seats, 1s. Doors open at 7; performance to commence at half-past." An' noo, gentlemen, this is a vera handsome box ye hae gien me. If its sma' its genuine, an' there's no mony things genuine noo-a-days. I'll preserve it carefully along wi' the address, and I hope it'll be handed doon tae generation after generation, an' be looked upon as the most precious article in the Kaye family. In conclusion, I wid propose that we a' go oot an' see the laddies setting aff the fuzees an' ither illuminations.

An' we did, BAILIE, an' altho' the papers took nae notice o't, the auldest inhabitant says there never wis a nicht like it in Stra'bungo.

At last I'm back at my ain fireside, for which I'm thankfu'; and in this stormy weather I never creep intae my bed at nicht without thanking Providence he didna mak' me a sailor.

JEEMS KAYE.

THE SHRIEKING SISTERHOOD.

"To suckle fools, and chronicles small beer"—
The text Iago's, lecture "Woman's Sphere."

If they would fain the *rights* of men possess,
They to their *duties* must themselves address,
Put past the distaff, and the poleaxe wield,
Go kill in Wars, or till in Peace's field;
Give to "the House" the tongue that home did rule,
And take the chair—to nurses leave the stool;
Forsake the hearth, where childhood's hours were pass'd,
To sail the sea, and climb the gl'ddy mast.

Men's rights attain'd, but left no man's respect,
In Men's stern duties they'll their own neglect;
All woman's grace and gentleness make 'way with;
And man's estate usurp'd, sham, shame, or play with.

BREAD AND SACK IN GREENOCK.—What a bibulous little burgh—the BAILIE begs its pardon: big burgh—Greenock is, to be sure! According to one of its candidates for municipal honours, it possesses 50 bakers and 180 publicans, "besides grocers' licenses." Well, well! It is something to be thankful for that the Sugaropolitan Falstuffs have at least this halfpennyworth of bread to their intolerable deal of sack.

Folks say Jeems Martin has no equal, yet he has a counter-part—his shop.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACRAE, Proprietor, Blender of the "Real Johnny."

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1882.

BY whom was the new Police Bill prepared? is a question which is being frequently asked, and as often answered wrongly. Our TOWN CLERK had no hand whatever in it, he was ignored instead of being consulted; and though he is understood to feel sore at the supposed slight, he should be thankful that he has escaped the obloquy which is being showered on its authors. It is an open secret that the LORD PROVOST and the Committee relied upon the professional assistance of the Clerk to the Police Board and his Depute—two very picturesque but not very widely-experienced legislators—who had no doubt a good deal of ticklish material, human and jovial, to contend with in framing the Bill. The work of their hands has been received with an indignation so hearty and universal as to entirely disabuse the official mind of the idea that the ratepayers had ceased to be watchful of their own interests. That the Bill should be so crude and wanting in form is not to be wondered at. Every police or sanitary code, be it English, Irish, or Scotch, was ransacked for novelties, and the result of the search is the proposal to bind poor Glasgow in three score and ten new-fashioned legal bonds. And all this is done in the name of liberty, by the representatives and servants of the ratepayers. The LORD PROVOST and his colleagues cannot be too often reminded of what they seem to have forgotten, that, unlike the inhabitants of some foreign towns, our citizens are not the enemies of law and order. But good may be expected to come out of harm; the action of public vigilance indignantly resents the attempt to ignore the right of the ratepayers to be consulted in regard to such a vital matter as a new Police Bill; the deliberate discussion of its provisions will instruct and elevate public opinion, and thereby tend to improve the tone and character of the Town Council itself.

ONE FOR THE 'SHAWS.

Pollokshaws Schoolmaster (to little boy)—
Where is Glasgow situated?

Little Boy—It's a toon on the road to the 'Shaws.

What the Folks are Saying.
THAT the Council did their best last week to push forward the Police Bill.

That meantime the opposition to the measure continues to increase.

That the Institute of Architects have smitten its building clauses hip and thigh.

That the fleshers are also down on the bill.

That even the Parliamentary Debating Association has denounced it as an "insult to the citizens of Glasgow."

That the golden harvest of the heckler is over for another year.

That the contests for the various wards are more than ordinarily numerous.

That the Liberal Association is doing its best to bring politics into our municipal affairs.

That if municipal elections were turned into political struggles, then more employment would be provided for the hon. secy.

That no better plan could be conceived for turning Glasgow Tory than for the Liberal Association to meddle with the election of Councillors.

That the present candidates are a motely lot.

That the standing of our Town Councillors isn't growing in importance.

That "oor Rubbart" put on his war paint at last week's meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery.

That plain speaking was the feature of the meeting of Free Presbytery.

That the plain spoken member got very severely sat upon.

That the Free Church and freedom of speech never were synonymous terms.

That it makes sport to the Philistines to see how these Christians love one another.

That the Trades' House have made up their committees.

That certain of the auld men have been returned, while others have slipped into new places

A SHREWD OBSERVER.

(Scene—Petty clachan in Stirlingshire, in which two churches—Free and Established—glare at one another from opposite sides of the way.)

Tourist (to native)—Surely your people must be very religious. Why, small as the village is, you have a pair of churches.

Native—'Deed, man, they're no sae godly as ye wud think. It's mair spite than religion.

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Quavers.

AT the first Orchestral Concert, which is also the opening concert of the series, this year, the indispensable Symphony of the programme will be Beethoven's No. 1 in C major. This, the first of the celebrated nine, is naturally more after the Haydn-Mozart manner than the later Nos., yet it is an evident forecast of the originality of the composer, the very opening chord evincing boldness, not to say audacity. The second movement, the Andante in F, is very well known, especially in ambitious amateur societies. The Finale, "Allegro motto," is out-and-out in the Haydn style; and though we do not get Beethoven in any marked degree in this his first dip into symphony, yet No. 1 is not by any means to be pushed aside for any of its more famous companions. The No. 1 is the only one of the nine which has not hitherto been performed at any of the Subscription Concerts.

The Overtures at the first concert are (1) that to "Benvenuto Cellini" (Berlioz), once before performed here; and (2) the Concert Overture, No. 4 in F, by Mr T. Wingham, whose instrumental works are well-known and appreciated by Crystal Palace audiences. Mr Wingham's overture is an illustration, or reflection rather, of the spirit of the quatrain from Gray in which occurs the familiar line, "Youth in the prow, and pleasure at the helm." A Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt (for his friend Von Bulow), is also in this programme. It is one of the Crystal Palace "novelties," to use the word for want of a better.

But perhaps the most remarkable item at this concert is "Waldweben, or Voices of the Forest," being the title which has been given to a portion of the "Siegfried" music arranged by Wagner for concert use. The scene, said to be one of the most picturesque in the entire drama, is that in which Siegfried is taken by his foster-father Mime so that, in an encounter with an enchanted dragon, he may learn what fear is. Representative *motifs* will, one may be sure, be abundant; but the musical effect is something wonderful, as it is undoubtedly unique in character.

Philanthropy and business are not seldom found in conjunction. We had an instance in point on Wednesday evening last in the Brinsmead concert given in aid of the funds for establishing the Royal College of Music, but pretty evidently also serving as an advertisement of the pianos of the Messrs Brinsmead. But the concert was a good one nevertheless, its distinguishing feature of attraction being undoubtedly Madame Patey, whose purity of tone and noble simplicity of style are unrivalled by any British singer.

The Albert Select Choir, singing under the care of Mr John Lillie, gave a concert of secular music on Thursday evening last in the Trades' Hall. The choir numbered twenty voices. They made an excellent start in Steven's "Cloud-capped Towers," while in a very lengthy programme of glees and part-songs they put in a very fair claim indeed to be "gazetted" as "Select." Precision, good tone, and expression, as a rule, were undoubtedly characteristic of the singing, the glee "Queen of Fragrance," misnamed a part-song, the madrigal "Phillida and Coridon," and "Silent, O Moyle" being perhaps their best efforts. Generally speaking, the choir did best in *mezza voce*. They sing from the Tonic Sol-fa Notation we notice. We were not quite pleased with their intonation of such as chromatically altered intervals, but that this and some other niceties yet wanting will be attained is very evident. Master Philip Halsestead played the accompaniments to the solos with marked intelligence for his years. His piano solos, among them Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," were quite a success.

"HOO," INDEED?

Weel, John, did ye see the comet last night?
Comet! Hoo could I see the comet when I
wis at Paisley?

Open to Different Constructions—The Improvement Trust.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Auchray Indignant.

YIS, Tuncan ant Tugalt ant Auchray forpye,
Ant Angus tat comes frae ta Hielants in Skye,
Ant all ta praw lats of ta forse, yis—hooch I,
Will pe down on ta PAILIE whateffer.

Ta last PAILIE said that ta Hielants got sma',
'Cause ta lats frae ta heathery hills came awa'
Ant listed with Captain M'Call ane an' a'—
Of coorse to pe surely whateffer.

Ta next observation your Worship did write—
You'd like them go back to ta hills oot your sight;
But as to ta reason, you did not throw light—
Oh, no! you'll say nosing whateffer.

I'm sure that ta lats are as purly ant praw
As any O'Brien or Lowlant M'Craw,
Yis better than twice as more any she'll saw,
Of coorse she'll pe also whateffer.

At ambulance drill, or in getting a case,
For euegy nosing will equal our race;
At trombone, pum-pum-pum, just look at her face,
And tat will convince you whateffer.

She'll dress a scalp wound on ta leg while you'll wink,
Ant neffer forpye on her peat took a drink;
Interpreter too!—well, I'm sure I don't sink
A clergy woot please you whateffer.

Chief Magisterial "Cheek."

AT the Licensing Court for the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire, held last week, Mr Douglas, Procurator-Fiscal, read a letter which he had received from the Chief Magistrate of Govan, and which was to the effect that no new licenses were required this year in that burgh. The Chief Magistrate of Govan takes a somewhat extended view of the duties of his office. It will be introducing a tyranny worse even than the Permissive Bill if teetotal magnates are to be permitted to dictate to licensing courts after this fashion. As, however, the Chief Magistrate and his letter were quietly "sat upon" in the present instance, his example is hardly likely to be extensively followed.

"The Man of Feeling"—Mr Mackenzie (*vide* his offer to pay the arrears of rent due by the Braes crofters.)

Advance Notes—Military bugle-calls.

A Rule of Procedure—"Move on!"

After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, 1s 1d by Post.
"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."

—*Oban Times*.

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(Est. 1770.)

A Public "Buck-Washing."

THAT was a nice little tempest in a tea-cup—or should we not rather say in a whisky-stoup?—at last week's meeting of the Dumbartonshire Licensing Court. Fifty years ago there would have been blood spilt, over such a shindy, between the houses of Ewing and Colquhoun. Even as it is, admirers of the "pistols for two and coffee for one" idea will rejoice in such an exhibition of "spirit," albeit no gore is likely to flow even from the noses of these "bitter enemies." Such exhibitions, however, cannot but make the judicious grieve, and the BAILIE, being nothing if not judicious, grieves accordingly. Like other sensible folks, his Worship is of opinion that, when it is necessary to wash soiled linen, the operation should, at all events, be performed in private.

URE, "THE SECOND."

The ward there's now no need to Robb,
In present hands all things are pure;
There's now no need there should succeed
For Ure, another—*th' other* Ure.

Grease.

PROFESSOR BUTCHER, Dr Blackie's successor in Edinburgh, addressed his students the other day on "What We Owe to Grease." (The daily papers, by an obvious blunder, spell the last word "Greece.") The lecture must have been a deeply interesting one, a butcher being naturally an excellent authority on the subject of adipose tissue. After an exhaustive disquisition upon suet, tallow, oleomargarine, and other forms of grease, the learned Professor—doubtless—administered a little butter to his hearers, and finally wound up by reciting, with due unction, "Ye Isles (or Oils) of Grease." After which the assemblage retired—greasily.

HOUSEWIFERY.

(Scene—Collier's row near Coatbridge.)

Collier's Daughter (to neighbour)—Mrs Tamson, ma mither sent me for the len' o' yer bane.

Neighbour—Ou aye, ye'll get that; the wee doug's playin' wi't. Tak' gude care o't, an' tell yer mither no tae mak' tawtie soup wi' it—tawtie soup's the ruination o' a gude bane.

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," as an industrious mother told her son's daughter the other day, when the latter pricked her finger and was crying over it.

Ill Treatment—Medical attendance.

Megilp.

THE arrangement advocated in this column a fortnight ago, that of reducing the evening charge for admission to the Exhibition of the Institute from 6d to 3d, has now been adopted by the Council. Let us hope that during the two weeks, or rather the week and a half, which still remain of the term set apart for the Exhibition continuing on view, will be largely patronised both by day and in the evening.

At a meeting of Council held last week, Messrs Joseph Henderson, James Sellars, jun., and D. E. Outram, were appointed as the "hanging committee" for the coming Spring Exhibition of the Institute. Ex-Provost Ramsay of Crosshill, who was one of the newly elected members of Council, having declined to accept office, the Council have selected James Muir to fill the vacant place.

Among the applicants for membership of the Art Club are James E. Christie and James Paterson. Mr Christie is the first candidate who has applied since the terms of membership were widened so as to include West of Scotland instead of Glasgow artists only. Other two candidates are Messrs M'Gillvray and Nairn—the first named of whom is a sculptor, while a contribution by the other to the St Mungo Club Exhibition, conceived somewhat after the manner of Boughton, attracted considerable attention. G. F. Henry, who has an interesting little charcoal, "The Way Home," in the Black and White Exhibition, is a fifth applicant for admission to the club.

This year the candidates are 15, as against 22 who presented themselves a twelvemonth ago—an evidence, surely, that the profession of artist is decreasing somewhat in popularity among "the general."

Hamilton M'Callum was married last week in this city. Immediately after the wedding the bride and bridegroom set off on their marriage tour to Italy. Mr M'Callum, by-the-by, is represented, in the newly-opened Dudley, by "A Summer Holiday," a picture of boys bathing.

The mention of the Dudley recalls the circumstance that this Association has been reorganised, and is now known as the Dudley Gallery Art Society. Its president is the Duke of Argyll, and the council includes Messrs Walter Severn—who originated the Dudley Gallery in 1865, Frank Goodall, and John Ruskin.

David Murray, A.R.S.A., is now home for the season; as are likewise James A. Aitken, John Miller, Edward Walton, and W. Y. Macgregor.

The work brought back by Mr Aitken from Corpach (he lived for the autumn months at the foot of Ben Nevis) is excellent in quality and exceedingly careful in execution. Indeed he never painted so well as he has painted this season. His modelling of mountain forms—now rising clear and sharp in the October air, and now seen dimly through a haze of vapour; his rendering of a cloudy or a sunlit sky; and his delineation of distant woodlands, and rough sea-margins, and still, gleaming waters, are such as to commend themselves even to the severest critic.

Two artists who are still painting a-field notwithstanding the lateness of the season, are Tom Donald and Tom Hunt. They are located at the Cot-House at the head of the Holy Loch.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, which will be held to-morrow (Wednesday), two vacancies in the ranks of the Associates will be filled up. One of these will fall, it is expected, to Robert Macgregor, while, for the other, two of the names mentioned are those of Jack Lorimer and Pat. W. Adam.

The election of new members for the St. Mungo Art Society will take place on Thursday, the 7th December. Intending candidates should give intimation to the secretary, James A. Watson, 180 West Regent Street.

Appropriate Song for Jeems (in his Municipal capacity)—"I care for nobody, no not I; for nobody cares for me."

Mairi and Mackintosh.

MR FRASER MACKINTOSH, M.P., has been presented with a suit of clothes by a lady described as Mrs Mary MacPherson, *alias* Mairi Nighean I ain Bhain, *alias* Mairi nan Oran, *alias* "the Skye Poetess." The lady's evident kindness of disposition might have induced the chronicler to refrain from drawing public attention to her unfortunate possession of so many aliases, and such alarming ones. His Worship has not the pleasure of Mr Mackintosh's acquaintance, but the terms in which he acknowledges the gift seem to imply that, despite of his name's sartorial associations, he holds rather awkward views on the subject of clothing, and "Mairi's" present has evidently been made with the object of converting him to orthodox opinions and practices. The honourable gentleman says that "the coat buttons will be carefully treasured." Cannot his friends induce him to "carefully treasure," and wear, the clothes themselves? A suit of coat buttons is hardly considered the thing nowadays, whatever may have been the case in the time of Mr Mackintosh's remote ancestors.

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GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THIRD AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

WORKS IN BLACK AND WHITE, AND WORKS BY THE SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

Admission—Day, 9 to 5.....1s;

Evening Admission Reduced to.....3d.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

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TWELVE NIGHTS, OF

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The Committee beg to intimate that in consequence of the
Great Expense of many of the above Engagements, it will be
necessary to INCREASE THE PRICES OF SINGLE
TICKETS for several of the Concerts.

CORPORATION ORGAN,&c., RECITALS.

The OPENING CONCERT for the present Winter will take
place in the CITY HALL on the Afternoon of SATURDAY
First, 11th November. On this occasion, in addition to the per-
formances on the Organ by Mr LAMBETH, the POLICE
BAND will play, and Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR
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Doors Open at 2.45. Organ Performance at 3.15.

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Glasgow. ARTEMUS WARD, with his Panorama
among the MORMONS, will Appear for a Few Nights Only,
commencing MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH.

When Ivanhoe, in days of yore,
For Jewish maiden fought,
That sacred cause made him ignore
Wounds, death, as less than naught.
Yet now behold the countermand!
For, risen again, "No truce!"
He cries, "From out this happy land
I'll extirpate the juice!"
Ask for them and take no other.

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The Electors of this Ward are respectfully requested carefully to read the following REQUISITION, which was placed in the hands of Mr HUGH CALDWELL.

HUGH CALDWELL, Esq., Jeweller and Watchmaker,
Trongate Street.

We, the undersigned Electors of the Fourth Municipal Ward, in consequence of the withdrawal (by order of his Medical Officer) of our much respected representative, Ballie John Finlay, from Municipal work, respectfully solicit your consent to allow us to nominate you as our representative in the Town Council of Glasgow, being well assured from your active business habits that your services will prove valuable to the ward and creditable to yourself.

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WILLIAM METCALFE, House Factor.
James Beith, Founder (ex-chairman City Parish).
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John Laird, Cutler, Gallowgate.
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Thomas Todd, Fruiterer, 2 Great Hamilton Street.
L. H. F. Liddle, Teacher, St. James's School.
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Robert Hill, Shoe Maker, 24 South St. Mungo Street.
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Alexander Montgomery, Victualler, 52 King Street.
Wm. Wallace, Grain Merchant, 272 Gallowgate.
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George Wright, Kent Street.
James Fairfield, Tacksman, 10-14 St. Andrew Street.
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James Ramsay, Dairy Keeper, 25 St. Andrew Street.
John Mochrie, Agent, 21 Moir Street.
Archibald Hay, Joiner, 31 Moir Street.
John Young, Spirit Dealer, 1 Great Hamilton Street.
William Lyall, Carter, 22 South St. Mungo Street.
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THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

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This is the advertisement we asked you to look for. Will you kindly read it over carefully? You will see many Special Lines that will induce you to come and see the Goods in our Warehouses. We ask you to come early, as a few days will clear out many of the best Lots.

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Sales in October away ahead of same month last year, but in November we intend giving such Bargains that will bring Customers in Thousands every day.

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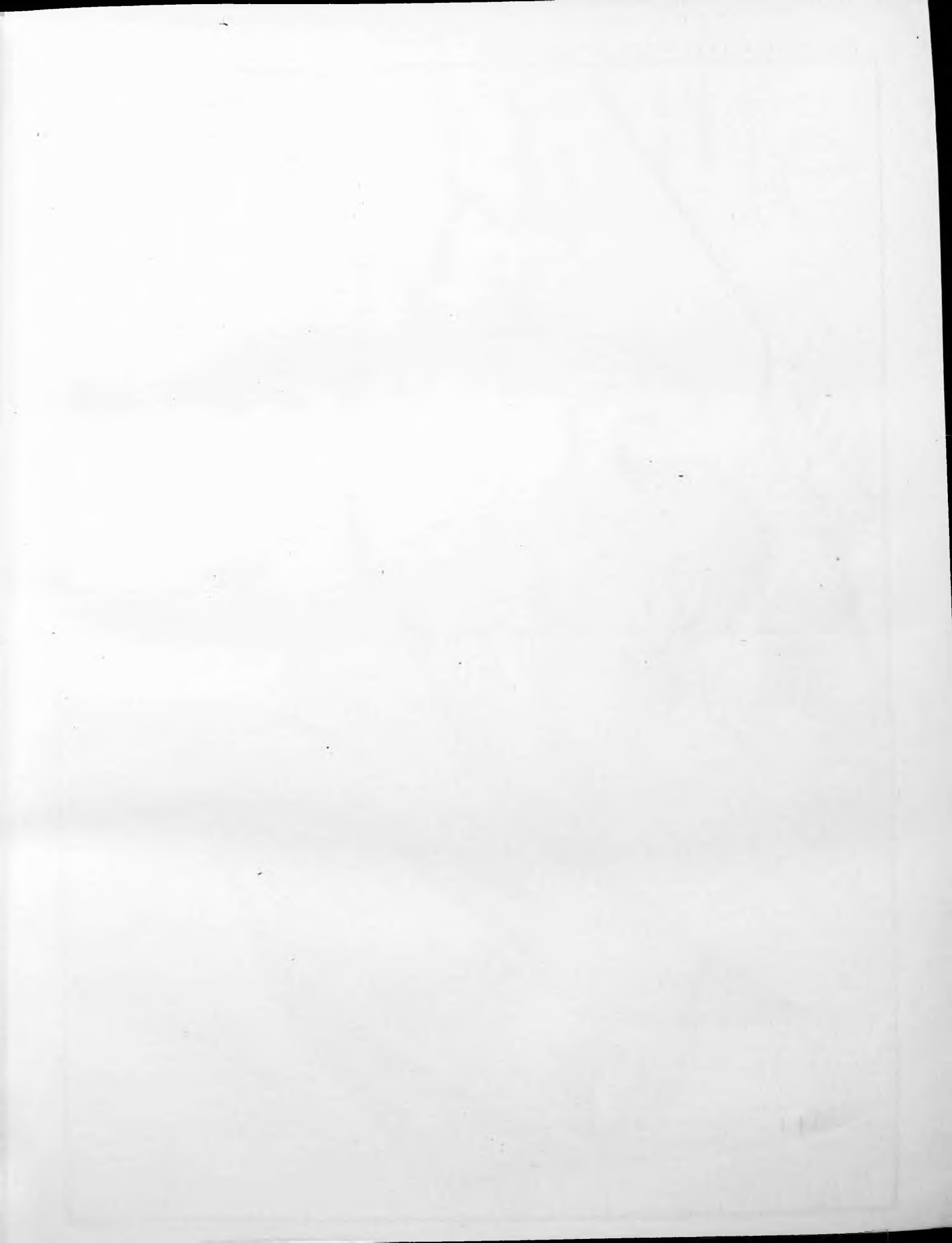
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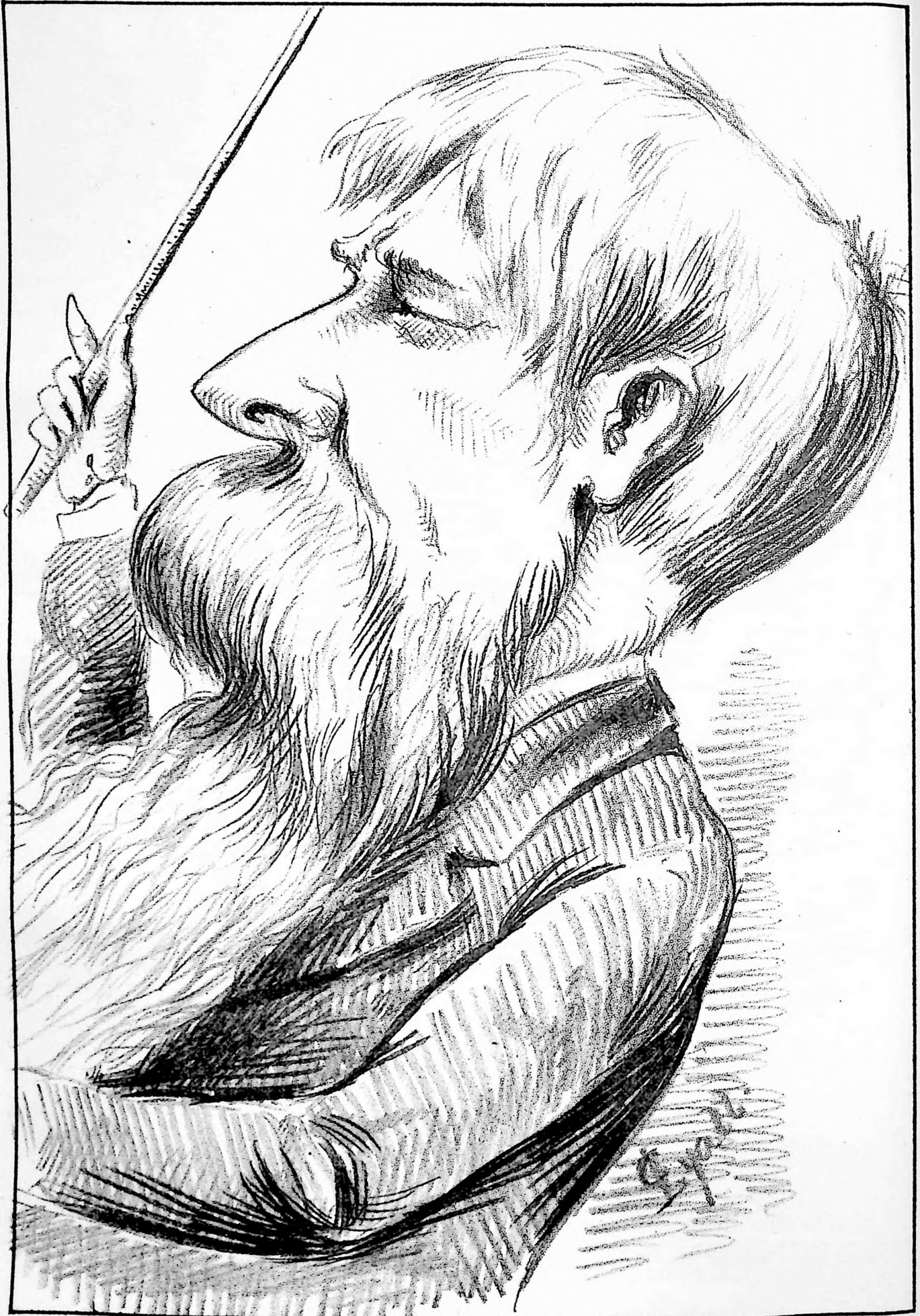
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No. 526. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 15th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 526.

THE English opera of to-day is the work of Mr CARL ROSA. A score of years ago it had no existence, fifteen years ago it was deemed an impossibility. Now, however, we possess a native opera, an opera as full of national colour, as instinct with our peculiar genius, as is the opera of Italy to Italians, or the opera of France to Frenchmen. Yet, strangely enough, the musician to whom this work is not mainly, but altogether due, is neither English by birth nor by training. CARL ROSA was born in Hamburg as recently as 1843. Like other famous professors of the art of melody, he was a musician from his childhood. Precocity in music differs from precocity in literature, inasmuch as it leads, oftener than not, to future greatness. His *debut* as a violinist was made in 1851, when he had attained his eighth year, an age at which other boys are still busy over the mysteries of the alphabet. As he grew older Mr ROSA studied at the Leipsic and Paris Conservatoires, and then, returning to his native city, he was appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Hamburg. From Hamburg the Man you Know went to the United States, and it was his going thither that formed the turning point in his career. While in America he met Madame Parepa, the lady who subsequently became his wife. An accomplished musician and a distinguished vocalist, Madame Parepa constantly kept before her one object, that of producing opera in English in a thoroughly adequate manner. Her devotion to English opera was ere long communicated to her husband, and ultimately, in 1872, after a successful season in the States, they arrived in Britain, prepared to do battle for the enterprise they had both, by this time, keenly at heart. After some months

of hard work, a company, organised on the non-star system, was launched on a provincial tour. The undertaking, which was a marked success, emboldened the husband to fly at higher game. Wagner had always been a hero with ROSA, and now he determined to bring out “Lohengrin,” in English, at Drury Lane. Everything was got in readiness for the production. Madame Parepa Rosa was cast for *Elsa*, other solo vocalists were engaged, an efficient chorus was trained, the public had been made aware of the proposal, when the sudden and unlooked for death of the *Elsa* brought the enterprise to an abrupt termination. Notwithstanding this great bereavement, Mr ROSA did not lose heart. By-and-by another company was got together, other choristers were trained, another orchestra was formed. In the September of 1875 a season of English opera was inaugurated at the London Princesses, the result being an immediate and unmistakeable triumph. As was the case in the provincial company of 1873, and as has been the case ever since, the company of 1875 was a non-star one. It was no affair of “my wife and half-a-dozen puppets.” Every part, to be sure, was well-filled—did not the corps include Santley, Packard, Campobello, and Frank Celli, together with Mesdames Torriani, Rose Hersee, and Josephine Yorke?—but what was more than this, the different parts were welded together into one perfect and satisfactory whole. In the following year Mr ROSA occupied the London Lyceum, and it was here that he originally placed the “Flying Dutchman” on the stage. With his subsequent career we are all more or less familiar. He seems to make it a rule to undertake a winter provincial tour, and to settle down, for the autumn weeks, at Her Majesty’s in the London Haymarket. When occupying this celebrated house

Mr ROSA's expenses are of the heaviest. His staff usually consists of 24 leading artists, 51 chorus with the master, 51 ballet (including 12 children), 105 supernumeraries, 50 carpenters, 45 assistants, such as property men, dressers, and wardrobe keepers, 82 orchestra (including a military band of 24 Scots Guards), 22 gas, lime-light, and firemen, and 68 others engaged about different parts of the house in various capacities, making a total of 505 individuals employed. Advertisements and bill-posting are about the same as at Drury Lane Theatre, viz., for the former £80 to £100; for the latter £200 weekly. Salaries of singers vary from £10 to £120 per week, which, with other salaries, rent, taxes, and disbursements, run up the nightly expenses to £800. Of course, in the provinces these items of expenditure are very materially reduced, but there is an additional one for carriage of scenery, dresses, and properties. The devotion of the Man you Know to Wagner has already been alluded to, and in this connection it may be mentioned, that he expended no less than £12,000 over the production of "Lohengrin," "the Flying Dutchman," "Renzi," and "Tannhauser." As regards the performances directed by Mr ROSA, the opinion of Mr Beatty-Kingston, an adequate authority on things musical, will be read with some interest. "Brilliant and uninterrupted success," says Mr Kingston, "attends this company for more than one good and sufficient reason. In the first place, it gives far better all-round performances than any Italian company that has been heard in London since the Crimean War; secondly, it keeps its promise to the public with punctilious fidelity; thirdly, it caters for the votaries of melody and worshippers of 'tone-colour' alike, bestowing as much care and pains upon the production of a few hackneyed British ballads, strung together by irregular lengths of inscrutable doggerel, as upon that of the most elaborate 'orchestral poem,' claiming high rank amongst the leading musical productions of the present day." Mr ROSA is this week at the Royalty Theatre, and the BAILIE trusts that the musical public—and we have a musical public in Glasgow at last—will do justice, both to themselves and Mr ROSA, by nightly crowding the house during his stay.

"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVER DAY."

Tam—Man, Wull, I wis my holiday at Greenock.

Wull—If 'twis rain y' wis wantin', ye needna ha'e gaen sae faur.

A New Councillor.

DEAR BAILIE, I'm fresh from the sorrows and cares
That accompany a City election;
And, now that I'm in, I'm sure that my friends
Will be pleased with their happy selection.

Such visions of grandeur now slit through my brain,
I see myself covered with glory;
A Bailie, a Provost, a Knight in due time—
But let me proceed with my story.

The opposite party declared from the first
That I hadn't got much education,
And said that I wasn't the man to be raised
To such a sublime elevation.

But no reason I saw that I shouldn't stand,
They ain't all such aristocrats—
A baker, shoemaker, a very greengrocer,
A draper, a maker of hats.

'Twas only last week that our coalman remarked,
As he laid down his bag on the ground,
"I was thinkin', meself, sorr, of thryin' me luck,
When another three years has come round."

I knew that I'd hook in the plain working man,
With a cry of reducing taxation,
And a promise to vote against raising the screws
Of the servants of our Corporation.

But seeing I'm in, I may tell you my mind,
I consider the work is a bore;
Why, I've got the honour, and they've had the fun,
And who could wish anything more.

—♦♦♦—
"CAM-FOR."

(Scene—Chemist's shop north of the Grampians.)

Chemist (to small boy who is tapping impatiently on counter with half-penny) — What you'll cam for?

Small Boy—Camphor.

Chemist—Cam for what?

Small Boy—Jist camphor.

Chemist—Ou aye. Camphor. Couldn't she'll shust say she cam for camphor, then.

—♦♦♦—
GROWTH AND DECAY.—Johnny Neil thinks that "anything of precocious growth is likely to be of precocious decay." The profound axiom was laid down apropos of that weary, weary Police Bill; but it sets the contemplative mind wondering whether Johnny himself was of "precocious growth."

—♦♦♦—
After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.
Sample Box, with all the kinds, is id by Post.
"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."
—*Oban Times.*

Patentees of Pens and Penholders.
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 33 BLAIR ST., [EDINBURGH,
PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
(Est. 1770.)

On 'Change.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent, writing a few days ago, referred at some length to the injury inflicted upon private enterprise by the establishing of large companies. His remarks were pointed, but I fear they cannot have any practical result. The tendency at present is for all businesses to drift into wider channels. The "wee corks" who wove cotton cloth in Anderston, when that district was an independent burgh with a village called Grahamston between it and the city, were improved off the face of the earth when weaving factories were built by private firms in Bridgeton. The spirited merchants who started the factories, and once earned much gain thereby, had to make way for concerns of greater magnitude, limited or otherwise; and these in their turn were elbowed aside until they are now being gradually transferred to Lancashire. There is no doubt that the effect of the Limited Liability Act is to stifle the efforts of individuals, unless they combine together so as to exert a higher degree of physical and monetary force. The change is noticeable in almost every branch of industry. East India trading, coffee planting, cotton growing, shipping, and other branches of mercantile enterprise, are going the same way. Banking in Scotland, which was unfettered until the passing of the Bank Acts in 1844-45, is now so protected and hedged about that it has come to be a kind of gigantic monopoly. The results are visible in the diminished number of banks, from the twenty-eight which existed forty years ago to only ten now.

It is complained that the banks, these great monopolists, help to produce corresponding monopolies, to the detriment of the private trader. The correspondent already mentioned urges that his business is injured by the starting of large companies upon capital borrowed from the banks by merchants who interpose their credit for the purpose. I do not see how this can be helped. Banks must earn dividends for their shareholders. In that respect they are exactly in the position of a merchant who must make a profit or he cannot exist. The Bank of England, that palladium of British commerce, has to do the same thing. If the market price of money should go down, the Bank of England must swim with the current or it cannot procure business. The banks, therefore, will lend their unemployed funds to suitable people, who will use the capital as their mercantile skill may suggest, and, though the process may seem hard upon the smaller traders, I fear it must go on and end in the survival of the fittest.

Some time ago I remarked that the recommendation for being a director of one company seemed often to be that a man was the director of something else. An amusing illustration is found in the prospectus of the Anglo-American Land Mortgage and Agency Company, Limited, with a capital of half-a-million sterling, to be applied in developing the resources of Iowa and other parts of the United States. It is certainly kind of the company with the long name to furnish capital for the inhabitants of Iowa and Kansas, but I cannot see that men are one whit better suited to control a company in America because they happen to be on the boards of companies in New Zealand, Mauritius, or the Argentine Confederation. Mr J. Dick Peddie, one of the directors of this new Anglo-American company, is a case in point. In connection therewith he is ostentatiously placarded as being an M.P. and chairman of something at the antipodes. Mr Peddie is doubtless an estimable gentleman in private life, though when he blows his own political trumpet in public he shows himself to be somewhat iconoclastic in his views. He is an R.S.A., and I am told he knows a little about architecture. I observe that these recommendations for the board of a land company are not brought out in the prospectus now before me. The M.P. was perhaps considered sufficient; the Kilmarnock group of burghs ought to feel proud. It might be awkward, however, were the world to judge of the company's strength on the principle of "Ex [Dick] pede Herculem."

I have not for a considerable time seen such a collection of long faces as was witnessed at the Indian Gold Mines meeting on Friday. Every shareholder seemed more doleful than his neighbour, and no one could derive any consolation from

the reflection of the countenance next him. The proceedings were certainly not exhilarating. The resignation of the chairman, the prospect of a call, the increase of expenditure, and the absence of even the most remote prospect of a dividend, were not circumstances calculated to engender a feeling of liveliness. The directors put the best face they could upon the business. They painted the concern as brightly as was practicable, but the whitewash would not stick. It was a mistake upon their part to exclude the reporters and thus endeavour to strangle comment. The directors ought to have known that the facts would leak out whatever they might do. In one respect they were singularly lucky. The small and limp body of shareholders resembled nothing more nearly than a flock of sheep in charge of a collie. They meekly adopted everything put before them, and had not even the spirit to be combative.

The only remarks I have to make upon the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, Limited, are that the capital of £700,000 seems needlessly large, that £485,000 is a heavy figure to pay for the ships, and that Messrs Patrick Henderson & Co., who ought to derive much benefit by the proposed arrangement, are "writ large" all through the prospectus.

American cattle are under the especial care of Mr William Holmes, M.P., and the ubiquitous Mr Dick Peddie, also M.P. The one is a cloth manufacturer, and the other is supposed to know something of the fine arts and the political interests of the ancient burgh of Rutherglen. These two qualifications eminently fit the two gentlemen for the rearing of cattle in Nebraska, and the management of a company with £200,000 capital, and power to increase the amount.

SCRUTATOR.

A PLUMPER.

(Scene — Canning Street; Time, forenoon of municipal polling day; Miss Smith, a lady of uncertain age, is met by acquaintance.)

Acquaintance—Yer unco brow the day, Janet.

Whaur ye gaun, if it's a fair question?

Miss Smith—Tae gie ma vote, of coorse.

Acquaintance—Ou aye, this is the electionin' day it seems. I houp ye'll vote for the richt man.

Miss Smith—Richt or wrang, I've made up my min' tae plump for somebody.

W.E.G. AND G-A-G.

Though "majority mechanical,"

The number was no more

In division on Cloture, than

A paltry 44.

A paltry forty-four, then,

All, one and all, and each,

Shuts close and tight the British right

In freedom of our speech.

THE EGYPTIC QUESTION(S).—Who bought the Suez Canal? Who annexed Cyprus? Who was John Tenniel's "Sphinx?" Who has derived the advantages?

Another "Ward" Representation — That of "Artemus" by Turner.

An Awful "Frost"—The comic candidature in the Fourteenth Ward.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“The Romany Rye” will be withdrawn from the stage of the Grand Theatre on Saturday evening. It has had a capital run hitherto, and there is every certainty that the audiences, on this the last week of its stay, will be quite as large as those it has drawn hitherto.

Mr Frank Harvey brings the “Middle. Beatrice Company” to the Grand this night week.

Of course the Gaiety will be crowded to-night and during the week, when Miss Kate Santley will re-introduce us to the goose-girl with the fortunate eye—otherwise *La Mascotte*. The part is one which exactly suits this accomplished lady. Indeed, her singing in the duet, “When in your eyes I look,” with its refrain of “glou, glou, glou,” is one of the prettiest things I know in the entire circle of light opera.

For next week Miss Santley promises us the “Orphee aux Enfers” of Offenbach.

Monday, the 11th of next month, has been selected by Mr Heslop for the production of his pantomime of “Beauty and the Beast.”

“Rip Van Winkle,” with Mr William Calder in the role of the bibulous Dutchman, will be put up to-night by Mr Beryl at the Princess Theatre. The play, I needn't say, is an interesting one, and Mr Calder is a sound and experienced actor.

The list of operas to be performed this week at the Royalty includes “Faust”—which is played to-night, “Maritana,” “The Trovatore,” “La Dame Blanche,” “The Flying Dutchman,” and “The Bohemian Girl.” As all musical readers know, “La Dame Blanche,” otherwise *The White Lady of Arzel*, is the novelty of the series. It was written by Boieldieu over half a century ago, and obtained an instant and a brilliant success in Paris. As played in London and elsewhere by Mr Carl Rosa's company it has been received with much favour by English audiences. Of the other works announced for representation the most important is probably “The Flying Dutchman,” just as “The Trovatore” is the most popular and “Maritana” is the most melodious.

For this day week, Monday the 20th inst., Mr Knapp announces the appearance on his stage of those terrible fellows “The Pirates of Penzance.” The company includes Mr George Walker, Mr David Fisher, jun., and various other old favourites.

Garscube House was the scene of an amateur theatrical performance on Thursday evening. The pieces represented were “To Oblige Benson” and “Betsy Baker.” Upwards of 200 ladies and gentlemen “assisted” at the entertainment on the invitation of Lady Campbell.

The Dundee Ladies' Orchestra pays us a visit next Saturday evening at the City Hall, thanks to the enterprise of Mr Airlie. There are thirty in this novel band, all “nice young ladies,” no doubt, as the old song has it. Seriously their performances are well worth hearing.

I “assisted,” as the phrase is, on Saturday evening at the opening meeting of the Ballad Club. This club, one of the smallest and most genial in the city, has now been some six years in existence, and has accumulated a large mass of material. I understand that there is a likelihood of a selection from its “transactions” being shortly given to the public. A feature of Saturday night's meeting was the presentation of a handsome silver jug to Mr W. J. Mulligan, who has acted as Secretary to the club from its formation.

Apropos of this meeting of the Ballad Club I may mention that among the members present was Mr David Wingate, the announcement of whose pension from the Civil List had appeared in the papers of that day. It is but seldom that these rewards for literary distinction come to Scotland, but all who know modern Scottish literature will agree that in this case the honour has been worthily earned.

A friend whispers to me that the results of the balloting at Thursday's informal meeting of Town Council were curious, instructive, and suggestive. Mr J. M. Forrester got 2 votes; Mr Neil, 5; Sir William Collins, 2; Mr Martin, 2; ex-Bailie Dunlop, none; Mr Gray, 11; Mr Grierson, 1; Mr Renny Watson, 8; Mr M'Pherson, 24; Mr Jackson, 8; Mr Reid, 12; Mr M'Laren, 14; Preceptor Mathieson, 1; Mr Laing, 2; Mr Morrison, 3; W. R. W., 4; Mr Peter Stewart, 3; Mr Shaw, 7; Mr Bertram, 17; Mr Jamieson, 15; Mr Fulshull, 6; Mr H. S. Thomson, 1. The value of these figures will be better understood when it is remembered that there were 45 members present at the meeting, and that 17 votes put Mr Bertram on the selected list. The Provost, also, before voting, urged those present not to exclude from their voting papers the names of good men simply because they had already been in the Magistracy.

The Preceptor and Mr Grierson were, I understand, good-naturedly chaffed at having secured their entire vote of one, by their own crosses.

The work of selecting Conveners of Committees for the coming year was also carried out at Thursday's meeting, and the dullness of the proceedings was only relieved by one small incident, and that was the unanimous acceptance of a proposal to make Mr Neil Sub-Convenor and lieutenant to Bailie Dunlop on the Churches Committee.

To-morrow Mr Mathieson will be re-elected Preceptor of Hutchesons' Hospital. Bailie Dunlop is expected to be present. The interest Mr Mathieson has taken in the Scotch Endowments Act, and its having just come into force, has led to his being again selected for the post.

A special meeting of the Town Council has been called for to-morrow (Tuesday), to consider the question of applying to Parliament for a Bill for the Consolidation of the different City Trusts. A lively discussion is expected. Can it be that this measure is intended to take the place of the Police Bill, should the public insist that it (the P. B.) shall be postponed for another twelve months?

Mr Morrin delivered his maiden speech at the Council Board on Friday, and made, I understand, a fairly favourable impression on his brother members. The fears entertained with regard to the new members of Council appear likely, so far, to prove unfounded. On Friday they seemed a body of smart, youngish-looking men.

Three of the Councillors I suggested for the Magistracy some three weeks ago—Messrs Ure, Richmond, and Bertram—have been elected to the Bench. The two former constitute a real accession of strength to the Magistracy, while Mr Bertram and Mr M'Pherson—the last named of whom was the fourth Bailie elected—may be depended on to perform the duties pertaining to the position in a fair, if not a very brilliant, manner. The votes recorded on Friday by Mr Richmond, and the other new Bailies, were somewhat antagonistic to their former position, but it was no more than becoming that, on the first day of office, they should not desert the Lord Provost in his strongly expressed desire for the re-appointment of a committee on the Police Bill.

Lord Rosebery's presence at the meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council on Friday suggests the notion that it might be wise to consult his Lordship—and possibly the Lord Advocate, with regard to our proposed Police Bill. The assistant Home Secretary comes to Glasgow on Friday, to open the annexe recently added to the Blind Asylum.

“Lurline” is drawing enormous crowds to Hengler's. Night after night the building is packed to the doors. It is hinted, by the by, that “Lurline” is by no means inclined to rate the purity of Loch Katrine water so highly as we Glasgow folk have been accustomed to do. She declares it is thick and muddy when compared with the water supplied in London and other places where she has appeared.

As far as the Three R.'s are concerned, the schools under the Glasgow Board are far and away the best in the kingdom. I see from a return just drawn up that the per centage of passes here is as much beyond all Scotland as this again is in advance of all England. Taking school subjects all round, our Board Schools also show wonderfully well. The average grant earned by each pupil in Glasgow is 18s 3d, the average for Scotland being 17s 9½d, and for England 15s 9¾d. The schools at the head of the list are Greenside Street, Garnet Hill, and Camden Street—the grant per scholar in each of these is over £1. At the bottom of the list of 42 schools stand Finnieston, Hozier Street, Burnbank, and Camlachie. These are far below par, all of them being under the English average.

In view of these facts, it seems passing strange that pupil teachers under our Board should prove such rank duffers. Out of 263 of these budding dominies not less than 98 failed to pass decently the last annual examination. Perhaps the new system of grinding in central groups, lately begun by the Board, may produce better results.

—o—

Practical joking took a rather serious turn prior to the counting of the votes in the Council Chambers, Ingram Street, on Tuesday evening last. About 20 enumerators were told off into a committee room, and the Town-Clerk entered immediately afterwards to administer to them the declaration of secrecy before commencing the counting.

He had not time to do so, however, when Mr Robertson, of the Improvement Trust, came into the room in an excited state, and whispered something in Dr Marwick's ear, which caused him to start and hesitate for some time.

Mr Robertson retired, and then the Town-Clerk cried, "Close the door; let no one out. Send for a policeman."

The enumerators, unaware of what had happened, were rather startled at a procedure they had never before experienced on such occasions, until the Town-Clerk put the matter plainly before them.

"A watch has been stolen from Mr Robertson," he said, "and I have sent for a policeman to have you all searched. I myself will be searched first!"

Before the constable arrived, however, Mr Robertson again approached Dr Marwick, this time looking considerably crest-fallen, and muttered "I have got it, sir." "Can you tell me who took it?" demanded the Doctor in something like a rage, "as I consider this a very sorry joke indeed!"

Mr Robertson couldn't tell, but another gentleman, who joined the enumerators, volunteered the information that the watch had been lifted for a joke. The dramatic scene put the enumerators into a wild state of excitement, as they began to feel their pockets and shake their clothes, lest one or other should find himself the victim of this frivolity.

A nice affair, wasn't it, BAILIE?

—o—

Is it the case that the Second Ward Committee met to discuss the new Police Bill, and instruct their representatives regarding it, at the same hour that the measure was being voted on in the Council?

—o—

Our friends of the Glasgow Archæological Society begin their session on Thursday. The annual opening address will be delivered by Mr Joseph Irving, the historian of Dumbartonshire, who will discourse on "Philosophy in the Study of Things Old."

—o—

Messrs M^cTear & Co. announce an important sale of Modern Oil Paintings in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week. The works will be on view to-morrow (Tuesday).

—o—

The sale to-morrow at Mr Edmiston's should attract picture buyers. The works to be disposed of belong to Mr Harrow, who is well known as a careful collector, and the artists represented are among the best known of the Scotch school.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

A University Scandal.

A REFERENCE of Principal Caird's last Tuesday recalled public attention to the stupendous joke involved in the fact that at this moment the most exalted office, next to the Chancellorship and Vice-Chancellorship, in our ancient University is held by—Mr John Bright! But is the joke altogether a joke? Is it not rather a shameful thing that this high office, with its splendid traditions, should be held by a person whose sole connection with University matters may be said to be the negative one of his hopeless ignorance of, and consequent bitter enmity to, everything pertaining to culture in any shape or form? Let our young friends at Gilmorehill go one step further next year, by electing, say, Mr Charles Bradlaugh or Mr James Martin, and so resign the privilege they have shown themselves unfit to hold.

THE MILITARY AND THEIR PROTECTORS.

Scene—Street in Maryhill; time, Monday forenoon. A detachment of Highland Light Infantry is marching from railway station to barracks; group of lads are looking on.)

1st Youth—I say, Jimmie, hoo dis the pollis aye gang wi' the sojers? There's twa pegs wi' this lot.

2nd Youth—It's fur feer onybody meddles wi' them.

3rd Youth—No, it's no, it's fur fear they rin awa'.

4th Youth—Aha! if they did the 'tectives wad sune catch them.

The King o' Core—Aye, and when the last anes gaed awa' the Captin writet a nice letter aboot it, an' the inspector had on his lum hat gaun along wi' them.

"Wise Saws" from "Grannie."

Thursday, Ninth November, 1882.

"WE confess this."—"We by no means imagine."—"We are somewhat surprised."—"The Lord Provost and Councillor George Jackson."—"It occurs to us."—"Of course we know."—"From the first we believed."—"As we previously hinted."—"Now we know."—"There were of course."—"As we expected."—"As we explained some days ago."—"So far as we can learn."—"We must be cautious."

ÆSTHETIC.—Asinus says (and he ought to know) that there is but one step from Japanese to jaupin' easy.

An En-"Currie"-ging Sign—The joiners taking the advice of the M.P. for Perth.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the elections are over.

That the unexpected did happen.

That some are out that didn't expect it.

That some are in that expected it as little.

That the Tuesday of last week was a rare day for committee men.

That certain of the committees have been meeting ever since.

That the election of bailies was very judiciously arranged.

That Johnnie Neil fairly broke loose at the first meeting of the new Council.

That he bullied the Lord Provost.

That he attacked the Council.

That Johnnie was nowhere in the ballot.

That "oor Jeems" played a lively second fiddle to Johnnie.

That alphabet Smith's "For heaven's sake let him speak" was good.

That putting Jeems on the City Improvement Trust Committee was a happy thought.

That there will be some wonderful revelations shortly.

That the ground held by the Corporation is all to be sold for what it will bring.

That the Improvement Trust tax is about to be tripled.

That the fourteenth is a weel bailed ward.

That its three representatives adorn the bench.

That they are W. W., Struthers Hamilton, and Richmond.

That the judicious George declined the honour of a seat on the bench with skill and good grace.

That George can afford to wait.

That meantime his influence in the Council is larger than if he had accepted the chain of office.

That the ship joiners' strike has entered on a new phase.

That Sir Donald Currie has proved himself quite a letterary man.

That Lord Provost Ure intends doing a power of work before leaving office.

That the best laid schemes o' men and mice gang whiles agee.

That Saturday was rent day.

Serenade Addressed by an Eminent O.C. to Edina—"Lassie, Waddy Lo'es Ye!"

"The False Profit"—A "cooked" balance.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

Megilp.

THE Institute Exhibition closes next Saturday. In point of merit and interest, this Exhibition equals its predecessors—its educational value can hardly be over-estimated—and yet the public of Glasgow have not shown their appreciation of the advantages put within their reach. The attendance throughout has been very small—even the reduction of evening admission to 3d has failed to draw the very people who would benefit by the Exhibition.

Will the Institute continue the Black and White Exhibition? The question for them, plainly put, is one of commercial success. It is very well to educate the masses, but sometimes it is an ungrateful and likewise an expensive process.

The friends and former pupils of Robert Greenlees who intend to subscribe to the testimonial about to be presented to him, should communicate, on or before the 1st prox., with William Smith, 61 West Regent Street, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the fund. It is understood that the testimonial will take the form of a portrait, which will be painted by William M'Taggart, R.S.A. No words are needed here to recommend the testimonial to the artistic public of Glasgow. To Mr Greenlees, more than to any other single individual, is due the distinction of having created the present school of Glasgow artists.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the editor of the *Portfolio*, and author of "A Painter's Camp," "Etching and Etchers," "The Graphic Arts," and various other volumes more or less widely known, paid a visit, the other day, to his native town of Burnley in Lancashire, and in reply to an address presented to him by the literary societies of the place, mentioned that of his book, "The Isles of Loch Awe," written when he was one and twenty, 2000 copies were printed and 47 sold. The first edition, he added, of "Etching and Etchers," was published at a guinea and a half, and its selling price is now sixteen pounds. Mr Hamerton has long settled down near Autun, in Central France, where he owns a fine estate.

Messrs Thomas De la Rue & Co., of London, have issued, as a little Christmas book, a new translation of the old fairy tale of "Rumpelstiltskin." It is copiously illustrated, the pictures being the work of George R. Halkett, whose "New Gleanings from Gladstone" were, out of all measure, the most successful series of political cartoons of their day. Mr Halkett, it is understood, has definitely adopted art as a profession.

Only three elections to the Art Club took place at the meeting on Thursday. The new members are Messrs Christie, Paterson, and M'Gillvray. As was stated in this column last week, Mr M'Gillvray is a sculptor. He is a painter, however, as well as a worker in clay. Mr Christie, by-the-by, is at present studying in Paris. Of other two candidates mentioned a week ago, Mr Henry only required two, and Mr Nairn three votes to qualify them for membership.

The "private view" of the Club's exhibition in Mr Annan's will be held on Saturday, and it will be open to the public on Monday.

Three, not two, vacancies in the ranks of the Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, were filled up at the meeting of Academicians on Wednesday last. These vacancies were created by the elevation, in February, of Robert Gibb to the rank of Academician, by the retirement of John M'Whirter, and by the death, at the beginning of August, of J. C. Wintour. As was anticipated in this column last week, Robert M'Gregor and John Lorimer were elected to two of the vacant places, while the third was given to David Farquharson. The last-named appointment took one or two people by surprise. Mr Farquharson, however, has youth on his side, and with perseverance, and careful study, he may yet succeed in justifying his selection as an Associate.

Of the eminence of Mr M'Gregor, and the "go" and talent of Mr Lorimer, there is no need to speak to-day.

An Academician, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Sir Daniel Macnee, will be elected on the 10th of February.

The first conversazione for the season of the Art Club will be held in the rooms of the Club on Thursday evening.

Not a "Warm Member."

A LITTLE bawbee rag of an evening paper in London has been indulging in profane ribaldry on the subject of the touching farewell which Edinburgh bade to her new member. This mouthpiece of Cockney impudence declines to swallow the haggis, won't accept the address, pokes fun at the walking-stick, and professes to see incongruity in the fact of a Q. C. being regarded by a fishwife in the light of a "bonnie lamb." Ah, well! Never mind, my noble Waddy. Though press and Parliament be cold, there are warm hearts in the North, and if you like to give the BAILIE a call he will be happy to *make things very hot for you indeed!*

TRAIN UP A CHILD.

(Scene—Suburb of Glasgow. Minister having intimated to the Sabbath scholars that he wants eight boys who can sing and know something of music to call at the Session-house on Friday for the purpose of forming a choir to sing at the coming school soiree. After the school is dismissed a little boy, with anxious face, is observed by one of the teachers retaining his seat.)

Teacher (approaching little boy) — Well, Joseph, what are you waiting for?

Joseph—Please, sir, wull a' come on Friday tae the singin'?

Teacher—Can you sing?

Joseph—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Do you know music?

Joseph—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Well, Joseph, just come on Friday.

Joseph (lowering his voice)—But it's comic sangs a' sing.

[Teacher retires thoughtfully, muttering something about reformation.]

GOOD MORNING TO YOUR NIGHTCAP.

Up i' the mornin's no' for me,
Up i' the mornin' early,
Although there be a comet at three
I' the lift a-bleezin' rarely.
Up i' the lift it may bleeze for me,
Nor its head nor its tale I care o';
While I sleep soun' it may whirl aroun'
An' awa' till it's ne'er heard mair o'.

The New Chief Magistrate of London—The "dream of his youth" was doubtless Knight-Mayor.

The Opposition Party—Councillor Neil.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

The New Cameronians.

DR CHARLES CAMERON is to be congratulated upon his latest *protégés*. In the House of Commons last week he fell foul of the Arbroath magistrates for having fined, "under a dormant statute," certain members of that mischief-making body—in comparison with whom Mr Bradlaugh is reverence itself—the "Salvation Army." It is satisfactory to note that the Lord Advocate quietly sat upon Dr Charles, pointing out, as he did so, that the statute in question is *not* dormant. Are there no other non-dormant statutes providing for the corporal chastisement of idle and dangerous characters of the "Salvation Army" stamp? Pray look up your books, good Lord Advocate, and see!

Why I didn't take a Bailieship.

Because of the impure air in the Police Courts.
Because I could not give the time.
Because I doubted if I would suit the robes.
Because I doubted if the robes would suit me.
Because I was not asked.

WHY I TOOK THE BAILIESHIP.

Because my friends desired me.
Because Bailie ——— sounds well.
Because "once a bailie aye a bailie."
Because I mightn't get the chance again.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

Mr Pinkerton—An' Mr Kaye, did ye no' feel faur frae hame in Egypt?

Jeems Kaye—No, man, for I met a lot o' 'Shaws folk there,—Paw-shaws, ye ken, it soounded quite hamelike an' neebourly.

"Grand Old Mannishness.

GRANNY is at it again! In the course of a leader t'other day she talked of Mr Froude addressing "many of those who have brought what is known as Grand Old Mannishness to a fanaticism, or rather to a science." Goodness gracious! Also, My conscience! *What* is it that is known as Grand Old Mannishness? Is it the art of hiding oneself behind one's shirt-collars, or the science of verbose mendacity, or the power of swallowing and digesting principles, or which, or none, or all? That is the question!

HONOR EST A NILO.

Herewith there goes the BAILIE's malison
On him who'd grudge a sword to Alison,
A sword of honour, and a golden
Sheath, for *War, with honour*, holden.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

OVERCOATS!
OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!
(FOR IMMEDIATE USE.)

THE LARGEST VARIETY of GENTLEMEN'S OVERCOATS, GREATCOATS, and ULSTERS to be seen anywhere, at prices ranging from 35s to 70s. Every Garment Made in own Workshops, same as if Made to Order.

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RENFIELD STREET

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

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Are now Selling the same at
25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.
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RODERICK DHU OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY obtained the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT at the ADELAIDE EXHIBITION. Quotations from the Proprietors—WRIGHT & GREIG, 90 West Campbell Street.

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RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment.
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MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

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FINEST OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
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New and Greatly Enlarged CATALOGUE Now Ready.
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MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
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BRIDGE OF WEIR. Every comfort and attention to
Visitors. Terms strictly moderate.
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ROYAL



EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will
now be Enrolled for Year 1883, this giving them the
privilege of Two Months Gratis.

BY ORDER.

November, 1882.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1882.

IF the result of the municipal elections last week was not an out-and-out disapproval of the attempt to "rush through" the Police Bill, it would be difficult to suggest in what way the constituencies could give effect to their opinions. The large numbers of votes polled, and the sweeping majorities by which the candidates who were strongest in favour of delay were returned, show how thoroughly the ratepayers are roused. If some of the ward meetings had not been held before the Draft Bill was laid before the Council, there would have been more contests, and a few more Councillors might have found themselves unseated. As it is, one or two dominant cliques have been split or upset, and the representation brought more into harmony with public opinion. As for the "rushing through policy" now in favour with the Lord Provost, no one outside his own circle has a good word to say. Twelve months ago, indeed, bitterly as his Lordship now accuses those who are opposed to him of acting from interested motives, he himself declared against all undue haste with regard to the new measure. But it will be a sad day for our City when purity of motive in civic affairs is to be found nowhere save in the Council. The latter, moreover, cannot keep itself free from even the taint of suspicion more effectively than by acting in accord with the evident sense of the mass of the ratepayers. That sense, with regard to the Police Bill, has been clearly expressed and enforced, and is being emphasized every day. And who is to blame, it may be asked, for the existing municipal turmoil, or for such a lamentable ex-

hibition of the evils of spirited policy as that provided at the meeting of the Clyde Trust on Saturday last? The Clyde Trust business was of the highest importance to the general public, as well as the shipping interest, and yet the meeting was neither regularly convened nor constituted. The representatives from the Town Council were conspicuous by their absence, because it was a Saturday, and of all days in the year—a term day. The day and the hour were inconvenient for them, but this did not hinder the Lord Provost from endeavouring to "rush through" another measure.

"LURLINE" OUT-DONE.

(Scene—Public-house, West Nile Street, at half-past ten p.m.)

Jock—Hullo, Bob, whar hae ye been?

Bob—Man, Jock, I wis up at the circus, an' a' saw a woman sitting at the bottom o' a big glass bath full o' water for twa minutes' an' a half.

Jock—Man, Bob, that's naething. When a' wis doun at Rothesay a' saw a man go intae the water, an' he didna come up afore I left.

Steady, There!

ADDRESSING his municipal colleagues the other day, the Lord Provost "reminded them that usually there was not much steady work done in the Council during the summer." What, my Lord! Do you mean to suggest that the influence of "the Fair" is such, both retrospectively and prospectively, as to render our grave Cooncillors—teetotallers an' a'—unsteady during the whole of the summer? If so, by the same token, as an Irishman would say, "the New Year" ought to keep them unsteady all the winter. And to think that mere, weak, ordinary mortals are content with a week or so on each occasion!

Misty Opposition.

THE BAILIE used to regard Councillor Forrester as nothing if not sturdy and solid; but, if we are to believe his own account, there is a good deal of nebulosity about him. The other day he compared his opposition to the Police Bill to "mist on the mountains." Now, if he be misty on that point, is it too much to infer that he is hazy on others, that his views are foggy, that he habitually lives in the clouds, and that he is subject to what our grandmamas used to call the vapours? Yet, Mist-er Forrester, the BAILIE would not hear your enemy say so

Quavers.

THE second Orchestral Concert, or third of the series, may be called the Joachim night, the famous violin virtuoso then resuming, after an unreasonably long interval, his acquaintance with a Glasgow audience. If Herr Joachim found us comparative Goths at his last visit fifteen years ago, he will have no reason now to complain of insensibility. His chief solo performance will be the Beethoven Concerto in D, a portion only of which we have had before at these concerts (in Mr Carrodus's time), namely, the Allegro. A better opportunity could not be given of hearing Joachim than in this noble concerto, great as it is in solo and ensemble. The Larghetto, one of the two movements not before heard here, is a movement of placid beauty. The Rondo, the other of the two, is brilliant and spirited, and in its finale full of the composer's humour and originality. The Allegro, it will be remembered, is remarkable for the iterated phrase of four notes, first given out by the drum, and heard afterwards from other instruments, or by the entire orchestra all through the movement.

A Preludium and Gavotte (Bach), and a Capriccio in E (Paganini), also the Romance from his own Hungarian Concerto, are Herr Joachim's other solos; and the Orchestral numbers are the Overture "Les deux journées" (Cherubini), and the Ruy Blas overture (Mendelssohn); an Andante from Schubert, instrumented by Joachim; the Mozart Symphony, in G minor (ever welcome); and the Dance of Nymphs and Reapers from Sullivan's Tempest music, the first orchestral work of the now famous operetta composer, and produced for the first time at the Crystal Palace just ten and a half years ago.

The programme of the fourth Orchestral Concert embraces Spohr's Symphony No. 4, "The Consecration of Sound," with which we are all more or less familiar. Then there are Max Bruch's concerto for violin and orchestra, No. 1 in G, and a polonaise of the famous Polish violinist Wienawski, for the same solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment, in both of which M. Victor Buziau (whose steady and powerful leading bow is again welcome in the band) will be the chief executant. The pianoforte scherzo in E (minor) from Opus 16 of Mendelssohn, as orchestrated by Hoffmann, which some think it should not have been, will likewise be performed.

Berlioz's overture, "Les Francs Juges" (written while he was a student at the Conservatoire), is also in this programme. It is of the imaginative class, and characteristically has for its subject the Vehmgericht, or secret tribunals of the middle ages. It is a work of great power.

But perhaps the most important number in the programme of this concert is that of the selections from the new opera, "The Veiled Prophet," by C. Villiers Stanford, these extracts being the Overture and Garden Scene, including Ballets Nos. 1 and 2, and Fatima's song, "There is a bower of roses." Mr Stanford's music is a proof, among several others, that the days of Continental supremacy in imaginative music are coming to an end. With Cowen, Mackenzie, and Stanford to lead, there is no doubt that ere very long a British school of musical composition will be formed, equal, in every desirable respect, to that of any other nation.

This promises to be the best year, financially as well as artistically, that the scheme has ever had. The subscriptions are much in excess of any previous season, and applications for seats are still coming in. There will not, indeed, be much choice of accommodation for non-subscribers, it is evident; the only chance of certainty, therefore, of hearing comfortably is in subscription. *Verb. sap.*

A paragraph may be given to the mention of other three new cantatas. One of these is a setting, by Mrs Meadows White (Alice M. Smith), of Collins's Ode to the Passions." The music is Handelian in manner, for the most part, and is strong and vigorous. Our lady composers are coming to the front, it will be seen, and it is in fact becoming a question whether a feminine school of composition, using the adjective

not in a disparaging, but in a distinguishing sense, may not ere long arise. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" (Longfellow of course), music by James Hyde, comes from King William's Town, South Africa, all the way. Mr Hyde is imaginative enough, but most unsatisfactory as a musician. His pages are teeming with errors in musical grammar. Oddly enough, the next is by John Dunne—not, however, the chief in Zulu-land, but a doctor of music in Dublin. Dr Dunne's cantata is entitled "The Hanging of the Crane," words from the same well drawn author as the foregoing. Longfellow's poem refers to an ancient custom of the guests at the close of bridal festivities, to assist in the hanging of the crane in the chimney nook, and it pictures in seven stages the life of a "happy pair," until they reach their golden wedding day, and have their children and children's children gathered around them for its celebration. This charming subject has been really beautifully treated by Dr Dunne. To a society of refined taste, possessing solo ability, and in want of a work of moderate dimensions, we could not indeed recommend anything better.

A PUZZLER.

(Scene—Bar of a spirit shop in Glassford Street; customer is discussing the result of the municipal elections with shopman.)

Shopman—There's a councillor *more* in this year.

Customer—There isn't.

Shopman—But there is.

Customer—Hoo kin that be when there's still the same number o' wards?

Shopman—It's the case, nevertheless.

Customer—Bosh, man. If so whit ward wis he returned for?

Shopman (emphatically)—The fifth.

Customer (staring)—The Fifth Ward? (Considers)—Ah, ha, ha, that deserves a half yin. Twa in a hurry, please.

No Home!

IN the newspaper list, published last Wednesday, of the membership of the new Council, while almost every Councillor's name stands thus—the BAILIE takes the first on the roll—"Alexander Waddell, 44 Canning Street," at the same time one of the noblest Rum-'uns of them all figures as, "John Neil, —." Well, never mind, Johnny! If they deny you a local habitation, they cannot deprive you of your name—or of your liability to being "called names"—or of your privilege of "calling names" in return! So don't go up and down the Sixth Ward chanting, *à la* "Gregarach," "I am homeless—homeless—homeless, electors!"

"The Water-man"—The River Bailie.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blender of the "Real Johnny."*

A Long Felt Want.

IN Thursday's *Herald*, among the innumerable advertisements of situations vacant (one often wonders who are the successful candidates), there is one for an "Iron Clerk." This is the sort of clerk the majority of advertisers require—one who can stand any amount of tear and wear and never grumble. The salary is not mentioned, but if it be like that offered in the same paper the other day, where some generous party, in return for the services of "an efficient Bookkeeper with a thorough Knowledge of Shorthand, and to make himself generally useful," agreed to give ten shillings per week with prospect of an advance, then an "Iron Clerk" would suit exactly. In that case when he (the clerk, not the advertiser) got seedy all he required would be a new coat of paint, and should he get hungry or thirsty a good dose of thick varnish would brighten him up. By all means let us have "Iron Clerks."

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COME.
(Scene—George Square.)

English Tourist (to Highland bobby)—Who's statue is that?

Highland Bobby—Tat pe Sir Colin Cawmill, sir, ta creat Sir Colin.

E. T.—Oh, Sir Colin Campbell, the soldier?

H. B.—Yes, sir; he wha focht ta Turks an' Roo-shians at 'Shantee, an' won the battle of Waterloo wi' his famous charge of Sepoys. Had he pe alive noo he wad won Tel-el-Kebir too, nae toot—och, yes.

E. T.—Who is that other one?

H. B.—Ta African traveller, Dr Livingstone, sir—a creat man.

E. T.—Well, he was a great traveller, and no mistake.

H. B.—Yes, sir; and his mother's name was Cawmill.

E. T.—Indeed! I see a statue of Prince Albert over there. I suppose *he* too would be related to the great race of Campbell?

H. B.—Och, yes, sir, to pe sure, to pe sure, his tochter's married to a Cawmill.

E. T.—Oh—ah—thanks.

"STOLEN," IF YOU PLEASE!—A local firm advertise ladies' capes with "'stole' fronts." Fie, fie, gentlemen! Even if you haven't come by the goods quite honestly, you might at least try to be a little bit grammatical on the subject.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

To a Duke.

DEGENERATE scion of an honoured line,
Whose noble names in Scottish history shine,
Look back into the past, and there thou'lt see
The faces of thy sires all turned on thee—
On each pale cheek a burning spot of shame
For him, their latest heir, who slurs their fame.
Thine was a vast and fair inheritance,
No peer thou hadst of equal influence.
But all the wealth thy great forbears created,
In wine and wassail has been dissipated;
The very household gods, preserved with care,
Thou'st pledged and pawned like brokers' meanest ware;
The priceless treasures of supremest art—
Thy fathers' pride—thou'st squandered on the mart;
The ancient records, gathered from of old,
To please thy tastes, have ruthlessly been sold.
If shame were left thee, surely wouldst thou scorn
To see the dawning of another morn.
For black disgrace comes not to thee alone—
Auld Scotland hides her eyes for what thou'st done.

Openings for "Poor Gentlemen."

ACCORDING to a Manchester paper, it is not uncommon among us Scots for a "poor gentleman" to "give up his holidays to furling sails and swabbing decks, if in return for this sort of work he can get a cruise to Norway or the Hebrides." This is news to the BAILIE; but what a happy thought it is, and what a future it opens for the "poor gentleman"! Thus, what "poor gentleman" would not give up his autumn to watching game and loading guns, if "in return for this sort of work" he could get a season's shooting? Or what "poor gentleman" would not give up his evenings to toadying dowagers and "taking out" wall-flowers, if "in return for this sort of work" he could get a good supper and an occasional waltz with a pretty girl? And so forth—and so forth. Why, the thing suggests an endless round of economical enjoyment, and almost tempts the BAILIE to wish he were a "poor gentleman" himself, instead of being, as he is, an enormously opulent magnifico!

CONVENIENT.

(Scene—Interior of a Bridgeton car; two gossips are in conversation.)

First Gossip—Div ye ken if Mrs Clerk has gotten a hoose yet?

Second Gossip—Ou aye, woman, she's got a hoose wae every convenience. There's a wash-in'-hoose an' green at the back, an' a whiskey-shop at the close-mouth!

Proverbial Foolosophy—You cannot make "a gold magistrate" out of a brazen councillor.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 60s. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

The "Grand" Old Man — Mr Thomas W. Charles.

A Liberal "Whip"—Sir Stafford Northcote.

G R A N D T H E A T R E,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.
Responsible Manager and Director..... Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.
TO-NIGHT (MONDAY), Nov. 13th, AT 7.30,
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS, AND LAST
SIX NIGHTS, OF
T H E R O M A N Y R Y E.

Prices from 6d to £1 11s 6d. Box Plan, where Seats may be secured, at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street. NOTICE.—Single Seats in centre of Private Boxes may be secured at 4s each. *Complimentary Free List Suspended, Press excepted.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To prevent Disappointment to Families living at a distance, Mr T. W. CHARLES has arranged that Seats may be booked at Donaldson's on and after the 11th of November for the First Two Months' Run of his Pantomime—
R O B I N S O N C R U S O E.

R O Y A L P R I N C E S S ' S T H E A T R E,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
Every Evening this Week at 7.30 (Saturday at 7),
The Favourite American Actor,
M R W I L L I A M C A L D E R,In his Famous Impersonation of

R I P. V A N W I N K L E.

Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St Vincent Street.
MONDAY FIRST, November 20th,
The Successful Surrey Drama,
M E N A N D W O M E N.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E.
Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.

Engagement of the World-Renowned
C A R L R O S A O P E R A C O M P A N Y.
THIS EVENING (TUESDAY), 14TH NOV., AT 7.30,
M A R I T A N A.

WEDNESDAY, 15th NOV.,.....T R O V A T O R E.
THURSDAY, 16th NOV.,.....T H E L A D Y I N W H I T E.

(D A M E B L A N C H E).
FRIDAY, 17th NOV.,.....F L Y I N G D U T C H M A N.
SATURDAY, 18th NOV.,.....B O H E M I A N G I R L.
Box Plan Open at Theatre and Muir Wood's. Stalls, 7s 6d;
Dress Circle, 6s.

MONDAY, 20th NOVEMBER,
D'OYLY CARTE'S COMPANY,
T H E P I R A T E S O F P E N Z A N C E.

**G L A S G O W S O U T H - S I D E C H O R A L
S O C I E T Y.**

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In Aid of the BROOMHILL HOME FOR INCURABLES.
H A D Y N ' S O R A T O R I O,
C R E A T I O N,
C I T Y H A L L, W E D N E S D A Y, 6 T H D E C E M B E R.

Principals—
Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON.
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FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductor, Mr JAMES M'KEAN.
Leader of Orchestra, Mr W. H. COLE.
Tickets—4s, 3s, 2s, and 1s—to be had at Messrs R. & J. R. Adams, and Principal Musicsellers.

T H E G A I E T Y.

Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP.

TO-NIGHT AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS, AT 7.30,
M I S S K A T E S A N T L E Y

And Specially-Selected Company,
L A M A S C O T T E,

Bettina....."The Mascotte,".....Miss KATE SANTLEY.

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C H O R A L A N D O R C H E S T R A L C O N C E R T S.
S T. A N D R E W ' S H A L L.

SEASON COMMENCING TUESDAY, 12TH DECEMBER, 1882, AND ENDING WEDNESDAY, 14TH FEB. 1883.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST IS NOW OPEN. CHOICE OF SEATS WILL TAKE PLACE IN THE ORDER OF APPLICATION.

Prospectuses at the principal Musicsellers, and from Mr JOHN WALLACE, Acting Secretary, 58 West Regent Street.

S T A N D R E W ' S H A L L, G L A S G O W.

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK OF THE
M O O R E A N D B U R G E S S M I N S T R E L S
I N G L A S G O W, A N D T H E
L A S T O P P O R T U N I T Y T H A T W I L L E V E R O C C U R
O f H e a r i n g t h i s M a g n i f i c e n t C o m p a n y a w a y f r o m t h e i r o w n
H a l l i n L o n d o n.

A N E N T I R E C H A N G E O F P R O G R A M M E
T H I S E V E N I N G.

S C O T T I S H S O N G S O N W E D N E S D A Y A N D S A T U R D A Y.
L A S T G R A N D M O R N I N G P E R F O R M A N C E

O n S A T U R D A Y A f t e r n o o n N e x t, 18th November.

Tickets and Plans can be secured at Messrs Paterson, Son's & Co., 152 Buchanan Street.

W I N D S O R H A L L S, 164 Gt. Western Road,

Glasgow, Near St. George's Cross. Mr JAMES TURNER, of the Agricultural Hall, London, every evening, commencing MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, and will give an impersonation of the Great American Humourist, ARTEMUS WARD, as above, and deliver the Comic Lecture which caused such a tremendous sensation at the Egyptian Hall, London, illustrated by fac-similes of the original Panorama of ARTEMUS WARD among the MORMONS. Mr TURNER will be assisted by VOCE, the Celebrated Ventriloquist. Admission, 3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Carriages at 10.

**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.**

S A T U R D A Y, 18 T H N O V E M B E R, 1882.
S P E C I A L N O V E L T Y.

D U N D E E L A D I E S ' O R C H E S T R A,
N U M B E R I N G T H I R T Y P E R F O R M E R S.

First Ladies Orchestra in this Country.

Solo Violincello—

Miss FLORENCE HEMMINGS.

Solo Clarinet—

Miss FRANCES THOMAS.

Vocalists—

Mrs A. C. HADEN, Soprano.

Miss M. W. FVFFE, Contralto.

CONDUCTOR, MR A. C. HADEN.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street. Doors Open at 6.45; Concert at 7.30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES,
Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.
Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT, COMMENCING TO-NIGHT,
OF
HERR DOBLER,
The World's Wizard,
AND A LARGE STAFF OF STAR ARTISTES.

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WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

OPEN EVERY EVENING at 7; commencing 7-30.
SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 2; commencing 2-30.

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UNRIVALLED EQUESTRIAN COMPANY,
And the World-Renowned and Accomplished
LURLINE,

In her Graceful Natatory Performance.

Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, 6d. Booking Office Open at the Cirque
from 10 till 3 Daily.

GLASGOW CELTIC SOCIETY.

The DIRECTORS have arranged for a DINNER in connection with the Society, within MACGREGOR'S HOTEL, ST. VINCENT STREET, on the Evening of TUESDAY, 19th DECEMBER Next.

SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, BART., of Blythswood,
in the Chair.

Tickets, price 10s 6d each, may be obtained by the Members of the Society from any of the Directors, or at my Office, 194 West George Street.

CHAS. MACDONALD WILLIAMSON,
Honorary Secretary.

CORPORATION ORGAN, & C., RECITALS.

The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt.

Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3.30.
Admission and Programmes Free.

Sale To-Day (Tuesday), in the City Sale-Rooms.

PICTURE SALE,

Including Examples of

Pettie, MacWhirter, Chalmers, Farquharson, W. D. Mackay, Lawton, Wingate, Augustus Egg, Pollok, S. Nisbet, J. R. Reid, Carlaw, Fraser, Aitken, C. J. Lauder, and other leading Artists in the Scottish School.

BY AUCTION.

(Being the first portion of the Collection of Mr John Harrow).

J. & R. EDMISTON will Sell, as above, in the Saloon of the City Sale-Rooms, on Tuesday, 14th November, at 12 Noon.

In the Collection will be found Important Works by Alexander Fraser, Sir W. F. Douglas, W. D. Mackay, George Reid, R. W. Allan, W. Beattie Brown, W. B. Holl, Sam Bough, George Aikman, J. C. Noble, J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, R. Alexander, Augustus Egg, Pettie, Lawton, Wingate, J. R. Reid, Claude Hayes, David Farquharson, J. Denovan Adam, William Carlow, Hamilton, of London, C. E. Johnson, Niemann, J. A. Aitken, C. J. Lauder, — Hulk, Sen. James Cassie.

On View To-Day till Hour of Sale. Catalogues on application.
J. & R. EDMISTON, Auctioneers.

WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE
GLASGOW ART CLUB,
IN THE

GALLERY OF MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
(ALL CHOICE CABINET PICTURES).

Admission—including Catalogue—Sixpence.

In the Royal Exchange Sale Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 15th, 16th, and 17th November, at 12 o'clock each day.

IMPORTANT SALE OF A SPLENDID
COLLECTION OF

MODERN OIL PAINTINGS

(Removed from Mr F. T. Huckle's Gallery, which is undergoing extensive alterations.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. are instructed to submit for absolute Sale, by Public Auction, in their Gallery, on the above dates, about 400 charming specimens of Oil Paintings, most of which have come direct from the easels of the Artists, many of whose works grace the walls of the various Exhibitions in London and the Provinces. In order that the Pictures may be thoroughly inspected, To-Morrow (Tuesday), will be set apart as a day for Viewing, when those who avail themselves of the opportunity will not go away disappointed.

The following Artists will be represented by some of their most important works, viz.:

Lascelles,	Howard	Nicholl,
Atkyns,	Stone,	Oliver Clare,
Barker,	Old Morris,	Ellis Lawson,
Longstaffe,	Delawar,	Lindsay,
Thors,	Taylor,	Hunt,
Escott,	Smyth,	etc., etc.

NOTE.—Crates lent to Purchasers, and Pictures packed to go any distance, without the slightest trouble to the Purchaser.

Catalogues forwarded on application to the Auctioneers.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, Glasgow, 13th Nov., 1882.

**YOUNG'S
PARAFFIN OIL VERSUS GAS.**

TAKING Gas at 3s 0d per 1,000 Cubic Feet, the equivalent quantity of Light obtained from YOUNG'S PARAFFIN OIL, at its present Retail Price, costs only 1s 5d. It produces much less Heat and Sulphurous and Carbonic Acids, whereby the Air is kept Healthful and Pure, and there is no injury to Books, Paintings, or Art Decorations. It has been extensively used in all Climates for Thirty Years without a Single Accident.

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J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.

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PIANOFORTE and MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

TESTIMONIAL to ROBERT GREEN-LEES, Esq., Late School of Art and Haldane Academy.

The Committee have arranged to close the Subscription List on 1st December. Friends and former Pupils wishing to subscribe will please communicate with the Subscriber before that date.

WILLIAM SMITH, Hon. Sec. and Treas.,
61 West Regent Street.

Glasgow, 11th November, 1882.

SIR NOEL PATON'S GREAT PICTURE,
"LUX IN TENEBRIS,"
IS NOW ON VIEW

AT
JAMES M'CLURE & SON'S GALLERY,
90 ST. VINCENT STREET,
Open from 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 3.

Admission Sixpence.

LAST WEEK.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

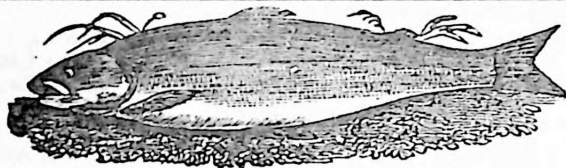
THIRD AUTUMN EXHIBITION.
WORKS IN BLACK AND WHITE, AND WORKS BY
THE SCOTTISH WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

Admission—Day, 9 to 5.....1s ;

Evening Admission Reduced to.....3d.

ROBERT WALKER, Acting Secretary.

Galleries of the Institute, Sauchiehall Street.



DINNERS—(FISH)—SUPPERS.

The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an Elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies' Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS of Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

When Ivanhoe, in days of yore,
For Jewish maiden fought,
That sacred cause made him ignore
Wounds, death, as less than naught.
Yet now behold the countermand !
For, risen again, "No truce !"
He cries, "From out this happy land
I'll extirpate the juice !"
Ask for them and take no other.

CLAYS, 2D.
In Cases, 6d and 1s.

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ALL TOBACCONISTS.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE
PERCY'S
Patent
PIPE
The "IVANHOE"
WET TOBACCO IMPOSSIBLE.
COOLER SMOKE UNKNOWN
TO BE HAD IN
CLAY-BRIAR-MEERSCHAUM.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS,
ARTISTS,

88 RENFIELD STREET, 88

'THE British Journal of Photography' says,
in noticing our Specimens in this Exhibition—"These Artists occupy a foremost place in the pictorial ranks of Scotland."

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
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Satisfactory Working Guaranteed.

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS

Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

WILLIAM HUME,

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HUNGARIAN WINES

One Dozen Sample Case of our Different Sorts of Carlowitz, 30s



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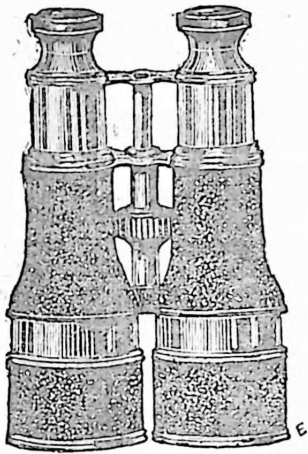
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Descriptive Pamphlet and Price List of all kinds of Wines
Bottle can be had Free on Application.



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OR,

CORRECT VISION OPERA GLASS

Is Remarkable for Clearness of Definition and Comfort in Using

PRICES FROM 30s EACH.

JAMES BROWN, 76 ST. VINCENT STREET.

GLASS & CHINA.—M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Minton's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Doulton Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatti's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kiln which we have recently erected in our Workshop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paintings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.

ARGYLE TURKISH AND WARM BATHS,

366 ARGYLE STREET, AND 184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

The most complete in Scotland. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

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LAGER AND BOCK BEER.

OFFICE—

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

13 PRIZE MEDALS—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1770.

NAPOLEON PRICE & CO., Successors to PRICE & GOSNELL, Manufacturing Perfumers and Soap Makers, 27, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON; Steam Factory 8, Cumming Street, N.

Copy of Telegram just received from New Zealand Exhibition. "Pleasure in announcing highest award—Gold Medal for all exhibits."

NAPOLEON PRICE'S "TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP," the best Soap for Winter or Summer. Sold everywhere.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

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SUPERIOR CONFECTIONERY,

D. CAMPBELL,

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JOHN CAMPBELL,

183 ARGYLE STREET

(Between St. Enoch Square and Jamaica Street),
GLASGOW.

ESTABLISHED THIRTY-TWO YEARS

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

ANOTHER GRAND WEEK

OF

TERM AND NOVEMBER BARGAINS**AT THE COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONATIA.**

CROWDS of CUSTOMERS, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. No wonder we are besieged with Purchasers, we are full of enterprise, and are determined that we shall NOT BE THE LAST in the Drapery trade. It is almost futile quoting prices, as no sooner do our advertisements appear than our prices are copied by certain Houses who seem to hang tenaciously to the Colosseum System, hoping thereby to be dragged up along with it in its grand progressive and important march.

The great preparation for the Grand Christmas International Show necessitates the entire sweeping out of several of our colossal departments to obtain the space. We make some terrible slaughterings with the prices.

Now on Sale, the Great Colosseum Packet of 26 High-Class Christmas Cards, published price 10s 6d, our price 11½d. The "Jamaica" Packet of 26 Cards, published at 6s, for 8½d, and the Millionatia Packet of 26 Cards published at 2s 6d, for 4½d. With each of these three great packets we present our War Map. The packets, post free, for 6, 10, or 14 stamps. Send at once for a sample packet. We have only a few million Cards. They do not go far when sold in lots of 26. The 15½ by 12 Portraits in Oil of the Duke and Duchess of Albany for One Penny each; the two, post free Fourpence.

PICTURES.—Do you want Pictures? If so, we can sell you "Chromos" and "Oleos" at less than half usual price. Our Great Hat Shape Saloon must be cleared out before 1st December. We now offer the extra quality Buckram Hat and Bonnet Frames in the large shapes—the "Reubens," "Bolero," "Skating," "Langtry," "Scotch," &c.—at TWOPENCE each. Milliners, this is your opportunity; secure a parcel now, you never can again. Great excitement over our Black Felt Hats for Ladies and Misses, in all the newest shapes at 8½d each; worth 2s 6d. Also, the 6s Real Beaver-edge Black Felt for 1s 9d. No wholesale house can sell these goods under 3s, but Colosseum Customers can get all they want of them at 1s 9d. Wear one of them, and no one will believe they cost you less than five or six shilings.

CURTAINS—Mr Wilson will send all Curtains over 10s carriage free to any address in Britain. See our Lace Curtains at 1s 11½d, worth 5s; also, our rare lines at 2s 6d, 2s 11d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, 12s 11d, 17s 11d, 21s, and 29s. We dare not tell how cheap these goods are; you must see them.

SEAL JACKETS! SEAL JACKETS!! SEAL JACKETS!!!

Only ninety real Seal Paletots. A 42 in. real Seal Jacket for £7 19s; this is the same as are sold in town at £15. See also the lines at £8 19s, £11 11s, £13 13s, £15 15s, and the extra-special lines at Eighteen Guineas; worth Thirty-Five. Our Forty-Guinea Seals are value for Sixty; come and see them, and if Mr Wilson cannot give you a real Seal Jacket about half the usual price then we do not wish you to buy. Comparison solicited. Fur-lined Mantles at 10s 6d each; this is an eye-opener, surely. See our stock of Fur-lined Cloaks; 500 to choose from at 10s 6d, 13s 11d, 16s 11d, 19s 11d, 31s 6d, 42s, 45s, 55s, 65s, to 120s. Competition defied.

A MONSTER DELIVERY of GERMAN JACKETS AND DOLMANS from our Berlin house, 15s to 50s each; come and see them. See our Ulsters, from 2s 11d to 25s; our Dolman Ulsters from 12s 11d to 30s; and our Newmarket, at every price, in every colour. A grand rush for our extraordinary fast-pile Velveteens, at 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d per yard; guaranteed to wear.

Just unpacked an extraordinary line of French Flowers at half the price they should be sold at, but we like to hear the people speak well of our establishment, and we are earnest in our efforts to please our clients.

In our Gentlemen's Departments we offer strong inducements to visit us. Enormous Stock of the high-class Felt and Dress Hats at very low prices. Dress Hats, 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. Felt, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. Gentlemen's Hosiery at Manufacturers' Prices. Rare line in Braces, Scarfs, Ties, Gloves, Umbrellas, Bags, Rugs, etc., etc.

Great and extraordinary value in the Millionatia. See our lines in stays; fabulously cheap. Misses' Jackets and Ulsters to be almost given away. Tons of Underclothing at half-price. Dressing Gowns, Morning Gowns, Toilet Jackets. During the rush of the Term Trade the Millionatia will keep open one hour later each night, so that our customers may be accommodated. Lorry loads of Skirts—Skirts of every kind; Skirts at every price; Skirts for everybody; to suit every taste and purse. Aprons in hundreds of thousands. Servants' Caps from 4d to 1s 6d. The new Hat Girdles, in Cardinal, Black, and all best colours. The full length, extra quality Girdle, now for 1s 6½d. Pon-Pons and Tufts, all shades, in Ostrich and Fancy Feathers; also in Silk, from 1d to 2s 6d each; the largest variety in the Kingdom.

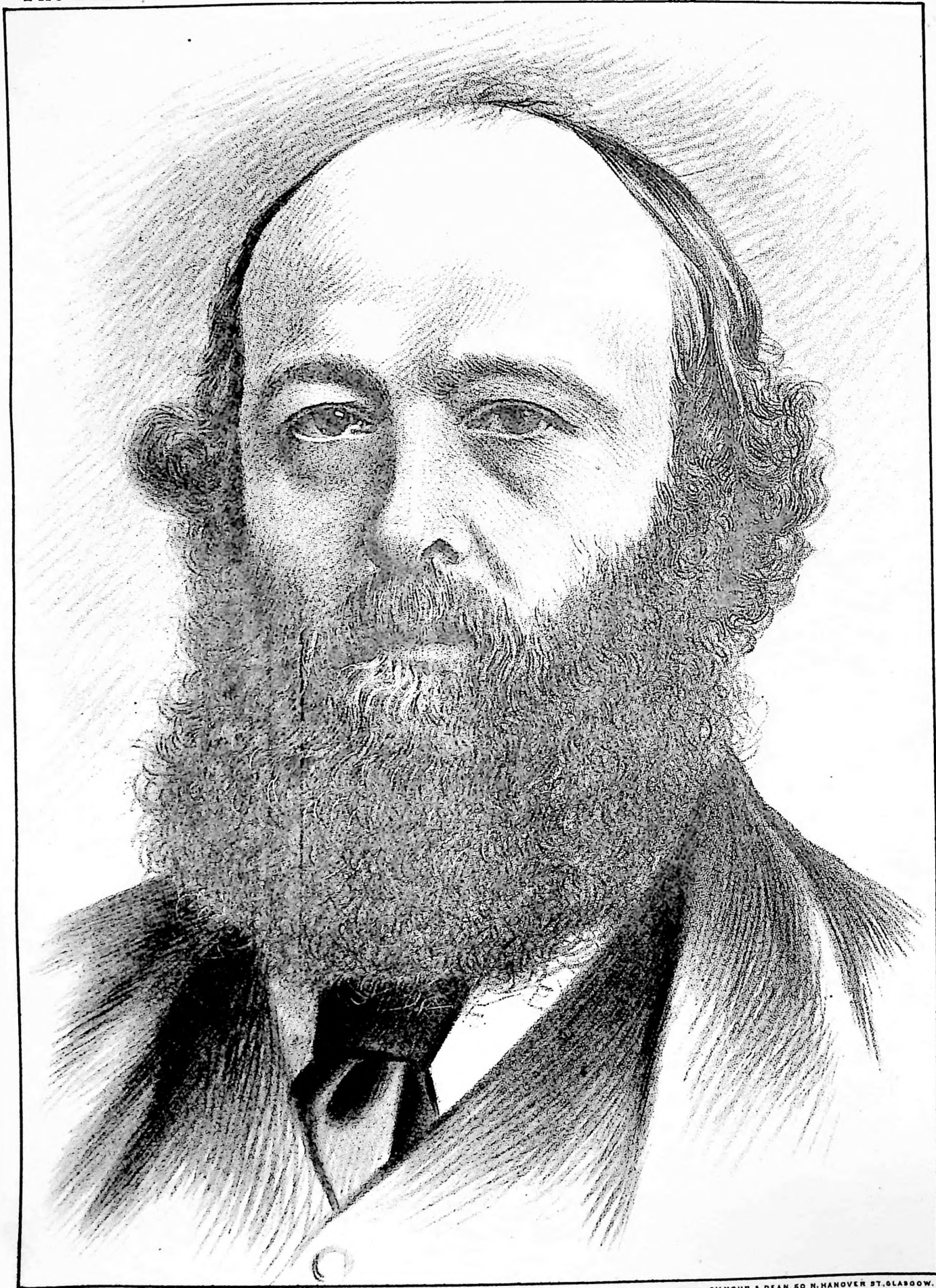
We show many surprising and astonishing lines. What do rivals who sell the Solid-Beaded Crown at 3s say to our selling them at 9d each? We also sell the new 3d Bonnet Pins at 3 a Farthing. Ask to see them.

The Largest Stock of Plain and Fancy PLUSHES in Scotland.

FRILLINGS—THRILLING BARGAINS IN FRILLINGS.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM and MILLIONATIA,
JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 527. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 22nd, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 527.

THE visit this week to Edinburgh of the Marquis of SALISBURY is in some way a matter of historical interest. It is the first public appearance in Scotland of the most important statesman, after Mr Gladstone, of the day. Lord SALISBURY is not only the chief of the Conservative party, but he is also one of the two preponderating personal influences in current politics. Still young as statesmen go—he was only born in 1830—bold almost to rashness in the expression of his opinions, an eloquent speaker, a writer of wonderful point and vigour, familiar with affairs, and possessing the *prestige* which must always attach to the position of a great noble, he is fitted, beyond all others of his party, or even his class, to assume the position of a leader of men. Lord SALISBURY, moreover, is the possessor of an almost unique experience of life. He has known poverty as well as wealth. The story of his early *Saturday Review* days, while he was still a younger son, and when he had newly irritated his father by marrying the daughter of Baron Aldersen, will supply, hereafter, a chapter for some future Romance of the Peerage. The then Lord ROBERT CECIL led the life of a busy member of the London press. He was the representative of Stamford, it is true, but he was also a *Saturday Reviewer*, he was on the staff of the *Quarterly*, he projected and edited the short-lived *Bentley's Review*, and in various other ways contrived, by his pen, to gain the wherewith to live. The death of his elder brother brought all this to an end. It made him heir apparent to the Marquisate of Salisbury; it elevated him from a struggling contributor to reviews, into a foremost member of the Conservative party. What may be termed the official life of Lord SALISBURY dates from

his accession to the title of Viscount CRANBORNE. He was Minister for India in the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet of 1866, a position he resigned twelve months afterwards, on the introduction of the Reform Bill of Mr Disraeli; and he was first Secretary for India, and subsequently Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the Beaconsfield Government which lasted from 1874 to 1880. In the seven years between '67 and '74, Lord SALISBURY was spoken of, not only by his political foes, but by those who were naturally his political allies, as an impracticable politician. His Toryism, as he said himself, was so “stern and unbending,” his criticism was so trenchant, his sarcasm was so keen, that he stood aloof, in a great measure, from both parties in the State. It was during this period that Mr Disraeli's well-known attack was made on him in the House of Commons. He was described as ‘a man of great talent. There was vigour in his invective, and no want of vindictiveness.’ “At the same time,” remarked the speaker, “dealing with it as a critic, and perhaps not an impartial one, I must say I think it wants finish.” The phrase pourtraying the Marquis as a “great master of flouts, and jibes, and jeers,” came later, was employed, indeed, in a speech delivered by Mr Disraeli on the Public Worship Act of 1874, a period when the speaker was Prime Minister, and Lord SALISBURY one of the leading members of his Government. All comes to him, however, who can afford to wait. It was this same master of “flouts, and jibes, and jeers,” who, five years afterwards, assisted to bring back “peace with honour” from Berlin, and who was subsequently decorated with the Garter for his services to the State. He is now the trusted and honoured chief of Her Majesty's Opposition, and is destined, and it may be at no distant day, to become the chief of Her Majesty's Ministry. Personally Lord SALIS-

BURY is understood to be a man of simple and kindly nature. He is distinguished by an indifference to those more minute details and observances of social life which bulk so largely in the estimation of lesser men. In Edinburgh all parties, Liberal and Tory alike, are conspiring to do him honour. And by honouring the Marquis, they are likewise honouring themselves. Lord SALISBURY, a generation hence, will be regarded as one of the glories of English politics. He is of the race of Pitt and Fox, of Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Beaconsfield.

"Hops."

THE following communication speaks for itself—My dear Mr BAILIE,—I've just seen a paragraph in a newspaper talking about "hops in Ayrshire" as if they were something *quite new*. Now, just to show you how little those newspaper people, who *think* themselves so clever, really know, I write to say that the very year I *came out*—I wouldn't for *worlds* tell even *you* what year that was—I was at an *awfully jolly* "hop" at Ayr. Indeed, it was there I first met Captain Sabretache, of the Onety-oneth, who—But there's no use in going back to *that* story, *is* there, dear Mr BAILIE?—Believe me affectionately yours,
FLO FLIRTINGTON.
Plantagenet Crescent, Monday.

OUR WAY-WORN WARRIORS.

(Scene—A Maryhill car on Thursday; the 93rd are marching past from St. Enoch Square Station.)

1st Old Woman (watching the soldiers)—Puir chaps, they look sair fashed. I'll warran' ye they hinna seen a feather bed for months.

2nd Old Woman—Ma word, bit they'll be haein' a gran' sleep this nicht.

Why, inquires Bauldy, would it be labour in vain appealing to the conscience of the Animile? Because he has a(s) seared conscience, of course (ass-eared?)

"Dear me!" as the extravagant wife said when she saw the long face her husband pulled at sight of her milliner's bill.

"The Face in the Moonlight"—The man in the moon.

Odds Bobs—Betting in uneven shillings.

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 60s. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

My Sarah.

(A PAINTER'S WINTER SONG.)

'Twas April when we turned our backs
Upon the city's strife and din,
When through the pleasant country tracks
We wandered to our wayside inn.

Thou rested on my shoulder, dear,
As cheerily we tripped along,
The glories of the opening year
Drew from each glade a gladdening song.

I sat by loch and river fair,
Or in the solemn mountain pass,
And thou wert always by me there,
My Sarah, yes, alas! my lass.

And now, even in this attio room,
When winter wars against the pane,
Thy presence lightens up the gloom
And brings old summers back again.

Then here's to thee, my trusty queen,
We'll take yet many a jocund tramp;
Her name? Well, yes, of course I mean
My pale but portly, strong-ribbed Gamp

THE COMET AGAIN.

(Village in the north of Scotland; Time, 5-30 a.m.; Lodger on going out to work sees the comet; he calls to his landlady):—

Mrs Tamson, are ye gaun to rise and get a view of the comet?

Mrs Tamson (who hastens to the door half awake)—Eh, is that a' I'm tae see! I'm gey sure I'll no rise out o' my warm bed again; aye an' though the were a hunder comets bleezing in the back yaird.

"WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF."—It appears, says Asinus, from a statement in a financial journal that one-thousand pound notes are in circulation in England. It may be true, he remarks, but it sounds like the wildest kind of romance. At any rate, he adds, the "circulation" is a long time coming round his way.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."—The difference, quotes Peter, between sacred and secular music, is not so great as it seems to be at first sight. You get the latter by the "sheet," the other by the "choir."

Talking about bores, in society or elsewhere, the biggest going, as it seems to the Animile, is the N.B. Railway tunnel. He-haw!

A "Bear" Garden—One that yields good crops.

A Copy-Book Writer—A plagiarist.

A Diving Bell(e)—Lurline.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, Blender of the "Real Johnny."

On 'Change.

THE speed with which the liquidation of the City Bank has been brought to a close is a credit to Scotland. The report issued last week shows that the end of a disgraceful episode in the commercial history of the country is now near at hand, but the odium of the disaster is half wiped out by the honourable way in which every demand was met. All the debts have been paid off in four years, and when the magnitude of the calamity is considered, it must be granted that the liquidation was a marvel of rapidity. Scotch banks, I may remark, have a habit of paying in full. Three Glasgow banks were capsized during the crisis of 1793, but the partners paid up like heroes. The same thing happened when the Western Bank failed in 1857, and now the City Bank furnishes us a fresh example of probity which cannot fail to increase the estimation in which the Scottish banking system is held.

I hope it is not true that a former director of the City Bank, and an extensive merchant in addition, is now employed in a very subordinate capacity in the business of which he was once the head. The irony of fate would derive additional pungency should it be the case that the employer of the ex-director is his own son, who is now reported to have climbed to the top of the official ladder. Whatever the director's faults or follies might have been, he was punished for them by the action of the law, and it would be sad to reflect that he should suffer further punishment at the hand of one to whom he might not unnaturally look for some consideration.

Men like the Duke of Argyll, and others who are on the provisional committee of the Argyll Canal Company, ought to subscribe the money and make the canal themselves. They can the more readily do this when the capital is comparatively so small and the prospects are so good as they say. They will benefit far more than anybody else by the cutting of a navigable channel between East and West Loch Tarbert, through the isthmus over which the Norsemen of old dragged their ships when making a descent upon Scotland. The Vikings cared even less than we do ourselves for the long passage round the Mull of Cantire. A capital of £200,000 seems quite reasonable for carrying out an undertaking of such utility, but I remember that about two or three years ago, when conversing with some people who seemed well informed on the subject, I was told that the total cost of the canal would not exceed £140,000.

Mr Wylie Guild's name on the prospectus does not add grace to the enterprise. It ought not to be there at all. Mr Guild is a stockbroker, and it was settled long ago that it was indiscreet, if not actually incompetent, for a stockbroker to serve in that capacity.

Tomkins, when I knew him first, was steward on board a steamer. In that humble but respectable position he has frequently partaken of my bounty, and many a quiet "tip" he received as a just reward for services rendered. He was illiterate and vulgar, yet not without a sort of coarse smartness which made his work acceptable enough to those who required it. Presently he became purser, and in this new sphere he found a wider field for the exercise of his abilities. He traded a little on his own account, without the knowledge of his employers, and he thus managed to make a little money. As he amassed substance he became pompous and overbearing. Tomkins never was a bashful man, and he now assumed airs which denoted that he considered himself distinctly superior to his fellows. They failed to perceive the force of his pretensions. Other people, who did not know him quite so well, took him upon trust, and exactly at his own valuation.

Among these latter were Barter the soft goods man, Potts the manufacturer, and Skewer, who works a gang of coolies in a swamp somewhere upon the banks of the Hoogley. They were overcome by the persuasive eloquence of Tomkins, who wanted to start shipowning on his own account, and who was quite right to do so if he could work the business to a profit for himself and his associates. Young Bootjack was also overcome by the Tomkins blandishments, and put some money in. None of them knew much about the management of shipping. Tomkins knew

little more, for every man who walks the deck is not necessarily an admiral, but it is wonderful how little wisdom is required to govern the world. Through downright audacity, and a measure of steady perseverance worthy of all praise, Tomkins became manager of the entire concern, and dictator in general to the fleet and its proprietors. His position was made comfortably secure for a long term of years. Capitalists might come, and owners might go, but the managing director went on prosperously for ever. He became a very superior person in his way. His old chums were invited to look upon him with respect, and when they went to visit him they were told to approach the presence with proper awe. How they ever submitted to the indignity was a mystery, but some men are mean enough to submit to anything.

SCRUTATOR.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

(An aged parishioner has handed the Bible to the minister, who is about to read a chapter to her.)

Minister—This is a very old and large book, Janet.

Janet—It is sae, a big an' auld buke. Ye see it has an apothecary i' the middle o't.

Minister—Apocrypha, Janet, apocrypha.

Janet—O maybe, sir; I've nae dealin's wi' the tane nor the tither o' them.

TO "THE BAILIE," WITH COMPLIMENTS.

With a boil on my arm, and the bile in my stomach,
How can I, dear BAILIE, compose to be comic;
Besides there's no matter to give a suggestion,
What is there to write of? for that is the question.
Just give me a subject for funning or punning,
I'm at it at once with a pen that is running,
(*Currente calamo*, as 'tis in the Latin).
'Mong what "Folks are Saying" I might get a chat in,
But what folks are saying is just what they aye say;
I've nothing to say; well, the fact is — I'm lazy.

THE WEAKNESS OF "STRONG" WATERS.—A temperance journal says "whisky must go." Why so? Surely there is no need for whisky to "go," so long as there are so many people willing, not to say eager, to pay for the pleasure of carrying it.

NOT TO BE MADE LIGHT OF.—Some people don't understand why comets should have "envelopes." The reason is perfectly plain—comets have to *correspond* with the laws of the solar system.

Motto for the Lily Fools—beg pardon, "Æsthetes"—*Manibus date lilia plenis*.

The North Side o' Freenly—The Aberdeen students' reception of their Lord Rector.

"Justice to Ireland"—The vindication of the Majesty of the Law!

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Knapp is this week representing the "Pirates of Penzance" on the Royalty stage. That they will draw big houses is one of those things that "go without telling." Why, the "Policeman's Chorus" is sufficient of itself to command a house.

Talking, by-the-by, about the Royalty, that was, I may suggest, a bold and likewise an entirely successful move of Mr Knapp into the gallery of the theatre on Friday evening. It was an opera night, and what is more, a students' night, and we all know what students' nights at the opera have hitherto been in Glasgow. Mr Knapp's few and well-chosen words quieted, however, the stormy spirits from Gilmorehill, and the performance of the "Flying Dutchman" proceeded, from beginning to end, without a single interruption from the authorities in the "upper regions."

"The Wages of Sin" is the suggestive title of a melodrama which will be produced to-night and during the week at the Grand Theatre. The Madlle. Beatrice Company—a troupe of trained and experienced actors—will sustain the piece, and we may be sure that, whether or not the "Wages of Sin" be a good play, it will at least be capitally acted.

All last week the "Mascotte" drew such audiences that the Gaiety was nightly crowded to its utmost extent. So great, indeed, has been the success that this week the programme will remain unaltered—Miss Santley throughout essaying her very attractive creation of *Bettina*.

Mr Beryl continues to stick to melo-drama. This evening a play called "Men and Women" will be performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre by a specially organised company. Great expectations have been raised over the production of Mr Beryl's forthcoming pantomime, "Little Red Riding Hood," and I have every reason to believe that these will be entirely realised.

"Men and Women," by the way, is the work of Mrs Fairbairn—the Miss May Holt that was, who will herself sustain the part of the heroine. Among the other members of the company is Mr Canning, whilome of "Caste."

As was announced a week ago, Mr Heslop has fixed on Monday, the 11th, as the opening night of his pantomime, and it may now be added that Mr Beryl and Mr Charles have selected Saturday, the 9th, for the production of their respective Christmas and New-Year annuals.

Herr Dobler, of necromantic fame, is again this week "astonishing the natives" at Mr Macgregor's Folly Theatre, Dunlop Street. He gave a "dark seance" last Friday evening, the result of which fairly seemed to show that he was in league with Lucifer. One of the more imaginative young men present declared that he "smelt brimstone" at one portion of the proceedings.

I was present, my Magistrate, in "John's," on Thursday, at the "Symposium of the Eighth Ward," and certainly our friend Bailie—"once a Bailie, always a Bailie," you know—Dunlop, who officiated as host, did the honours of the occasion in a right royal, or rather municipal manner. This was his bill of fare, and I append it so that other magistrates, or ex-magistrates, may take it for an example:—

Soups—Hare; Cockie-Leekie.

Fish—Dressed Cod, Oyster Sauce.

Entrées—Salmi of Pheasants; Curried Tripe; Stewed Kidneys.

Joints—Roast Beef; Braised Turkey; Dressed Tongue.

Sweets—Apple Tart; Cabinet Pudding; Madeira Jelly; Italian Cream.

Dessert. Café Noir.

May I add that, notwithstanding the presence of Councillors Dunlop and Forrester, the feeling of the meeting, when the cloth had been withdrawn, and song and sentiment prevailed, as the reporters would say, was sorely against the "rushing through" of the Lord Provost's Police Bill.

One passage in Lord Rosebery's speech, at the opening of the Blind Asylum, from the deep earnestness in which it was delivered, and from the associations of the place, sent a thrill through the audience. It was towards the close of the address, and when his Lordship suggested that, "if by a sudden stroke of Providence all the assembly that I see before me, like the army of the Assyrians in Scripture, were struck suddenly blind." Many felt an instinctive inclination to rub their eyes at the suggestion. The contemplation of this calamity, however, was soon dispelled by the address of Sir James Watson. There were other ills, the audience then discovered, with which mankind might be afflicted as well as blindness. The Lord Provost, on this occasion, discarded his usual manuscript.

Unlike Timon, the Duke of Hamilton yet has silver plate to give away. In a shop window in Buchanan Street I see a silver bowl that he is about to present to the Lanarkshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

I have received from Mr Gardner of Paisley—who of late has come so rapidly to the front as a publisher of credit and renown—the first number of "The Scottish Review." As it seems to me, the new Quarterly is slightly deficient in "local," or at all events "national" colour. It is, besides, too theological in its character and bearing. Probably the best article in the number is that on "The State of the Highlands." "Carlyle's Apprenticeship" is a subject which has long since been thrashed to death; "The Poetry of W. C. Smith" supplies fairly good material for a rather tumid paper; "Letters on America" is little more than a catalogue, and not a very complete one either; while as for the theological articles, of which there are two, all that need be said regarding them is—well, that they smack strongly of the pulpit.

What a run of luck Hengler's is having, to be sure! Mr Weston Gibbs, who is at his old post, tells me that on every night since the opening money has been refused for some part or other of the house for want of room. That smart and comely Yankee lady, yclept "Lurline," is no doubt the most powerful magnet in drawing out the public in such grand style. Her sub-aquatic and breath-suspending feats are to my mind far more wonderful than the tricky business of a Lulu or a Zazel. Mr Powell himself is the author of the ingenious arrangements for filling, heating, and moving the big water-tank. The whole fixture weighs about four tons, and the temperature of the water is usually a little over 80 degrees. "Lurline" has remained under water at one stretch as long as 3 minutes, 15 seconds, but not without being very much distressed.

When her engagement closes on the Saturday of next week Mr Powell has some good things to follow suit. There is M. Ora, a flying trapezist; then a Stag Hunt, with real stags and real hounds; and for the holidays "The Carnival on the Ice" on an elaborate scale.

Mr Hengler opened his London House in Argyle Street, Oxford Street, on Saturday night. The receipts in the West Nile house were, however, a great deal larger.

You will learn with regret, BAILIE, that our old friend Miss Agnes Sprake (Mrs F. C. Hengler) who used to be the graceful exponent of the *haute école* horsemanship in the West Nile Street Cirque, is presently at Bridge of Allan seriously indisposed.

Folk are beginning to ask the reason of the recent voting on the Police Bill, and especially on the question of whether it should be rushed through during the present session. Last week, for instance, only 34 members of Council were present at, and 14 were absent from, the meeting at which it came up for discussion; while, from the meeting on the previous week there were 12 absentees. Important divisions took place on both occasions.

It being quite impossible to obtain a copy of the new Police Bill from the officials, a local publisher intends issuing a full abstract of its provisions in pamphlet form.

St. Marnock's Church, Kilmarnock, presented an unusual and unedifying sight last Thursday. The scandal associated with the name of the Rev. John Thomson is so well known that it need not be repeated here; but looking to its nature, it seemed rather surprising that by far and away the larger portion of the assembly present on Thursday consisted of women—I will not say ladies, as neither by conduct nor appearance could they with any justice lay claim to that title. Of late years the morbid interest taken by the sex in notorious trials, and more especially in social scandals, has been the subject of general remark, but it is only right to add that usually they do not indulge in any public ebullition of feeling. Not so these women of St. Marnock's, even though within the precincts of the sacred edifice. Throughout they groaned, hissed, or applauded, made audible comments now and again, and, strangest of all, the majority of them seemed rather to be opposed than otherwise to the Irvine Presbytery.

—o—
 "They say" that a well-known firm of music sellers in town guaranteed the Moore & Burgess Minstrels the sum of £500 for their fortnight in the St. Andrew's Hall. It was not, therefore, the people who "never perform out of London" who lost the money over the engagement.

—o—
 The members of the Clyde Trust had a lively hour of it at their meeting last Friday. For a goodly number of years back Mr G. W. Clark has held the position of chairman of the Works Committee, but, on Friday, a number of the members thought that Councillor Renny-Watson—a practical engineer—should now be appointed to the position. Mr Clark first demurred, and then objected strongly, saying he could see no earthly reason why he should be ousted to make way for an incomer. The discussion became general, and Mr Clark waxed wroth; but at last the matter was settled by his being appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Councillor Watson chairman of the Works Committee. Even this arrangement could hardly soothe Mr Clark's ruffled dignity, for he remarked it would just have been as well if they had transferred Provost Browne from the Harbour Committee.

—o—
 Ex-Councillor Bryce's slashing criticisms on the Police Bill show that he is still taking a keen interest in matters municipal. Who knows but that at the proper time the ratepayers of the East-End may be glad to have a renewal of his services in the Council?

—o—
 The Lord Provost being evidently unwilling that the suggestion of presenting a sword of honour to Sir A. Alison should emanate from the Town Council, an opportunity offers itself at the forthcoming banquet of the St Andrew Society, a society of which, if I mis'ake not, his Lordship is a member, and which, at all events, has in its ranks such leal and enthusiastic Scots as Bailie Wilson and ex-Bailie Salmon. Glasgow cannot forget its associations with the name of Alison.

—o—
 Previous to the elevation of Bailie MacPherson to the Bench, one of the tasks he invariably set to himself was the keeping of "Jeems" in order. Various Councillors seem anxious to succeed to this position, among them being Mr Renny-Watson. At last week's meeting of Council, however, Jeems resented the attentions of the Fifteenth Ward representative by remarking that his new censor was "unknown to him by name," and that he hardly even knew him by sight!

—o—
 The unfortunate accident to Sheriff Clark recalls attention to the fact that the temporary incapacity of a Sheriff-Principal invariably causes serious loss and inconvenience to the public. Why should not interim provision be made for the discharge of the duties during such an absence?

—o—
 Various interesting statistics ament the attendance at the meetings of the Committee of Council on the Police Bill were given by Mr Shaw in his letter which appeared in Friday's *Herald*. There

were, he tells us, 22 meetings in all, and he mentions that the Lord Provost was present at every one of them. This is, "as a body might hint," the obverse of the shield. The reverse, "they say," was supplied by a member of the Committee, now an ex-Bailie, who only attended twice, and on neither occasion waited out the whole of the proceedings. Need I add that this common Councillor, or Councillor, has invariably voted for "the rushing through" of the measure.

—o—
 "I like to pay my shot, gentlemen, and if you stand a glass of wine, I'll sing a song," was the remark of a genial Councillor t'other evening at a certain convivial gathering. Need I add that the glass was "stood," and that the song followed in due course. Q.

—o—
 "Alphabet" Smith.

THE state of mind of this Councillor at present, is a study for a Yellowlegs or Hattey Tuke. His perfervid zeal over the new Police Bill is running into endless letter writing and disregard of the amenities, or even facts, as when he described ex-Bailie Morrison's most excellent speech for delay as "mere sophistry," "the purest declamation," and imputed unholy motives to all the opponents of the Bill, though he seems to have some doubts about the existence of the latter. He will squelch any Committee or public meeting that will pay his cab fare to and from the place where they wish the operation performed. But why, oh! why, did the blooming old windmill-tilter not attend at the "Symposium" on Thursday last to keep his own Ward Committee from wandering unanimously into the camp of the objectors?

—o—
 Asinus at "Lux in Tenebris!"

Asinus—But what is it?
 Showman—It's an allegorical representation of —
 Asinus—Oh, I thought it was Hamlet and Ophelia.

Showman—There's the Founder of our Faith.
 Asinus—Hitherto I was unaware that He went about arrayed in purple and fine linen clasped by a brooch of gold jewelled with rubies.

[Asinus doubtless was rude in his interruptions. Had he listened, he might have learned all about it.]

—o—
 "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—One more illustration of the vanity of Miss Capulet's question! The youth who has been gulling the public by means of "the pigeon trick" answers, it seems, to the name of Christopher Larkey. Rather a lark, eh? Well, well; his Larkeyness is likely to have but narrow scope for some little time to come.

Old "Chrome."—One of Granny's art-correspondents.

Quavers.

A SERVICE of sacred music was given on Wednesday evening in Trinity Congregational Church (Rev. Dr Pulsford's), on the occasion of the re-opening of the organ, which has been added to and very much improved. Mr Berry, organist of the church, presided at the instrument, and displayed its capabilities in a choice selection of pieces, of varied character. The instrument is excellently adapted for accompanying, what is apt to be overlooked in our modern church organs. It is otherwise very attractive. The choir, under Mr Greig, sang two choruses from Mendelssohn in their usual tasteful style. The once very favourite bass solo from Pergolesi, "O Lord, have mercy" (with the latter half arranged by Vincent Novello as a quartet), was very creditably executed.

A concert was given on the same evening in Govan by the Parish Church Choir, Mr J. Senior conducting, and Mr R. Donaldson, Jun., accompanying. The programme included two selections from the new oratorio, "Redemption," and two vocal compositions by Mr Senior, performed for the first time. The general performance was one of considerable merit and promise.

At the sixth (orchestral) concert, 9th January, will be played the concert-overture "Melusine," by Mendelssohn, which, by the way, is illustrative of the same fanciful legend which Heinrich Hoffman has set as a cantata. Then there will be the prelude in A from "Lohengrin," not hitherto performed here, if we remember rightly. The symphony of the evening will be Schumann's No. 4 in D minor, performed here last, it may be remembered, under Julius Tausch. An intermezzo for strings, "Forget me not," by Mr Allan Macbeth, is included in the programme. Madame Sophie Menter, the distinguished pianist, appears on that evening, and principally in a concerto for piano forte and orchestra by Liszt, in which the composer's thematic metamorphoses and startling innovations are pretty freely exhibited. The concerto shows the solo instrument to the fullest advantage, being brilliant in the extreme, while of course of immense difficulty.

Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," on Thursday evening, was undoubtedly the immediately interesting feature of the week's performance, at the Royalty Theatre, by the Carl Rosa Company. Only its overture familiar hitherto, "La Dame Blanche," now that it is known, is very likely to become a favourite, and in Scotland particularly, where its "local colour" can perhaps be best appreciated. Besides the introduction of "Robin Adair" and "The Bush aboon Traquair," quite a feature of the last act is the skilful use that is made of a markedly Gaelic-like melody in the chorus. Boieldieu's instrumentation is pleasantly varied and piquant—gaiety and humour, in fact, sparkling all through the opera. A slight redundancy of ensemble culminating effect is perhaps a fault, with occasional tendency to noise; but "La Dame Blanche," in its English form, in spite of its mixed up story, is a capital addition to the rapidly growing Carl Rosa repertoire. The company one and all do their parts unexceptionably.

Mr Benjamin Massey was, at a little supper party on Wednesday evening, presented with a handsome time-piece by members of the Glasgow Choral Union, on the occasion of his leaving for London, and on his being about to enter the married state. Mr Massey has been a member of the Union for twenty years and upwards.

The popular basso, Mr Frederic King, was married last week to Miss Eva Hume, who is an Edinburgh lady, and the sister of Mrs Barton M'Guckiu.

Madame Helen Hopekirk gives a pianoforte recital in the Queen's Rooms on Thursday evening, 30th inst., playing selections from Beethoven, Handel, Chopin, and Schubert, also arrangements by Liszt—one of these being the "March from Tannhauser." Madame Hopekirk is an artist of exceptional taste and ability.

The Paisley Philharmonic Society give a concert on 29th inst. The most important items in the programme are the allegro vivace movement from Mendelssohn's "Reformation" sym-

phony, and the "Tragic Symphony," so called, of Schubert, being his fourth, composed in 1826. The other selections, if lighter comparatively, are equally interesting. Miss Fulton of Paisley will sing "Dove Sono" from "Le Nozze." Mr W. T. Hoeck will conduct as usual. The concert is worth a run out to the suburb, if only to see what a carefully instructed amateur society can accomplish.

We have pleasure in directing attention to the concert to be given by the South Side Choral Society on 6th December, in aid of the Broomhill Home. Haydn's "Creation" is to be performed, Miss Sherrington, and Messrs Boyle and Harrison, taking the principal parts. The Society should give a good account of Haydn's melodious choral music.

P'SHAW.

Toogal—No wonter the 'Shipshians mutinied
ainst ta ruler of tat country. His ferry title
is ta name of a pad man.

Tonal—Shust you explain, Toogal M'Tavish;
expount your meaning.

Toogal—Well it's as trews you wear preeks
that I speak true. If he wasn't a pad man, why
iss he alwis cal't a Caitiff, the Caitiff of Eshipt,
eh? [Left arguing.]

What the Govan People are Saying.

THAT a certain Govan official was talked at
for an hour on Monday night last week.

That he crawled crouse, but caved in.

That the Bailies were too heavy for him.

That the press ignored him.

That Bailie Campbell wants to know who en-
gaged the press.

That Bailie M'Lean says it was a policeman.

That all's well that ends well.

When Peter heard of the "1412 petitioners"
in the Kilmarnock case he inquired if "they
were a' John Tamson's bairns?"

"The Serious Family"—The Queensberrys'.

Byronic Motto for the Deacons' Association—
"Formed to eat."

Glasgow "Cross"—(No wonder) over certain
clauses of the new Police Bill.

After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,

The first in flexibility surpassed,

In ease the next, in elegance the last.

These points united with attractions new,

Have yielded other boons, the *Phacton* and *Hindoo*.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, is rd by Post.

"Let those write now who never wrote before,

And those who always wrote now write the more."

—*Oban Times*.

Patentees of Pens and Penholders.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 33 BLAIR ST., EDINBURGH,
PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
(Est. 1770.)

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchlehall Street.

The Bailie for Wednesday, November 22nd, 1882.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Lord Provost is determined to rush through the Police Bill.

That it isn't every day that the Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs comes to Glasgow.

That when he does he is well flattered and feasted.

That Jeems has grown wonderfully pliable of late.

That he is anxious to get appointed to as many committees as possible.

That he has a rare stomach for work has Jeems.

That who knows but that his industry may not be rewarded with a gold chain and cocked hat.

That there have been several snaps of frost.

That the flooding of fields and sharpening of skates has begun.

That a sharp and short winter may do good to trade.

That the ship joiners' strike has come to an end.

That it ought never to have commenced.

That a handsome sum of money has been needlessly squandered.

That there are to be great doings at the harbour.

That our new docks are meant to frighten the Greenock folk.

That the Greenock folk are pushing on their docks to frighten the Glasgow folk.

That it is a case of "beggar my neighbour."

That the £800 damages against the Tramway Company mean another £800 of expenses.

That this ought to teach the managers to look better after their guards.

That the treatment passengers have received of late from the tramway guards has been fairly unbearable.

That we may now look for another state of affairs.

That it's an ill wind that blows naebody guid.

That last week's meeting of Council was a lively one.

That ex-Bailie Morrison pleaded for time to consider the Police Bill.

That Alphabet Smith denounced the ex-Bailie.

That Councillor Gray smote the many-initialed councillor.

That there will be a good many "smotes" before we see the end of the bill.

That Johnny Neil has condescended to say he will accept convenerships and sub-convenerships.

That the Lord Provost is glad to accept him on his own terms.

That we shall now have Johnny moving minutes instead of criticising them.

That ex-Councillor Fairley will now be able to give his undivided attention to the affairs of the Deacons' Association.

That Messrs Bruce & Co. are knocked out of their calculations.

That the building mania has again attacked the Trades' House.

That the select circle in the Merchants' House has made its usual appointments.

That the favourites are fixtures.

That Richard R. Grant recently figured in a pulpit.

That the Original Seceders' Bazaar was a curiosity in its way.

That Seceders are no better than their neighbours.

"Soft Goods."

THE following advertisement has been appearing in a morning paper for the last few days:—"Any Person having Lost his Watch or other Valuables whilst crossing from Glasgow to Dublin, or Dublin to Glasgow, will much oblige by communicating with," &c. With reference to this notice the BAILIE'S friend M'Jumps, who travels in the soft goods line, writes to say that the last time he crossed he "kept it up" with some fellows in the saloon till he lost—his head. (Note by the BAILIE.—This may be a matter of interest to M'Jumps himself, but if M'Jumps will read the advertisement again he will see that it refers to the loss of "valuables," and M'Jumps's head could not possibly, by any stretch of courtesy, be described as a "valuable." If he had lost any *other* of his soft goods samples, the case would be different.)

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

(Scene—Country school not a hundred miles "frae Glesca;" Mulcachy, in his "capacity o' Shule Brod" member, is putting the scholars "through their facings.")

Mulcachy (to little girl)—A smart wee bit lassie, whit auld are ye?

Smart Lassie—Please, sir, I'm ha'f-past ten.

Light Food for Thought—Phosphorus.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.
Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

OVERCOATS!
OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!
 (FOR IMMEDIATE USE.)

THE LARGEST VARIETY of GENTLEMEN'S
 OVERCOATS, GREATCOATS, and ULSTERS
 to be seen anywhere, at prices ranging from 35s to 70s.
 Every Garment Made in own Workshops, same as if
 Made to Order.

FORSYTH,
 RENFIELD STREET

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
 Are now Selling the same at
 25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.
 Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

"THE CREAM OF SCOTCH WHISKY."

RODERICK DHU OLD HIGHLAND
 WHISKY obtained the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT
 at the ADELAIDE EXHIBITION. Quotations from the Proprietors—WRIGHT & GREIG, 90 West Campbell Street.

ROYAL RESTAURANT.
 RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment.
Chef de Cuisine.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
 OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,
 From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES,
 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
 FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
 47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
 193 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

JAMES BUTTERS,
 BUTCHER,
 519 CHARING CROSS,
 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

JAMES HENDERSON,
 TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
 145 ARGYLE STREET,
 GLASGOW.

JOHN GARDINER & SONS'
 FINEST OLD
 SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
 EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

THE
 "DESIDERATUM"
 TROUSERS,
 15/6; TWO PAIRS, 30/

FORSYTH'S,
 RENFIELD STREET.

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
 183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
 Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.
 Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

S. T. MUNGOCAFE,
 58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
 REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
 NOW OPEN.
 CHARGES MODERATE.

ROBERTSON'S
DENNISTOUN LIBRARY,
 304 DUKE STREET.
 New and Greatly Enlarged CATALOGUE Now Ready.
 NEW BOOKS ADDED WEEKLY.
 Magazines of all kinds in Great Profusion.
 Prospectuses Free—Readers can begin at any time and cease when they choose.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
 Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*
 M. F. THOMPSON, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMIST,
 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MURRAY'S FAMED
MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
 Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
 ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
 463 ST. VINCENT STREET.

MESSRS. HAZLEHURST & SONS,
 Camden Soap and Alkali Works, RUNCORN,
 have been Awarded the GOLD MEDAL by the NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION for Excellence in the Quality of their BLUE MOTTLED, TABLETS, and PALE SOAPS.
 AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
 MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,
 33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

16S 8D PER £100.
CASH still **ADVANCED** upon **GOODS**
 DEPOSITED at above Rate of Interest per Month on Loans exceeding £10.
 145 NEW CITY ROAD,
 Corner ROSEHALL STREET.
 JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
 Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, Estab'd. 1852.
Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

RANFURLY PRIVATE HOTEL,
BRIDGE OF WEIR. Every comfort and attention to
Visitors. Terms strictly moderate.
JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

ROYAL



EXCHANGE.

NEW MEMBERS (Town and Country) will
now be Enrolled for Year 1883, this giving them the
privilege of Two Months Gratis.

BY ORDER.

November, 1882.

LORIMERS'
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
NEW SEASON'S DESIGNS.

OUR New Season's Stock of **CHRISTMAS CARDS and GREETINGS** is now laid out for selection, and we would earnestly recommend intending Purchasers to make an early call and so have the very Best and Newest Cards to choose from.

Prices from 1d to 2/6 each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS IN PACKETS.
Enormous 1s Packet containing 24 Cards,
Assorted Designs.

R. & W. LORIMER,
50 AND 52 JAMAICA ST., & 8 RENFIELD ST.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL,
Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

Scotch Buns, Cakes, and Shortbread in Great Variety and of the Best Quality; also, his Celebrated Guin'a Christmas Box, containing Bun, Shortbread, Seed, Rice, Madeira, and Ginger Cake.

X'MAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Special Packets containing One Dozen Cards, for 2d; worth One Shilling.

French Almanacs for 1883 now ready.

A. F. SHARP & CO, 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.

Advertisements received for all Papers, Home and Foreign.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1882.

WHEN Lord Provost URE gave his casting vote in favour of his policy of rushing through the new Police Bill, he remarked that he had the courage of his opinions. His Lordship is not a funny man in speech though in this business he is so in act. Courage, it hath been said, mounteth with occasion, but even municipal dignitaries have been known to mistake obstin-

acy, or self-will, for the more estimable virtue. The giving of the casting vote was a defiant challenge of the increasing opposition by the public to the Bill being promoted in the coming session, but his Lordship should have a care that the feeling in favour of mature and deliberate discussion of its provisions does not continue to grow among the Council so rapidly as to make havoc of his too buoyant hopes. A few of his Lordship's noisy and intolerant supporters seem to regard the Bill as perfect because it gives effect to their several crotchets, and having neither arguments nor facts to meet those who advocate delay they bring baseless accusations of interested motives against them. Is this courage also? The concocters of the Bill, it must always be kept in view, had no special qualifications for preparing such a legislative measure. That they were not even armed with the necessary information, is shown by the fact that it has been found necessary to postpone consideration of the assessment clauses until a return has been prepared. The incidence of taxation is a large question on which the public mind is not educated, and the fact that it is to be dealt with by Government next session renders it unlikely that the Glasgow assessments would be considered apart from a general measure. Again, the mis-named Consolidation of Trusts now turns out to be nothing more than a transference of the borrowing power of the separate Trusts to the Town Council. The whole army of officials engaged in the collection of the different municipal rates are to have their offices carefully preserved; instead of one demand-note being sent to each ratepayer, requiring one payment, four are to be made, in as many different offices. This is pretty consolidation indeed.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR YOUNG DUKE.—Of all in the world, a Duke is the man who cannot do what he likes with his own. Free trade allows him to sell where he chooses, and because he has done so, he is subjected to all sorts of animadversions. If he sells to pay his debt, it is to his credit. It is not every one owing that will part wholesale with luxuries to do justice to their creditors.

"The Bill, the Whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."—The "Reform" cry in 1832, the Police ditto in 1882.

"The promise of May."—But *the performance*;—"aye, there's the rub."

The Groundbait Papers.

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT HILLHEAD.

CONSIDERABLE interest having been displayed in the fortunes of the Groundbait family, whose rather calamitous pic-nic was chronicled in these pages some weeks ago, it is proposed to devote a brief series of papers to those ladies and their Little House at Hillhead.

It would not be fair to indicate the precise situation of the Little House; but it may perhaps be hinted, without too grave a breach of confidence, that it stands in Brandon Drive, a "genteel" thoroughfare leading circuitously from Brandon Terrace to the Great Southnorthern Road, in the immediate vicinity of the River Smellvin, and not a hundred miles from the Organic Gardens. It is a Little House, but not a *very* little house, inasmuch as it contains a little dining-room, a littler drawing-room, and a littlest breakfast-parlour—a sacred apartment, whose peculiar destiny will be explained hereafter—besides sleeping accommodation for Mamma Groundbait, the Misses Groundbait—five—Master Tom Groundbait, and an occasional guest. How all those personages are stowed away is, it is true, a mystery known to themselves alone. Suffice it to say that the thing is done.

An idea of the Groundbait *ménage* may best be formed from a rapid survey of a day's proceedings, one day, when the family are in town, being very much the same as another.

It is not by any means an early household. Mamma Groundbait is addicted to breakfast in bed, and this admirable example has its natural effect on the rest of the establishment, from Miss Matilda Groundbait, the eldest daughter, down to the maid-of-all-work. When there is an early morning service at S. Madonna's, the Episcopal chapel in the Great Southnorthern Road, Miss Matilda can contrive to get up at the most unearthly hour, incited to the effort, as that incorrigible imp, her brother Tom, declares, less by spiritual concerns than by matrimonial designs upon the youngest and meekest of the curates—not the one with the lisp, the one with the pink eyes; but the first person stirring is usually Master Tom himself, who rampages about the house, and bellows for his breakfast and his boots, till he is despatched flying down the drive, on his way to school, with the boots half-laced and a portion of the breakfast, in the shape of a copiously-buttered and partially-consumed roll, in his dirty fist.

After this there is an interval of an hour or

so, during which the much-enduring maid of-all-work makes believe to "tidy" the sitting-rooms; and then the young ladies begin to make their appearance, all more or less—generally more—dishevelled, and more or less—again generally more—cross and snappish. After breakfast they retire to "titivate," for the purpose, should the weather be fine, of paying visits, receiving visitors, or doing Sauchiehall or Buchanan Streets. On a wet day their resources are chiefly squabbling, novel-reading, and desultory "practising."

Towards evening there is a perceptible improvement in the Groundbait temper, together with more "titivating," for hardly a night passes that they are not either "out" or "at home." When they do not go out they generally receive a select masculine circle, whom they entertain with music, sherry and water, and unlimited chaff, and who, if they could but look in the next morning, would have considerable difficulty in recognising their bright, pretty, and sparkling hostesses in the rather bedraggled and decidedly sulky females assembled round the breakfast-table.

It is at this evening hour that the "littlest breakfast-parlour" aforesaid is put to its peculiar use. There is always one, at least, of the Groundbait girls "engaged"—though, oddly enough, they are all single at the present time of writing—and the breakfast-parlour is reserved, by general consent, for "spooning" purposes.

And so closes the Groundbait day.

THE GOSPEL, ACCORDING TO THE PRESENT SAINT MATTHEW.

The Frenchman's big besetting sin is—"moral" insipidity
The German's—an untoward want of "civil" intrepidity;
The Englishman's—the absence of the "attribute lucidity";
The whole—of course—a dissonance of national stupidity!

"Sweetness and Light" Saint Matthew preached, pursued with close avidity;

Was, erst, his grand specific for our northerly frigidity;
Our blighted'buds and fruits of thought in immature acidity;
But now his pill to cure all ill is simply pure "lucidity!"

A Post Mortem Examination—The search for a missing will.

A "Counter Blast"—A "blow out" at the bar.

The "Pours" that be—The ceaseless rain storms.

Sweet Meets—Lovers' trystes.

"The Promise of May"—Curds and cream.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Some Signs of the Times.

WHEN oor Jeems is found trotting about with Belvidere stones in one coat-tail pocket and Pointhouse slates in another, it is a sign that there is sport in store for the Council and the public.

When you find a man investing in Indian Gold Mines, or Great North of Scotland railway stock, it is a sign that that way madness lies.

When football clubs, despite big gates throughout the season, are yet unable to make ends meet, it is a sign that Lucullian "spreads" and Sunday drives have been the order of the day.

When an engaged couple are found paying frequent visits to a furniture "emporium" you may take it for granted that "the happy day" is not far distant.

When the Lord Provost, ignoring public opinion, defiantly rushes through his precious Police Bill, it is a sign of that pride which goeth before a fall.

When the quidnuncs have nothing to propose in the way of easing the traffic over Jamaica Street Bridge, save a high level, or subway, or swing bridge down Finnieston way, it is a sign they have only touched the fringe of the question.

When "Our Boys" begin to babble of "Robinson Crusoe," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Little Red Riding Hood," it is a sign that the pantomime season is impending.

When the thermometer keeps steadily under 30 and the barometer steadily over 30 it is an unfailing sign of frost.

When the *Mail* is working up some new sensation, it is at the same time a sign that the *Herald* is ready to apply the inevitable wet blanket thereto.

When gas shares show no falling off, and when gas companies continue to extend their business, it is a prophetic sign that "the light of the future" is still very much of the future.

When oranges, short-bread, currant-bun, and the big black bottle make their *debut* conjointly, it is a sure sign that "it's no lang tae Ne'erday noo."

When Aberdeen students attain the bad eminence of hooting down their own Lord Rector, it is a sign that the Arnoldian "sweetness and light"—not to mention "lucidity"—have not yet penetrated among these boreal barbarians.

When the "Signs of the Times," are exhausted, it is a sign to leave off.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page 8

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of the Glasgow Art Club, which is now on view in the gallery of the Messrs Annan, has astonished even the members themselves. That it would contain a number of good pictures was well known beforehand, but that it would be so uniformly good, and that the individual works would be so varied in their character, was what nobody expected.

One or two members of the Club, to be sure, are not painting so well as they did twelve months ago; but others, again, have made very rapid strides indeed in the exercise of their art.

The most notable example of this latter class is perhaps P. M'Gregor Wilson. Why, his "News from the Salon" is sufficient of itself to give a character to any collection in which it might chance to be included, so crisp and vigorous is it in execution, and so brilliant in colour. Tom Donald is another artist who has largely improved on his work of last year. "On the River Echaig" is painted with admirable truth and rare dexterity and skill. A third member of the Club who shows a marked improvement in his manner is T. Byron Lyle. The influence of his stay in Munich is distinctly visible in the various canvases exhibited by this young artist.

As for the older members of the Art Club, it may be sufficient, on the present occasion, to note that they generally maintain the position they gained years ago. David Murray's "Finishing Touch" is altogether masterly, and his "Thunder Clouds" has something of magic in its notes of colour; never before have the mingled tenderness and strength of A. K. Brown been seen to better purpose than in his "Glenorchy" and "Belfry at Kippen," small as these are; while the "Ben Nevis from Banavie" of J. A. Aitken; Tom M'Ewan's farm picture, which he has entitled "My Crummie is a usefu' Cow;" the "Mending Nets" of Joseph Henderson; and the "Joiner's Shop" and "Old Mill" of William Young, not to speak of his "Head of Windermere," are one and all pictures of far more than passing interest.

The "News from the Salon" of P. M'Gregor Wilson, mentioned above, was painted early in the present year in Antwerp. Mr Wilson, by-the-by, is at present engaged on a large canvas, which has for its incident the deck of a vessel with a number of figures, and which is intended for the coming Institute Exhibition.

The Autumn Exhibition at the Institute closed on Saturday night. The Scottish Water-Colour Society have had a most successful season with sales. The total will probably not fall far short of £1200, or about £400 more than the highest amount they have ever before reached. This is most gratifying and should encourage the members of the Society to increased exertions.

The sales of the Black and White will not reach £1000, a considerable falling off from last year.

Ford Maddox Brown, who comes to lecture to the Sunday Society next Sunday evening, is a painter who occupies a unique and distinguished position in English art. Never a pre-Raphaelite himself, he yet had an important influence, a quarter of a century ago, on the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. His own pictures, chief among which are "Work," "The Last of England," and "Cordelia's Portion," will always be prized by the lovers of imaginative and at the same time thoroughly realistic art.

Mr Aitken Dott of Edinburgh opens a Water-Colour Exhibition this week. Many of the drawings that have been at the Institute will appear again in this Exhibition.

Surely the story about the closing of the Grosvenor Gallery must be wrong. Of course, the enterprise can't have been a very profitable one to Sir Coutts Lindsay, but neither, on the other hand, can it have cost him a large sum out of pocket. And then, it was never meant to pay—to pay, that is, in pounds, shillings, and pence. Let us hope, however, should Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay determine to cease taking the same interest in the Grosvenor Exhibitions they have hitherto done, that some others, artists or people interested in art, may see their way to carry these on. It is true, of course, that the Grosvenor is not the manliest or most vigorous expression of British art, but it is an important and truthful expression for all that, and one which we could not now afford to lose.

The "It's" from "Grannie."

Friday, 17th November.

"IT might be rash to prophesy."—"It is plain too."—"It can hardly be said."—"It was at any rate."—"It ended in defeat."—"It is clear now."—"It was on a certain day."—"It seems clear enough to us."—"It was clear from his reply."—"It will be readily seen."—"It is not absurd."—"It is brought about thus."—"It is far and away ahead."—"It would be a difficult problem."—"It would, we are afraid."—"It would place a still."

ONE FOR THE BAILIE.

(Scene—Interior of District Police Court. A newly elected Bailie is on the Bench, and proceeds, like other new brooms, to make a speech when sentencing a prisoner.)

Prisoner (interrupting the speech)—Gie me ma sentence an' nane o' yer advice.

A CONSERVATIVE.

(A budding theoretical agriculturist is discussing agricultural matters with old school farmer.)

B. A.—And so, Mr Lawson, you think the old methods the best. You don't quite go in with John's farming enterprises?

Farmer—Na, na, Mr Spinner, nane o' yer steam ploughs an' yer binders for me, yer phosphates an' yer concentrate tawtie manures, an' sic like. Wi' oor auld-fashioned hand hyeuks I ken I aye sent mair corn tae the market than John does.

Mr S.—But, look, Mr Lawson, at the electric light and such achievements. Why, I believe in fifty years hence you will be able to carry manure for 100 acres so concentrated as to go in your coat pocket.

Old Farmer—Jist sae, jist sae, Mister Spinner, the manure in one pocket an' the crap i' the tither.

Mrs Malaprop thinks that, instead of appointing Messrs Mowat and Filshill, it would have been more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things if Messrs Neil and Martin had been made convener and sub-convener respectively of the Bizarre Committee.

The Closure—Bruce's rules for the Deacons' Association, annotated by King—the "winking" by Nelson.

A Clever Carl(e)—Last week's "Man you Know."

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

A HIELAN' TAUTIE.

(Scene—St. George's Cross Restaurant; Highland farmer calls for the usual order of potatoes.)

George (calmly)—Yer tauties hae been sae bad lately I'll hae tae gie yin o' yer Hielan' neebors a share o' my orders.

Mac (angrily)—A share! Hielan' neebors! Hooh! I'se supply you for years an' more, an' not anither Hielan' tauties wull come into your shop but myself!! [Exit.]

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

ENGAGEMENT, SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
D'OYLY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY,
TO-NIGHT, at 7-30.

THE SILENT WOMAN, followed by
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

MONDAY, 27th NOVEMBER,
Miss FLORENCE WADE'S COMPANY,
MOTHS.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

THE GAILETY.

Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP,

Miss KATE SANTLEY

Will appear as *BETTINA* in
LA MASCOTTE.

7.30]

EVERY EVENING,
LA MASCOTTE.

[7.30

GRAND THEATRE,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT AT 7.30,

Until Further Notice, the Celebrated

MIDDLE BEATRICE'S

COMEDY-DRAMA COMPANY,

Under the management of

MR FRANK HARVEY,

Who will appear in their Great London Success,

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Direct from the Standard and Sadler's Wells Theatres, London, where it has been played to crowded Houses with Enormous Success.

Business Manager (for Mr Frank Harvey), Mr JAMES BODDEN.
Prices from 6d to £2 2s. Box Plan, where Seats may be secured, at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To prevent Disappointment to Families living at a distance, Mr T. W. CHARLES has arranged that Seats may be booked at Donaldson's for the First Two Months' Run of his Pantomime—

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES,

Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.

Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.

J. E. CHEEVERS,

The "Buffalo Boy,"

The Greatest American Entertainer Out.

HERR DOBLER,

ORSINO'S BEVY OF DANSEUSES,

AND OTHER IMPORTANT ARTISTES, TO-NIGHT.

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

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

Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),
Production of the recent Surrey Success,
MEN AND WOMEN.

New and Realistic Scenery and Effects.

MONDAY FIRST, NOVEMBER 27th,
LONDON PRIDE.

Notice.—Mr Beryl's 3rd South Side Pantomime,

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

Will be produced on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th.

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

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF
S T. A N D R E W ' S D A Y.
SATURDAY, 25TH NOVEMBER, 1882.
GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT.

The Celebrated
HIGHLAND DANCERS AND PIPERS.
Scotch Vocalists—

- Miss AGNES BARR.
- Miss EDITH ROSS.
- Miss JESSIE CRAIGIE.
- Mr W. H. DARLING.
- Mr J. M. HAMILTON.
- Mr W. H. LANNAGAN,

The Celebrated Scotch Comedian.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.
Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58
Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, EVENING.
NINTH SESSION—1882-83—SECOND LECTURE.
GLASGOW

SCIENCE LECTURES ASSOCIATION.
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.,
Subject—"THE ECLIPSE OF 17th MAY, 1882."

Illustrated by the Oxy-Hydrogen Lantern.

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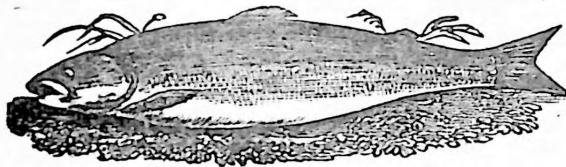
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THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

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There is no other House in the Kingdom can sell the Newest Shapes in Ladies' Black Felt Hats, made of pure and new materials, for 8½d, but Wilson's. Nor can any other Firm sell the New Real Beaver-edge Black Felts, in very latest styles, for 1s 9d, but Wilson's. No House but Wilson's can sell the Solid Moire Black Beaded Crown at 9d. The public may believe always in Wilson's. Wilson's sell all goods with a fair profit. Wilson's can always show the latest styles and best qualities in all goods. Wilson's care for no warehouseman, middleman, or dealer. Wilson's save all their profits and let the public have the full benefit. This Week we offer 80,000 of the Newest Hat Shapes in Buckram, at 2d each. This Week we offer 25,000 Mohair Bonnets, in various New Shapes, at 5½d each. This Week the COLOSSEUM and MILLIONATIA are crammed with startling Bargain Lots that will perfectly amaze every visitor. The wonder of the whole City is How it is done.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Special Notice for Fourteen Days only. Mr Wilson will post to any part of the Kingdom an Extra Special Packet of 26 Christmas and New-Year Cards, well worth 10s 6d. for Sixteen Stamps. If these are not perfectly satisfactory, Mr Wilson will return the money and pay all expenses of postage, &c. Thousands of Testimonials for our Colosseum 11½d Packet, our Jamaica 8½d Packet, and our Millionatia 4½d Packet; sent by Post for 6, 10, and 14 Stamps. Mr Wilson desires you to write at once for the "Extra Special" Packet. Buy your Pictures at the Colosseum. The 15½ × 12 Portraits in Oil of the Duke and Duchess of Albany for One Penny each; the two, Post Free, Four Stamps.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENTS.—Grand Deliveries of new Winter Styles in Felt Hats. Our prices will not be advanced. Felts 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. These Hats are all very fine qualities, and are intended for Gentlemen who pay from 7s 6d to 16s 6d for their Felt Hats. Our Dress Hats at 17s 6d are the very best that money can buy. Gentlemen who have paid 21s to 30s for their Hats will find our 17s 6d Hat superior to any other in the market, no matter at what price. Our Dress Hats at 7s 11d, 9s 11d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, are extraordinary value. Gentlemen's Travelling Caps, and Caps of all kinds. Lamb's-Wool Hosiery direct from the best makers at lowest wholesale prices. Gentlemen's underclothing, Dress Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Studs, &c. Just received a very Special Line in durable Silk Umbrellas, which we offer at 9s 11d each. Gentlemen should see these Gladstone Bags, Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags, &c, &c. We sell the zoin. Gladstone Cow-hide Bag at 19s 9d; ordinary shopkeepers' price 30s. Call and see them. Magic Lantern and Six Slides, complete, for 11½d. Musical Spinning Tops, 6d and 1s. Toys of all kinds. Our price for the Cyprus Slippers is 6½d per pair. This Line with other cheap Lots, at the Millionatia.

Our TWENTY DEPARTMENTS are crammed with Bargain Lots. It will pay you to walk round and see the various Lots.

**WALTER WILSON & CO.,
THE COLOSSEUM and MILLIONATIA,
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 528. Glasgow, Wednesday, November 29th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 528.

NO man is better known in Glasgow than Councillor MARTIN. The praise of Jeems is in all our mouths. Besides, Mr MARTIN is no *parvenu*, no new comer in municipal circles. A decade back he was a thorn in the flesh of Sir James Watson. He rushed in where even Councillor Steel feared to tread; he capered at large in committee-room and council chamber alike. In the interval Jeems has flourished like a green bay tree. Councillors, bailies, and provosts have come, and councillors, bailies, and provosts have gone, but Jeems is with us still. Indeed if anything there is more of Jeems to-day than there was ten years ago. What a life, to be sure, has he lived in the interval! “All sorts and conditions of men” have been his intimates and correspondents. Billiard markers and prime ministers—the “wee-boy” who “marks” in the Ingram Street club and the high and exalted Lord Beaconsfield to wit—the late learned Dr Kenealy, masons and builders, men of law and men of the Church, he has had dealings and intercourse with them all. Nay, he has even basked in the sunshine of royalty; did he not, on a recent memorable occasion, arrange the seats on the platform in St. Andrew’s Hall, and lead off the cheers, on the arrival thereon, of their graces the Duke and Duchess of Albany? But it is not only matters corporate that Jeems has attended to in these ten years of public life. He has assisted to mould the character and form the habits of the rising generation. His tenure of office as a member of the School Board will not soon be forgotten either by his colleagues or the public. At the School Board, as in the Town Council, he spoke early and he spoke often, and if his speeches did nothing else they at least supplied

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“copy” in abundance to the daily newspapers. It was during the past fortnight, however, that Jeems distinguished himself above all other times. The Sunday question enabled him to treat us to a bit of autobiography which must hereafter be invaluable, not only to the historian of Glasgow, but to the New Zealand Macaulay or Buckle of the thirtieth century as well. And then his attitude towards the Police Bill would be so funny if it were not so heroic. Jeems urges, protests, declares, declaims; he runs tilt against everybody and everything; he is not only here to-day but he is here to-morrow as well; and the best of it all is that, as often as not, he has the right end of the stick in his hand. Indeed Mr MARTIN, notwithstanding the rough coating of mother earth in which he is clothed, is possessed of a measure of common sense, he has a shrewd, homely species of vision, which recommends him to others as well as the electors of the Second Ward, much as these others may seem willing now and then to gird and laugh at him. Long before Bailie Macpherson or Councillor Renny-Watson, not to speak of recent Councillor J. M. Forrester—the municipal representative whose creed is that whatever is right, and who believes so much in the virtues of “a sang,”—long before it was the privilege of either gentleman to uplift his most sweet voice in the Town Council, Jeems was “there.” He knew the ins and outs of municipal business; he was the “Tear ’em” of the Corporation. Now-a-days, the Magistrate makes bold to assert, Jeems is rather liked. Certainly there appears to be an unwritten law in the Council that no one shall reply to his attacks. But if Jeems does occasionally speak at random, what he says outside of common-sense is easily discounted. And more than this, he has been enabled, notwithstanding his native *brusquerie*, to do a certain

service, now and then, to the community, by opening up questions which otherwise might have remained closed, by bringing a light into places which otherwise would have continued dark to the "general."

Johnny and his Clause.

AS the judicious mother keeps her troublesome bairn out of mischief by supplying it with some employment which, if it serves no useful purpose, at all events does no harm, so has Mr Jackson dealt with Johnny Neil. Last week George suggested that Johnny should "draft a clause himself covering the regulation of the Sunday—putting down all unnecessary labour, shutting not only sweetie shops, but closing also ironworks, railways, and stopping all other kinds of labour." And, lo, the result is that Johnny has almost wholly ceased from troubling, being apparently as happy over his "clause" as he was of old over his "puzzle," and to much the same purpose!

VERY LIKE?

(Scene—Quay down the water. The notice board of harbour dues being painted by local carpenter.)

Visitor (to friend)—Here, wad ye like to hae your likeness pentit in ile?

Friend—Well, a wouldna mind. But wha could dae't doon here?

Visitor—That man owerby; he's an ile painter.

Friend—Him!

Visitor—Ay, him! Don't you see he's been pentin' port-rates for the last twa hoors, an' a guid figure painter he seems to be.

GALLIC LORE.—The erudition occasionally displayed in the correspondence columns of the *Herald* is something fearsome. The other day, for instance, a writer talked of "Monsieur Wilson, M.P. in the French House of Commons," and suggested that "a letter addressed to the Hon. Mr Wilson at the Elysée Palace, Paris, would surely be answered." Surely it would—especially if it were directed to the care of the Lord Provost of Paris or the Speaker of the French House of Lords.

The "Prussian Diet" — German sausage, brown bread, black pudding, and lager beer.

The Song for the Blue Ribbonman—"Aft-on Water."

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880.
NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, *Blender of the "Real Johnny."*

Young Jeemsie.

A Pastoral Ballad.

(See Mr James Martin's speech on the Sunday Question at the Town Council last week.)

"Oh, I love to think of the days when I was young."

—*Popular Ditty.*

"Wein, Weib, und Gesang."—*German Toast.*

IN bonny Jeemsie's golden prime,
Ere envious years had sprinkled—
His hyacinthine locks with rime,
Or his bright brow had wrinkled—
Ere drapery was his delight,
Or politics his frenzy—
When all men were abune the might
Of dour For-bes Mackenzie—

Then Jeemsie was a ladies' man,
And "went among the lasses.—
(He still looks quite the gay Juan,
But—did the Don wear glasses?)
Abroad on Sunday he would walk,
To view the works of natur',
And mingle sentimental talk
With "draps o' the blue cratur'."

'Twas after sermon Jeemsie turned
To "spoons" and mild potations,
When nymph and swain had amply earned
These harmless recreations.
And, had you frowned upon him, he—
And so would *she*, I dare say—
Would simply have put in this plea—
"Needcessity and maircy!"

Oh, happy, happy, happy days,
When Jeems was young and curly,
And dwelt in an Arcadian haze,
Pellucid, pure, and pearly!
Then here's to him and to his lass—
They're *pater* now and *mater*—
And may he never lack a glass
Filled high with "the blue cratur'!"

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

(The 11th November, (term day); factor calls on young doctor for his rent.)

Factor—Good morning, doctor.

Doctor—Good morning, sir. You're looking very ill; put out your tongue.

(Factor puts out his tongue.)

(Doctor sees the factor's tongue, gives him a prescription, and sends him home not to leave the house for a day or two.)

[Factor departs peacefully for bed minus the rent.]

QUARRIER'S QUARRY.—The great and good Quarrier "supposes" certain people "think that Dr Munro has Glasgow in his pocket, and can turn it round just as he likes." Perhaps so, Mr Q.; but this is certain, that some folks not a hundred miles from "Home" manage to get a considerable slice of "Glasgow" into their pockets, and "can turn it round just as they like." *Twiggez-vous?*

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

On 'Change.

A GOOD long time ago, say about ten or twelve years back, the British public was startled out of its wonted propriety by the appearance of a most portentous advertisement. That remarkable document occupied the entire front page of several newspapers, to the detriment of the public notices and theatrical announcements usually found there. It set forth the advantages of taking shares in a concern beyond the Atlantic. I think it was called the Consolidated Copper Company of Canada. One great recommendation happened to be that the property of the company was said to adjoin the land worked by the then famous Huntington Company, at that time esteemed a synonym for everything that was prosperous. The antics of Messrs Lucius Seth and Henderson, and a few other smart people, had not yet been unfolded before the astonished gaze of a confiding public. The big advertisement of the Consolidated Copper, or whatever it was called, with the title of the company in letters half-an-inch long, had its attractions for some credulous persons. Rumours were rife that the shares had run to a premium on the Stock Exchange, and quotations confirmatory of this view were laid on daily or hourly if required. I do not believe that any of those so-called transactions ever went to a settlement, but the continued repetition of them must have influenced weak minds. The show burst up, and somebody quietly paid the expenses, which were considerable.

Since that inviting, but delusive, announcement appeared, I have seen nothing more attractive than the published prospectus of the Maxwell Cattle Company. If advertising could launch the mortgage bonds now offered for subscription, these delectable securities, backed by all the influence of the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Rosslyn, and the Sheriff of Aberdeen, ought to float gracefully into calm water. I am not acquainted with the qualifications of these estimable gentlemen for looking after the interests of a cattle ranche in America, but I should say that they stand at about the level of Mr Wm. Holms and the inevitable Mr Dick Peddie. It occurs to me as being odd that such a good thing should have been taken away from Yankee capitalists, and politely handed over to investors in this country. I think it is a positive shame to deprive the American gentlemen of the opportunity of making 8 per cent. There is plenty of money in the States, and investors are just as eager to turn an honest penny with safety as they are here, so, in this instance, it would be but fair that they should have a chance.

Several editorial articles on steam shipping have appeared lately in the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Shipping Gazette*. In both cases the writers took rather a pessimist view of the business, and they argued that the carrying trade, particularly by steam, was being overdone at a rate which must shortly entail serious loss. When that happens, of course, the largest owner is the worst off, and he is luckiest who has taken in a reef in anticipation of a gale. To descend from allegory to plain prose, it would seem that the editors had reason for the faith that was in them. There is excessive competition in some branches of the trade, and the bidding for freight savours of insanity. The results are beginning to appear in the accounts. One steamer, costing over £40,000, has been losing at the rate of £3,000 per voyage. She makes, on the average, three-and-a-half trips in the year, so, at the end of a year, the loss amounts to £10,500. Add £2,000 for interest at 5 per cent., and £2,400 for depreciation at 6 per cent., and there is a total loss of £14,900 on the year's working. Multiply this last amount by the number of vessels in the line, all of which are doing equally ill, and the actual damage to the owners will be ascertained.

I am informed by a large exporting firm in the East India trade, but, happily for themselves, unconnected with the ownership of steamers, that they have contracted into next year for freight to Calcutta at 7/6 per ton. As this microscopic amount will not cover the Suez Canal dues, I cannot see where the profit to the owners is to come from.

Quite a little flutter of excitement was experienced in the iron market the other day, when the secretary, gravely making obeisance to his coadjutors, announced that, unhappily, there

had been some default. It is lucky that the amounts are not large, but the occurrence was no doubt provoking enough to those who were involved. Had the offenders against the laws of the ring only read the BAILIE, and profited thereby, what a universe of trouble they might have saved to themselves and others!

The agitation in Tharsis shares was one of the most notable events in a week marked by some vicissitudes. The selling of last week was not altogether accounted for through the desire of French holders to fortify their positions in view of a possible financial scare in Paris.

It would be instructive, in view of the recent fall in Tharsis, to know whether the directors and high officials of the Company hold as many shares therein as they held a few months ago. Should they have reduced their stakes in the concern, there must be a reason for so doing.

My correspondent, who addressed me regarding ship property, must have noticed by this time that I know more of the matter than he at first supposed. I thank him heartily for his valuable communication. I take this means of requesting that he will be good enough to send me a private note mentioning when and where I can meet him personally. SCRUTATOR.

"AS HIELANT AS 'TA FORCE."

(Scene—George's Square; Time, 1 p.m.; Auchray and Tougal meet on the boundaries of their respective beats; the latter is a fresh importation, the smell of the heather not yet being off him.)

Tougal (limping) — Oh, yiss, but her foots wass ferry, ferry sore, intee, whateffer.

Auchray (sympathisingly)—What wass like ta matter of it, Auchray, lat? Wass ta walking too much for yoo?

Tougal—No, no. It wass ta fingers of her right hant feet wass wearing a holes through her stockings.

P-SHAW!—Councillor Shaw complains that the Lord Provost has "cut the feet from him." This is a serious business. A "shaw" without a root—a Cooncillor devoid of "understanding"—is in a sad predicament. Suppose you retire into seclusion, Mr Shaw, till you succeed in developing a new tuber? Meanwhile, bethink you that 'tis bootless to complain.

THE DOCTOR IS SLY!—The other day a slightly eccentric Episcopalian cleric, to whose chapel Scotia's patron saint stands sponsor, advertised a lecture on "Astra Biblia, with the largest Globe ever made, in Church." Isn't that a bit of a catch, Doctor? "The largest globe ever made in church" needn't be so *very* large, you know!

A Mocha-ry—The Cunard line substituting coffee for grog on and after 1st prox.

An Artistic Lux-ury—Sir Noel Paton's "Lux in Tenebris."

SAFES! SAFES! Secure your valuables in good Fire Proof Safe from 603. Milner's 1125.—JENNING'S, 101 Mitchell St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Boccaccio" of Herr von Suppe, which will be produced at the Gaiety to-night, will serve to re-introduce Miss Emily Soldene to the Glasgow stage. As may be guessed from its title, the piece has the famous Italian romancer for a hero. The author of "The Decameron" is represented not as a middle-aged story-teller, but as a young gallant in love with *Fiametta*, the daughter of the *Prince of Florence*. This role will be sustained by Miss Soldene—it was played in London, when "Boccaccio" was represented at the Comedy, by Miss Violet Cameron—who will be supported, among others, by Mr Marshal, Mr Lewens, and Mr Dwyer, and Misses Ada Blanche and Amy Grundy. Perhaps the most taking number in the opera is a cooper's song, sung by Mr Lewens, 'yclept "Bumpty-rap-a-ta." However, a serenade, "My soul, my star," and a ballad, "Forget not to forget," which fall to the lot of Miss Soldene, are delightful pieces of music.

Von Suppe, as I suppose my musical readers know, is a Viennese composer, who, if he takes after any one, takes after Meyerbeer.

Mr Charles is sparing neither pains nor money to secure that, large as was the popularity of his "Dick Whittington," it will be fairly pushed into the shade by the success of his "Robinson Crusoe." The dresses prepared for the Grand pantomime are gorgeous almost beyond parallel; the other appointments and accessories are rich and numerous; and the scenery is tasteful and effective—neither tame on the one hand nor tawdry on the other.

As already announced, "Robinson Crusoe" will be produced on Saturday week, the 9th December.

Another change of performance takes place this evening, at the Royal Princess Theatre, when a melodrama entitled "London Pride," with startling effects and strong situations will be given by a Company under the direction of Messrs Osborne and Stringer. Certainly Mr Beryl's patrons have little to complain of in the way of variety. "London Pride," by the way, is the work of Joe Mackay—a well-known London pressman—and G. L. Gordon, at one time a member of the company presided over by Joe Eldred.

Mr Knapp produces, this evening, Harry Hamilton's "Moths," the "Ouida" play over which so much controversy raged in London some three or four months ago. "Ouida" objected to the adaptation of her novel to the stage without her permission, Mr Hamilton replied, other authors joined in the fray, Miss Litton took up the cudgels in her own defence, and altogether the quarrel was a very pretty one while it lasted.

"Moths" will be performed in Glasgow by a company under the direction of Miss Florence Wade.

Little J. H. Clynds, so familiarly known both in Glasgow and Greenock as a melodramatic actor of a somewhat pronounced, not to say rough manner, has made a wonderful hit at the London Adelphi in the coal-pit drama of Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt. For the last five or six years Mr Clynds—who is no longer in his first youth—has been working away in East End London houses like the Greclan and the Britannia, without attracting any attention whatever; but pitchforked, by a lucky chance, on to the stage of the Adelphi, he has at once made his mark, and is now included among the leading metropolitan actors.

The deputation from the U.P. Presbytery of Glasgow (North) which appeared before the Town Council last week with Mr Brunton at their head, termed themselves the "Sabbath Sanctification Committee." Could Dr Cantwell himself beat that?

They say that another leading dry goods warehouse will be turned into a limited liability company soon.

Hoity-toity, what a scrimmage the approaching visit of Mr Forster has kicked up, to be sure, among our Liberal friends. It seems that the right hon. gentleman promised, in the innocence of his heart, to come to Glasgow as the guest (1) of the Gladstone Club, and (2) of the Liberal Association. This double set of promises has set the rivals fairly by the ears. Each has made up its mind that Mr Forster is its own private property, and it has warned off the rival association from daring to touch him. What the upshot of the whole will be remains to be seen. In the meantime an outsider like myself can only exclaim "How those Liberals love one another!"

For years we have been accustomed to tall talk over the Kelvingrove Museum. The Lord Provost, however, when referring to it at the meeting last week, 'yclept it "that small affair in Kelvingrove Park!" Shade of Baille MacBean, what say'st thou to this?

I understand that the Directors of the Glasgow Agricultural Society, in anticipation of the annual general meeting, to be held on the 20th prox., have, according to their usual custom, nominated the president to be then put forward for election for the ensuing year, and that their choice has again fallen upon the Lord Provost. This nomination is all the more noteworthy, inasmuch as the chair of the society has always hitherto been filled by noblemen or county gentlemen engaged altogether in country pursuits, and it is certainly gratifying to find that his Lordship's worth is thus recognised beyond the limits of the city.

I observe that the extensive tenement, to use the auctioneer phrase, at the corner of Argyle Street and Glassford Street which belonged to the late Mr Thomas Muirhead, has not yet found a purchaser. The price seems low, but possibly the Police Bill and its aggressive attack on property and proprietors may account for the slowness of the sale.

The Lord Provost possesses a capital knowledge of human nature. He has calculated to a nicety the powers of endurance possessed by the members of the Town Council. At the first special meeting to discuss the Bill our friends Messrs Neil and Martin fairly bristled with amendments; at the second meeting Johnny gave way; and at the third meeting Jeems followed suit. Who will be the next councillor to succumb?

We have been accustomed for years to regard Councillor Neil as the chief of the many religious sermonizers in the Town Council. He must now stand aside, however, for Mr Martin. Jeems, indeed, has made good his title to be designated chaplain to the Council. His oration on the "beggars" of Scripture at last week's meeting was quite inimitable.

The first edition of the new Police Bill consisted of 250 copies. Who got them? The second and last, 500. The answer to an application for one the other day was that it would be laid before the Revising Committee.

The answer to a similar request for a copy of the proposed Government Bill was a copy of the new print containing all the information to date, and the expression of the hope that the applicant would write ex-Provost Lindsay with any suggestions that might occur to him. A difference there, eh?

Oh "Sesame and Lilies," oh "Frondes Agrestes," how are the mighty fallen; how has reproach descended on Brantwood, and Orpington! After the tearful protestations regarding the sinfulness of publishers, to which Mr Ruskin has accustomed us for years, not to speak of his fervid denunciations of discounts, of advertising, and of the various other means for attracting the public, adopted by those who have books to sell, what is to be said regarding the full page intimation in December monthlies, that "Mr Ruskin's works are published by George Allen, Sunny-side, Orpington, Kent, who supplies lists, post free, on application, and who"—toll it not in Gath—"allows discounts to the trade."

Ye Olde English Fayre and Bazarre, in aid of the Parkgrove Congregational Church, which is to be held in the Fine Art Galleries on the last three days of this week, should be a strong attraction to crowds besides the ordinary bazaar haunters. Its object is sufficiently commonplace—being simply to free the Parkgrove Church of debt. But the mode of carrying it out is pleasantly novel, at least in Glasgow.

The large hall of the Institute has been transformed into a goodly English village of the olden time. On either side extends a row of houses in the style of the fourteenth century, with climbing plants on the walls; and behind are to be seen "the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree" waving against the sky. The market place and old village cross will afford a pleasant vantage ground for the modern representative of the knight or squire who, satiated with the sweet dainties to be had at Ye Tucke Inne, or laden with the merchandise and wares which the dames and fair maidens, dressed in the costume of the time, vend under the "sign" of their respective stalls, wishes to indulge in the thousand fantasies which the scene may bring up. Troubadours and guitarists not being quite *en vogue* now-a-days, W. H. Cole will supply the minstrelsy, while Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart. of Blythswood, Mr Crum, M.P., and Dr Pulsford will open the Fair on the respective days.

The neat and tasteful programme of the Fair forms a pleasing *souvenir* of what should be a financial as well as an artistic success.



I directed attention eight days ago to the small attendance at the special meetings of the Town Council for discussing the Police Bill. Still more meagre "houses" were the rule at last week's meetings—hardly one-half of the Council being present to assist at the "rushing through" process.



Mr J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., the Dean of Faculty, and Lord Advocate elect of the next Conservative Government, whenever that may come into power, is to preside at the Skye Gathering in the Queen's Rooms, on Friday evening, and there is considerable speculation as to whether he will deal with the Skye land problem, or, as the gathering is a purely social one, judiciously let it alone.



The S.S. "Tarawera," one of the fleet of steamers built by Messrs Denny & Co., Dumbarton, for the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, will be thrown open for public inspection, at the Albert Harbour, Greenock, on Saturday. She will be lighted throughout by the Edison incandescent system, and all persons interested in the new light, for public or private purposes, may have tickets of admission to the private view by applying to Mr Charles T. Grant, 160 Hope Street, Glasgow. The general public will be admitted after 5 p.m., when a charge will be made for admission, the proceeds to be handed over to the Greenock Infirmary. Q.

NORTH OF THE MOIL.

Steward (of West Coast steamer, to cabin boy)
—How many had you at dinner to-day?
Cabin Boy—Three passengers and twelve drovers. (Collapse of steward.)

SCOTLAND, MY AULD RESPECKIT MITHER.—Mr Robert Gillan has been writing to the newspapers that his father, the late minister of Inchinnan, was not in the habit of speaking broad Scotch unless when conversing with "the lowest class" of his parishioners, or in giving some quotation. Hitherto the BAILIE has been unaware that Dr Gillan was such a very superior person.

The Art Gallery of the Future.

"A meeting of leading Glasgow citizens, convened by the Lord Provost, was held in the Council Chambers, for the purpose of consulting with regard to providing proper accommodation for an Art Gallery, Museum, and Public Library. At the close of the meeting four gentlemen intimated subscriptions of £1000, and five gentlemen subscriptions of £500 each."—*Daily Paper.*

I th' world of literature and art,
No "Second City," sure, are we,
The mill, the workshop, and the mart
Have been our all in-all—but see
Art's morning now begins to dawn,
In gleams that speak a radiant day :
Or let our metaphor be drawn
From earth, yes, that's more in our way.
Mark then,—the ball's been set a-rolling,
Thanks to our City's Council "boss,"
The adage old's death-knell's a-tolling
That "rolling stone ne'er gathers moss."
Ne'er moss ! why, this same stone
In one quick turn is fogged all o'er
With fertilising moss, so, own
As on it rolls 'twill gather more.
Eyes front—in days ahead behold
The structure touched by beauty's spell ;
St. Mungo's sons need not be told
How easy 'twere to stock it well.
The picture gallery, I'll be bound,
To draw its crowds could never cease,
If hung with toga'd Bailies round,
Your Worship as the centre piece !
Now, the museum claims a thought :
Well, here's a plan, suppose we try it—
Some civic lords let's stuff, for naught
That's short of this will keep them quiet !
And last, let's take our library,
Ha !—on the shelf their speeches pile,
That o'er them students pale may tarry,
In fathoming the deeps of style !

BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

(Scene—Free Church Sunday school ; the minister and several elders are present.)

Teacher—With what did Samson slay a thousand men ?

(The class is silent.)

Teacher—With the jaw—Come now, boys—the jaw—

Tallest Pupil—The jaw-box.

[Collapse of teacher.]

THE COMING M.P.—The Lord Provost still pursues his preparatory studies in Parliamentary procedure. The other day he enlightened Mr Martin as to the amount of "latitude" allowed in the House of Commons. Go a-head, my Lord ! When the hour comes the man will probably be there, armed at all points, and prepared to take any post from Speaker to Whip.

Coloured Minstrels—Canaries.

Quavers.

UNDER the auspices of the St Andrew's Musical Association, an interesting and instructive lecture was given in the Christian Institute, on Wednesday last, by Professor M'Kendrick, "On the quality of tone." The association, a new one and under the leadership of Mr D. S. Allan, sang several pieces.

St. David's Parish Church choir gave a concert on Tuesday evening last in the church, known familiarly as the Rams-horn. There were a goodly number on the platform, and the singing was marked by vigour and a fair measure of skill. Among the secular items (in the second part) Macfarren's "Three Fishers" was not so satisfactory, both from defective phrasing and from the incorrect intonation of chromatic intervals. Still, as a whole, the concert was creditable to the choir and their conductor, Mr William King. Mr James Gallie accompanied.

The Rutherglen Philharmonic Union, one of the two good societies which the burgh can now boast of, made their first appearance for the season on Wednesday evening last, in a lengthy and varied programme of sacred and secular selections, Handel predominating in the former. The choir sings with purpose, and with no small measure of success as a rule. Miss Johnstone and Messrs Murray and Duncan assisted on the occasion. Mr C. Bryce conducted, and Mr A. Ferguson accompanied.

A concert of organ and vocal music took place in St. Palladius' R. C. Church, Dalry, on Thursday evening last. There was a competent choir from Glasgow of between thirty and forty voices, conducted by Mr J. M'Ardle, and among the music sung were the solo and chorus "Alma Virgo" from Hummel, Mozart's motet "Splendete te Deus," and the beautiful and rather neglected "Benedicite," from Weber's Mass in G, which was particularly well rendered. Mr R. Buchanan, jun., presided at the organ and played several excellent selections.

After a busy month in Scottish towns, the Glasgow Select Choir left for their English and London concerts on Monday afternoon. They were to sing at Dumfries that evening. They then go on to Nottingham, where they give a concert this (Tuesday) evening, singing the next night in London at High-bury Athenæum, and on the following night (Thursday, 30th, St. Andrew's Day), as before, in St. James's Hall, with Edward Lloyd, Sims Reeves, and Santley. On their journey home again the choir sing at Sheffield (on Friday evening), under the auspices of the Scottish Society there. They appear at Glasgow on Saturday, in the City Hall.

At the St. Andrew's Festival concert, the choir will sing an arrangement of "Annie Laurie" by Mr Patterson; also an original musical setting of "John Barleycorn" by Mr William Moodie, which is written in happy imitation of the Scotch ballad style.

At the Saturday evening concert on 25th inst., in St. Andrew's Hall, Mr Berry played several organ arrangements, chiefly the well-known andante in A with variations, from one of Haydn's symphonies, and the overture to Auber's "Zanetta;" and Mr W. M. Miller's Select Choir appeared in some choral pieces and solos. Among the best efforts of the choir were the conductor's own arrangements of "The Three Maries," and "The Broom of the Cowden Knowes," also Bishop's "Hail to the Chief," the choir singing very tunefully, and with taste and neatness. There are some excellent voices in the treble and alto parts.

"BRINEY."

(Scene—Italian warehouse in the west-end.)

Enter Lady (she addresses raw shopman newly imported from the north)—Have you any Sauterne?

Shopman—No, mem, we've nae saut herrin', but we've some fine finnan haddies.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Judicial "Sympathy."

THE other day Sheriff Smith, of Greenock, issued his interlocutor in a case where the professional reputation of two local physicians has been most wantonly and mercenarily assailed. Mr Smith decided in favour of the medical men, as he could not help doing, but at the same time he has expressed a sympathy with the pursuer's action against which the BAILIE, on behalf of a noble profession, must vigorously protest. The legitimate trials of medical men are sufficiently harassing, without encouragement being given from the judicial Bench to the attacks of ignorance, rancour, and greed. If a member of Mr Sheriff Smith's own profession had been thus assailed, the BAILIE rather fancies we should not have been favoured with any of this maudlin "sympathy," which the soft-hearted—and headed?—functionary would do well to keep to himself for the future, should he ever be "taken that way" again.

AND "FREEDOM" SHRIEK'D.—*Campbell.*
Cloture, or not? aye, that's the question;
The answer—Salisbury, Preston?

Nosceitur a Sociis!

THOSE interested in Mr James Martin and the persons whom he "numbers on his list of friends" must have been pleased to learn that he counts billiard-markers among his "intimates." My conscience, what a sight it must have been to see Jeems hobnobbing with "the boy who was the marker" at the mysterious club in Ingram Street, and extracting from the guileless youth "information" regarding the official frequenters of the establishment! Oh, Jeems, Jeems, you *are* a "hot 'un"!

AN IMPIOUS MISTAKE.

Office Boy (to lawyer)—I've called to pay Smith's feu-duty.

Lawyer—What is his (Smith's) Christian name, please?

Office Boy—He's no a Christian, he's a lawyer.
[Collapse of the lawyer.]

PASTORAL-COMICAL.—*Polonius.*—The signs of the *potential* mood are "may" and "can," but what the promise may, the performance can't. Alfred, look to thy laurels then; the *stage* "evergreens" are too tall for thy reaching.

The "Main" Pipe—Neptune's lute.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Here be Truths!

COUNCILLOR MACLACHLAN, of Edinburgh, has "grave doubts" about Lord Salisbury. "An organ," he says, "representing one party of the Liberals has again and again stated that the noble Marquis is diametrically opposed to all that is in the interests of the Scottish nation. If this be true, it behoves us to consider whether there is truth in these statements or not." So it does, Mac.; and there could be no finer exercise for a noble intellect like yours than the "consideration" whether truth be truth.

ELECTION AND SELECTION.

At Salisbury, gag on the freedom of speech
Th' electors resented;
To Salisbury Edinburgh, he within reach,
Its "freedom" presented.

WHAT IS TIME?

Sabbath School Teacher (to small boy)—Well, my boy, "What is time?"

Boy—Ah dinna ken, sir, but a' think it maun be a sort o' bird.

Teacher—What makes you think time is a bird?

Boy—'Cos last Sunday night when the bell rang to stop you said "time flies."

BIGOTS AT SEA.—That was a funny quandary into which Ferniegair, Solgirth, and the other "Sabbath Protection" fanatics got at the Religious Institution Rooms t'other day. Their difficulty was as to the meaning of the expression "12 p.m. on the Sabbath day;" and no wonder, considering that there is no such period in the twenty-four hours as either 12 p.m. or 12 a.m., and that "the Sabbath day" is Saturday. What they meant was "Sunday midnight." Why not say so?

TOO MODEST BY 588!—Professor Young has been telling the Liberal Association that if we had our rights we ought to send twelve Members to the House of Commons, instead of three. Why so modest, Professor? Why not multiply your figure by fifty, and send the whole Liberal Six Hundred up to St. Stephen's, when you're at it? That would be something like "adequate representation"!

The chief concerns of the farmer and tailor are always—sow-and-sew.

"Up to Time"—Greenwich clocks.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the funniest entertainments going are the afternoon meetings of the Town Council.

That they have fairly forestalled the pantomimes.

That the new Council is developing quite a host of talent.

That Bailie Renny-Watson is ambitious of being the most superior person at the Board.

That Bailies Richmond and M'Pherson are evidently first-class detectives.

That they seize suspected criminals and search them on the spot.

That in their zeal they may sometime or other "waken the wrong man."

That Preceptor Mathieson has been re-elected to the Preceptorship of Hutcheson's Hospital.

That Councillor Forrester is great in protesting that there should be no time lost over amendments on the Police Bill.

That no time has been lost over his amendments.

That he has had none.

That the Lord Provost had a hard nut to crack when beginning Friday's business.

That he is taking a degree in diplomacy.

That he will need it all.

That W. R. W. Smith has been studying the Book of Job.

That the study has sustained him during his herculean labours in revising the Police Bill.

That the opponents of the Bill are taking heart since W. R. W. exposed and expounded the science and art of its manufacture.

That the Lord Provost may be driven to study the Book of Lamentations if W. R. W. continue his epistolary revelations.

That would-be councillors, employing lawyers on "the tramp," may be Frost-bitten.

That candidates may get easily into Court, and never reach the Council.

That Jeems is not so far wrong about the Sunday question.

That many, lacking the courage to speak, think like Jeems on the question.

What the Yankees exclaimed on learning the result of the great running match in New York the other day:—Myers beaten—by George!

A "Rooted" Aversion—To have a preparation of turnip foisted on one instead of "real jam."

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

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UNDERCLOTHING.

The rapid approach of the Winter Season compels attention to the matter of warm, comfortable Underclothing. Nothing is so serviceable in this respect as NEW Lambs'-Wool Goods, as they not only retain the heat much better than those which have been a season or two in use, but more effectually resist the biting east wind.

We have, perhaps, the Largest Stock of Fresh Lamb's-Wool and other Underclothing in the City, and the Variety in Make, Style, Weight, Colour, and Size, are very suitable for all requirements of both Home and Foreign Climates.

Our ample arrangements enable us, on a few days' notice, to make "Special Sizes," in any quality, for those Gentlemen who may hitherto have had a difficulty in getting properly suited, and for this, of course, we make no extra charge.

With every Parcel we present a Recipe for the Washing of Lambs'-Wool Underclothing.

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A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

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Are now Selling the same at
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Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

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RODERICK DHU OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY obtained the FIRST ORDER OF MERIT at the ADELAIDE EXHIBITION. Quotations from the Proprietors—WRIGHT & GREIG, 90 West Campbell Street.

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RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment.
Chef de Cuisine.

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TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
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ROYAL



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now be Enrolled for Year 1883, thus giving them the
privilege of Two Months Gratis.

BY ORDER.

November, 1882.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS,
NEW SEASON'S DESIGNS.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS IN PACKETS.
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J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

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Advertisements received for all Papers, Home and Foreign.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1882.

THE stars in their courses are fighting against the Lord Provost and his Police Bill. The ratepayers and the various bodies that have had

the Bill under consideration have all declared themselves opposed to the proposal to push it through during next session of Parliament. The perfectly preventible delay in bringing it forward, the unnecessarily stringent and ill-digested character of many of its provisions, and the precipitation shown in attempting to promote it have raised a storm against the measure which ordinary prudence and due regard for public opinion would have avoided. Moreover, all that has been asked is time for the deliberate consideration of the Bill—delay for a year. There was no valid reason why it should be promoted next session; it is merely Lord Provost URE'S ambition to pass a Police Act during his term of office. No requests for delay by ward committees or public meetings, no threats of opposition by landlords and other interested parties could stay his Lordship in his purpose; he has practically set his individual opinion against that of the public, and has plumed himself on his courage for doing so. And now that the Government have announced that they will promote a general Police Bill for Scotland, the Council are to go on tinkering at and squabbling over their measure in the hope that the Lord Advocate may take various things from it for the General Police Act. The Revising Committee, when they wot not of the humiliation in store for them, confessed that the new clauses in their Bill were cribbed from other Acts. But can't the Lord Advocate crib from the same sources? And why should not the Town Council cease their Tuesday and Friday dissipations over the Glasgow Bill and set about amending the Government measure? Ought not the former to be withdrawn at once and further expense saved to those opposing it as well as the ratepayers? Let common-sense come to the front now and confound courage till the laughing is over. How much has this farce cost the citizens for London Counsel and agents' printing, and all the other items which swell up a parliamentary account?

HOW IS IT DONE?—Mr William Quarrier announces his intention of "throwing the means of his own support on the Christians." That's just what Asinus has been trying to do for some time back, but somehow the Christians don't seem to see it. Perhaps, however, he hasn't tackled the right sort of Christians, or hasn't tackled 'em in the right way. He means to interview W. Q., and ask him how *he* works the oracle.

"Let us all be Unhappy on Sunday!"
IF some of our ultra-Sabbatarians have their way, this city of ours will be a pleasant habitation by-and-by. At a meeting of a body calling itself the "Sabbath Protection Association," held last week under the presidency of the inevitable Ferniegair, it was gravely suggested that the proposed Sunday-trading clause in the Police Bill should provide "that the buyer as well as the seller should be punished." My conscience! What a pleasing illustration shall we behold, at once of legal majesty and of Christian charity, when the sword of outraged justice smites the infant of six and the widow of sixty for nefariously engaging in the sale and purchase of "a bawbee's worth o' sweeties" on the first day of the week. O tempora! O—Moses!

—♦♦♦—
 "A BROTH OF A BOY."

(Scene—Engraver's shop; manager to apprentice busily engaged engraving "Smiths Brothers," and who has got the length of Smiths Broth.)

Manager—Dear me, man Wull, yer makin' an' awfu' bad job o' that.

Apprentice (irritated)—Oh weel, it's no lost whit ane can eat. You an' the Smiths can hae the Broth tae your dinner.

[Collapse of manager and instant dismissal of apprentice]

—♦♦♦—
 Subjects for Fresco Friezes for the New Municipal Buildings.

COUNCILLOR MARTIN "in his young days, in his custom of going among the lasses."

The Police Bill, "that like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

The Clyde Trustees angling in the harbour for "the fish that never swam."

The first procession of gold magistrates in gowns and cocked hats.

The tug of war between Councillor Gray and Councillor Smith. An ice Frost freeze of ice-creams, and other electioneering etceteras.

Mr Lamberton, after the sweets of office, enjoying his own preserves.

—♦♦♦—
OUR ANCIENT SHEPHERD.—A new lodge of "Ancient Shepherds" has been named after Mr George Anderson, who is, it seems, a distinguished member of the order. At first sight, George's connection with shepherds or sheep is hardly obvious, but it will be remembered, on second thoughts, that he has been known to go wool-gathering and to come back shorn, and, after all, nobody can deny that he is decidedly "downy"!

—♦♦♦—
MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 St. VINCENT STREET.

La Gloire!

A CRUEL stopper has been put upon the aspirations of those Greenock and Paisley "bobbies" who may have been inspired with a spirit of emulation by the late gallant deeds of their Glasgow brethren in Skye, and by the honours and rewards which followed these deeds. The Suburban and Sugaropolitan authorities have declined to come to the aid of the distracted Commissioners of Inverness-shire; so the Tonalts and Tugalts "doun by" must be contented with their urban Tel-el-Kebirs and Kassassins, and abandon for the present the dream of seeking the bubble reputation in the mouths of Hebridean hags and urchins.

—♦♦♦—
 SCENE IN COURT.

(Locality—Country town.)

Procurator Fiscal (addressing prisoner) — Guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner (almost in a whisper)—Guilty, yer honour.

Officious Policeman (at the top of his voice)—Aw the witnesses in this case —

Captain of Police (gruffly)—Sit doon, mun, and haud yer tongue.

[Collapse of O.P. amid general laughter.]

—♦♦♦—
 Just Possible.

A COMPLETE change may be looked for in the domestic and foreign policy of Germany. The other day Granny informed Prince von Bismarck that he is "on a false scent," and that he "ought" to go to work in a totally different style from that which he at present favours. Stop a minute, though! It's just within the bounds of possibility that the Imperial Chancellor has never heard of the Buchanan Street oracle, and that this sage advice will be wasted on the desert air!

—♦♦♦—
 SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

Let seats of area, galleries, stalls,

Let large receipts be taken;

Saint Andrew's night, Saint Andrew's Halls,

Rare readings by Miss Aitken.

—♦♦♦—
MICROBES.—There is advertised a pamphlet, from the pen of "Charles Cameron, M.D., LL.D., M.P.," on "Microbes in Fermentation, Putrefaction, and Disease." What a hit the Doctor would make if he were to follow up this philosophical treatise by one on political "microbes" in fermentation, &c., with special reference to the Glasgow Liberal Association!

—♦♦♦—
 Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Apologising for Shakespeare.

THE musical critic of a certain morning paper has apparently a rather indifferent opinion of William Shakespeare. He remarked the other day that "many unmusical sounds we are invited to bow down and worship are, *to use a colloquialism*, 'caviare to the general.'" This is as good as the apology of the Greenock dignitary, formerly Provost and afterwards Parliamentary representative of that saccharine burgh, who once talked of "demanding the pound of flesh, if he might be excused the vulgarity!"

ORIGINALITY.

Retired West-end Orator (to neighbour)—Did ye notice that Ward Beecher his gien up the doctrine o' original sin?

Neighbour—Am surprised at ye talkin' aboot original sin. A' the men I ken hinna enough originality to hae original sin. There's is a copied!

Genial Influences.

WHEN the BAILIE comes across a really good euphemism he pounces upon it and carefully pigeon-holes it for future employment on his own account. Here is one. In condemning the idea of the proposed swing bridge across the river, a correspondent of a morning paper talks of "the ease with which such a contrivance appeared to work at other ports, *under the genial influence of hospitality*." "The genial influence of hospitality" is good. In cases where the influence was more than usually "genial," his Worship presumes that two contrivances "appeared to work."

"ENFORCED LEISURE."—A gentleman writes to a morning paper to the following effect:—"Having been favoured with a copy of the new Police Bill, I have passed a few days of enforced leisure in perusing it." And a more appropriate way of spending a period of "enforced leisure" could not well be imagined. For how many days did the "enforced leisure" last, by the way—fourteen, thirty, or sixty?

HOW TO "DRAW" HIM.—Dr Adam was expected to attend the laying of a Free Kirk foundation-stone at Whifflet the other day, but the reverend gentleman "sulked in his tent"—or, at all events, didn't turn up. Now, here's a tip for future organisers of such affairs. Lay your stone on a Sunday, send a cab for the Doctor, and he'll be "thar" like a shot!

Megilp.

PROBABLY the painting which will prove the sensation this year, among all others produced in the West of Scotland, is David Murray's "Grass-Cutters on Lochwinnoch Loch." The picture is a splendid picture. To speak of an artist like Mr Murray as improving—one can always speak of an artist going back—seems something like an impertinence, but all the same, this is such a picture as every one who values Scottish art is certain to feel proud of. Mr Murray's other more important painting of the present year is a Tarbert subject. It shows a fisher-boat going out, and a lassie watching her sweetheart sailing away into the dark.

Happily the rumour, alluded to in this column last week, anent the withdrawal of Sir Coutts Lindsay from the directorship of the Grosvenor Gallery, proves to have no foundation. The Grosvenor exhibitions have not only been an artistic success—a circumstance of which we were all aware—but have proved a financial success as well.

The combined Alma Tadema and Cecil Lawson exhibitions will open in the Grosvenor Gallery on Monday.

In the December number of *Good Words* there appears, as a frontispiece reproduction of "The Broken Jug," the picture that was in the last year's Institute Exhibition by the late J. C. Henderson. The drawing is accompanied by a short memoir of young Henderson, by Robert Walker.

Among the other illustrations contained in the number is a full page drawing by James A. Aitken, a delightful picture of a quiet stream flowing between densely wooded banks to the open sea.

One of the most noteworthy works in the Winter Exhibition of the London Society of British Artists, which opened on Monday, is a sea piece by Colin Hunter.

The question is already being eagerly discussed in artistic circles in Edinburgh as to who is likely to succeed to the vacancy in the ranks of the Royal Scottish Academicians occasioned by the death of Sir Daniel Macnee. Among the names which are spoken of with the largest measure of favour are those of W. D. M'Kay and W. B. Hole. The earnestness of Mr M'Kay's nature, and the tender character of his art, have together made him very much liked indeed, but on the other hand Mr Hole is a figure-painter, and it seems according, somewhat, to the nature of things that Sir Daniel should be succeeded by a figure-painter rather than a landscapist. The election takes place on the 10th of February.

Talking of Mr Hole recalls the circumstance that he has this year altered in some measure the character of his art. The Jacobite subjects to which he has accustomed us for several seasons, have been laid aside, in the meantime, at least, for pictures of fishermen and fisher-life.

EST MODUS IN REBUS!—Mr Martin says that "when he was in the custom of going among the lasses"—the gay young Lothario!—he made it a "p'int" to walk out on Sunday with the temporarily favoured fair one—the Cynthia of the minute—and to have a "dram" on the way. Let us hope that, though Jeems made a p'int of his dram, he had sufficient scruples to refrain from making his dram a pint.

A CONSERVATIVE.

Grocer (to customer)—Would you not try this oleomargarin, it's cheaper?

Customer—Let's see hauf a pun o' butter! nane o' yer hullo-Margit trash for me."

Physiological Services.
THE following advertisement appears in a morning paper:—"Physiology.—Wanted, Gentleman's Gratuitous Services. One hour a-week for an Evening Temperance Class." Peter, taking it for granted that the "services" in question are to assume the form of illustrating the physiological—and psychological—effects of alcohol on the human frame, says that he's the "gentleman" for the job, provided, that is, the liquor is "gratuitous" as well as the "services;" and he backs himself to put away more of what our Jeems calls "the blue cratur" inside "one hour" than any drinkist going—or trying to go. Now, then, who takes?

G R A N D T H E A T R E,
 COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.
 Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.
 TO-NIGHT AT 7.30,
 Tremendous Success and Last Week of
T H E W A G E S O F S I N.
 By the Celebrated
 MDLLE. BEATRICE COMPANY,
 Under the management of
 M R F R A N K H A R V E Y,
 Prices from 6d to £2 2s. Box Plan, where Seats may be secured, at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE—ON SATURDAY, 9TH DEC., 1882,
 Will be Produced, on a Scale of Magnificence never before attempted in Glasgow,
THE SECOND "GRAND"
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.
 Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole Direction.
 TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARTISTES,
 GORGEOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.
 To prevent disappointment to Country Patrons, an early application for Seats is requested, hundreds being already booked. The Box Plan is now open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street.

T H E G A I E T Y.
 Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP,
 TO-NIGHT and Following Evenings.
 IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT OF
 MADAME EMILY SOLDENE,
 Supported by
 A SPECIALLY-SELECTED COMPANY.
 FULL CHORUS. AUGMENTED BAND.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E.
 Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 ENGAGEMENT, SIX NIGHTS ONLY,
 TO-NIGHT, at 7-30.
 Miss FLORENCE WADE
 AND HER SPECIALLY SELECTED COMPANY
 In the London Success,
 M O T H S.
 MONDAY, 4th DECEMBER,
 M A N T E A U X N O I R S,
 "THE BLACK CLOAKS,"
 Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

R O Y A L P R I N C E S S ' S T H E A T R E,
 MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
 Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL,
 Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),
 The New and Popular Drama,
LONDON PRIDE.

By G. LASH GORDON and JOS. MACKAY.
Notice.—In answer to numerous inquiries, the Box Plan for Mr Beryl's 3rd South Side Pantomime,
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,
 Is Now Open at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.
OPENING NIGHT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

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 Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.
 Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.
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O F J U G G L E R S , B I C Y C L I S T S , A C R O B A T S , & c .
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M R W . C R A W F O R D ' S
G I G A N T I C S C O T C H C O N C E R T .

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M I S S E . H U N T E R ,
 Scottish Prima Donna.
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 Favourite Ballad Vocalist.
M R D . M ' A R T H U R ,
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M R W . C R A W F O R D ,
 Humorous Vocalist and Scotch Comedian.
 Miss ISA HUNTER, Accompanist.
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 The Famous
BAND OF THE 92ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS,
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 * This Regiment has just returned from Foreign Service, and will make their First Appearance here since their memorable March from Cabul to Candahar,
FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.
 Doors open at 6-45. Concert at 7-30 prompt.
 Admission—Area, 1s; Balconies, 2s.

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C O N C E R T S .
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 By the Celebrated
G L A S G O W S E L E C T C H O I R .
 Mr JAMES ALLAN, CONDUCTOR.
G R E A T R E C E P T I O N N I G H T
 On the occasion of the Choir's Return from Third Annual Visit to LONDON,
S T . J A M E S ' H A L L , S T . A N D R E W ' S D A Y .
 No Increase in Prices.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street, Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45.
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

An Olde Englishe Fayre,

UNDER YE PATRONAGE OF

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOME.
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.
THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KINTORE.
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ALEXANDER CRUM, ESQUIRE, M.P. for Renfrewshire.

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Ye Fine Art Galleries,

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In Aid of Parkgrove Church Building Fund,

On THURSDAY, November 30; FRIDAY, December 1; SATURDAY, December 2.

SIR ARCHIBALD C. CAMPBELL, Bart., will Open ye Fayre on THURSDAY, at 12 of ye clocke
ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., M.P., Renfrewshire, will Open ye Fayre on FRIDAY, at 12 of ye clocke.
Rev. W. PULSFORD, D.D., on SATURDAY, at 12 of ye clocke.

Ye Galleries wyll be changed into an OLDE ENGLISHE VILLAGE of ye 14th centurie, with houses risyng to ye height of two storeys. Manye choice plantes do climbe up their walles, and ye statlie trees are to be seen wavyng against ye blue skie. Towardes ye ende ye MARKETYNGE PLAICE dothe joine a moste pleasante street, near which dothe stande ye olde VILLAGE CROSS.

When all ye goodlie thynges of ye Fayre you have beholden for your guidance and pleasure, you wyll be enchanted wyth ye charmyng costume of ye Fayre Ladyes. Lykewise, manye Children and Maydens wyll donne ye dresses of ye olden daies.

Ye Stalles schall be—

YE SYGNE OF YE CHRYSTALL WELLE.
YE SYGNE OF YE GOLDEN FLEECE.
YE SYGNE OF YE GOLDEN HARPE.
YE SYGNE OF YE ANCHOR.
YE SYGNE OF YE RED ROSE.
YE SYGNE OF YE WHYTE ROSE.
YE SYGNE OF YE ROBYN HOODE.
YE SYGNE OF YE THYSTLE.

YE TUCK INNE, AT YE SYGNE OF YE FRIAR'S HEAD.

YE FLOWERE STALLS WYLL CONTAIN YE CHOICEST PLANTES THAT DOE GROW.

The Messrs THYNE, Buchanan Street, wyll recieve Donations of Plantes and Floweres.

Tyckets for ye Opening—2s 6d each—may now be had from G. GALLIE & SON, 90 Buchanan Streete; A. BELL, 73 Paisley Road, West;
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C R E A T I O N,

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Hundred and Fifty Supper Parties were held in the CHORAL
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ESTABLISHED THIRTY-TWO YEARS

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

A Sensation in the City.

IMMENSE DELIVERIES OF NEW GOODS, bought by Mr WILSON, in London, This Week. Mr Wilson just happened to visit the various manufacturing districts associated with the Fancy Trade in the nick of time. Trade was perfectly at a standstill, and goods were to be had at almost any price. The results of this visit may be seen to-day, and all next week, on the various counters at the Colosseum and Millionatia.

This Day, the 3s Solid Beaded Crown for 6½d.

This Day, Great Show of artificial Plants.

This Day, Extraordinary Bargains in all Departments.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—A Gentleman writes :—"Your extra Special Packet is indeed a wonder. There are nearly a dozen cards in the packet that I would not think dear at 1s each." For 14 Days only we will send the "Extra Special" Packet of 26 high-class Cards, published at 10s 6d, for 16 stamps; the "Colosseum" Packet, 11½d; the "Jamaica" Packet, 8½d; the "Millionatia" Packet, 4½d; each containing 26 Cards. The Juvenile Packet of 13 Cards for 1½d; by post, 1s, 11, 7, or 3 stamps. With each Packet we send one of our War Maps. Write for Packets at once. Should they not please, Mr Wilson will refund money sent, and pay expenses incurred in writing for and returning Packets. Nothing can be fairer than this. Toys and Fancy Goods, suitable for Presents, now on Sale

EXTRAORDINARY PURCHASE OF VELVETEENS.—We now offer One Hundred Boxes Velveteens, in New Winter Shades; the 3s quality for 1s 11½d. The value we offer To-Day in the better Velveteens is simply marvellous.

SILK VELVETS.—All newest colours—a rare Lot bought by Mr Wilson in London. These are 4s goods, but we now offer them for 2s 6d per yard. Plushes in all the New Shades, at 1s 11½d. Special lines in durable Silks. Half-price Satins, all Shades, for evening wear, also in dark shades for trimming; the regular 2s Satins at 11½d per yard. Ladies, secure Dresses of these goods without delay; they are far under wholesale prices. See our Grand Extra-quality Rich Satins at 2s 6d per yard. Our Stock of Silks, Satin Crapes, Satin Duchesse, Ottomans, Francaise Velvets, &c., is very large, and the prices are in many instances much cheaper than can be obtained in any city wholesale house.

ENORMOUS PURCHASE OF FRENCH WINGS.—Mr Wilson will astonish buyers at this counter. A Wholesale Manufacturer's Entire Stock of High-class Wings will be sold in the Colosseum at from 6½d to 1s 11d each; many of these cost double to make. See our Pon-pons at One Half-penny each, and we now sell the New Plush Hat Girdle, the quality sold every day at 2s 6d, for 1s 3½d. Rare Lines in Ostrich Feathers. See the Rare and Princely Feathers we now offer from 10s to 60s. Great Novelties in Evening Flowers, Dress Trimmings, Marabout Feathers, &c. Just delivered a Magnificent Collection of Table Plants. Rustic Pots, Tables, Baskets, &c. See this Lot early before the "Gems" are gone.

CURTAINS—Real Lace Curtains. The largest stock of Curtains in Scotland. Only think—a pair of Real Guipure D'Art Lace Curtains for 7s 11d; the like was never heard before. In Nottingham and Ayrshire Lace Curtains we show nearly one thousand designs. See our special lines at 1s 11½d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 9s 11d, and 12s 11d. Mr WILSON offers a rare line of one hundred pairs, 8 yards long, 84in. wide Curtains for 14s 11d per pair. These were made to sell at 30s, and are a magnificent line, every pair warranted perfect. W. W. & Co., will forward carriage free all parcels over 40s to any address in the kingdom.

FELT HATS in all the newest shapes for 8½d each. Black Beaver edges at 1s 9d. A monstre delivery of Fawn Beavers and Beaver-edge Hats in all sizes. We cannot possibly describe all the bargains we offer in our great Hat Department, but we name a few. We have one hundred thousand new Hat Shapes that we offer at one Penny each; these sell elsewhere from 6d to 1s. Fifty thousand of the new Princess and improved Princess Bonnets in fine Mohair, these we sell at 5½d; and fifty thousand Spanish Matador and other New shapes in extra fine Mohair for 11½d. Milliners, you cannot buy these goods from any wholesale house in the kingdom at the prices. Seal Hats, Beaver Hats, Plush Hats, Velvet Hats. Rare Bargains in Misses' and Infants' Hats and Bonnets. New designs in all best combinations. Fancy Wool Hats, Infants' White, Fawn, and Drab Beaver Hats, &c. Another cartload of the famous 6d School Luncheon Bag for One Penny. This we call the Scholars' Friend. Ask for the Penny Bag. See our wonderful Window Blinds at 5½d; also, our surprise Breadbasket at 3½d, to be had either in Colosseum or Millionatia.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!! RIBBONS!!!—Extraordinary value in all kinds of Ribbons, Piles of Fancy and other Ribbons bought by Mr Wilson in London at a fraction of the real value.

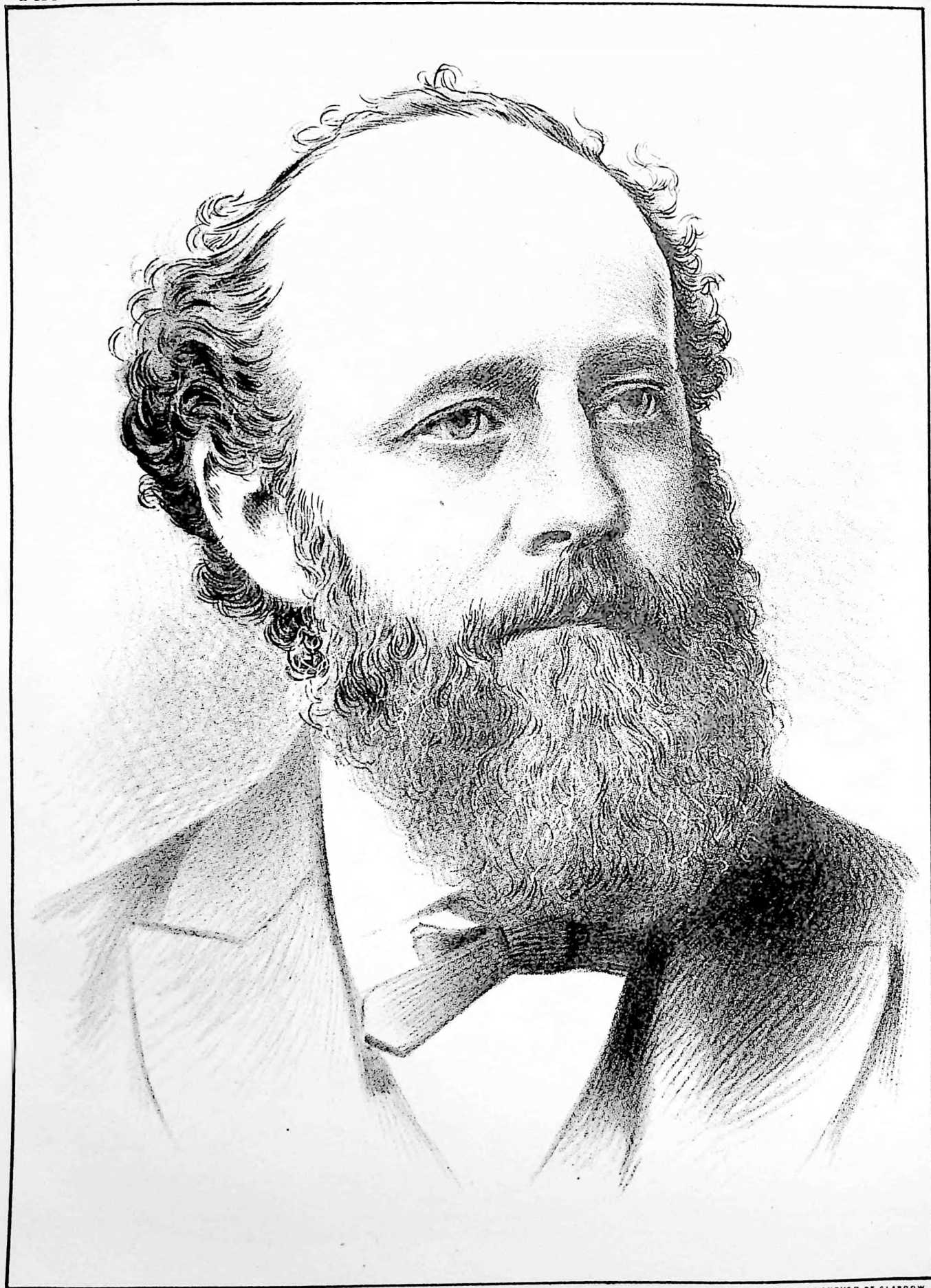
VERY SPECIAL LINES in MILLINERY BONNETS and HATS, also New Collection of Novel Caps and Head-Dresses in Flowers and Feathers. A very large Collection of Mourning Millinery Hats and Bonnets, Widows' Bonnets, Caps, &c. Every requisite for Mourning. Flowers, Gloves, Ribbons, Mantles, &c.

An Extraordinary Line of Dolman Ulsters and Newmarket Ulsters, secured by Mr Wilson on Tuesday last. These we are busy marking off at prices that will eclipse anything yet shown even by us. Piles of Ulsters from 2s 11d to 30s. The Celebrated Reversible Waterproof Cloak for 19s 11d (with neat Bag). Hundreds of Fur-Lined Cloaks. Children's Ulsters and Cloaks, all prices.

Special Lines in Furs, Fur Capes, and Fur Sets.

WALTER WILSON & CO., THE COLOSSEUM *and* MILLIONATIA, JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 529. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 6th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 529.

ONE of the most brilliant of our younger professors at Gilmorehill is the holder of the chair devoted to the exposition of what is termed the “Institutes of Medicine.” For some reason or other best known to the initiated, the Medical School at the University, was long held, by members of the profession, of much less account than that attached to Anderson’s College. Now-a-days, however, the very opposite is the case. Indeed in certain particulars Glasgow University is fast treading on the heels, if not fairly outstripping that of Edinburgh, so far as the Faculty of Medicine is concerned. This improved state of matters is probably due as well to general as to personal influences, but among the latter none has been more active than that exercised by Professor M’KENDRICK, whom the BAILIE has this week added to his gallery of Men you Know. JOHN GRAY M’KENDRICK, of Perthshire parentage, was born in Aberdeen, where he received his primary education. While still a lad he entered a lawyer’s office in that city, and served, under a formal indenture, an apprenticeship of six years. The dry technicalities of the law, however, had no attraction for him. The bent of his mind was towards natural science, and led to medical study—one year of which was pursued whilst he was still tied to the desk. Beginning his medical curriculum at the University of Aberdeen in 1860, he spent two years at work there, and then went to Edinburgh, where for other two years he studied at the Metropolitan University. Returning to Aberdeen at the end of that period he graduated in medicine at the University of the granite city in 1864. At the beginning of his professional career he went to Chelsea Infirmary, where he remained for nearly a year. From thence he removed to

the London Eastern Dispensary, and after twelve months of hard work there, he removed from the slums of Whitechapel to the foot of Ben-Nevis, and took sole charge of the Belford Hospital at Fort William, then just founded. After an experience of upwards of three years of hospital work he went to Edinburgh to be assistant to the late Professor Hughes Bennett. For several years Dr M’KENDRICK acted in this capacity, and during Professor Bennett’s protracted illness he conducted the class in the University, with much acceptance both to the University authorities and the students. In 1876 he was appointed Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Glasgow as successor to the late Professor Andrew Buchanan. Dr M’KENDRICK is an indefatigable worker. Besides numerous contributions to the Royal and other societies, and to medical and other journals, he is the author of a text book on physiology, and has written important articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But the original work by which perhaps he is best known, not only in this country but on the continent, is that carried on by him in Edinburgh, along with Professor Dewar, now of Cambridge, whereby they showed that light caused a change in the electrical condition of the retina of the eye. Since he has come to Glasgow Professor M’KENDRICK has not been idle. Among various other scientific investigations, he has devoted much of his time and attention, with important practical results, to the study of anæsthetic substances. Last year his *alma mater*, recognising him as a worthy son, conferred on him the well-merited honorary degree of LL.D., and about the same time he was appointed Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Royal College of Physicians. Of an eager and en-

thusiastic temperament, Dr M'KENDRICK has proved himself a most successful teacher. Gifted with a fluent and lucid diction his prelections are highly appreciated by his students, while in Glasgow, and all over the county, he is justly recognised as an able scientific lecturer. Not only is it the University, therefore, on which Professor M'KENDRICK reflects credit and distinction. He is an eminent citizen as well as a distinguished scientist and physician.

NATIVE INGENUOUSNESS.

(Scene—Still room in an Edinburgh hotel.)

Waiter (reading)—Sir Garnet Wolsely had the honour yesterday of kissing the Queen's hand.

Still Room Lassie (interrupting him)—Kissin' her what?

Waiter—Her hand.

Still Room Lassie—A' wadna thankit 'um.

Granny is Generous!

IF anything could have tended to console Lord Salisbury under his recent sufferings in the way of making prosy speeches and listening to prosier ones, it was, not popular applause, or sumptuous banquets, or even "silver caskets"—no, it was none of these, it was Granny's offer to "accept the olive branch" from his hand. It must have been a proud moment for the noble Marquis when he read those words, and we cannot doubt that as soon as he got home he lost no time in impressing upon his heir, who has just come of age, the necessity for reverentially preserving that generous "leader" in the archives of the house of Cecil.

THE BILLIARD-MAN'S READING FROM HOME.

"My name is Norval, and the Provost's Bill
Would leave me on the rocks!"

GENEROUS SIR GEORGE!—Sir George Campbell is forbearing. He desires to modify the scheme of what Lord Randolph has happily dubbed the "Grand Old Committees," but he is careful to add that "a separation of the three kingdoms need not necessarily follow" his proposals. Let us hope that the three kingdoms are duly grateful to the generous representative of the lang toun o' Kirkcaldy.

The Real and Only "X"-mas—Saint Andrew's Day. [By the way, how came about the relationship between "Xmas" and Christmas?]

Dixie's Land—"The Land of Misfortune."

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

December.

"Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require."

—*Poor Robin's Almanac*, 1684.

THOU'RT very welcome, old December!—

And yet thou'rt not so old
As we would make thee—you remember
How long ago they told

Bright March off to begin the year,
And thou wert then the tenth month—
The Saxon yule-month? [whisper here,
There are no rhymes for tenth-month]

But be you old or be you young,
Thou'rt ever dear to us;
Thy praise we've often, often sung,
And many a chirping buss

We'll steal beneath the mistletoe
When jolly Christmas comes
And thou hast but a week to go,
And puddings shot with plums

Are reeking on the board, and mirth
Lightens all hearts, and when
There speaks from every eye—"On earth
Be peace, goodwill to men."

"THE PERFECT CURE."

(Scene—Railway between Oban and Connal Ferry. The rails are slippery; the train is heavy with sheep and cattle for a tryst; the engine has stuck.)

Celt (to Driver)—Gi'e her a kless o' whuskey!

A Comic Cooncillor.

MR COUNCILLOR MORRIN is a decided acquisition to what may be described as the comic division of the City Parliament. Last week he testified with mock solemnity against the institutions known as penny shows. "These places," said this admirable comedian, "have a tendency to demoralise the rising age, and I think the Council ought to guide the rising world so as to get proper principles instilled into them, instead of granting liberty to all and sundry to lead the young astray in the paths of vice." This is "very gracious fooling;" but Mr Morrin has evidently been accustomed to an audience which appreciates a subtle style of humour. For the Town Council he should cultivate a broader manner, or he may run the risk of having his finest irony taken for solemn earnest.

Small Craft—Pin-making.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Opinion*, 11th October, 1880. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, Blender of the "Real Johnny."

On 'Change.

ELECTRICITY is likely to be overdone. The temptations are obvious. It is a comparatively new power, and the mode of working it profitably may be said to be matter of experiment. The company that discovers the best way to work it economically will do well. Those who fail to make that interesting discovery are equally bound to do otherwise. There is ambition on all hands, however, and a notable example of it was afforded to me last week. I was invited to become a shareholder in the Universal Electric Company, Limited, with a capital of £250,000, in £5 shares. As in the case of the Shaw Savill and Albion Co., which was nearly all Patrick Henderson, so this new electric company is nearly all Baird. Two directors of that name are in partnership somewhere in Bridgeton, as manufacturers of ladies' stays. A third director is not exactly a Baird, but he is Mr James Dunbar, of Dunbar & Baird, lawyers, who happen to be the vendors of the property. Had the proposed company boasted solicitors, and they had been Dunbar & Baird, the sequence of Bairds would have been complete. Being a lawyer, Mr Dunbar must of course know all about the management of an electric company and quarter of a million sterling. That seems always to be taken for granted. Besides the two stay-makers and the Glasgow lawyer, there are on the board an Edinburgh lawyer, a Dennistoun M.D., and a person who is described in the Glasgow Directory as "formerly of St. Vincent Street, Jamaica Street, and Argyle Street, retired." He is a man of many estates, evidently, and good ones too, as the localities show, but I fail to see anything short of pretentious vulgarity in the address, "Pollokshields, Renfrewshire," given in the prospectus, just as if Pollokshields could ever be anything else than a mere suburb and appendage of Glasgow. What is particularly unpromising in the prospectus is its vagueness with respect to the direction, and any capitalist with a head upon his shoulders would desire more information than that document contains. It would be necessary, for instance, to have some decided knowledge of a contract for the purchase of the works, said to have been made eleven months ago, and to discover how it was that James Dunbar and William Daniel Baird became possessors and vendors thereof.

The Scottish Prudential Investment Association, Limited, is a singularly cool institution. Not content with establishing a gigantic nuisance in New City Road, from which it unblushingly asserts that it draws £700 per annum, the Company complains that the new Police Bill, if carried, will interfere with this source of income. The S.P.I.A.L. ought to invest its funds in some more reputable manner.

Saint Tinnan, like John Gilpin, was a citizen of credit and renown. History does not inform us that he was a train-band captain of any famous town, but it is certain that he occupied a conspicuous position among his fellows as a sagacious and far-seeing merchant. All the Kentigern family, who claimed kindred with the Saint Tennans, were gifted with the same general accuracy of aim and careful attention to their own interests. Saint Tinnan, in conjunction with his friends Spilson, Asinus, Spreichler, and Tinderson, put money into a concern called the Ashantee Topper and Dumper Company, Limited. They took such an interest that they became directors, officials, and fast friends of the institution, which, in its turn, became a good friend to them. They were allowed to manage the company pretty much as they liked, because at first the profits were so large and regular that the income came to be regarded as a matter of course. The object of the company was to bleach niggers, so as to turn them into white labourers, and so fit them to earn an honest living in this and other civilized countries. When properly treated and prepared for market, this new product of equatorial Africa was called "topper." The kind of refuse was called "dumper." The topper was turned to a variety of uses, but the dumper was best suited for the working of cotton mills. Hence the expression, "mill dumper." Between these two articles, and some other bye products, the concern flourished exceedingly, and the shares went to a heavy premium. Presently the profits fell off somewhat. Other people began to find out how to bleach and whitewash niggers, so as to make them

resemble the real article. The business was thus smaller and less remunerative. This often happens when profits reach 25 to 40 per cent., and then people grumble. They generally do under such circumstances. Men who would have been glad to see 5 per cent. for their money grumble at 10 because they have been accustomed to 20. When the lessened income threatened to become permanent, the directors were animated by a strange desire to invest in land and other securities, and so they withdrew some of their capital from the Ashantee Topper and Dumper. There was a delightful unanimity in the operations, and unanimity, as everyone knows, is a good thing among directors. Saint Tinnan held 6,000 shares, so he disposed of 3,000, and strengthened his financial position by selling while a large premium was obtainable. Asinus, who held 2,300 shares, lessened his responsibility to 1,500, and Spilson, not to be beaten by anybody, boldly reduced his holding from 2,300 to 500. Spreichler was not so keen, but he parted with 300 of his 500 shares; while Tinderson, ever anxious for the welfare of humanity, gracefully relinquished 400 of his 500 shares. In all, they sold and delivered 6,300 shares, which realised, roughly, somewhere about £250,000. Other holders, hearing of these transactions, commenced to sell out also, and the bears, seeing the state of things, hastened into the fray to have a share of the plunder. The fall thus became an accomplished fact. A newspaper was secured to write the shares up, and Tinderson published a reassuring letter which everyone saw through and nobody believed. Neither expedient was successful, and the unlucky letter set the shareholders' teeth on edge. Perhaps that was the effect it was intended to produce. At the next general meeting there was wailing and gnashing of teeth among the partners, who considered that the directors, in selling their shares, had also sold their shareholders. The directors were interrogated as to the reductions in their holdings, when, with one accord, they lifted their hands to heaven, or at least towards that portion of the universe where they supposed heaven to be, and solemnly affirmed that they jointly and severally held as many shares as ever. A committee of inquiry was appointed to examine the register, an explosion was the result, and when the smoke had cleared away, all concerned failed to realise the finale of the old story books, which always described people as living happy ever after.

SCRUTATOR.

A FACT.

(Scene—Buchanan Street; Tuesday, noon.)

News Boy—Here you are, sir. BAILIE, sir?

Old Gent—Wha's in the BAILIE, to-day?

News Boy—Jeems Martin.

Old Gent—Who, Jeems Martin?

News Boy—Ay, jist wee Jamie himsel'.

[Old gent purchases BAILIE and proceeds chuckling.]

"AID FOR THE INJURED."—Greenock has gone to the expense of getting an ambulance carriage all the way from London. It is understood that when the services of the vehicle are not in demand through other accidents, it will be employed in the tender deportation of local "drunks."

"I'm burdened with taxation," as the rate collector said while carrying his takings in copper to the bank

A "Fly" Cove—"Onra."

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The novelty this week, in local theatricals, is the production, at the Royalty Theatre, of "Les Manteaux Noirs" of Bucalossi—a composer who, notwithstanding his foreign name, is English by naturalisation if not by birth. "Les Manteaux Noirs" was originally produced at the London Avenue Theatre in the June of the present year. Its book is taken from the French of Monsieur Scribe, and is the work of Messrs W. Parke and Harry Paulton. Like all comic operas, the story is one of intrigue. It deals with the adventures of *Girola*, the belle of Valados, and *Philip* of Aragon, the King of Spain. The role of *Girola* will be taken by Miss Emma Beasley, formerly of the Carl Rosa Company; while Mr T. G. Warren will be *Philip*. Among the other members of the company will be Mr Julian Cross, Mr C. A. White, and Miss Madge Stavart. Mr Bucalossi, by the way, is the composer of "My Queen," one of the favourite waltzes of the day.

"Little Red Riding Hood, Bonnie Boy Blue, the Wicked Wehr Wolf, and Terrier True; or Harlequin, the Heartless Harpics, and the Fairy of the Flowers," Mr Beryl's third annual pantomime, will be produced at the Royal Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening. Of course there will be a crowded audience on the occasion. The Princess's pantomimes are always successes. The story follows in some measure the well-known lines of the popular nursery tale, but there are, of course, numerous local and other allusions in the body of the work to bring it up to the "time of day." Large preparations have been proceeding in the theatre for some time back, in order that the spectacle may be presented with sufficient richness and effect; and now the house is to remain closed till Saturday, so that the final rehearsals may be conducted with the necessary attention and care. Among the company engaged for "Little Red Riding Hood," are Miss Kate Ryan, who made such a hit in Edward Terry's "Robbing Roy," Misses Burdette, Harrington, Marion Huutley and Neville, and the two eldest daughters of Mr William Glover—Misses Amy and Emily, together with Messrs Ramsey Danvers, E. S. Gofton, "The Mays," Roysten, Charles, and Picardo, "The Boy Wonder." The musical portion of the entertainment will be supplemented by the celebrated Mendelssohn quartette party; while the "terpichorean department" will find fitting exponents in Mdlle. de Rosa and her ballet troupe. Mr John S. Wood undertakes the arduous duties of stage manager.

Every seat, or next to every seat that can be booked, has already been booked for the opening performance of the "Grand" pantomime on Saturday evening. This is surely abundant and overflowing testimony to the estimation in which Mr Charles and his managerial efforts are held in Glasgow. And as the stalls and boxes will be crammed, on the occasion of *Robinson Crusoe* making his bow on Mr Charles's stage, so, I may predict, will be the pit, the amphitheatre, and the gallery.

"Boccaccio" will be repeated during the coming six nights at the Gaiety, and on Monday next—this night week—Mr Heslop announces the production of his Christmas pantomime entitled "Beauty and the Beast."

Apropos of "Beauty and the Beast," I am sorry to announce that its author, clever, reckless, laughing Johnny M'Ardle—a fellow of infinite jest—died on Saturday night:—

Alas! poor Jack, even thou could'st not escape
The fingers of old Death, who ever runs
To clutch all men—yea, motleys—by the nape,
And hid'st them from the seasons and their suns,
Well do I know that when he came to thee
And mocked thee with his greedy, glittering eye,
That thou would'st laugh, and with weird mimicry,
Attempt to make him vanish and pass by.
Alas! it was not so; the grave and gay
Alike he crumbles down to dusty clay.

At the City Hall next Saturday, Signor Foli and "party" appear.

Our friends of the Glasgow St. Andrew Society dined together, as in duty bound, on St. Andrew's Day, the dinner being eaten in the Grand Hotel. As the dinner, on an occasion of this kind, is—not to speak it profanely—the *piece de resistance* of the meeting, I may be permitted to repeat the very excellent bill of fare provided for the brethren by Mr W. G. Davidson. Here it is—

Soups—Scots Broth, Hare, Cockie-Leekie.

Fish—Turbot, Lobster sauce; Haddock, Egg sauce; Baked Cod, Oyster sauce.

HAGGIS.

Introductions—Curried Tripe, Tripe and Onions, Black Puddings, White Puddings.

Joints—Haunch of Venison, Gigots of Mutton, Roast Beef, Corned Beef, Sheep's Head and Trotters, Boiled Turkeys, Roast Turkeys, Roast Chickens, Hams, Ox Tongues.

Sweets—Clyde Puddings, Plum Puddings, Mince Pies, Apple Tarts, Souffles, Baked Custards, Jellies, Creams, Stewed Fruit.

Sardines and Oat Cakes. Toasted Cheese. Red Herrings.

DESSERT.

There was a hantle o' speakin' after the eating was over, but the dinner was the event of the evening.

There was a most good-humoured and hilarious gallery audience at the Gaiety on Saturday evening. Those denizens of Olympus were musical and cheerful but not inclined to indulge in any noise during the performance. They listened to "Boccaccio" with the utmost attention, appreciated the humour of the situations, and reserved all their fun for the intervals between the acts. Then they came out in full force, travestied Mr Lewens' comical falsetto laugh, and conducted themselves like harmonious young roysterers, as they probably were.

It is more than likely that Mr Muirhead will be elected Town-Clerk of Hillhead, in room of his friend and partner the late Mr Archibald Wilson.

Ye Cronies' entertainment, which is fixed for the middle of March, promises to be one of the events of the season in Glasgow. The "book" of the piece is by—well, a friend of our own, my Magistrate, while the music has been written by one of the most promising students of the Royal Academy of Music.

And so the freedom of the City is to be conferred on Mr Forster on the occasion of his approaching visit to Glasgow. Of old this distinction was reserved for Statesmen of the highest rank in politics, but now-a-days—. The matter, however, is one that will by-and-bye, at our present rate of going to work, cure itself.

Walter Wilson, should he become famous, will pass along to posterity as the wholesale manipulator of heads. Talk of your phrenologists! He surveys more bumps in a week than have all the phrenologists from Gall and Spurzheim downwards. All sorts and conditions of men come under his hands. A certain W. W. instils opinions into skulls in the Council, but *the* W. W. gives heads decent coverings in the Colosseum. W. W. is ambitious. His once little establishment hath grown to colossal—Colosseum dimensions. And with the increase in his premises, so has his business swelled, till now not only gents' hats are trafficked in, but the sweeter sex may likewise find a perfect garden of Eden—gay with flowers and foliage—in his establishment. Not even a cynic could term the Colosseum a dull place. Why, are not its score of chambers illuminated by electricity? and is not dulcet music discoursed at appropriate times and seasons by an instrumental band, hidden in an arcanum in the principal show-room? These things be true and of verity; yea, every one of them.

At an entertainment given last week in North Woodside Baths by the Clyde Amateur Swimming Club, for the benefit of local charities, Mr John Gow, one of the members, remained under water 3 minutes 19 seconds. Not bad, surely, for an amateur.

At the great Peel Banquet held in Glasgow in January, 1837, one of the speakers was Mr W. E. Gladstone, M.P., then a Tory in politics. The event was perhaps the most brilliant and memorable of the kind that ever took place in Glasgow, and it would be a graceful act on the part of the wealth and intelligence of the city, who have profited so much by Peel's life-long labours, to invite his most distinguished follower, the present Premier, to a similar epoch-marking non-political banquet during his visit to Scotland next month. The "grand old man" is old, and opportunity lesseneth day by day.

Admirers of Boosboom, Hayemans, Koek-Koek, Stacquet, Lamotte, and Donat, will have an opportunity of acquiring one or more specimens of their favourites in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, of Messrs M'Tear & Co, to-day, Tuesday, the 5th inst. The collection to be disposed of is one made by M. Van Hinsbergh, of Brussels, and every picture is strictly guaranteed by the proprietor.

Crowded houses at Hengler's would seem to be a rule without any solitary exception. That bright particular star "Lurline," has sunk beneath the western horizon, but will be visible to-night again in an eastern direction—at Cooke's, in Edinburgh. Our clever American cousin netted £160 for her month's engagement of twenty-four performances. To fill the blank Mr Powell puts on, for the first time here, a stirring cross-country sketch styled "The Royal Stag Hunt." In this sporting piece a couple of hinds will make the running and a pack of sixteen hounds will be in full cry round the arena.

The proceedings in the Ordinary Court the other day were made lively by a "passage of arms" between Sheriff Spens and Mr William Shaw. The agent refused to be taught his duty by the Sheriff, and the Sheriff, incensed at his kindly advice being so contemptuously treated, hinted at an apology, which was refused. The lawyers are at present discussing who had the best of it.

The authorities of Duke Street Reformatory have at length resolved to clear out of their present quarters, the "structural defects" of which are said to have been the cause of all the bickerings and outbreaks in that institution. The buildings and grounds extend to about 5½ acres, and will be "conveyed" to any one for the small sum of £13,000.

Our friends of the German Club—all of whom are persevering and enthusiastic theatre-goers—give an amateur performance in the Lesser St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday evening.

The first Glasgow Assembly of the season will be held on Thursday, the 21st inst., the second on Tuesday, the 17th of next month, and the third on Wednesday, the 21st of February. As of old, the supper on each occasion will be purveyed by the firm of Messrs Ferguson & Forrester.

The Dean of Faculty, Mr J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., is surely one of the most versatile of men. At the gathering of the natives of Skye on Friday evening last, which passed off with Highland honours, he not only asked a blessing, owing to the late arrival of the clergyman, but at the close of the meeting he led off "Auld Langsyne" in a manner which many a professional vocalist might envy.

As is well known, the climate of Rothesay is beneficial to many of the physical ills which beset mankind, but it does not seem to be either a preventative or a cure for financial disorders. The recent collapse, all of a heap, of a baker's dozen of well-known Butemen, is little short of a calamity to the island.

"Beauty and the Beast"—A pretty wife and a brute of a husband.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle, J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of the Art Club is at once one of the best artistically, and one of the most prosperous in a monetary sense, yet held by the members. Already the sales foot up to over £500—very good for a fortnight, isn't this?—and hopes are entertained that, before the exhibition closes, they will reach the "cool thousand."

One of the leading Scottish landscapes of the year, will, "they say," be John Smart's "Last Rest of the Clansmen." This is the Eilan-an-Ian-an in Loch Shiel. Its size is six feet by four, and is, out of all sight, the finest work which has yet left Mr Smart's easel.

"The Burial of a Norse King," the picture on which Robert Gibb has been engaged for the past twelve months, is now approaching completion. Hopes were entertained that "The Thin Red Line," the battle picture which gained Mr Gibb his Academician'ship, would have been procured for the coming Exhibition of the Institute, but its proprietor, Mr Ramsden of Leeds, finds that his arrangements will prevent him from sending it here.

Robert Herdman is understood to be engaged on one of the largest pictures he has yet painted. It is questionable, however, whether the work will be completed in time for the February Exhibition of the Academy.

The death, on Thursday, of Mungo Burton, removed an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy who was utterly unknown to the present generation. That he should have kept his name on the list of Associates for many years after he had ceased to produce pictures, was at once a source of weakness to the Academy and an injury to those artists who, while outside of the Academical circle, have yet a right to expect that, sooner or later, they will be included in its fold. Personally, it is still right to add, Mr Burton was a delightful companion, and was largely liked in the older social circles in Edinburgh.

In this connection would it be wrong to suggest that the Academicians should endeavour to acquaint themselves with the whereabouts—or indeed whether he does possess a whereabouts—of John Irvine, the artist whose name stands at the top of the list of Associates?

The Water-colour Exhibition, in the rooms of Messrs Aitken Dott & Son, of South Castle Street, Edinburgh, opened on Monday. Among the West of Scotland artists represented on its walls are David Murray, A.R.S.A., James A. Aitken, Tom M'Ewan, and Duncan M'Kellar. It includes 146 works in all, and as well from its numbers as from high average of its quality, it is, beyond all question, the most important Water-colour Exhibition ever held in Edinburgh.

The annual Exhibition of the Paisley Art Institute will be opened in the Picture Gallery of the George A. Clark Hall there, on Friday week the 15th inst., and remain open till the 20th of next month.

A capital bust of Mr John Henderson of the Anchor line has just been completed by James A. Ewing. Not only is the work an excellent likeness; but the modelling of the flesh, the working of the hair, and the general pose and outline of the head are remarkably fine. Allusion is further due to the delicacy of the execution, not certainly the most important, but still a very important element indeed in the success of a bust.

Up till Saturday night the sales at the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition had totalled up to £3491; and those of the Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Manchester Institution to over £5000.

AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY.

(Scene—St Enoch Station. Guard sees friend get into third-class carriage.)

Guard—John, why do you travel third class?

John (snappishly)—Because there's no fourth.

(Guard slinks off ta blow ta whustle.)

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Quavers.

THE distinguishing feature of the Paisley Philharmonic Society's instrumental performances—that, namely, of expression—is one which but seldom marks the musical efforts of amateur executants. If we do not invariably get the perfect tune desirable, we can be at least certain of intelligence, taste, and meaning at the hands of this industrious and enthusiastic club of instrumentalists. We have certainly heard them play with more evenly good tone than at last week's concert, but seldom with a more earnest evident desire to bring out the spirit of the works in hand. The good folks of Paisley hardly seem to appreciate—at least by the lack of support on the part of some classes who ought to give support—the ability that is at their own doors. They ought to be proud of the Philharmonic and its clever young conductor.

The vocal solos of Miss Fulton at this concert were of the highest promise.

An "open rehearsal" was given by the Kelvinside Musical Association on Thursday evening, in the hall of the Kelvinside Academy. The choir would appear to number about 50 voices when at its full strength; and despite the absence of some of the upper parts, made a very good demonstration before friends of their choral ability. The exacting chorus, "Now, behold, O Lord," from Gounod's "Gallia," was well sustained in tone, and under Mr Seligmann's vigorous and decisive beat, was wonderfully effective in the circumstances. In the unaccompanied part-songs, however, by Kucken and Pinsuti, the Association were still better tested, and the rendering of these, as also of Mr Seligmann's "Land o' the Leal," was everything that could be wished for in tone and expression. Several vocal and instrumental solos were given by members and friends, all showing culture and attainment. Madame Ri'tter-Bondy's pianoforte accompaniments and solos were a prominent attraction. We should like to hear the society ere long in some complete work.

A concert was given on Wednesday evening last by the Musical Society of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr William Moodie conducting, and Mr Logie accompanying. The programme was an excellent one, the selections being marked by solidity and worth. The choir (about 50 voices) sang very well.

The Glasgow Select Choir seems to have been the chief attraction of the St. Andrew's night concert in London, the great names of the solo vocalists notwithstanding. The audience was probably more numerous than ever, and certainly still more enthusiastic, if that were possible. The choir were very strongly pressed to return for the Burns Festival on 25th January, but prior engagements precluded the possibility of their compliance.

The London programme of the choir was repeated to an overflowing house in the City Hall on Saturday evening. Mr Moodie's "John Barleycorn," characteristic music, was well received, as at London; and Mr Patterson's very beautiful arrangement of "Annie Laurle" obtained a warm encore. The choir give a concert in St. Andrew's Hall next Saturday.

The chamber concert to be given by Mr Charles Hallé and Madame Nerma Neruda on Thursday evening, in the Queen's Rooms, is of so comparatively rare and quiet a class of entertainment, that it ought to be doubly welcome, as a variety, at least, in our somewhat noisy musical season. The programme will include a violin sonata by Handel (with a pianoforte accompaniment, original perhaps, or suggested by a figured bass) by Mr Hallé; also other violin and pianoforte solos and duets from Beethoven, Brahms, and others.

Mr Lambeth's Choir were to leave on Monday night for Ireland, giving their first concert in Belfast in the Ulster Hall. They are engaged to sing at St. James's Hall, London, on the Burns Anniversary Concert on 25th January.

At the seventh, ninth, tenth, and twelfth Choral Union Orchestral Concerts, which, not to write too much on the subject, we group in a final paragraph or two, the following are the chief selections. At the seventh concert there are "Marche Nuptiale" No. 1 in C, one of the two written by Gounod for a

recent royal marriage, and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio" for pianoforte and orchestra (solo pianoforte, Master Alfred Hollins, from the Royal College for the Blind); at the ninth, Haydn's Symphony in D, No. 7 of the set of twelve composed for the Solomon concerts in London (1795), and not so familiar to us as some of them, will be played, then Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, so great a favourite, and the overture to "William Tell."

At the tenth, the overture to "Oberon," so long holding the place of honour at these concerts, the Scandinavian Symphony of F. H. Cowen, perhaps his most important essay in instrumental music, and the prelude to "Parsifal," that most objectionable of operas, morally regarded, and the "Tannhauser" overture, are the principal numbers, Mr Louis Breitner appearing as solo pianist in a Schumann concerto; while at the twelfth, which is the last concert of all, and runs us on to St. Valentine's day, 14th February, there will chiefly be produced, perhaps with a measure of appropriateness in character, the overtures "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai) and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); also the intermezzo "On the Water," from A. C. Mackenzie's "Jason," a cantata of power and genius; Liszt's symphonic poem "Mazeppa"; the Beethoven Symphony No. 7 in A (that with the well-known chant-like allegro in A minor); and lastly, Haydn's famous variations for strings on his own everywhere familiar "Austrian Hymn" to the Emperor.

Altogether these will form, apart from the choral nights, a series of orchestral concerts hitherto unparalleled in Glasgow or in Scotland for extent and artistic importance.

THE "GREEN" ISLE.

(Scene—A country road; Time, near midnight;
two Irishmen are rollicking along.)

Pat (who has bumped against a milestone)—
Bedad, Mick, we're into a churchyard.

Toujours the G.L.A.!

IT is quite beyond the power of our Glasgow Radicals to take any step whatever save in a fashion that is ridiculous, or offensive, or both? Their recent history says so, and Mr Burt's demonstration apropos of Mr Forster's visit is a case in point. As a Tory, the BAILIE ought to rejoice over these divisions in the enemy's camp, but as a Glasgow man he cannot but feel humiliated by the figure which such scenes cause us to cut in the eyes of outsiders who may possibly make the mistake of supposing that the Liberal Association is a fairly representative body. Mr Burt wants the Association to "stand upon its dignity." The BAILIE was not previously aware that it possessed sufficient of that commodity to construct a pedestal withal, but its members might surely endeavour to cultivate a modicum of decency.

"The Three P's"—The pantomimes at the "Grand," "Gaiety," and "Royal Princess's."

"The Man for Galway"—Marwood.

Roman Affairs—Aquiline noses.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the humours of the Police Bill debate have come to an end.

That so has the bill.

That so "quick do bright things come to confusion."

That the Captain of the Police rushed into the fray.

That he gave too much notice to Jeems and his sayings.

That the affair was a mere bagatelle.

That there's a "haveral" in the Town Council.

That at least Bailie M'Onie says so.

That he says Bailie Mowat is the "haveral."

That so say we all of us.

That Bailie M'Onie is seldom wrong.

That we are within measureable distance of the daft days.

That buns and whisky will soon be the principal articles of diet.

That the house of Cairncraig has met with a severe defeat.

That young Jeems has failed to get into the Barony Board.

That the young yin hasna the spirit o' his faither.

That the evidence in the Fourteenth Ward case has revealed a beautiful state of matters.

That "large and influential deputations" may consist of a man and a boy.

That occasionally the man is wanting.

That the needy lawyer is never wanting.

That neither are the refreshments.

That our senior member returned on Friday to his Parliamentary duties.

That the session closed on Saturday.

That the salmon story was a fishy one.

That it seemed very like a whale.

A TARIFF.

(Scene — Stair leading to studio ; gentleman finds two ragged boys sitting on the steps.)

Gentleman—What are you sitting there for ?

1st Boy—O we're models, an' we're waitin' on the penter.

Gentleman—Is that it? I hope you get well paid.

2nd Boy—Aye, fine ; thruppence in we're claes, an' a snid in we're skin.

A Standing Order—Loafers at street corners.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. It will pay you. Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow,

A Complimentary Climax.

THIS good city of ours has borne herself sedately under so many honours of late that the BAILIE trusts we shall all keep our heads in view of the crowning compliment implied in the following advertisement, which proceeds from a registry office in Hope Street:— "Footman (1st), tall, good appearance, to wear powder and knee breeches. Wages £35, found. Required for Royal household." My conscience, but it's a prood, prood day for us when Royalty comes seeking "first footmen" in our midst! Fortunate Glesga chappie, whoever you may be, whose inches and general "goodness" of appearance gain you the honour of waiting upon a Royal Highness—in "powder and knee breeches," too!

THE THIRD DAY COMES A FROST.

Since Frost met Richmond on the war path bent,
Has come the winter of his discontent;
If of a chill the voters' Noes (snows) gave token,
There's coldness now, the ice being fairly broken.

FORCE AND REFINEMENT.—Granny is to be congratulated upon a graceful and elegant euphemism. Talking of the Church, she remarked the other day, "There are a certain number of people who are constantly marching round it in a threatening array and 'blowing out their viscera' through their penny trumpets." It is seldom we meet with force so ingeniously combined with refinement.

MY CONSCIENCE!—A parson frae Berwick lectured last Tuesday night in Oatlands U.P. Church on "Conscience as portrayed by Shakespeare." Had the Bard possessed the gift of prevision, he might have given us an interesting "portrayal" of the conscience—or want of conscience—of some folks who presume to lecture upon him.

"TOUT LE MONDE"—A correspondent of the *Herald* says that the letter of another correspondent has led "the world" to infer something or other. Why not say "the universe" while he was at it? If we are to grant Granny a world-wide circulation, we may with equal reason presume that her lucubrations are read by Jupiter, Saturn, and the Man in the Moon.

Why is Michael Davitt like King Jeroboam of old?—"Because he makes people to sin."

Our Fiddle-Laur(i)ate—David Laurie, Esq.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

ROYAL RESTAURANT, West Nile St.—See Advt. page

SEASONABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.

LAMBS'-WOOL
UNDERCLOTHING.

The rapid approach of the Winter Season compels attention to the matter of warm, comfortable Underclothing. Nothing is so serviceable in this respect as NEW Lambs'-Wool Goods, as they not only retain the heat much better than those which have been a season or two in use, but more effectually resist the biting east wind.

We have, perhaps, the Largest Stock of Fresh Lamb's-Wool and other Underclothing in the City, and the Variety in Make, Style, Weight, Colour, and Size, are very suitable for all requirements of both Home and Foreign Climates.

Our ample arrangements enable us, on a few days' notice, to make "Special Sizes," in any quality, for those Gentlemen who may hitherto have had a difficulty in getting properly suited, and for this, of course, we make no extra charge.

With every Parcel we present a Recipe for the Washing of Lambs'-Wool Underclothing.

FORSYTH,

HOSIER AND OUTFITTER,
13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

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PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.

REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

ROYAL RESTAURANT.

RE-OPENING of CHAS. WILSON & SON'S RESTAURANT by GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, 6 High Street, Paisley, and late Manager, Shandon Hydropathic Establishment.
Chef de Cuisine.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,

From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,

FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
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183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
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Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

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MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—

Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
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£25,000 THIS MONTH
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OUR DECEMBER BARGAINS ARE SO EXTRAORDINARY THAT WE WILL BE SURE TO DO THE AMOUNT SPECIFIED.

GENTLEMEN, READ THIS PARAGRAPH.—During the next 21 Days we offer Gentlemen value astounding in FELT HATS, DRESS HATS, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, SCARFS, BRACES, RUGS, &c. &c.

Another Colossal Shipment of GERMAN FELT HATS just to hand. We offer the whole of these very superior German Hats—the Newest Styles for the London Market—at 8s 6d each. We say, without fear of contradiction, that many Hatters in this City would not sell one of these Hats under 16s each. We also offer Thousands upon Thousands of BEST ENGLISH FELTS, in the very Latest Styles, at 4s 6d, 5s 6d, and 7s each. The shapes are legion.

This Month we offer Rare Value in DRESS HATS. Our 9s 11d Dress Hats are well worth 17s 6d, and 12s 6d and 14s 6d Dress Hats are truly surprising, and our renowned 17s 6d Dress Hats (acknowledged to be the most Gentlemanly Hats in the Kingdom) are so well known that to speak further of them would almost seem superfluous. We can only say to Gentlemen that should they contemplate purchasing a Hat, on no account should they buy without looking at the value we now offer. We are only too pleased to show our goods, whether or not visitors contemplate buying. We would direct special attention to the variety of Hats we display. Tweed, Felt, Satin, and Opera Hats. Hats and Caps for Dress, Boating, Travelling, Shooting, in endless variety. Fifty per Cent more than our prices are charged by the ordinary retail shopkeepers, and nowhere in Scotland can there be seen such a magnificent assortment of high-class Goods as there is to be seen at present in our Establishment.

Thousands of SILK HANDKERCHIEFS and MUFFLERS. Our Prices are now 10½d, 11½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, to 11s 6d; magnificent goods. These make very acceptable Christmas Gifts for Gentlemen.

For ALBUMS, PURSES, BAGS, and FANCY GOODS, we have no equal, all this class coming direct from our own House in Berlin.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!—Special and Extraordinary Reductions in our FANCY HATS and Caps for BOYS. Now is the time before the Holiday crush to get a good selection of Boys Hats at giving-away prices.

The WAREHOUSE is now lighted by three distinct systems of Electricity (the only house in the Kingdom so lighted). Everybody invited to walk through our Warehouse and see the fine effects of the various systems.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—A Gentleman writes:—"Your extra Special Packet is indeed a wonder. There are nearly a dozen cards in the packet that I would not think dear at 1s each." For 14 Days only we will send the "Extra Special" Packet of 26 high-class Cards, published at 10s 6d, for 16 stamps; the "Colosseum" Packet, 11½d; the "Jamaica" Packet, 8½d; the "Millionaria" Packet, 4½d; each containing 26 Cards. The Juvenile Packet of 13 Cards for 1½d; by post, 14, 11, 7, or 3 stamps. With each Packet we send one of our War Maps. Write for Packets at once. Should they not please, Mr Wilson will refund money sent, and pay expenses incurred in writing for and returning Packets. Nothing can be fairer than this. Toys and Fancy Goods, suitable for Presents, now on Sale

Be sure to Call Early, we want to see you.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS,
NEW SEASON'S DESIGNS.

OUR New Season's Stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and GREETINGS is now laid out for selection, and we would earnestly recommend intending Purchasers to make an early call and so have the very Best and Newest Cards to choose from.

Prices from 1d to 21s each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS IN PACKETS.
Enormous 1s Packet containing 24 Cards,
Assorted Designs.

R. & W. LORIMER,
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WILLIAM M'DOUGALL
Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
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Scotch Buns, Cakes, and Shortbread in Great Variety and of the Best Quality; also, his Celebrated Guinea Christmas Box, containing Bun, Shortbread, Seed, Rice, Madeira, and Ginger Cake.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1882.

AN inspired but shallow and splenetic leading article which appeared last week in a morning contemporary in favour of the now defunct Police Bill contained the following choice sentence:—"As we ventured to predict some days ago, the determination to proceed at once to the discussion of the draft Bill has kept alive the hearty and commendable interest which its first appearance called forth from the citizens." As an example of far-seeing sapience this is not bad; as a statement of fact it is simply ludicrous. The hearty and commendable interest in the Bill was a thorough-going condemnation of the attempt to rush it through, an attempt which has brought discomfiture and humiliation on those concerned in it. The more the public came to know of the Bill and the tactics by which it was being pushed forward the more they disliked it; but the Bill received its death-blow from an entirely unexpected quarter. The suggestion that Glasgow should not have a special act to itself, but be governed by a general police measure, was a

profanity not to be listened to, and now it is a fact speedily to be realized. The absurd anomaly of Glasgow being under different police regulations from the suburban burghs which are part and parcel of itself is happily not to be tolerated, and Lord Provost URE'S expected legislative triumph is consigned to the wastebasket. True, his Lordship harbours the delusion that it will furnish the Lord Advocate with most valuable contributions towards the manufacture of the new measure for Scotland. That the Lord Advocate would adopt or Parliament sanction the nagging and impracticable interference with the liberty of the citizens which a majority of the Council have approved of is altogether improbable. The unbusiness-like fiasco of Friday was a fitting complement to the legislative foolishness which a section of the Town Councillors exhibited on the preceding Tuesday; and altogether the citizens are to be heartily congratulated on their deliverance from this memorable example of municipal folly.

Economy at Renfrew.

AT a recent Masonic ceremonial at Renfrew a Glasgow restaurateur, according to the papers, "purveyed a tea and coffee service." By "a tea and coffee service" we ordinarily understand merely the vessels for the reception of the fluids, &c. Are we to suppose, then, that the partakers in this ceremony were obliged to content themselves with contemplating the glittering exterior of an array of tea-pots, cream-jugs, and sugar-basins? If so, a height—or a depth—of economy has been attained such as has never yet entered into the mind of even a teetotal Lord Provost, bent on "entertaining" his friends "on the cheap."

AXEDENTAL DRAWING OF TEETH.

From the gag that's imposed on the Freedom of Speech
Comes to Gladstone a lesson that Cambridge can teach;
Though at present in axing he exercise takes,
For the future he'd better give study to Raikes.

"LOVE ME FOR EVER!"—Mr Robert Buchanan implores the readers of the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News* to "love him for ever." As one of the readers in question, and an old friend of Robert's, the BAILIE is reluctantly compelled to respond to this touching appeal, "Very sorry indeed, Bob, my boy; but it can't be done at the price!"

"The ease and luxury of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are acknowledged all over the world."—*The Oban Times*.
Sample Box, with all kinds, 1s 1d by post,
23 BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH.

Synods and Syntax.

THE members of the Aberdeen Synod seem to be gifted with as much perverse ingenuity in the manipulation of their mother-tongue as are certain public bodies nearer home. At a meeting of the Presbytery the other day the Rev. Mr Macdonald said, with regard to one of the Synod's resolutions, that "he had studied it without effect for a whole day, had tried to understand it by grammatical analysis and had failed, and had then applied what they called exegesis, but was no better." It is just possible, however, that the Synod might retort that the fault does not lie with them.

A Provision for Life.

SHERIFF HOPE, of Dumfries, cannot be accused of entertaining extravagant ideas as to what constitutes a competency. In awarding £25 damages last week in an action founded on injury to a child he described the amount as a "provision for him (the child) when he came of age and in the event of permanent disablement." We have all heard of the reverend gentleman who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year;" but even he could hardly have solved the problem of existence on the interest of £25.

"We."

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the morning papers, who could not be much cooler without absolutely freezing, lays down an elaborate scheme for the re-arrangement of the "representation of the people." It constitutes a complete *bouleversement* of the existing representation; but the BAILIE has space for only the following sample:—"There are 5 University seats in England, and 2 University seats in Scotland, which 7 seats we propose to abolish." If one could only ferret out the "we" who so complacently "propose" to silence the voice of intellect and culture, they would in all probability resolve themselves into something bearing a very strong resemblance to the immortal triumvirate of Tooley Street.

A Brief Respite from Work—Monday's holiday for London lawyers.

An Unwelcome Term(-)agent—A house-factor of the petticoat persuasion.

WATCH AND	} Special attention given to this branch	
JEWELLERY		of the business at
REPAIRING.		MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

"The Bill."

AS an illustration of grandmotherly legislation of the most virulent and mischievous type, last Tuesday's Town Council debate on the "billiard-room" clause of the Police Bill was highly edifying and instructive. It is, it seems, "the feeling" of the Lord Provost that we should all stop amusing ourselves and go to bed at eleven o'clock. Why not, then, follow his "feeling" a little further, and make retirement at that hour compulsory by law? There are natural difficulties in the way of insisting that "all good citizens" shall be asleep at that hour, but it would be easy to send constables round, to see that they are in their beds, and there is still time to introduce a provision to this effect.

TONAL AGAIN.

(Scene—A General Merchant's Shop in the North.)

Traveller—Can you give me an ounce of good tobacco?

Merchant—Och ay; putt she's sorry ta say she'll no' hav ony till ta morn.

A Test of "Sentiment."

AT a meeting presided over by Sir William Collins the other night, the Rev. James A. Johnston said that "temperance reformers" "knew their own views best, and they also knew better than any other class the sentiments of the community." The BAILIE is glad to hear that Collins, Johnston, & Co. "know their own views;" but if they really want to know "the sentiments of the community," let them announce "free drinks for the crowd" at any given time and place—and they shall see what they shall see!

"TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE!"—From a letter in the *Herald* relating to the loss of the steamer "Comet" in 1820 it appears that a few men employed in attempting to raise that ill-fated vessel—which, by the way, has become as much of a bore as any of the other subjects started and hunted to death by Granny's wonderful correspondents—consumed within an equally few days whisky to the respectable amount of £6 3s 6d. "Them was the days!" murmurs Peter, looking fondly back through an alcoholic mist.

Evolution—Frost's "bills" from the Police Bill.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

"Tout le Monde."

THE Edinburgh burgess ticket presented to Lord Salisbury last week was enclosed, not, as it would have been with us, "in a gold box," but "in a silver casket." Are not the costly "box" and the less valuable "casket" suggestive as well as characteristic? Peter, by the way, says that, in the extremely probable event of his being offered his choice of the freedom of Edinburgh or the freedom of Glasgow, he will select his native city. This decision is supposed to be the result less of patriotic feelings than of views which may be politely described as "avuncular."

Lads and Bottles.

SOMEBODY seeks, through the advertising columns of the *Herald*, the services of a "lad, 16 to 17," and adds, "One acquainted with the handling of bottles preferred." This looks bad. It used to be a convivial maxim that one ought to "make one's head" while one is young, but it is surely putting a premium upon juvenile intemperance to encourage a lad of sixteen or seventeen to acquaint himself with "the handling of bottles." The BAILIE begs to direct the attention of Sir William Collins and his friends to this subject, which almost seems to furnish matter for a new clause in the Police Bill.

MAIN STRENGTH.

(Scene—Inside tent on Musselburgh race course; an Irishman is fiddling.)

Foreign (evidently) *Fiddler*—Ach, what a larche violene, and what a huge noise. (Interrupting Paddy.) Mein friendt, do you blay by der musicke?

Pat—No, sor.

F. F.—Ah, den you blay by ear?

Pat—No, nor wid me ear aither, sor.

F. F.—Den how do you blay, mein goot friendt?

Pat—By main strength, yer honour.

F. F.—Der diable!

ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.—Mr Gladstone's administration sent troops to Egypt "to restore order." Why not "restore order" nearer home? In more senses than one *Ireland* is nearer to us than *Egypt*—and may be one day "dearer."

"Beauty and the Beast"—Una and the lion—no, Godiva and her palfrey.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

The Oriental Autobiographist.

At a Council meeting held last week, Mr Martin proceeded to say that upwards of fifty years ago, when he was a boy—
Bailie Wilson—I rise to order. Are we to sit here all night, and listen to Mr Martin's autobiography. (Laughter.)
The Lord Provost—You are quite within your right, Mr Martin.
 —*Daily Paper.*

In light yea fiercer far than e'er did beat
 About a throne with its blot-blackening beams—
 A steady noon-blaze scaring Fahrenheit—
 Has basked for years th' official life of Jeems.

Within their orbits unillumined, small men
 May stagger, stumble, slip, or mayhap fall;
 Their ups, their downs, we wot not of,—but then
 Great Jeems's course is watched by one and all.
 Though think some brothers at the board, his sense
 Demands the Latin prefix *non*, nathless
 Readers of papers think oor Jeems "immense"—
 So Jeems enjoys "the freedom of the press."

But though his life lived i' the public eye
 To all, as th' air we breathe, familiar is,
 Like Shakespeare's, we would know *his* history—
 All great men now we interview and quiz.

But interviewing's hap'ly needless here,
 For hath not Jeems, without being asked, begun
 To limn his life, when with a lassie dear
 He strayed, the happiest swain beneath the sun?

And when, perhaps to wash down dry discourse
 ('Twas Sunday), or from smack of ruby lip
 His own h'd parched become,—ah, then, of course,
 Of "cratur blue" at the inn he'd take a nip!

Not *auto*-biographic all, it seems,
 But minus *auto* also,—d'ye twig it?
 "A merchant was the grandpaw o' oor Jeems
 What time the Provost's faither baked i' the Briggate"

We wait the next Instalment of the tale
 Impatient, for it thrills ere well begun;
 Poor Bozzy's ineffectual fires must pale
 If Jeems takes up the Council one by one!

ALLEGORY AND FACT.—Peter, having come across a book entitled, "On the Rock, and other Allegories," thinks of publishing a rival volume, to be called, "On the Rocks, and other Realities."

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.—Is it customary in *haut ton* for (gentle?)-men to keep on their hats in theatres and at public concerts, or is it a practice confined to merely gents and cads?—"untaught knaves, unmannerly."

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1882.
 GREAT SPECIAL NIGHT.

The Celebrated **SIGNOR FOLI** and Party.
 Miss CATHERINE ARMSTRONG, Soprano.
 Miss MARIAN MACKENZIE, Contralto.
 Miss GERTRUDE KELLOGG, Reader.

Mr R. HOLLINS, Tenor.
 SIGNOR FOLI, Bass.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58
 Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45.
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

ROYALTY THEATRE

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
 Grand Production of the Success of the London Season,
 THE NEW COMIC OPERA,
 MANTEAUX NOIRS,
 SPECIALLY ORGANIZED COMPANY
 Under the Management of
 Mr R. BARKER,
 TO-NIGHT at 7-30, and during the Week,
 MANTEAUX NOIRS
 (The Black Cloaks.)

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

THE GAIETY.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr JOHN HESLOP.
 LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF
 MADAME EMILY SOLDENE,
 In the New and Successful Opera Comique,
 BOCCACCIO.

BOCCACCIO. TO-NIGHT AT 7-30.
 FULL CHORUS. AUGMENTED BAND.

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

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
 CLOSED for the Final Rehearsal of Mr BERYL's 3rd South
 Side Pantomime, entitled

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,

RE-OPENING at 7 o'Clock punctually on
 SATURDAY FIRST, DECEMBER 9TH, 1882.
 Box Plan at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent Street.

GRAND THEATRE
 COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.
 THE REHEARSALS FOR THE PANTOMIME NECES-
 SITATE THE CLOSING OF THE THEATRE FOR
 FIVE NIGHTS.

ON SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER, 1882, AT 6-30 P.M.,
 Will be Produced, on a Scale of Magnificence never
 before attempted in Glasgow,

THE SECOND "GRAND"
 CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
 ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole
 Direction.

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 GORGEOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

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A New Entrance is being Built in Stewart Street, by which
 Admission may be obtained on the Opening and every Saturday
 Night One Hour before the Ordinary Doors are Opened, and
 on other Evenings Half-an-Hour Earlier. Gallery 3d, other
 parts, 6d extra.

N.B.—The whole of the Orchestral Stalls are Booked for
 Saturday Next.

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MR CHARLES HALLE,

ASSISTED BY

MDME. NORMAN NERUDA,

WILL GIVE A

CHAMBER CONCERT,

AS ABOVE, ON

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AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Their Only Appearance in Glasgow this Season.
 Tickets—5s, 3s 6d, and 1s 6d—of J. Muir Wood & Co.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

SINGLE TICKETS.

RESERVED SEATS, AREA AND BALCONY.

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FIRST SCOTCH CONCERT IN
S T. A N D R E W ' S H A L L,
BY THE
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SELECT CHOIR;

Mr JAMES ALLAN, Conductor.
ON SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER.
ORGAN SOLOS by Dr. PEACE.
Ticket, 2s and 1s, at Music Shops and Halls.
Doors open at 7; Concert at 8 p.m.

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A L B E R T S E L E C T C H O I R,

GLASGOW,
WILL GIVE A
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OF
GLEES, MADRIGALS, PART-SONGS, &c.,
IN THE GOVAN HALL, ROBERT STREET, GOVAN,
ON MONDAY, THE 11TH INST., AT 8 P.M.
Tickets—6d and 1s—may be had from Shopkeepers in Govan and Partick, and at the Hall Door,
For Press Criticisms, See Posters.

CONDUCTOR, MR JOHN LILLIE.
ACCOMPANIST, MASTER PHILIP E. HALSTEAD.

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WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

AT EVERY PERFORMANCE,
HENGLER'S
Original Cross-Country Sketch—
THE ROYAL

S T A G H U N T I
Introducing the LEAPING HORSES,
Ridden by Ladies and Gentlemen in Hunting Costume;
TRAINED STAGS,
Exciting incidents of the Chase!

AND THE
NOTTING-DALE HOUNDS!!
THE "ROYAL STAG HUNT,"

Preceded and Followed by
HENGLER'S EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.

SATURDAY, 9TH DECEMBER.
SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF
THE "ROYAL STAG HUNT!"

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The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt.

Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3.30.
Admission and Programmes Free.

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HAYDN'S ORATORIO,
C R E A T I O N,
CITY HALL, WEDNESDAY, 6TH DECEMBER.
Principals—
Miss JOSE SHERRINGTON.
MR FRANK BOYLE.
MR D. HARRISON.
FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Conductor, Mr JAMES M'KEAN.
Leader of Orchestra, Mr W. H. COLE.
Tickets—4s, 3s, 2s, and 1s—to be had at Messrs R. & J. R. Adams, and Principal Musicsellers.

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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in their Art Gallery, Royal Exchange Sale-Room, North Court, St. Vincent Place, to-day (Tuesday), 5th December, at One o'clock.

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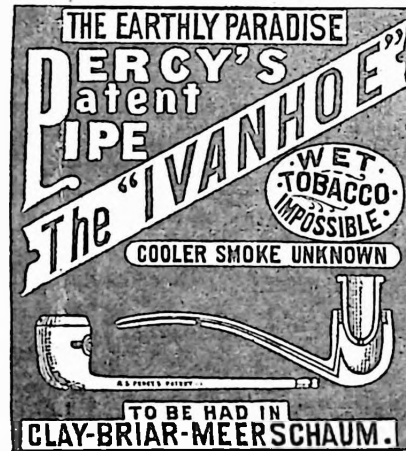
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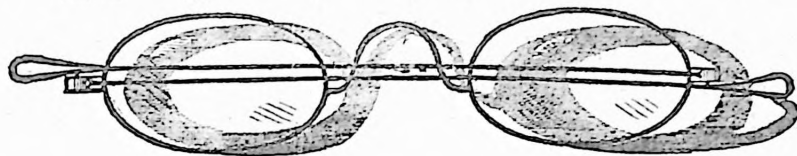
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ESTABLISHED THIRTY-TWO YEARS

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

Dean of Guild Court.

"MACINTOSH & FLEMING, Clothiers, Hosiers, and Shirtmakers, received permission to alter and re-build the Front Block of their Premises, situated at 104 ARGYLE STREET."
(SEE DAILY PAPERS, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1882.)

For the re-building of 104 ARGYLE STREET, the Plans of Messrs BRUCE & HAY, West George Street, have been selected. It being necessary that the Contractors get entire possession of the Building, the

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Lot 10.—GENT'S DRESSING GOWNS, formerly sold at 25s, now 17s 6d; very suitable for Christmas Presents. Lot 11.—MEN'S OVERCOATS will be Cleared at 20s. Lot 12.—MUNSTER OVERCOATS, Extra Long, Lined with Wool, very suitable for Travelling; your choice for 30s. These Goods were sold at 40s and 45s. Lot 13.—WOOL TRAVELLING RUGS, to be sold at 14s 6d and 21s. Lot 14.—GENT'S SILK UMBRELLAS, 10s.

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Herr Joachim



Mr. Santley



Mlle. Sophie Menten



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Mr. August Manns

The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 530. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 13th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 530.

WE enter this week on the ninth year of the Choral and Orchestral Concerts, that annually occurring event being, of course, the chief feature of the Glasgow musical season. This now indispensable series of musical entertainments commences rather later in the year than previously, but on the other hand it extends over a longer period, running into February, in fact. Other places South of the Border, have their so-called festivals at longer or shorter intervals, but our active city has its musical feast every year, without any distinguishing mark, perhaps, beyond the magnitude and comprehensiveness of the scheme. At the same time, taking into account the co-operation of such centres as Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Ayr, with the Glasgow Choral Union in their important enterprise, the general scheme might not inaptly be known as the Scottish Annual Musical Festival, which brilliant idea the BAILIE makes a present of to his friends of the managing and responsible society. The financial success of the concerts is expected to be greater this year, the BAILIE learns, than it has ever been, not only with us, but in the other towns which the orchestra visits, and, what is likewise of moment, and indeed may be the explanation partly of that success, the musical arrangements are of an unusually excellent character. The BAILIE has therefore peculiar pleasure in the circumstances in presenting to his friends the portraits of some of the leading stars in the constellation of talent which begins to shine at this time. First, in the group, there is that sweet singer, Madame ALBANI, who this week makes an all too brief transit across the scene. Madame ALBANI is undoubtedly the leading soprano of the day, and it can be truly said of her that she

not only "vocalises" but "sings" as well—a distinction with a difference indeed, though, it would appear, incomprehensible to a society journalist the other day when the phrase was used. We cannot unfortunately have the gratification at this time of hearing Madame ALBANI in oratorio—in "The Redemption" for example, but her visit is an event for all that. Herr JOSEPH JOACHIM comes next in the group. To the stay-at-home Glasgowegian JOACHIM is virtually unknown. He has been not seldom as near as Edinburgh, but has not come within our own immediate horizon for fifteen years. "The greatest of living violin-players," JOACHIM may be regarded the Mozart of the fiddle for precocity, as, when only seven years old, he played with his teacher a duet in public. Mendelssohn, who took a great interest in the boy, and David, a celebrated violin virtuoso, were his later instructors. JOACHIM visited London as early as 1844, and almost ever since has appeared very regularly from year to year at the leading metropolitan concerts. His taste lies almost exclusively with what is classical, and he is not only a violinist but an erudite musician, many marks of distinction having been conferred upon him; amongst others, as will be remembered, the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, some five years ago, by the University of Cambridge. The brilliant and phenomenal pianist, Madame SOPHIE MENTER, claims our next regard. The BAILIE needs not, however, to say anything about this distinguished lady's accomplishments, these being pretty well known in Glasgow. Madame MENTER will be very welcome when she re-visits us, in course, early next month, in the capacity of solo pianist at one of the Orchestral Concerts. No more esteemed name appears among the concert stars than that of Mr CHARLES SANTLEY, who is engaged for the principal solo part in Gounod's oratorio,

"The Redemption." Always a most earnest and conscientious artist, Mr SANTLEY fills the double part of narrator of the story and reciter, in an unique and unapproachable manner, of the words of Christ—reverential, or rather devotional, feeling strongly marking the impersonation. We have next a worthy companion artiste in Madame PATEY, who is engaged for the annual performance of "The Messiah" on New Year's Day. Madame PATEY, whose maiden name is Whytock, was born in London, but her father was a native of Glasgow, a circumstance which naturally increases our interest in the lady. Madame PATEY stands at the head of British contraltos. Her style of singing is a rare combination of nobility and simplicity, and she is therefore equally successful in oratorio and ballad music, while she has manifested very considerable dramatic power in certain cantata parts. Her voice is one alike of great power and sweetness. Last, but not least in our constellation of stars, to keep up the astronomical figure, is our friend Mr AUGUST MANN'S, who now enters on the fourth year of the conductorship of these concerts. How well Mr MANN'S does his part needs not be said. Without him, indeed, the concerts could hardly go on, and undoubtedly to his untiring care and artistic acumen is largely due the present gratifying position of matters connected with them.

A MISS AND YET NOT AMISS.

(Scene—Sauchiehall Street, near Dairy Company's Window.)

Fock—"Koumiss," what can that be, Tam?

Tam—Tit's man. Cow-miss, ye ken, is just the toun name for a dairymaid.

Fock—Man, so it is.

SELF-CONCEIT.—At a meeting held in the City Hall the other evening, for the purpose of "sitting upon" "our young men," the Rev. Dr Marshall Lang remarked that, in dealing with the said young men, "some scope would have to be allowed for their self-conceit." Very good, Doctor; but suppose the young men were to turn round and complain of the still greater amount of scope which they are called upon to make for clerical self-conceit. What then?

STAR-GAZING.—Of course Asinus was on the look-out for the transit. Through the glass he had, he says he saw two Venuses—perhaps the Milo and the Medici.

THE FIFTY } Sterling Silver Cases. Good Sound Move-
SHILLING } ment. In all sizes. Safe and free by post.
SILVER WATCH. } MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.

Hi! Here we are Again!

Sly—Is it not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling act? *Page*—No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

PACK off, old melancholy!
Make way for jelly folly
Now for a time;
The season cold has got,
And frost and snow have brought
The Pantomime.

Sour, crabbed age may frown
And snarl at the clown,
Our Christmas joker,
And see but little fun
In song, in dance and pun,
Or red-hot poker.

We'll silence carping tongues
While we have open lungs
To vent a laugh;
Tumble ye heels o'er head!
Laughter as much as bread
Of life's the staff.

Care, you may quit the town,
Or arm in arm go drown
With bow-backed sorrow;
We'll have our laugh to-day—
Ay, e'en old Time we'll stay—
"How are you to-morrow?"

Welcome, then, Pantomime!
Masks, glitter, all the prime
Appliances to charm;
Thus, thus we'll winter thaw—
Though finger-tips be raw
Our hearts are warm.

And ye who bring our mirth,
From giant, broad of girth,
To wee'st tot,
Be it our aim to see
Your pleasing efforts be
Forgotten not.

"Playing Themselves."

THE Lord Provost and his friends continue to amuse themselves with their legislative toy. Clauses are discussed and amendments proposed as if they were destined to find a home on the statute-book of this realm instead of in the Lord Advocate's waste-paper basket. Well, for his part, the BAILIE cannot see much objection to our municipal rulers spending their evenings in this innocent fashion. It is rather childish, to be sure; but they might be worse engaged. It is, in short, the old story of pleasing them and not hurting us to speak of.

WANTED, A "WETMAN."—Among the odd demands with which the advertising columns of the daily papers abound, the BAILIE finds one for the services of a "second wetman." Now, what is a second wetman? A subordinate drinkist.

A "Flourishing" Business—A florist's.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

"Education" Gone Mad.

IT is with pleasure the BAILIE notes the protests that are being raised, alike by scientific experts and by ordinary parents, against the worse than absurdities of modern female education. The "superficial accomplishments" of the last generation were ridiculous enough, but they were at least harmless, whereas the unfortunate school girls of to-day are compelled to submit to a course of "cramming" which is as useless as the old "accomplishments," and which is, moreover, liable to be attended by the most injurious results, mentally, physically, and socially. This pernicious system appears to be peculiarly rampant in Glasgow, and it is to be hoped that the protests now making themselves heard will have the effect of restoring a more rational state of things.

"An Expression of Opinion.

AT a meeting the other day in connection with the association which rather affectedly calls itself "the Young Men's Guild," the chairman "invited an expression of opinion from the delegates present," whereupon a Mr Fairley got up on his hind legs and "said he came from the place known in Glasgow as the 'suburb.' Paisley supplied the large and increasing city of Glasgow with the best blood of her people." There is nothing like "expressing an opinion" when asked, even if nobody should happen to agree with it. By the way, if Paisley supplies us with our best blood, she makes up for it by likewise supplying us with some of our worst whisky.

"THE OFFENSIVE."—At a certain point of a football match the other day one of the sides, according to a contemporary, "assumed the offensive." In the BAILIE'S opinion, a football player may be most correctly described as "assuming the offensive" when he insists upon talking shop to folks who are rather less interested in his noble pastime than a scavenger is in the transit of Venus.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Granny describes as "unkind" the conduct of a Musselburgh mason who the other day "committed an assault upon his mother-in-law by striking and kicking her." Under the circumstances, "unkind" seems rather a mild sort of epithet; but then, to be sure, mothers-in-law are not generally regarded as fitting objects for public sympathy. Had the assaulted female been a grandmother, now—!

New Educational Work to be dedicated to "Wee Jamie"—The "Mathieson Preceptor."

Jeems and "Vulgarity."

AT the Town Council meeting last week Mr Martin said he had repeatedly brought the condition of the tramway guards before the Committee. As he had frequently said, they appeared to be "vulgar and out of place." This is rather exacting on Jeems's part. Some of the manners and customs of the tramway guards are certainly susceptible of improvement, but we must make allowance for a little "vulgarity." There are few, even of the "great ones of the city," to say nothing of poor devils of tramway guards, who can expect to come up to the Gallowgate and Cairncraig standard of refinement.

VENUS, FAR AND NEAR.

Amateur Astronomer (Bachelor, to married chum)—Man, I had a fine view o' Venus last Tuesday through my telescope.

M. C.—Umph! I can see Venus ony day without a telescope.

LITERARY PERSONALITIES.—Here's some of the latest literary intelligence, as purveyed by the librarians:—"O'Donovan's the Merv Oasis;" "Lady Dixie's in the Land of Misfortune;" "Trollope's Kept in the Dark." Mr O'Donovan is to be congratulated. It must be decidedly pleasanter to be an oasis than to be in the land of misfortune or even to be kept in the dark. "Lady Dixie," by the way, is presumably "librarian" for Lady Florence Dixie.

"CONNECTIONS" AND RELATIONS.—"Tea Traveller Wanted," runs an advertisement, "for an old-established House. Must have a connection." Bauldie says that tea isn't much in his line, but that otherwise he thinks he might suit the place. Not only has he "a connection," but any number of relations, including an accommodating uncle and no end of Heelan' kizzens.

ICHABOD!—This is how the immortal Ladywell figures in the *Herald's* report of the Fast Day debate in the Presbytery last Wednesday:—"Mr Robert Thomson seconded this motion." Oh, Rubbart, Rubbart, how are the mighty fallen!

THE CULTURE OF THE COUNCIL.—Mr Morrin speaks of "a widow-woman." Now Councillor, just mention the sort of "widow" that is not a woman.

"The Long Parliament"—The session of 1882. The "Grand" Old Man—Robinson Crusoe's Friday.

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
 183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
 Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.
 Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per
 Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

S T. M U N G O C A F E,
 58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
 REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
 NOW OPEN.
 CHARGES MODERATE.

DENNISTOUN LIBRARY,
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 New and Greatly Enlarged CATALOGUE Now Ready.
NEW BOOKS ADDED WEEKLY.
 Magazines of all kinds in Great Profusion.
 Prospectuses Free—Readers can begin at any time and cease
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FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
 Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid
 Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and
 Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE.
 Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra,
 from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums
 instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hun-
 dreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by
 post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can
 be had Genuine only from*
 M. F. THOMPSON, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMIST,
 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
 MURRAY'S FAMED
 Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
 ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
 463 ST. VINCENT STREET.

MESSRS. HAZLEHURST & SONS,
 Camden Soap and Alkali Works, RUNCORN,
 have been Awarded the GOLD MEDAL by the NEW ZEAL-
 AND EXHIBITION for Excellence in the Quality of their
 BLUE MOTTLED, TABLETS, and PALE SOAPS.
 AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
 MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,
 33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

CASH still ADVANCED upon GOODS
 DEPOSITED at above Rate of Interest per Month on
 Loans exceeding £10.
 145 NEW CITY ROAD,
 Corner ROSEHALL STREET.
 JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
 Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

JAMES BUTTERS,
 BUTCHER,
 519 CHARING CROSS,
 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

JAMES HENDERSON,
 TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
 145 ARGYLE STREET,
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JOHN GARDINER & SONS'
 FINEST OLD
 SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
 EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

WINTER OVERCOATS.
 HIGHLAND CAPES,
 NEWMARKETS AND ULSTERS.

FORSYTH'S,
 13 AND 17 RENFIELD STREET.

THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, *Estab'd. 1852.*
 Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
 ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.
 Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms strictly
 moderate.
 JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

LORIMERS'
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
 NEW SEASON'S DESIGNS.

OUR New Season's Stock of **CHRIST-**
MAS CARDS and **GREETINGS** is now laid
 out for selection, and we would earnestly recommend in-
 tending Purchasers to make an early call and so have
 the very Best and Newest Cards to choose from.

Prices from 1d to 21s each.
CHRISTMAS CARDS IN PACKETS.
 1 enormous 1s Packet containing 24 Cards,
 Assorted Designs.

R. & W. LORIMER,
 50 AND 52 JAMAICA ST., & 8 RENFIELD ST.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL
 Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
 8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.
 Scotch Buns, Cakes, and Shortbread in Great Variety and of
 the Best Quality; also, his Celebrated Guin-a Christmas Box,
 containing Bun, Shortbread, Seed, Rice, Madeira, and Ginger
 Cake.

The Bailie.
 WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1882.

NOW that the Town Council 'are engaged in
 bandying personalities and working off
 the unusual impetus which they, with self-deny-
 ing but unappreciated zeal, some weeks ago
 gave to the great item in their proceedings, it
 may not be out of place to direct public attention
 to the so-called Consolidation of Trust Bill
 which will fall to be lodged on the 21st of this
 month. The Parliamentary notices of the Bill
 (which has not yet been made public) show that

it is intended to be a pretty widely spread net whose main end and aim is what in the case of a public or limited liability company would be dubiously styled "a financial operation," viz., the cheapening of the rate at which the various City Trusts can borrow money, by making the Corporation the borrower for them. It deals only with the aspect of these Trusts which bears the least pleasant reflection—their indebtedness. What the Bill does not do is to consolidate the Trusts themselves, although this term has invariably been used during the last dozen years with regard to its intention. It does nothing whatever to secure economy in the management of the various Trusts, or uniformity and simplicity of assessment and collection. The present state of matters is apparently so satisfactory that alteration is not even suggested, although the defects of our system are truly as glaring as the remedy is simple. At present every ratepayer receives a separate notice for City Assessments and Police Rates, for Gas, and for Water Rates, all of which, with the possible exception of the private consumpt of gas, might be included in one demand-note. If there was only one demand-note there would only require to be one office and one staff for the collection of all the rates instead of three. The economy of such an arrangement is manifest; it involves no more difficulty than the collection of the School and Poor Rates together; and by such a system alone can the ratepayers hope to receive facilities and conveniences which are presently denied them. The scheme is as easy of application to landlords as to tenants, to large as to small ratepayers; it is more likely to reduce than to increase the losses through arrears, and it would certainly diminish the expenses of dealing with defaulting ratepayers. Moreover, in the new Municipal Buildings it is intended to have a large telling-room in which all the rates are to be collected. If there are to be three separate departments as at present, then every ratepayer must dodge from one teller to another making several payments and getting several receipts, instead of making one payment and getting one receipt. This absurd confusion and expense needs only to be suggested to secure an unhesitating preference for a genuine consolidation scheme with a common purse as against a crude fragment like the proposed Bill.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

A Perennial Breed.

THE *Herald* did a good service to common-sense the other day by fishing out of the "Transactions of the Glasgow Archæological Society" the lamentations of an ultra-Sabbatarian of the year 1787. This eighteenth-century Ferniegair wails over the falling off in the observance of the first day of the week which he has witnessed in his time, just as our nineteenth-century Ferniegair wails to-day. A hundred years ago the modern Ferniegair would probably have been scouted by his prototype as a Sabbath-breaker of the deepest dye; a hundred years hence his descendants will point back to the present epoch as—tramway cars and sweetie shops notwithstanding—exemplifying all the Sabbatarian virtues, and as a standing reproach to their own age. In other words, the breed of Ferniegairs has always been in existence and is never likely to become extinct.

Gumption.

THE Lord Provost stated last week that he had been called upon to explain this word to Lady Northcote. The next time his Lordship enlarges upon this, he might quote in illustration a few examples of the want of "gumption" from the proceedings of that illustrious body the Town Council. The want of "gumption" in the Annexation and Improvement Schemes of past years, and in the attempt to "rush through" the now defunct Police Bill, should give him ample materials to choose from.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

(Scene—West Blackhall Street in Greenock; street vendor with barrowful of tortoises; bystanders, two women.)

1st Woman—What kin' o' things are they?

2nd Woman—Oh, theyre oysters!

What the 'Shaws Folks are Saying.

THAT the dust is being removed from the affairs of the Burgh.

That a few revelations have already been made.

That the book-keeping is not after Jones' system.

That the full amount of the Engineer's account has not been made public.

That the Treasurer's next balance sheet will be the subject of serious consideration.

That the fire engine is still in the Infirmary.

Why is a wet feather bed like a furnace put out owing to dull trade?—Because it is "damp-ed down," to be sure.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative:—Dull, Duller, Dullatur.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

THE Exhibition of the Institute, the sending-in day for which has been fixed in the second week of January, is the matter which at present chiefly occupies the attention of our local artists.

Joseph Henderson, who has of late devoted himself in a great measure to the art of portraiture, is likely to be represented, in the Exhibition, by, among other works, three life-sized portraits. They are all those of gentlemen.

One of the chief Glasgow landscapes of the present season is William Young's "Grange village, Borrowdale." As well for delicacy and minuteness of detail, for splendid massing of mountain forms, and for boldness in the play of light and shadow, the picture is one which challenges the most searching criticism. No such vivid and masterly transcript of scenery has previously left Mr Young's easel.

Forsaking, as he does every now and then, his favourite sea-studies, Francis Powell, the President of the Scottish Water Colour Society, has sent to the newly-opened Exhibition of the Royal Water Colour Society a river scene entitled "Armathwaite Bridge." This is a picture of a quiet river flowing between tree covered banks, and spanned by a bridge which shows ruddy and yellow in the sunlight.

By the diploma, by-the-by, which has just been conferred on the Royal Water Colour Society by the Queen, its members are entitled to take the same social rank as Royal Academicians. They are "Esquires" by law and not by courtesy, and various other privileges of a similar nature are likewise secured to them.

A class for modelling in clay is about to be started in connection with the Art Club. The notion is distinctly good. The majority of London artists are familiar with working in clay, and some of the most eminent of them, like Leighton and Watts, are distinguished as sculptors as well as painters. One of Sir Frederick's chief contributions, indeed, to the May Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will be a statuette of a male figure.

The experiment, tried by Philip Hamerton during the current year, of introducing line engravings among the illustrations of the *Portfolio*, has evidently proved unsatisfactory. At all events his arrangements for 1883 in connection with his important art serial include only two engravings, the other pictures it will contain being either etchings, or woodcuts, or reproductions of chalk and charcoal drawings. Among the literary contents of the *Portfolio* during the coming year will be a series of papers on the scenery of the Clyde, and these will be illustrated by etchings and woodcuts.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS.—In one of our Glasgow warehouses at present, according to the reporter of a morning paper, "an Oriental appearance is given to the bazaar by the use of a number of Chinese lanterns for the lighting of the saloon at night." It does not take much, apparently, to realise that young gentleman's dreams of the Orient. That's what comes, you see, of possessing a vivid and "reportorial" imagination.

ASS-TRONOMICAL.—Is it the case, enquires Asinus, that the transit of "Venus" "Mars" the appearance of the sun?

GLASGOW'S THREE P.'S.—The Priest, the Policeman, and the Public-house.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hill M'ked, £4 per Oz. —JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 St. VINCENT STREET,

The £1000 "Fake."

MR MALCOLM MACKENZIE, of Guernsey, is what an appreciative Yankee would emphatically term a "smart man." Anybody could get up a reputation either for his pills or for his philanthropy by spending £1000 on advertisements; but the "smartness" is shown when the reputation is acquired *without* spending the £1000! The unfortunate Skye crofters, unaccustomed to "smart" methods, appear somewhat bewildered by the little transaction, and soft-hearted folks may say it was rather cruel to flourish a £1000 note in their faces, and then pocket it again; but that's their own look out. Mr Mackenzie, "of Guernsey," has succeeded in posing as a friend of humanity—a defier of tyrants—a generous defender of the weak against the strong; and he has kept his £1000. Other Mackenzies, of Guernsey or elsewhere, who want to be philanthropic on the cheap, please copy.

Union is Strength.

GREENOCK is getting on. Some of the juvenile "Rads" of that saccharine and whiskyfied burgh have made up their minds that it would be rather a fine thing to take a leaf out of the book of their Glasgow brethren, and start a "Junior Liberal Association." If they look sharp they may be able to compete with the local pantomime; and the BAILIE warns his friend Mr Wright that he must strain every nerve if he wants to be one-half as funny as a "Junior Liberal Association" organised on the Glasgow lines. (Happy thought! Why should not the juvenile associates—or associated juveniles—and the pantomime company join forces, and amalgamate into a "Monster Comic Combination?")

"TREATING" HIM VIOLENTLY.—A Kilmarnock hawker was sent to prison the other day for having "assaulted Constable Daniel, of the County Constabulary, by throwing a gill of whisky in his face, and striking him on the chin with a tumbler." The hawker's intentions were possibly good; but the next time he stands a friend a "shove in the mouth" he ought to carry out his hospitable purpose in a politer manner—in other words, do his "spiriting" more gently. Even a policeman objects to being "treated" with violence.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

Irish Assurance.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC priest writes to one of the morning papers from the County Donegal, asking pecuniary aid from us Glasgow folks for his distressed parishioners. This is a little *too* much. Perhaps the reverend gentleman may not be aware that we already support large numbers of his countrymen and countrywomen who are good enough to take up their abode among us ; but such, the BAILIE begs to inform him, is the case, and we hardly see our way to supporting, in addition, their brothers and sisters who prefer to remain at home. If his Reverence were to apply to the members of one of those murderous associations which he and his colleagues have encouraged, they might possibly be induced to disgorge some of their plunder. As for us, "it's not good enough."

A Consummation to be Wished.

DURING the discussion of the Police Bill the other day Councillor Waddel expressed his opinion that "those gentlemen who had fine tastes must just content themselves with the city or else go away where the city does not exist." The BAILIE will not say anything about "gentlemen with fine tastes," but he will say this—that it would be an unspeakable blessing if those personages who are doing their best to make Glasgow uninhabitable by any class save elderly maiden ladies would "go away where the city does not exist."

SIC TRANSIT.—By his special telegram *per* Mercury, the BAILIE is happy to learn that Madam Venus is none the worse of her recent journey across the Sun. Among early congratulations was that of the Comet the following morning.

X'MAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Special Packets containing One Dozen Cards, for 2d, by post 3d; worth One Shilling.

French Almanacs for 1883 now ready.

A. F. SHARP & CO., 14 EXCHANGE SQUARE.
Advertisements received for all Papers, Home and Foreign.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 16TH DECEMBER, 1882.

GREAT POPULAR NIGHT.

Mr W. M. MILLER'S SELECT CHOIR.

Mr MILLER,.....Conductor.

POPULAR PROGRAMME OF

GLEES, PART SONGS, SONGS, TRIOS, ETC.

Scotch, English, and Irish.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats. 2s. Tickets at 58
Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

G R A N D T H E A T R E,

COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director..... Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, AT 7-30.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF

THE SECOND "GRAND"

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole
Direction

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARTISTES,
GORGEIOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

The Box Plan, is now Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent
Street. Prices from 6d to £2 2s.

N.B.—Owing to the Enormous Expense of this Production,
the Free List will be entirely suspended (Press excepted).

No Seats will be booked during the New Year's Holidays.

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE—SATURDAY,
30TH DECEMBER.

During New Year's Week Three Performances daily, except
on Thursday and Friday, when there will be only Two each
day.

G R A N D T H E A T R E

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Invented and Produced by THOS. W. CHARLES.

The Greatest Success ever achieved in Pantomime.

Eight Calls for the Scenic Artists during the Evening.

The Overture by Mr HAINES, Imperatively Encored.

The Bell Ringers Encored.

The Dancing Dolls Encored.

The Villager's Chorus and Dance Encored.

Ally Sloper's Grotesque Song and Sloperian Contortions
Encored.

Will Atkins' Hiccuping Song Encored.

The Octopus Dance Encored.

The Ballet of Silver Fish received with raptures of delight.

Miss KATE PARADISE Encored and Specially Recalled.

Robinson Crusoe's American Song and Dance Encored.

The Nigger Trio Encored.

Screams of Laughter at Friday's fun in the Hut Scene.

The Topical Song by Dame Crusoe, Capt. Macpherson, and
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Enthusiastic reception of the Procession of Tribes, arranged by
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MR BERYL'S THIRD SOUTH-SIDE PANTOMIME,
Entitled

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!
BONNIE BOY BLUE, THE WICKED WEHR WOLF,
AND TERRIER TRUE;
OR, HARLEQUIN THE HEARTLESS HARPIS, AND
THE FAIRY OF THE FLOWERS.

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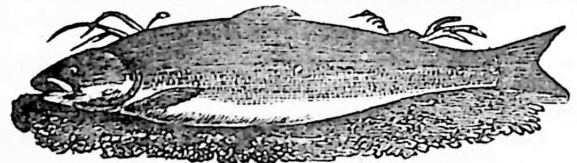
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THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 531. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 20th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 531.

IF not a great statesman, our youngest burghess has at least borne a leading share in some great affairs of state. As was pointed out on Monday by the Lord Provost, when the ceremony of conferring the citizenship of Glasgow on Mr FORSTER was in progress, the Right Hon. gentleman has taken a leading share, if not in the preparation, at least in the carrying into operation of three of the more important Acts which have been placed, of recent years, on the statute-book of the realm. These are the Elementary Education Act, the Ballot Act, and the Irish Land Act. Besides this, he has been a prominent member of the Liberal party for something like twenty years. He has spoken in every important debate in the House of Commons; his voice has been uplifted once and again at those Liberal gatherings outside of the House at which the main lines of Liberal policy have been determined. Indeed, so large did he bulk in the estimation of the party that, on the retirement of Mr Gladstone from its leadership, towards the close of 1874, he was selected as one of the candidates for this high office, and at the “Cacus” on the subject, held in the Reform Club immediately prior to the assembling of the Parliament of 1875, the two names brought forward were his and that of Lord Hartington. But the winter, or rather the autumn of '74, may be regarded as the culminating point of Mr FORSTER'S political fortunes. Were the post of Liberal leader again vacant, by no possibility could the eyes of the party turn in his direction. He is altogether out of the running. He has had his try and has failed—he is one of the “exhausted volcanoes” of Liberalism. The causes, as well for the rise as for the decline of Mr FORSTER as a politician, are not far to seek. Political

supremacy is gained by originality of ideas, by allegiance to party, and by successful dealing with the chief topics of the day. And, at first sight, it seemed as if the Right Hon. gentleman possessed all three qualities. He is a clever actor. The rugged voice and uncouth gesture it pleases him so much to assume gave a flavour of newness to his sayings which enable them to pass, for a time, at least, as political maxims of distinct value. Then he could deal with men, both as individuals and as a party, in a manner which satisfied them at the outset, if not later, of his complete and utter sincerity of purpose. And no one will deny, even now, that his conduct of the Elementary Education Bill was a success. Indeed, if the truth must be told, it was only too successful. Mr FORSTER carried through the measure with flying colours. That he did this by hoodwinking both parties in the state only grew apparent after the Bill had become law. While the adoption of the Ballot, moreover, was a foregone conclusion, this adoption still further increased the reputation of the then Vice-President of the Council. Between, therefore, Education and the Ballot, Mr FORSTER rose, in the last months of Mr Gladstone's first Premiership, to a foremost position in the ranks of Liberalism. If his rise, however, was rapid, his fall has been equally speedy. In the April of 1880 he was still regarded as a first-class Minister, in the December of 1882 he is—well he is President of the Glasgow Gladstone Club. His two years' tenure of office as Irish Secretary served to show his weakness, both as a theoretical and a practical statesman. He irritated the Irish and the Radicals on the one hand, and the Conservatives on the other. No one doubted that Mr FORSTER was animated by the very best intentions, but good as were his intentions, his administration of Ireland impeded the course

of legislation, and even jeopardised the existence of the Gladstone Ministry. It need not be wondered, therefore, that his resignation of office at the close of last Spring was hailed with general satisfaction, and by none more gladly than by his own colleagues. Mr FORSTER is still young as politicians go—he was born in 1818—but, as the BAILIE has said, his day of office has gone bye, and gone bye not to return. He is now, and will apparently remain, the occupant of a back bench in the House of Commons. Surely to him, more than to most other men, may be applied the Shakspearian text regarding “vaulting ambition which, o’erleaping itself, falls on the other side.”

A “Malignant” on the Bench.

SHERIFF ORR PATERSON, of Ayr, has wilfully incurred the danger of being held up to the reprobation of posterity, along with Bluidy Clavers & Company, as a persecutor of the saints. Last week his Lordship malignantly—the BAILIE uses the word in its historical sense—administered “forty days” to a pious youth who testified in open Court to being a converted man with a divinely opened heart, and a member of “Captain Armstrong’s Blue Ribbon Salvation Army.” It is true that the interesting convert had committed a mean fraud a few days before making this public declaration as to his spiritual state, and that it was not till the offence was proved that he pleaded guilty and made his pious profession; but such details as these are quite irrelevant when Blue-Ribbon-Salvation-Army sanctity is concerned.

ANOTHER FROM THE 'SHAWS.

(Scene—Street in Pollokshaws; tramway car passing slowly; two urchins are looking on.)

1st Urchin—Thae horses can haurdly draw wan leg efter the tither.

2nd Urchin—Nae wunner, man, the're only a year auld.

1st Urchin—Ach, awa, man, oor doug’s jist that.

When is a fast young man like bird seed?
When he’s given to larks, of course.

Veni, Vidi—Mr Forster came to Glasgow to see—and saw it—a “fog.”

A Single Line—Spinsters.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL’S, Gordon St.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder’s, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

On 'Change.

DIPLOMACY in commerce is fast rising to the dignity of a fine art. It was announced the other day that the letters of allotment and “regret” of the National Marine Assurance Association had been posted the previous evening. The phrase is novel and effective. By this ingenious device it is intended delicately to convey the interesting information that the demand for shares was in excess of the number at disposal. The inquiring mind can but feebly realise the position of the directors, up to their necks in applications for shares, vainly endeavouring to satisfy the demands made upon them, and finally, as a last resource, getting letters of “regret” printed, that they might stave off the millions of capital which was being literally thrust upon them. In the present condition of marine insurance the picture is not a little touching.

Less than a month has passed since the Universal Electric Company, Limited, published a prospectus stating that the capital was increased to £250,000, and offering 20,000 additional shares of £5 each to the public. On Saturday last the papers contained a report of certain proceedings in the Court of Session, from which it appears that Messrs Muir & Co., of Manchester, obtained decree for a debt of £353, and that the Glenduffhill Coal Co. holds a dishonoured bill for £75, both being claims against the Electric Company. An application has therefore been made to have this famous company wound up, on the ground that it is unable to pay its debts. The Court granted the winding-up order, and official intimation was made on Saturday morning, in the usual way, to the general body of creditors. Surely something of all this ought to have been known when the prospectus, which is dated 22nd November, was issued to the public. An explanation should be made by Mr Sweetieman, of “Valleyfield, Renfrewshire,” and his legal and medical colleagues on the board.

Those who assisted at the obsequies of the Ceylon Investment Co. the other day perhaps wished they had listened to the words of wisdom occasionally found in this column. A few more interments of the same sort will probably follow.

It always strikes me as being singular that a really good investment should travel away from its birthplace to find capital. Those who live in the neighbourhood ought to be better acquainted with the merits of the undertaking than others at a distance, but it often happens that a company is hawked about in districts where it is not known at all. The remark applies with peculiar force to the Nenthead and Tynedale Lead and Zinc Company, and the Biarritz and Bayonne Improvements Company. Both are probably good enough in their way, but if they are appreciated there ought to be abundance of capital around Newcastle for the one, and in France for the other. France is a wealthy country notwithstanding its misfortunes, and it is inconceivable that money should go from Scotland for the purpose of buying land on the shores of the Bay of Biscay.

A President of the United States, who died fifty-one years ago at the age of eighty, gave his name to what is now historically known as the “Monroe Doctrine.” It may not be generally understood, even by those engaged in the large and growing commerce with Australia, that this doctrine has spread to our antipodean colonies, but the author of the new departure spells his name differently, and calls himself Munro. His theory is that all the Australian colonies should be united into one Federal Union. As usual, the initiation of the scheme came from the smallest colony, which has most to gain by unity, but the proposal deeply concerns every merchant possessing any share in our great Australian trade. It involves an entire rearrangement of the existing tariffs, and it would also bring about a reorganisation of the railway system of the country. Whether Australia be ripe for a radical change will remain to be seen. It does not appear to be ready yet, but the interests concerned are so large that merchants at home and their correspondents abroad will have to keep their eyes open.

SCRUTATOR.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

The Stories of the Pantomimes.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

"But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf designed to eat as well as drink."—*Dryden.*

I'LL tell a story of the time
When we both sugar sticks ate,
And do it all in eight-six rhyme
And you can trip it six-eight.

[Does this not smack of one you know?—
And what an if it should?
Of late in every car I go
I have read, riding, Hood.

Once on a time a wee bit lass
Was sent with tender food
To her grandam, and had to pass
The edge of a big wood.

Her mother wrapped her in a cloak
All warmly as she could,
And she was called by all the folk
Little Red Riding Hood.

To every flower along the way
She said, "Ah, I'll have this!"
When lo, a wolf came up with, "Pray
Where are you going, miss?"

"To grandmama's," she trembling said,
"See, here a cake I've got;"
"May I go with you, pretty maid?"
Says she, "I'd rather not."

"Then go you this way, I'll go that,
And see who first is there,"
Says wolf—he knew what he'd be at
And ran off like a hare.

From point to point, straight, is a rule
That wolves get from their kin—
He reached the gradam's cot heard "Pull
The bobbin and come in."

He pulled the bobbin and went bob in
To the old granny's bed,
And without time to give a sob in
The poor old dame was dead.

Then Mister wolf took granny's cap
And put it on his head,
And laid him down to take a nap
In that old lady's stead.

Meanwhile the slow-paced Riding Hood
Was loitering as before,
But, snails through time will crawl a rood—
At last she reached the door.

The wolf, with voice as soft as colt's,
Smothered the bed-clothes under,
Gave granny's order how "locks, bolts,
And bars would fly asunder."

[I'm somewhat in a fix—O would
My muse now smooth my way!
Some say the wolf killed Riding Hood,
But I the wolf must slay.]

She in the house and into bed,
And when she had got there
She wondered at the ugly head
And face all over hair.

"O grandmamma, how very long
And straight your arms have grown!"
"Better, my dear, to hug you strong,
And prove you all my own."

"And, O, how very big your ears!"
"Better your voice to hear;"

"And how each eye now large appears!"
"That's to see you, my dear."

"But, O, how frightful huge your teeth!"—
This minded him to sup,
He jumped the bed-clothes from beneath—
"Better to eat you up!"

It chanced some woodsmen by the door
Were passing at this time,
And Mister Wolf lay on the floor
Stone dead (see pantomime).

The moral of this tale's not deep,
(Now that my story's o'er):—
One must not loiter if he'd keep
The wolf outside the door.

Cutting a Figure.

IN connection with the new arrangements of the Glasgow Skating Club, Professor George G. Ramsay is anxious that "due regard should be paid to the interests of figure skaters," and that "a portion of the pond should be reserved for figure skating." This is highly characteristic of Professor George G., who is never happy unless he is "cutting a figure" of some kind or other, either spouting crude and flabby "politics"—save the mark!—on the platform, or "cribbing" from his revered uncle in the class-room, or doing the outside edge on the ice. In each and all of these situations he strains every nerve in the effort to make an exhibition of himself, and it must be admitted that his praiseworthy attempts are generally rewarded by success.

DOMESTIC INNOCENCE.

(Scene—The door of a dwelling-house.)

Tax Collector—So a've got ye in at last! This is the fourth time a've called, and a don't intend tae call again.

Housewife—Aum gled tae hear ye say sae; it's uncommon kind o' ye. (After a brief pause)—Jist step yer weys in an' tak' a dram; it'll dae ye guid this cauld day.

"LET DOGS DELIGHT —!"—Two lost dogs are advertised in a morning paper, one of which is said to answer to the name of "Arabi" and the other to that of "Garnet." Is it not just possible that Garnet and Arabi—the former of whom, by the way, is described as "a black woolly dog," and the latter as a "pup" with "tail cut"—may have encountered one another, and, doing battle for the glory of their nomenclature, may have perpetrated mutual extermination, after the high Kilkenny fashion?

A Christmas Carol—A "topical" song.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

The London Scottish Resort—City Boundary Tavern—109 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. "The best house in London for Scotch Whisky"—vide *Sporting Optician*, 11th October, 1882. NEIL MACKAY, Proprietor, Blender of the "Real Johnny."

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The last nights of the “Manteaux Noirs” at the Royalty are now announced. On Monday next Mr Knapp will put up his Christmas and New-Year’s entertainment, which will be the side-splitting “Fun on the Bristol,” which took so capltally when it was formerly played in Glasgow.

Those of your friends who have not yet seen the “Manteaux Noirs” should make a point of doing so on some one night or other of the present week.

Of course the Grand pantomime is a success—commercially, I mean. That it was certain to be an artistic success—pantomimically, that is—we all knew beforehand. Happy Mr Charles.

Last week’s hard weather knocked up, temporarily, two of the ladies who appear in the South-Side pantomime. These were Miss Marion Huntley and little Miss Katie Neville. The places of both, however, were most efficiently filled up during their absence by other two members of the company. “Little Red Riding Hood” is, I may add, a draw—the houses all last week being crammed ones.

“Beauty and the Beast” has improved wonderfully since the opening night. The actors have got settled into their several parts, fresh “business” has been invented, various of the superfluous “gags” have been eliminated, and now, all things considered, it is one of the brightest and most taking extravaganzas one could wish. The Gaiety is a theatre which must not on any account be neglected by sight-seers during the forthcoming holidays.

I hear “golden opinions from all sorts of people” regarding the dramatic power of Miss Amy Baynham, the younger daughter of Mr Walter Baynham. Of course we all recollect how charming an actress was Mrs Baynham, and Miss Amy, I understand, inherits all her mother’s grace and intelligence.

Messrs J. & R. Edmiston of the City Sale-Rooms, announce a sale of pictures by artists of the younger Scottish School, on Friday next. Among the painters represented in the collection to be disposed of are J. L. Wingate, Robert M’Gregor, David Farquharson, James A. Aitken, James Docharty, and Alexander Fraser—a goodly string of names i’ faith.

Marian, the Amazon Queen, who was “eight feet two inches, and still growing,” when I saw her at the London Alhambra, in August last, is about to come down to the level of your ordinary giantess. She starts on a tour of Great Britain on Boxing Day, and is piloted by the famous Billy Holland, assisted by T. L. Harrison, business manager, W. R. Pope, acting manager, and Felix Kopf, agent for Marian. “They say” that this highly-favoured lady will have some tall talk with her patrons here in the Trades’ Hall, early in the New Year.

No species of art has of late made larger strides than that displayed on Christmas and New-Year cards. From being little more than bits of sentiment tricked out with tawdry and unmeaning illustrations, these have become delightful little pictures, true, both as regards drawing and colour. Among all the publishers of Christmas cards, none seem to have a larger or more varied stock than Messrs Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty’s Printers of Great New Street, London, E.C. And while large and varied as to numbers and style, the publications of this firm are likewise exceedingly tasteful and attractive, some of them, indeed, being nothing less than little gems of art.

Mr Airlie, the indefatigable secretary of the Glasgow Abstainers Union—and one of your “men you know,” my magistrate—received, last week, a handsome testimonial from the directors, in recognition of his zeal and ability in promoting the interests of the Union during the past quarter of a century.

Some of our pastors and masters of the Town Council seem woefully hard wrought. One of them mentioned at a social gathering t’other night that he had attended 700 committee and other meetings in the course of the past year. There be attendances and attendances, however, even at meetings of Council, not to speak of committee meetings. On one occasion, for instance, Mr Martin, when moving a count-out, stated that there were only 24½ members present, the half, he explained, being occasioned by one gentleman who was standing partly in and partly out of the room, and was thus contriving to attend two meetings at the same time.

How slow, to be sure, the arrangements for proceeding with the Municipal Buildings move on. I understand that the measurers have not yet made a start with their portion of the business.

It is not true that Tomkins has accepted an engagement for the pantomime at the Grand Theatre. Somebody very like him is there, it is true, but Tomkins himself is looking after his own interests, and bossing the Red Sea and the steamship interest generally.

There has been a terrible disturbance in Olympus, and poor Venus got it hot when she crossed the sun’s disc. Cupid wants to know who was wrong, about the time of his mother’s love-making, the other day. Either Professor Grant, Mr Burns, or she herself must be, for the time which elapsed between the first kiss and the folding of Cupid’s lovely mother in the arms of old Sol, differed to the extent of 5 min. 41 sec. The first two are mortal, and therefore fallible, but fear of correction prevents Cupid from giving public expression to his opinion of the last.

Mr Newsome re-opens the Ingram Street Circus on Monday next—Christmas day—and on the succeeding Saturday, the 30th inst., he produces his grand New-Year spectacle of “Whittington and his Cat.” Won’t there be a rush of youngsters, aye and of oldsters too, to Mr Newsome’s house.

The latest novelty at Hengler’s is an international leaping competition, in which “Monsieur” Onra for France, and Mr Conwell for America, easily outdistance all other contestants. On Saturday next Mr Powell will trot out for the first time here a most amusing little cuss—“the marvellous equestrian monkey.” This genuine member of the *himanx* family stands three feet high, and is said to “exhibit a talent and intelligence almost human.” He will act for the nonce as ringmaster, equestrian director, jockey rider, acrobat, and clown. The stag hunt gains in popularity. In this, Hengler *filis* is splendidly mounted and takes timber in rare style. Willie Templeton with his fresh quips and ditties is funnier than ever.

Mr Hengler’s holiday annual—“The Carnival on the Ice”—will be produced on boxing night, Tuesday the 26th, and not on Saturday as stated here last week, the Cirque being closed on Christmas-day. Some special features therein will be a miniature harlequinade, a skating cotillon, a “Zoo” interlude, fancy skating by the Ryder trio, a huge bicycle business, &c.

Folk who are on the out-look for Christmas gifts wherewith to gladden the eyes and hearts of their young people could not do better than look into the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Street, any day this week, a sale, by Messrs M’Tear & Co., of articles suitable for the said gifts being in progress there. The articles include ivory fans, card and cigarette cases, purses, jewellery, toys, hand-bags, and albums.

“Jeems,” meaning thereby Councillor Martin, has, “they say,” sent an ample apology to Dr Marwick, *apropos* of his statements anent the hour at which a certain nomination paper was received by the Doctor a couple of years ago.

Make a note, your Honour, that the digging operation into that monster cheese, which has adorned the window of Mr Lipton in Jamaica Street for the past eight or ten days, will begin at 2-30 p.m., Friday.

"Picturesque" Penny-a-Lining.

ACCORDING to the Carluke correspondent of a daily paper, the streets of that happy village have, or had, "quite a picturesque appearance with the large mounds of white snow." An eye that can discover "the picturesque" in a dirty heap of snow in a village street is a thing to be cultivated in these artistic days. It is a wonder, by the way, that this "picturesque" youth did not get him an alpenstock, and make an ascent of the biggest of the Carluke Monts Blancs. It would have enabled him to spin out his copy even more extensively and remuneratively than he has already succeeded in doing.

THE DEAD LANGIDGES.

(Scene—Begie's, Kilmarnock; Curlers convivial; time—11 p.m.; Veteran curler is singing his annual statutory song in presence of a sojourning Southron—

"An auld shae, and an auld shae sole,
That was Duncan's *dochter's tocher*."

Veteran (to Southron)—Weel, dae ye unnerstaun' that ane?

Southron (confidently)—Oh yes! you are calling for dheoch an dorras.

(Universal roar, in a lull of which the bewildered Southron inquires what all the row's about.)

Their Worst!

THE secretary of the Tramway Company has informed the Police Commissioners of Partick that "it is not the case that the Company put the worst cars on the Partick route;" but, strange to say, this assurance does not seem to have given complete satisfaction to our suburban friends. It is, of course, a moot point which are "the worst cars." Perhaps the Company will—for once—accommodate the public, and, simply to gratify our curiosity, let us know which route is favoured with what they consider their worst cars—likewise the reason for such distinguished favour being shown. Come, Mr Duncan!

HOT OR COLD?—An advertisement appears in a morning paper for a "copper heater." Asinus recommends the advertiser to go in for a good dose of bad whisky overnight, and if he hasn't "hot coppers" in the morning, then he (Asinus) is—well, is Sir Wilfrid Lawson. In return for this valuable information, the Animile will be glad to hear of an economical and effective copper cooler.

Megilp.

THE Palette Club gave their first conversazione in their rooms, 101 St. Vincent Street, on Friday evening. This new Art Club came into existence during the present year, and was formed by a few of the more prominent members of the St. Mungo and Black and White Clubs. It has been built very closely on the lines of the Glasgow Art Club. The annual subscription is two guineas, with entrance fee of one guinea. At present the club numbers about thirty members. The rooms comprise a small but neat sitting or reading room, and a working room of very commodious dimensions, fitted with gas arrangements for the life class which is held three nights a week. On the evening of the conversazione a very interesting display was made on the walls of the class-room of about 50 pictures in oil, water colour, and monochrome. The contributions which commanded the largest attention were those of Messrs Nairn, Henry, and A. B. Docharty. There was a large attendance of friends, and an exceedingly enjoyable evening was spent.

The next smoking concert of the Glasgow Art Club will be held on Thursday, when some of the pictures destined for the Spring Exhibition of the Institute will probably be shown.

They say that the scheme started by Lord Provost Ure for the formation of a Fine Art Gallery for Glasgow has been most favourably received in artistic circles, and among the local artists. Glasgow might well take a hint in this matter from the corporation of Liverpool and other provincial towns and cities in England.

The newly-issued Art Annual of M. Dumas, issued by Messrs Chatto & Windus, which is intended to be the first of a series of annual illustrated records of the Exhibitions of the world, contains reproductions of the "Tillietdlem in Spring," of David Murray, A.R.S.A.; William Carlaw's large up-right water colour of Stonehaven; and of Andrew Black's "Among the Tarbert Trawlers."

One of the lions of the season in New York is Hubert Herkomer, who has opened an Exhibition of his works in the empire city. By the way of playing the *role* of showman, which is one that Mr Herkomer, clever artist as he is, is just too fond of assuming, he has issued a catalogue in which he tells its purchasers all his pictures, and hints, in regard to himself, that he is about the "biggest painted" on this side of "the herring-pond."

It is noticed, curiously enough, that though the sales at the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition—which on Saturday totted up to £3927—are relatively the best in the country the attendance is very sparse indeed. At times the Galleries are quite empty.

William Carlaw, who suffered for the past week or two from severe indisposition, is now happily convalescent.

The annual exhibition, which is the seventh of the series, of the Paisley Fine Art Institute will be opened on Thursday evening, in the Clark Town Hall, with a conversazione. Earlier in the day the exhibition will be on view to the members and honorary members of the Institute.

A WORD IN SEASON.—Had Mr Frost been elected, he might not only have "Frozen the Police Bill," but would have had much power over both Gas and Water.

"IMBECILES PREFERRED."—Somebody, advertising in a morning paper for a "lady boarder," adds, "No objection to an imbecile." Possibly, though it is not stated in so many words, there might even be some preference for an imbecile. Imbeciles, you see, can be "taken in and done for" with less difficulty than persons of an average amount of intelligence.

Quavers.

THE Pollokshields Musical Association gave the first of their two annual concerts for the season, in Govanhill Burgh Hall, on Monday evening, 18th inst., when Gade's new cantata "Psyche," written for the recent Birmingham festival, was performed—for the first time in Scotland, we presume. The society was in its usual strength, and was especially good in the treble voices, if somewhat weak in the tenor, and overweighted in the bass. There was a small orchestra, of strings only, led (with consummate skill) by Mr W. H. Cole. Mr W. T. Hoeck conducted. While we cannot but admire the courage and enterprise of the society in producing a work of such importance as "Psyche," yet we feel constrained to say that the result would have been of much greater value had the beautifully written orchestral parts been more fully or more correctly represented. There was an entire absence, not only of colour, but of the sustaining breadth of tone which the wind and wood instruments not present or represented would have supplied. A harmonium would have been of great service in supplying these deficiencies. There was a piano, but that instrument, however well played, is of little or no use in such circumstances.

The opening chorus, "In Hellas," was well sung, but the acoustics of the hall not yet being what they should be, there was not that degree of clearness in the parts one would like. Especially was this felt in the chorus, "Thou art mighty, O Eros," also in the "lower world" chorus, "Shadows hover," the brightness of the former and the gloom of the latter, with their respective responsive phrases, being rather indifferently reproduced. The part of *Psyche* was very effectively rendered indeed, the lady's fine voice and taste, and invariable accuracy of intonation in the trying changes of key and varieties of interval, being worthy of the highest admiration. The fine part of *Eros*, for baritone, was likewise filled with much acceptance.

If, one way and another, the choral work of "Psyche" was not so satisfactory as was desirable, there is little but praise for the manner in which the two unaccompanied part-songs were sung as regards expression, especially Eaton Fanning's "There is dew on the flow'ret," the fact being that only now have the society made any very remarkable show in that delightful, if less easy, department of choral music.

The choir which leads the praise in the Cathedral gave a concert on Friday last, in the Christian Institute, Bothwell Street. There are some excellent voices in the choir. A varied programme was submitted, and was very creditably performed. Mr Channon Cornwall conducted, and Mr Luther Hall accompanied. Mr Finlayson contributed a solo or two.

At to-night's subscription concert (Tuesday), Berlioz's "Faust" will be given, with Miss Mary Davies, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr F. King (the *Mephistopheles* of last year) and Mr J. Fleming of the Glasgow Select Choir in the principal vocal solo parts.

Next Saturday the orchestra will perform, amongst other interesting selections, "Masaniello," the introduction to the first part of "William Tell," and, what is of special interest, the "Battle Symphony" of Beethoven, in honour of Wellington's victory at Vittoria over our once "natural enemies" the French. Miss Frances Hipwell, contralto, recently of the Royal Academy, will sing, and a violin solo (a fantasia on Rossini's "Oello") will be played by Mr John F. Dunn, a member of the orchestra. Mr C. Ould will also incidentally discourse on his special instrument, the violoncello. Next Tuesday is the Joachim night.

The Ayr Choral Union give two concerts, one on 22nd Dec., and the other in March or April. Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" will be performed at the first concert, and Haydn's "Spring" (Seasons) with miscellaneous selections, at the second. For the adequate rendering of Mendelssohn's symphony-cantata the services of the orchestra of the Glasgow concerts have been secured, and Mr W. H. Cummings, one of our most intellectual vocalists, will sustain the very important solo tenor part. Misses Liddell and Meredith Brown, the latter a new contralto from London, will contribute solos in course of an orchestral afterpart. The chorus numbers 150 voices. Mr M'Nabb will conduct.

"The Second City."

FOR the greater part of last week the Radical papers continued to harp exultantly on that grotesque fluke the Liverpool election, and those journals which are published on the other side of the Border display a characteristic unanimity of ignorance by talking of the big town on the Mersey as "the second city in the United Kingdom." The BAILIE does not grudge his Radical friends any enjoyment to be extracted from their funny little fandango of triumph; but, now that they are recovering their breath, may he be permitted to inform them that Liverpool is not the second city of the United Kingdom any more than the Liverpool election was an expression of the opinion of the country, or even of that of the constituency.

IRE, EYRE, AND IRELAND.

Charity begins at home—
Except within the Church of Rome,
Where dark suspicion haunts the mind
That Protestants can't be inclined
The starving Irish poor to feed
With bread of life, *save with a creed.*

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.

Harry reads—"Clerk wanted, experienced in book-keeping, and acquainted with shorthand—knowledge of French and German a recommendation. References required. Salary £25 per an. to commence."

Tom (sneezingly)—Humph, must be in the rag trade.

"TO OBLIGE A LADY."—Granny has been going in for the Zadkiel line of business, and last week she made the agreeable prediction that before the year is out the Sultan of Turkey will either be assassinated or commit suicide. It would never do for such a prophecy to remain unfulfilled; so let's hope they will look sharp at Constantinople with their scissors or their bowstring, as the case may be, and "oblige a lady," as the London 'bus-cad hath it.

IS IT "TUSCAN?"—In her report of the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at Edinburgh last week, dear old Granny says that a certain ancient inscription in Orkney "seems to be of a satirical description." Yes, those archaic inscriptions *are* occasionally "of a satirical description." Eh, old lady?

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the discussions on the Police Bill amendments still continue.

That the proceedings are as lively as the proverbial flogging of a dead horse.

That the whole affair is a tiresome farce.

That even Johnnie Neil has ceased from grumbling, and Jamie Martin is at rest.

That Bailie Torrens and the Water Committee had a sore badgering last week.

That far too much fuss was made over the affair.

That the visit of the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland has been a success—of course.

That our local nobodies have been airing their eloquence, and blowing themselves out like frogs.

That the quarrel between Father Munro and Mr Quarrier is a very pretty one as it stands.

That Father Munro ought to institute a free breakfast table of his own.

That the cause of Mother Church hasn't been benefitted by the City Hall exhibition.

That oor Rubbart is on the rampage once more.

That he objects to sermons and essays.

That he won't be bullied by that leading Free Kirk elder, Ferniegair Kidston.

That Ladywell is of opinion that he has not been getting his share of the papers for some time back.

That he is determined to assert himself.

That the School Board is the field of fight.

That he is a doughty chiel is Rubbart.

That Provost Browne of Crosshill has been sairly tried by one of his Commissioners.

That he doesn't know whether to be amused or angry with the said Commissioner.

That Councillor Rankin entertained his Committee once or twice.

That the Committee have entertained Councillor Rankin.

That "giff gaff makes good friends."

That Bailie Laing is the hardest wrought man in the Council.

That at least he says so himself.

That next Monday is Christmas.

That Christmas is held as a general holiday in England and Ireland, and by the banks and other public offices in Scotland.

That our large warehousemen and shopkeepers might take a hint in this matter from the English and Irish.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. It will pay you. Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

Ashantee Pie.

(Suggested by SCRUTATOR'S remarks on the Ashantee Topper and Dumper Co., Limited; to the tune of "De Blue Tail Fly," as sung with immense success at the Annulus Ferri Theatre of Varieties.)

ASHANTEE pie am splendid feed,
Suppose you no show too much greed;
But no good now dem share to buy,
For dat make poor Ashantee pie.

Chorus—Ashantee fix dat shoe tle,
Directors mount dat blue tle,
If you buy now you'll rue't aye,
Dey're goin' down again.

Saint Tennan, Asinus, & Co.,
Know what way make de mare to go;
And Skilson, too, he like, O my!
To put game in Ashantee pie.

When Tinderson he write de letter,
He no make dat pie any better,
And Spreishler sell out by-and-by,
To get fat from Ashantee pie.

Dere's different times for different things;
Each month it something different brings;
Gold mines are hatched in hot July,
December bring Ashantee pie.

Directors, in a parlous state,
Give great big dinners, lay de plate,
The chief thing standing always by,
Am large dish of Ashantee pie.

Of all de dish at Directors' table,
I always took as much of it as I was able;
But I never will forget, till de day I die,
De indigestion I got from Ashantee pie.

Chorus as before.

ON THE WAY HOME FROM A RURAL "FREE" KIRK.

Tam—I think the day we've been gettin' cauld kail het again.

Wull—O man, d'ye no ken the minister's been curlin' a' week?

THE CHURCH PETERY-FACTION. — Father Munro probably knows what was enjoined on the founder of his Church—"Feed my sheep." If he feeds his own flock, he will remove from Protestants the privilege of flavouring the penny roll with the Knoxious essences of the Reformation.

AN UNGRAMMATICAL TRUISM.—The Rev. Mr Martin, Clerk of the Presbytery of Irvine, says that "the tongues of ministers are very fluent, 'you know,' and they are fond to be (*sic*) heard among themselves." Most undoubtedly "we know" it, Mr Martin; but why not couch your great truths in decent English?

Ten(n)ant Rite—The rites of hospitality in West George Street.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchlehall Street.

LAMBS'-WOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

The Winter Season, now fairly upon us, compels attention to the matter of warm, comfortable Under-clothing. Nothing is so serviceable in this respect as NEW Lambs'-Wool Goods, as they not only retain the heat much better than those which have been a season or two in use, but more effectually resist the biting east wind.

We have, perhaps, the Largest Stock of Fresh Lamb's-Wool and other Underclothing in the City, and the Variety in Make, Style, Weight, Colour, and Size, are immense, and enable us to suit every possible requirement for both Home and Foreign Climates.

Our ample arrangements enable us, on a few days' notice, to make "Special Sizes," in any quality, for those Gentlemen who may hitherto have had a difficulty in getting properly suited, and for this, of course, we make no extra charge.

With every Parcel we present a Recipe for the Washing of Lambs'-Wool Underclothing, as well as to any one on application.

FORSYTH,
13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—**DAVID MITCHELL**, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

W H I S K Y,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years O'd, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
Are now Selling the same at
25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.
Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

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PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.
REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

**MURRAY'S FAMED
MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—**
Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
463 ST. VINCENT STREET.

S T. M U N G O C A F E,
58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
NOW OPEN.
CHARGES MODERATE.

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New and Greatly Enlarged CATALOGUE Now Ready.
NEW BOOKS ADDED WEEKLY.
Magazines of all kinds in Great Profusion.
Prospectuses Free—Readers can begin at any time and cease when they choose.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

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MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,
183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.
Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

MESSRS. HAZLEHURST & SONS,
Camden Soap and Alkali Works, RUNCORN,
have been Awarded the GOLD MEDAL by the NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION for Excellence in the Quality of their BLUE MOTTLED, TABLETS, and PALE SOAPS.

AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—
MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,
33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

16S 8D PER £100.
CASH still ADVANCED upon GOODS
DEPOSITED at above Rate of Interest per Month on Loans exceeding £10.

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JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

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BUTCHER,
519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

JAMES HENDERSON,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

JOHN GARDINER & SONS'
FINEST OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, Estab'd. 1852.
Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
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WINTER OVERCOATS.

HIGHLAND CAPES,

NEWMARKETS AND ULSTERS.

FORSYTH'S,

13 AND 17 RENFIELD STREET.

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The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an Elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies' Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS of Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

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Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months.

JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS,

NEW SEASON'S DESIGNS.

OUR New Season's Stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and GREETINGS is now laid out for selection, and we would earnestly recommend intending Purchasers to make an early call and so have the very Best and Newest Cards to choose from.

Prices from 1d to 2s each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS IN PACKETS.

Enormous 1s Packet containing 24 Cards, Assorted Designs.

R. & W. LORIMER,

50 AND 52 JAMAICA ST., & 8 RENFIELD ST.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,

8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

Scotch Buns, Cakes, and Shortbread in Great Variety and of the Best Quality; also, his Celebrated Guinea Christmas Box, containing Bun, Shortbread, Seed, Rice, Madeira, and Ginger Cake.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1882.

IN the course of the discussion of one of the clauses of the late lamented Police Bill, it was shown that one might be a Town Councillor without knowing that, according to the existing Acts of Parliament, the whole space included within the

municipal boundaries is deemed to be in the County of Lanark. The large and populous district situated between the old Kinning Burn and the Paisley Road Toll, is territorially situated in the County of Renfrew; and what is more important is that for all other than municipal purposes the inhabitants of that district are in exactly the same position as those living within any other part of the County of Renfrew. Their judicial forum in civil matters is Paisley; and in criminal matters it is the Sheriff of Renfrewshire and his minions who keep their eagle eyes on them. If any of the inhabitants of this interjected territory have a dispute between themselves, it is meet that they should adjourn to Paisley to have it settled; but if a warehouseman or shopkeeper within the Lanarkshire part of Glasgow should have to enforce payment of an account against any of them, it is a great hardship that the former should be compelled to waste his time going to Seestu to try to enforce what may be at best a doubtful debt. In the same way, why should the inhabitants of Kinning Park, East and West Pollokshields, Strathbungo, Crosshill, Langside, and Shawlands, and for that matter of it, even of Pollokshaws, be obliged to go to Paisley for judicial redress in ordinary as well as Small Debt actions? It is an absurdity which causes great inconvenience to a very large population, and it has been perpetuated simply from petty political considerations, which ought to be summarily set aside as being obstructive of their welfare. Of course political jealousies, local and imperial, are powerful; but if the people resident in the localities referred to would only bestir themselves, they might, within the next six months, be free from the bother of going to Paisley to get their civil disputes settled. The evil is great, and increasing every day; the remedy is simple, and ought to have been adopted long ago.

A. Pope in Ambush.

AT the Liberal meeting on Friday night, Mr Forster, "very good man," quoting the verse from "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—"From scenes like these," &c., said "than that burst of patriotic fervour there is nothing finer in our language." The pith of the verse, the last line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," is, however, by an English poet, one to whom some of to-day's superfine critics would refuse the appellation.

A Corresponding Advantage — Reply post cards.

Too Much "Confidence."

EX-BAILIE MORRISON "has," he informs us, "been assured by a gentleman in the confidence of the Lord Advocate that the General Police Bill will be of even a more drastic character than the Glasgow Police Bill." Mr Morrison's friend is to be congratulated upon his respect for the "confidence" reposed in him by a high official; but if his tittle-tattle may be depended upon the confiding Lord Advocate would do well to put his Bill in his breeches-pocket and keep it there. There is no saying what outrage on the liberties of the people a Caucus-and-Gag Parliamentary Committee may or may not be capable of perpetrating; but the Lord Advocate, and Mr Morrison, and their mutual confidant may make up their minds that the citizens of Glasgow will never submit to anything "more drastic" than the instrument of torture which has just broken down in the Lord Provost's hands.

SPEAKING AS HE FEELS.

(Scene—The bar of a "Public;" Time, during the late severe frost.)

Traveller—Donal, ye're lookin' awfu' cauld this mornin'; ye'll no be the waur o' a gless.

Celtic Street Porter (shivering)—She wudna pe ta waur o' a gallon.

[Traveller stands him a gill.]

HIS "ALLOWANCE."—In Greenock, it seems when a policeman gets blind drunk and charges an inoffensive member of the public with assaulting him, he is "allowed to resign" his position in "the force." In such a case the BAILIE would go a little further, and "allow" the ex-guardian of the peace to spend a few months in retirement at the public expense.

SOUND AND SENSE.—Bauldie, who has of late been endeavouring to improve "what he is pleased to call his mind," by a course of French history, says it is remarkable how often the great nation's efforts after "la gloire" have landed them in the glaur. He proceeds to moralise on the subject to the extent of several columns, which, in pity for his long-suffering readers, the BAILIE mercifully omits.

"The Meeting of the Waters"—A *blend* of the best.

A Cold Snap—An ice.

"The ease and luxury of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens are acknowledged all over the world."—*The Oban Times*,
Sample Box, with all kinds, 1s 1d by post,
23 BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH.

An Educational Opportunity.

LAST week Mr Michael Connal announced that he had received a letter from Mr Mundella which led him to hope that that honourable gentleman might visit Glasgow before the meeting of Parliament. In casting about for worthy recipients of our civic honours we have undoubtedly struck a lower stratum, intellectual and social, than that known to our fathers; but we have not *quite* reached the Mundella level, and it is therefore improbable that anyone will propose to bestow the freedom of the city upon the member for Sheffield. Advantage might, however, be taken of his visit to explain to him the nature of the ceremony in question, and to point out that the "freedom" does *not* confer a Parliamentary vote upon its recipient, though he at present entertains a contrary opinion. It is a Christian duty to lose no opportunity of dispelling the mists of Radical ignorance.

TOWN COUNCIL CATCH WORDS.

No tae be sneezed at—Oor Jeems.

Ye've an awfu' neck on ye—W. R. W. Smith.

Hae ye got a match—Johnnie Neil.

Is this going too far—Bailie M'Pherson.

"WRITING CHAMBERS."—"Youth Wanted for an Office about 15 years of age that can write well." So runs an advertisement in a morning paper. The youth is probably wanted as a showman. We can see plenty of offices of fifteen years of age, and upwards, every day of our lives for nothing; but who would not pay his penny or his shilling, as the case may be, to inspect an establishment that can write well, or even that can write at all?

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.—A fellow in Edinburgh has been sent sixty days to prison for stealing a quantity of butterine. This may seem rather severe punishment for the "conveyance" of such nasty rubbish; but, after all, the magistrate might have been less lenient—he might have ordered the thief to swallow his plunder!

"The Shortest Day" (from a working point of view)—Saturday.

The Lawe's Delay—The never-ending sculptor libel case.

A Long Standing "Bill"—William E. Gladstone.

WATCH AND JEWELLERY REPAIRING.	} Special attention given to this branch of the business at MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.
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The Groundbait Papers.

"THAT BRAT, TOM!"

IF the Groundbait girls were asked to state, in writing or otherwise, the greatest grievance of their lives—not a passing grievance, such as a wet day, or the latest masculine defection, or the non-receipt of expected tickets for a ball, or mamma's obduracy in the matter of new bonnets; but a standing dish in the grievance line—I believe the unanimous return would be, "That brat, Tom!"

It is generally considered that one boy in a family of girls runs a considerable risk of being spoiled by over-much affection and attention; but young Tom Groundbait has certainly never been in any such danger. It was not, of course, in feminine human nature to resist gushing over him in his babyhood; but ever since his sixth year he has been, in his sisters' own words, "the plague of their lives," and has kept them in a chronic condition of nervous apprehension of his next device for their torment.

Tom is certainly a most "aggravating" boy. He is perpetually in mischief of some kind; he is possessed of a fiendish ingenuity in misbehaviour; and he and six or seven other little imps—not worse than himself, for that were impossible, but certainly no better—spend most of their time in devising plots for the intimidation and harassment of society in general and "big sisters" in particular.

It would occupy columns to tell of a fraction of "the brat's" misdemeanours. Not to speak of misdeeds whose consequences are but temporary—such as introducing live mice into the drawing-room at an evening party, with imaginable results; exploding crackers on the stairs; and so forth—he has been instrumental in ruining at least three promising matrimonial speculations.

There was Lieutenant Hawhaw, for instance, of the Onety-oneth Heavies, lately stationed at Hamilton. Hawhaw was a most desirable young man, the only son and heir of his father, who was generally thought to have made at least a "plum" by the manufacture of "bosh" butter; he was heavily smitten by Julia, the second daughter; and was clearly on the point of "speaking." Well, Tom badgered that desirable, but rather stolid and shy, young warrior by mimicking his manipulation of his eyeglass—which, through some defect of nature or art, never *would* "stay in"—to such an extent that he actually frightened him out of the house, and into, it is said, exchanging for India.

Then, there was young Contango, the stock-broker, who was formally affianced to Jessie. Tom and a youthful companion concealed themselves under the table in the breakfast-parlour one evening, and interrupted a tender episode with a shriek of demoniac laughter. Contango left the house in high dudgeon, never to return, and made an excuse to break off the engagement.

But perhaps the worst case was that of Ironstone, one of Lulu's—otherwise Mary Ann's—numerous admirers. "The brat" took advantage of a *tête-à-tête* with Ironstone to give him such a picture of the seamy side of the Groundbait *ménage*—his mother's difficulties with her tradespeople, his sister's peculiarities in the way of temper, and so on—that that budding millionaire incontinently fled, and, like Contango, *he* never returned.

The Misses Groundbait never cease urging upon their mother the desirability of sending Master Tom to a boarding-school—one at the Land's End, or thereabouts, and where no holidays are given, preferred—and really, when one comes to consider everything, it is not easy to blame them.

THE RULING PASSION.

(Scene—Balfron. Malcolm's Inn. Hallowe'en. Jock and Dan drinking.)

Jock (noisily)—Haun roun' the drink, Dan, an let's creep thegither an' hae a wee hauf!

Dan (vacantly)—No mo' whisky bhoys, plaze (hic). J—jist threw it over me! I loike the smell av it!!

A "Degree" Too Much.

MR MITCHELL is reported to have suggested at last week's meeting of the School Board that the Board should have power to grant "degrees." This is rather alarming. If the Board were to assume so much of the functions of a University, who can say to what lengths it might or might not, literally by degrees, advance? Why, one of those fine days it would be claiming to return a member of Parliament on its own hook, and the Reverend Rubbart Tamson would be putting himself forward as "the man for Galway!"

"Notice of Removal"—A judge putting on the black cap.

"Fox's Martyrs"—Hunter's who come to grief.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

PAINFULLY DESCRIPTIVE.

(Scene—The corner of a street. Two Celtic friends meet.)
Tavish—Fat's ta maetter wi' her dis mornin', Tonal?
Tonal (who had taken a few glasses of unlicensed whisky the night previous)—She's gotten nails in her heid.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E.
 Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
POSITIVELY THE LAST SIX NIGHTS
 Of the Comic Opera,
M A N T E A U X N O I R S
 (The Black Cloaks.)
 TO-NIGHT at 7-30,
M A N T E A U X N O I R S.
 Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

R O Y A L T Y T H E A T R E.
MONDAY, 25TH DECEMBER,
GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.
JARRET AND RICE'S
AMERICAN COMPANY,
FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

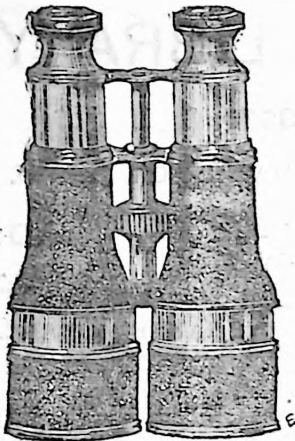
T H E G A I E T Y.
 Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING,
 The New Grand Fairy Extravaganza and Pantomime,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
 The Company includes—
 Misses IRENE VERONA Mr BYRON PEDLEY
 GEORGIE GRAY Mr WILFRID SHINE
 EMMA RETTURR Mr CLARENCE J. HAGUE
 CARRIE ANDERSON Mr GEO. C. MURRAY
 ANNIE STERNE Mr THOMAS TABRA
 JOSEPHINE WOODWARD Mr RICHARD TABRA
 ALICE METCALFE Mr THOS. WARDHAUGH
 EMILY WELBOURNE Mr LEO PARINI
 Mr H. M. CLIFFORD Mr FRED W. SIDNEY
 Prices as usual.

G R A N D T H E A T R E,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.
 Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.
TO-NIGHT AND EVLRY EVENING, AT 7-30.
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
 Already Upwards of Twenty-Three Thousand People have Witnessed, with Rapturous Delight
THE SECOND "GRAND"
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.
 Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole Direction
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARTISTES,
GORGEOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.
 The Box Plan, is now Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street. Prices from 6d to £2 2s.
 No Seats will be booked during the New Year's Holidays.
FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE — SATURDAY, 30TH DECEMBER.
 During New Year's Week Three Performances daily, except on Thursday and Friday, when there will be only Two each day.
 N.B.—Owing to the Enormous Expense of this Production, the Free List will be entirely suspended (Press excepted).

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
 Sole Lessee and Manager.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL,
ANOTHER PANTOMIME TRIUMPH.
ANOTHER SOUTH-SIDE SUCCESS.
AGAIN THE LOCAL PANTOMIME.
AGAIN THE FUNNY PANTOMIME.
AGAIN THE CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME!
AGAIN THE PEOPLE'S PANTOMIME.
AGAIN THE GLASGOW SUCCESS.
TO NIGHT AT 7-30,
MR BERYL'S THIRD SOUTH-SIDE PANTOMIME,
 Entitled
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!
BONNIE BOY BLUE, THE WICKED WEHR WOLF,
AND TERRIER TRUE;
OR, HARLEQUIN THE HEARTLESS HARPIS, AND
THE FAIRY OF THE FLOWERS.
 Written expressly for this Theatre by FRED. LOCKE.
NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL, 11th December.—
 "As a spectacle, 'Red Riding Hood' is equal, if not superior, to anything Mr Beryl has hitherto produced, and in saying this no greater measure of praise could be meted out."
 In answer to numerous Inquiries from Country Patrons, Mr BERYL begs to announce that the
FIRST DAY PERFORMANCE
 Will take place
ON SATURDAY, 23RD DECEMBER.
 Box Plan Now Open at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent St.
"YE'VE AN AWFU' NECK ON YE!"
"HAVE YE GOT A MATCH?"
 The Undoubted Success of the Season.
 Roars of Laughter—Everybody Delighted.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.
SATURDAY, 23RD DECEMBER, 1882.
CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE OF
HANDEL'S ORATORIO,
T H E M E S S I A H,
 By the GLASGOW SOUTH-SIDE CHORAL SOCIETY,
 And the following Celebrated Sololsts—
 Miss ANNIE MARRIOTT, Soprano.
 Miss M. W. FYFFE, Contralto.
 Mr W. H. CUMMINGS, Tenor.
 Mr ALBERT M'GUICKIN, Bass.
 Mr BERRY, Organist. Mr M'KEAN, Conductor.
 Notwithstanding Great Expense, No Increase in Prices.
 Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-30.
 JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

H ENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.
 Doors Open at 7. Commence at 7-30.
LAST NIGHTS OF
THE ROYAL
S T A G H U N T I
 The Great International
LEAPING COMPETITION AND
TRIAL OF SOME SAULT THROWING.
 Prices—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d.
SATURDAY EVENING, 23d DECEMBER. First Appearance in Scotland of the MARVELLOUS EQUESTRIAN MONKEY! The Most Startling Novelty of the Age.
TUESDAY EVENING, 26th DECEMBER, HENGLER'S
1882-83 ANNUAL, "THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE."



ORTHO SCOPIC;

OR,

CORRECT VISION OPERA GLASS

Is Remarkable for Clearness of Definition and Comfort in Using

JAMES BROWN, 76 ST. VINCENT STREET.

GLASS & CHINA.—M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 TO 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Minton's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Doulton Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatti's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kiln which we have recently erected in our Workshop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paintings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.

ARGYLE TURKISH AND WARM BATHS,

366 ARGYLE STREET, AND 184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,

The most complete in Scotland. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,

Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

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Copy of Telegram just received from New Zealand Exhibition. "Pleasure in announcing highest award—Gold Medal for all exhibits."

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23 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW.

THE NEW CLEANSING AND PURIFYING FLUID, HYDRONE,

For General Laundry, Household, and other Purposes.
May be had of all Grocers, &c.

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Works—37 POMEROY ST., NEW CROSS ROAD, S.E.

Offices—

13 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.
LONDON.

79 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

CORPORATION ORGAN, &c., RECITALS.

The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt.

Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3.30.
Admission and Programmes Free.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

NOW OPEN
OF THE
GLASGOW ART CLUB,
IN THE
GALLERY OF MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
(ALL CHOICE CABINET PICTURES).
Admission—including Catalogue—Sixpence.

SIR NOEL PATON'S GREAT PICTURE,
"LUX IN TENEBRIS,"
IS NOW ON VIEW

AT
JAMES M'CLURE & SON'S GALLERY,
90 ST. VINCENT STREET,
Open from 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 3.

Admission Sixpence.

GLASGOW ITALIAN ART LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE CORPORATION GALLERIES WILL BE CLOSED from this Date TILL SATURDAY, the 23RD CURRENT, on which Date the ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION will be OPENED TO THE PUBLIC.

16th December, 1882.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c.
J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.

J. D. BOYACK,
PIANOFORTE and MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

S N A C K S
HOT MUTTON PIE AND POTATOES,
SAUSAGES AND POTATOES, ... } 3d
STEAK PUDDING AND POTATOES,
MINCE COLLOPS AND POTATOES,
AT GALLOWAY'S, 115 WEST NILE STREET,
19 STOCKWELL STREET, AND 5 MAINS STREET.
Purveyor for Supper Parties.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS,
ARTISTS,
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'THE British Journal of Photography' says,
in noticing our Specimens in this Exhibition—"These
Artist occupy a foremost place in the pictorial ranks of Scotland."

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
WEST-END FURNITURE BRANCH AND STORES--
46 BATH STREET and 15 and 17 SAUCHIEHALL
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Well Ventilated and Dry Stores for Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.
Head Office—Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR PRESENTS.
In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, To-Day (Tuesday) and following days.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF
Ivory Fans, Cards and Cigarette Cases, Purses, Tablets, Work and Photo Cases, Gold and Silver Jewellery. Mechanical and Musical Toys, Expensive Dressed Dolls. Real Russia Leather and Morocco Hand-Bags, Leather Dressing Bags, fully fitted. Gladstone Hand and Brief Bags. Work-Boxes, Dressing-Cases, Reticules, Table Billiards, Richly-Carved Wood Brackets. Carriage Cloaks in Plush and Nickel Silver. Choice Assortment of Albums, in Plush and Leather. Purses, Pocket Knives, and other Articles, suitable for Christmas and New-Year Gifts.
(Including those Removed from 60 Saint Vincent Street, and will be realised without Reserve).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place, To-Day (Tuesday) and following days, commencing each day at Twelve o'clock.

On View Mornings of Sale.
Details in Catalogues, which may be had on application, or post free on request to

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.



A GIFT!

ONE OF
PERCY'S
"IVANHOE"
PIPES
IS A TREASURE!

CLAYS, 2d.
BRIARS, 9d to 4 6.

Money cannot buy any enjoyment at such small cost.

Sold at all Tobacconists'.

Notice is hereby Given to Smokers:—
This is the Best Pipe in the World!

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

JOHN M'EEKIN,
THE NURSERIES, PARTICK,
Executes Decorations for Assemblies, Evening Parties, etc., in the most tasteful manner.
A Large Variety of Plants always in Stock for Table Decoration
Estimates Given.

ANOTHER GRAND WEEK.

SIX SPECIAL NOTICES! SIX SPECIAL NOTICES!!

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 1.—Mr WILSON has again returned from London on Tuesday last, 12th inst. Mr Wilson secured in London several Desperate Lines from the London Warehousemen, who are Taking Stock This Week.

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 2.—These Desperate Lines are now marked off, and will be shown on our counters This Day and Each Day Next Week. If you stay 100 miles away, it will repay your expenses twice over to buy a parcel from us this month.

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 3.—Christmas Cards. Our 8½d packet is now sold out. We cannot guarantee to supply the Extra Special Packet after Saturday, 23rd December. A Gentleman writes:—There are a Dozen Cards in the Packet that I would not think dear at 1s each. The Extra Special Packet, post free for 16 stamps; the "Colosseum" Packet, 11½d; the "Millionaria" Packet, 4½d, by post 7 or 14 stamps. All our packets contain 26 Cards and 1 War Map, with the exception of the Juvenile Packet, which contains only 13 assorted ½d and 1d Cards for 1½d, by post 3d.

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 4.—Should our Christmas Cards not give satisfaction we refund the money at once. No one should miss seeing our extraordinary Packets.

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 5.—Christmas Presents, Fancy, Ornamental, and Useful. Our Great Surprise Guinea Box No. 1—the best Present for a Gentleman; Contents: One Handsome Framed Picture, Two Fashionable Silk Scarfs, One Pair Fur-Lined Gloves, One Pair White Kid Gloves, One White Silk Muffler, One Pair Braces, One White and One Coloured Silk Pocket Handkerchief, and Two White Ties for evening Wear. This is indeed wonderful value, and as we send them neatly packed in Fancy Cartoons, forms a magnificent and acceptable Gift. Our Surprise Guinea Box No. 2 is for a Lady, and contains One Beautiful Lady's Fur Muff Hand Bag, One Splendid Floral Album (worth 12s 6d), for 72 Carte de Visites, and 20 Cabinet Portraits, One Real Calf Lady's Purse, Two Pairs Fur-lined Spring-top Gloves, and 1 Silk Neckerchief. The whole make a delightful and useful Present for a Lady. No. 1 and 2 Boxes sent free to any address in the Kingdom on receipt of P. O. O. for 21s.

SPECIAL NOTICE No. 6.—The Bad Boy's Diary Colosseum Unabridged Edition, post free, 5 stamps. Yells of Laughter, Heaps of Fun, Hours of Amusement. The 15½ × 12 Portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, post free, 4 stamps. All Orders over 40s will be sent free to any address in the Kingdom. P.O. Orders payable to Walter Wilson & Co.

THE GREAT TOY FAIR in the DAZZLING HALLS OF LIGHT, one Blaze of Magnificent Splendour, the finest Toy Display ever seen in the City. Good Boys and Girls will get their Parents to take them to see the Magic Toys at the Colosseum. The Toy Fair is lighted with the Incandescent Electric Light, the Saloons are lighted with the Crompton Arc Lights, and the other portions of the Warehouse with the Weston Arc Lamps. The Colosseum is the only Drapery House in Scotland lighted with Electricity, and the only Warehouse in Europe lit with three different systems of Electricity. Come and see the various lights. There is no charge for admission to the Colosseum.

SEAL JACKETS.—Extraordinary Value This Week. See our 42-inch Real Seal Jackets, worth £15, for £7 19s. Fifty Real Seal Jackets to be thrown away this month at 12, 15, 18, 21, 25, 35, and 40 Guineas. Only at Wilson's can you see 1000 Warm German Jackets, latest styles, for 9s 11d, 12s 11d, 17s 6d, to 40s; all worth double. Only at Wilson's can you see Fur-Lined Cloaks, full size, at 9s 11d, 12s 11d, and 16s 11d. Also, Extraordinary Bargains in High-class Furs and Cloaks, from 20s to 120s. Fur Sets, Fur Capes, Fur Trimmings. No House but Wilson's can sell the 3s Solid Beaded Crown for 6½d. Also, the New Style Beaded Crown for 3d; worth 1s. See them.

Mr Wilson is so busy with his great Christmas preparations that he cannot detail the full list of Bargain Lots; but here are a few. If you want anything, we are almost sure to have it, and at the right price too.

SEE OUR GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, which literally teems with Bargains in Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Rugs, Bags, Hosiery, Gloves, Scarfs, &c.

You Save Money in Buying at the Colosseum. Ask to see our Goods. If they are not what you expected, do not buy.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in MILLINERY, HATS, BONNETS, CAPS, &c.

HEAD DRESSES for YOUNG LADIES and for ELDERLY LADIES. OLD LADIES CAPS.

Mr Wilson would impress upon you the desirability of first looking at our Goods before purchasing elsewhere. See the grand value we offer in Calicoes, Flannels, Shirtings, Blankets, Quilts, Tablecloths, Dress Stuffs, Mantle Cloths, &c. 100,000 CHRISTMAS and NEW-YEAR GIFTS at WILSON'S at prices that defy competition. See our Ladies' Gloves, Umbrellas, Sashes, Frillings, &c.; Ulsters, Dolmans, Newmarket Coats at astonishing rates. Tons of Hat and Bonnet Shapes at One Penny each; these Shapes are the ordinary 6d and 1s Shapes of the retail draper.

MANTLES, JACKETS, ULSTERS, COATS, AND DOLMANS.

The Largest Stock and the Finest Variety ever seen in Scotland. Five Thousand Garments to select from, at prices that are only one-half of the ordinary Mantle Dealers.

TABLE PLANTS.—The Finest Stock of Table Plants in the City. Rustic Flower Pots, Fancy Baskets, etc., etc. Come and see our Stock. Ladies are invited to walk through all our Saloons whether or not they contemplate purchasing.

CURTAINS—The Largest Stock in town. Nearly One Thousand Designs in Lace. Our Special Curtains at 14s 11d are well worth 30s. See the Bargains we offer. See our Curtains at 1s 3½d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 9s 11d, to 30s; all worth double. In Real Lace Curtains no house can offer such value as we give. Only think of a Pair of Real Guipure d'Art Lace Curtains, six yards long, for 7s 11d per pair. These will clean equal to new, and last for a lifetime. Send Post Office Order, and we will forward value in Curtains that will surely please you.

For ALBUMS, PURSES, BAGS, AND FANCY GOODS, we have no equal, all this class coming direct from our own House in Berlin.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!—Special and Extraordinary Reductions in our FANCY HATS and CAPS for BOYS. Now is the time before the Holiday crush to get a good selection of Boys' Hats at giving-away prices.

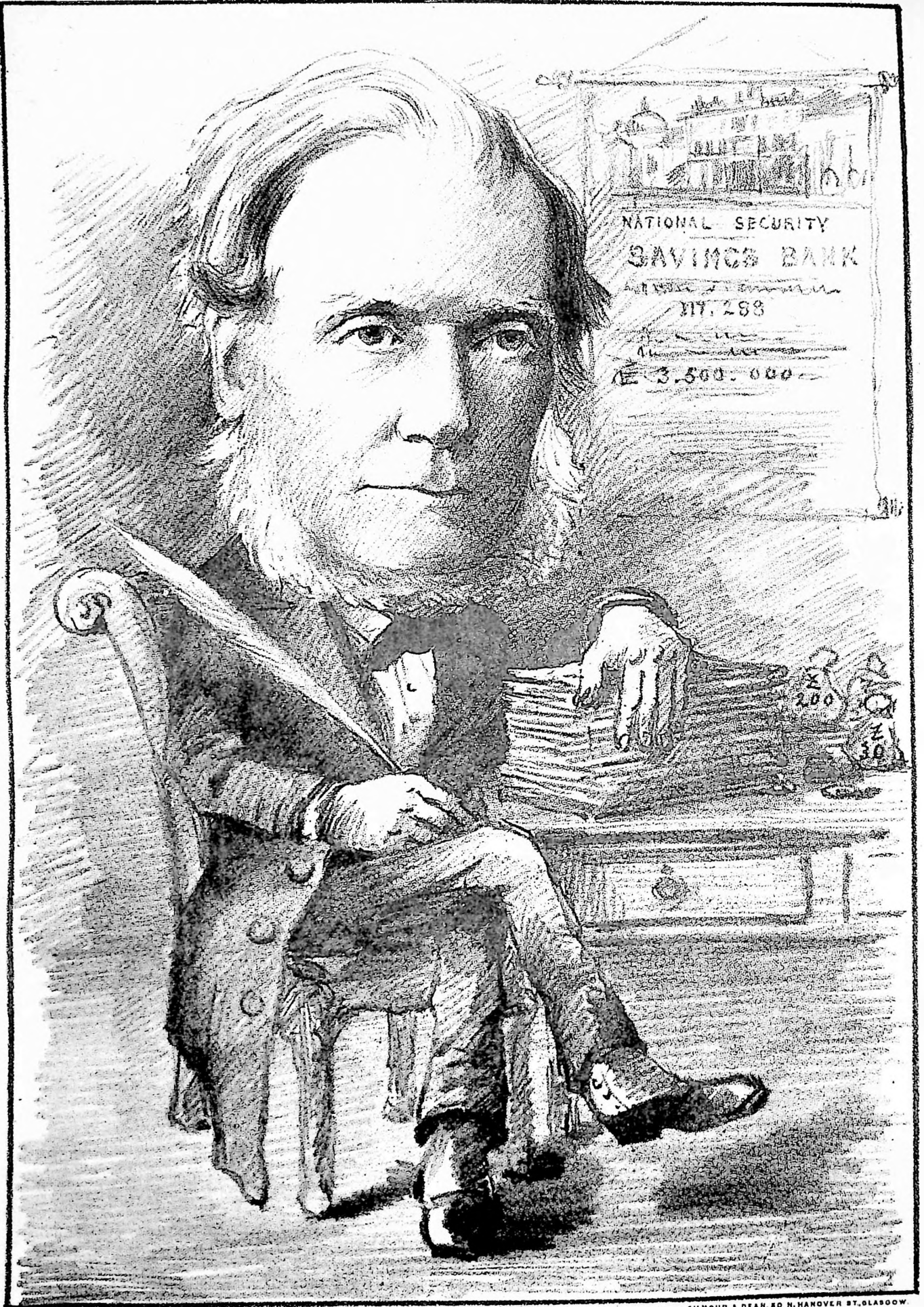
Our GREAT TOY FAIR now in full swing.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

JAMAICA STREET.

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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 532. Glasgow, Wednesday, December 27th, 1882. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 532.

THRIFT is still, as it always was, a leading characteristic of the Scottish race. Whatever may be our vices improvidence is not one of them. We delight in "laying-by." Our national literature extols the virtues of saving. The language has been strengthened by economical idioms. No one need be surprised, therefore, that the Savings Bank is one of our most cherished institutions. At home every village, nay almost every hamlet has its Savings Bank, and wherever Scotchmen cluster abroad, there, likewise, does the same provident institution find a place. In Glasgow the Savings Bank is regarded with especial favour. The spacious premises in Glassford Street devoted to its use are never empty. Enter when you choose, let it be early or late, you will find the long counter thronged with customers. Looking to the popularity of the institution, and to the circumstance that the annual meeting takes place during the present week, the BAILIE has selected the actuary, Mr MEIKLE, as his current Man you Know. And surely few citizens are better known, by name at all events, than Mr MEIKLE. His connection with the Bank dates from 1840. For the long period of three and forty years he has watched over the fortunes, and attended to the interests of the saving classes of Glasgow. At the time of Mr MEIKLE'S appointment the Institution occupied a comparatively humble position on the list of Savings Banks. The number of depositors stood at 9500, and their funds at £123,000. When our friend had fairly mastered the details of the business, he saw that these included many points capable of improvement. By and by, therefore, he recommended the directors to remodel, in some measure, the system of procedure,

especially as regarded the book-keeping, and likewise to give the public improved facilities and inducements to become depositors. All his suggestions were adopted, with the result of a greatly increased flow of customers. Indeed to-day the Bank occupies the foremost place among all the similar institutions in the Kingdom. Its depositors have increased from the modest 9500 of 1840 to 123,000, while the funds at their credit are no less than £3,697,000. And in this connection it ought to be mentioned that, in addition to the parent office in Glassford Street, which has already been described, the institution possesses four branches, one in each quarter of the city, north, south, east, and west. It has thus five offices, all of which are daily open for receiving and paying, and a depositor passing any office can lodge his money there, so that it may be placed to his credit at the office where his account is kept. The management of the Bank is watched over by a body of 120 trustees, leading citizens all of them. The duties of the officials are arranged so that those who intromit with cash do not make entries in the more important books. A public accountant attends at the Bank every week, examines the cash book, certifies the investments, and compares the ledger with the pass-books of the depositors as they are passing through the usual course of business. So excellent is the system of book-keeping adopted by Mr MEIKLE, and especially the system of checking and balancing, that it has been followed, not only by many of the chief English savings banks, but also by numbers of those on the Continent, not to speak of the savings banks of Melbourne and New York. On the establishment by the Government, in 1861, of the Post Office Savings Banks, the opinion was very generally expressed that a severe, if not a fatal blow had been struck at the Trustees Bank of Glasgow. This, however, as

it turns out, was altogether erroneous. At that date our local bank numbered 42,122 depositors, who had a balance at their credit of £927,000, and in the interval the depositors have increased by two-thirds, and the amount of deposits by three-fifths. On the other hand the Post Office system has proved, so far as Glasgow is concerned, a comparative failure. The last Parliamentary return showed that, while the Post Office has fifty Savings Banks in and around the city, these possess no more than 5000 depositors, with an average balance of £10 at the credit of which, or one of £50,000 in all. Next in importance to our local Savings Bank come those of Liverpool and Manchester, but large as these cities are, their Banks follow that of Glasgow at a very respectful distance. The Liverpool Institution has 75,000 depositors, and £1,979,000 of funds, and that of Manchester 63,000 depositors, the balances of whom amount to £1,800,000. Under all the circumstances, therefore, the BAILIE feels assured that the Savings Bank is one of the local institutions in which we may all take a very pardonable degree of pride. Its success reflects credit at once on the working class population of the city, on the Trustees, and on the energetic and intelligent staff of officials who labour under the direction of Mr MEIKLE.

JUST!

What are you working at shust now, Tonalt?
Tonalt—Hoots, she's goin' aboot tellin' folkse what she's working at, Tugalt.

THUS "EDUCATION" FORMS THE UNCOMMON MIND.—In his speech on receiving "the gold box," Mr Forster made mention of some "widow woman." To be sure the author of the Education Act has been in Ireland, and that may perhaps "honour this corruption."

A DISTINCTION.—A lady, who advertises in a local daily for a situation as housekeeper or matron, states that she is "practically domesticated." Is she, then, theoretically, *ferae naturae*?

Christmas "Greetin's."—The *complaints* of the season.

Deer got meat—Venison.

Institutes of Medicine—Druggists' shops.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

THE FIFTY } Sterling Silver Cases. Good Sound Move-
SHILLING } ment. In all sizes. Safe and free by post.
SILVER WATCH. } MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.

Ye Bachelors' Balle.

IT'S frequently said that the days are gone
Of chivalry, love, and devotion—
When each fair maid had a knight of her own,
Who bowed to her slightest notion;
And when, if you flew
A ribbon of blue,
You weren't teetotal—your heart was true.
In fact, they tell us the world is old,
And the age is stern and stony,
That love is cautious, and hearts are cold,
Except when they're warmed by money.
But you'll see at a glance
That you can't advance
Opinions like these since the Bachelors' dance.
Not now knight-errant with silver crest,
And banner waving gaily,
His visor closed, and lance in rest,
Spurs hotly through the *mêlée*,
While lady fair
Conceals her care
'Neath the smiling face that she tries to wear.
Our modern knight has a different plan,
And a safer one to follow,
Armour of broadcloth he girdeth on,
And a coat that folks call swallow.
His gloves of white
Are extremely tight,
And his dancing slippers are soft and light.
So the Somethington Bachelors, all ablaze
With the ancient chivalrous passion,
Displayed their love in the delicate ways
Of the favourite modern fashion.
They decked the hall,
And invited all
"Ye maydens fayre to ye Bachelors' Balle."
And the maidens came in a gracious way,
To their gallant invitations,
And, laughing and smiling, they danced away
In the various combinations—
Schottische, quadrille,
Mazurka, reel,
And a score of others I won't reveal.
And through the hall 'mong the dancers there,
The little blind god was flitting,
Aiming now at a maiden fair,
Now a luckless bachelor hitting;
But whose the hearts
That owned his darts—
Ah! there you baffle the rhymers' arts.
So flew the moments, and flew the feet,
And ever the band was playing;
They opened the dance with a Triumph sweet;
They finished it up with Haying.
And they did not confess
To weariness,
Till clear and sudden the clock struck—guess!

TOO AWFULLY AWFUL.

The æsthetics' luncheon times:—2; 2 2; 2 to 2; 2 to 2 too.

Christmas Annuals—Snow, Frost, Fog, Colds Coughs, &c., &c.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

On 'Change.

TOWARDS the close of last week pig-iron disagreed with a number of estimable gentlemen. The circular issued on Thursday night by Messrs Reiffenstein & Harmens was not unexpected, because it was known that the firm went upon what has turned out to be the wrong track. They sold 80,000 tons of an article they did not possess, in order that they might buy it back at a lower rate from some one else, who must necessarily have lost the differences had the price of iron gone down. The purchasers bought 80,000 tons of iron which had no existence in order that they might sell it again to Reiffenstein & Harmens, or anybody else, and pocket the differences if they could be got. The market went against the firm in question, and the differences were nominally due by them, but could not be paid owing to there being insufficient funds. Those to whom the funds were payable cannot be greatly sympathised with. They went "nap," won, and the loser could not pay. It is often thus.

This is not the first time the senior partner of the firm has been in the same position. The impression will thus inevitably force itself upon the mind that he must be something of a "plunger." It is always a pitiable spectacle when clever men, blessed with a certain amount of business ability, are so carried away with an idea of their own astuteness, or influenced by the evil example of others, as to become possessed by the conviction that they can rule a large market. I once knew a man who conceived the brilliant idea that he could control the grain market in New York. He was a large capitalist and very smart but he made a miscalculation. Instead of his ruling the market, the market unfortunately ruled him. He was a capitalist no longer.

The occurrence of last week and other possibilities in the future, raise the whole question of the pig-iron market. The warnings thrown out from time to time in this column have perhaps passed unheeded, but the fact remains that the iron trade is at present being pumped upon in a highly singular manner. A kind of hydraulic pressure is applied daily to squeeze the very life out of it, and those not behind the scenes marvel that the market should show so many anomalies. But anomalies have been features of the trade for years, and few people need feel astonished at any repetition of them, missing letter books, clairvoyants, and all. By-and-by somebody will put the truth into a novel, and with one voice the British public will stigmatise unadulterated facts as downright fiction.

Quite a cheerful family party assembled on Friday at the meeting of the Glenboig Fireclay Co. We looked more like scattered relatives assembled for the Christmas festivities than a sedate body of shareholders sighing for a dividend. Instead of a dividend we got a report, which was not a bad thing in its way, because it disclosed the fact that the applications had been in excess of the shares at disposal. The only jarring note was sounded by Mr N. Dunlop, but as he objects to everything his interference was of no consequence.

My esteemed friend, Mr John Graham, of Skelmorlie, when speaking of the fall in Indian exchange, once remarked that nothing like it had occurred since the deluge. I am not aware of the rate upon Calcutta at that early period of the world's history. All I can remember of hearing about it is that Noah had to get a heavy draft when he floated the Ark Company, Limited, and that he afterwards received a check upon a bank at Ararat which was not crossed, but what the rates were for those operations I have no means of knowing. What I do know is that the Indian exchanges are in as awkward a state as they have ever been. They have not occupied their present position since Mr Graham made that historical remark, and it is difficult to see what is to be done under the circumstances. Exchange, like everything else in an open market, varies in price according to the supply of money and the demand for it. Now, the Indian Council wanted money, and put bills upon the market which that market could not absorb fast enough. The consequence was that the rate on Calcutta and Bombay has been going down steadily, and must go down farther, until the demands of the In-

dian Council are satisfied. Last week's quotation was 1s 7½d per rupee, and even lower. More money is still wanted, and as the market is not able to take up the bills, there is every likelihood that the rate must again decline. Five lakhs of pounds sterling placed on the market at once is a heavy load to bear, and there is little wonder that the rate continues to decline. The prospect is not pleasant for the makers, printers, and dyers of Turkey red and other fabrics, who have to receive the proceeds of their shipments in bills, and they must find it disagreeable to receive the money at 1s 7½d instead of 1s 8½d or higher. The only other way to remit is to buy produce, and as certainly as exchange goes down produce goes up, so that the merchant is in as bad a plight as ever.

Ranching has been attacked by Mr A. Carnegie, and it will be interesting to know what answer is made to his letter in the *Herald* by the Freehold Rancho and Cattle Company, Limited.
SCRUTATOR.

A Chance for Tradesmen.

"A MARRIED Gentleman, having whole evening free," advertises that he "will be glad to keep Tradesmen or Mercantile Books." This is certainly a very handsome offer on the married gentleman's part. The BAILIE knows several tradesmen who find business so indifferent that they would be very glad indeed to find somebody able and willing to "keep" them. Is he prepared, by the way, to devote his evenings to the maintenance of the tradesmen's families as well as the tradesmen themselves?

ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Barber (to red-haired gent. who has used macassar and other oils, together with hair restorers to keep his thin crop from falling off)—Your hair, sir, looks very sweet now, and reminds one of a very good thing for eating.

Red-headed Gent.—What is that?

Barber (facetiously)—Preserved ginger, sir, he, he, he!!

(The barber lost a good customer by that little joke.)

A RHYME IN SEASON, IF NOT IN REASON

Under the mistletoe—Say if this kiss'll do,
For, if it doesn't do, here goes another;
Under the mistletoe—See now if this'll do;
No? Then with kisses your lips I must smother.
Sucking the breath o' ye, being the death o' ye,
Dying for love are ye under the mistletoe?
Breaking your heart is it? say then which part is it
Valentine's day I must send an epistle to?
But ere I send it now—might I not mend it now?—
With of *my own* some bit broke not amiss'll do;
Just let me try some bit, such as some sigh had split,
Just *you* then try if when mended it bliss'll two.

The Freedom of the City—The New-Year holidays.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Fun on the Bristol” will be reproduced at the Royalty Theatre this evening, and will constitute Mr Knapp’s entertainment during the forthcoming holidays. This “comical oddity” is just suited for the holiday season. Talk of the “daft days,” why “daft” is the very epithet which suits “Fun on the Bristol.” Of the acting so much was said on the former occasion when the piece was represented on the Royalty “boards” that it is sufficient now to say that the company who appeared in it then is the company by whom it will be sustained now. Mr Sheridan is once more *The Widow O’Brien* and *Lloi the Jew*—the latter of which parts is a marvel of “make-up;” Mr E. C. Dunbar still sings the Torreador’s song; Mr Richard Waldron is now *Captain Cranberry*, now the *Count de Luna* and now *Mephisto*, and Messrs Beddell, and Richards, and Misses Evans and Livingstone are likewise of the party.

Probably the earliest spring novelty at the Gaiety will be the “*Odetta*” of Victorien Sardou. “*Odetta*” was originally placed on the stage at the Paris Vaudeville November twelve-months, it was subsequently played at Vienna, at Berlin, and at Stockholm, and, in April last, an English version—the one which will be represented here—was produced by the Bancrofts at the London Haymarket.

Of course there will be the usual extra performances at the various theatres—the Gaiety, the Royal Princess’s, the Grand, and the Royalty—during the holidays. All the pantomimes are now in capital working order, and they must all be visited by holiday-makers.

A feature common in some measure to all three local pantomimes is the paucity, or rather the absence, of the pantomime heads of our childhood. Those enormous masks, worn by armies of “supers,” and suggestive of nothing but night-mare, have mostly disappeared from the stage. Even the “supers” of the old days are going, their places being taken by intelligent children and crowds of ballet girls.

I was sorry to-day to hear of the death of Mr Cannell, Mr Beryl’s secretary. He has died, after a short illness, at the early age of 32 years. Mr Cannell had been with Mr Beryl for a considerable time, and was a quiet, unobtrusive, intelligent, cracky gentleman, who attended closely to business, and had gained the esteem of the patrons of the Royal Princess’ Theatre.

Mr Heslop, of the Gaiety, enters on the lessee-ship of the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal in May next. This does not mean, of course, that his connection with Glasgow will be severed. With two such houses, however, under his direction, as the Edinburgh Royal and the Glasgow Gaiety, Mr Heslop’s position will be one of the most important managerially on either side of the Border.

What a remarkable absence of notable names there was at the Gladstone Club Banquet. And notably, too, of the dons of our University, despite Mr Forster’s intimate connection with the educational affairs of the country.

Our old friend Newsome, who has been doing grand business in Edinburgh for a long time past, opens in the familiar house in Ingram Street to-night. His New-Year spectacle, although last in the holiday field, will not, I am sure, be the least enjoyable or successful. “Dick Whittington and his Cat” will be essentially a children’s piece, and is to be produced with all the “resources of civilisation” known to the famous little horse-breaker. Apart from this *piece de resistance*, Mr Newsome has a number of novelties to show us. He has arranged for the appearance of the Selbini troupe of bicyclists, who were so popular at Hengler’s a few seasons ago, and also for two wonderful fellows dubbed “Samson and Hercules,” who come on from Tayleure’s American Circus, Cardiff. Mr Newsome will only be here for a few weeks.

Seldom indeed have lawyers pleaded under more peculiar circumstances than the members of the Glasgow bar during the last two or three weeks. Our worthy Sheriff Principal, afraid that the public business might go behind during his enforced absence from the County Buildings, intimated his willingness to hear appeals at his residence in Marchmont Terrace, and so though still confined to bed with his fractured limb, his lordship has been busy for the past fortnight adjudicating on disputed interlocutors.

I was exceedingly sorry, my Magistrate, to see that, despite your commendable reflections, some of the women of Kilmarnock again appeared at the last meeting of Presbytery and conducted themselves in a rather unbecoming manner when the St. Marnock’s case was under consideration. To an outside observer St. Marnock’s Church, on the two occasions referred to, hardly presented the appearance of a house of prayer. Various of the more unseemly outbreaks, moreover, seemed, to me at all events, due in some measure to the uncalled-for observations of an official member of the Presbytery.

The coming annual congress, under the auspices of the Educational Institute of Scotland, is to be held in Marischal College, Aberdeen, on the 4th and 5th of next month. Since the passing of Lord Young’s Act, the ranks of certificated teachers have been enormously added to. In State-aided schools in Scotland last year there were no less than 5544 schoolmasters holding “the parchment,” with 568 provisionally certificated, and 857 students in Normals. The dominies are becoming a power in the State.

One of the chief features of Friday night’s conversazione in the Corporation Galleries was the manner in which Lord Balfour of Burleigh was trotted out. His Lordship has been appointed Chairman of the Endowed Schools Commission, and Friday’s gathering was made the occasion of exhibiting him, so to speak, to the youth and beauty of the west.

Two of the “conversationists,” by-the-by, were the Revs. Father Munro and Robert Thomson. They paraded the galleries, not exactly arm in arm, although at the same time they seemed to be keeping a watchful eye upon one another.

Holding by the good old English plan, Mr Hengler closes the West Nile Street Circus to-day and comes out with his grand holiday annual to-morrow night. Mr Hengler never shows on Christmas day or Good Friday. The “Carnival” with its dozen spirited tableaux is bound to cram the cirque for many a day to come. The latest addition to the “stud”—our “quad-rumanous” relative whom I put into the wrong zoological box last week—is a most comical little fellow. The horse he rode, however, was evidently not at home in the business on Saturday night. As with Gilpin “the horse who never in that sort had handled been before, what thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more,” and greatly marred what would otherwise have been a capital act.

Three live M.P.’s, three of Glasgow’s most noted D.D.’s, and three Edinburgh clerics, attended at the “Great Temperance Meeting” of the Established Church of Scotland the other evening, and the audience numbered—how many do you think?—why, less than two hundred!

Glasgow’s reply to Dr Begg and his Purity of Worship brethren was given last night in the number of Christmas-eve meetings which took place over the city. To-day, moreover, special Christmas services have been held in our leading Parish churches.

In our Corporation Galleries the exhibition of Oriental Art is being followed by an exhibition of Italian. We may perhaps have some day an exhibition of a style of art to which in beauty, and all other highest qualities, Oriental and Italian can never one moment be compared—the Greek. Q.

An Unmerited Slur.

THE ancient burgh of Ru'glen has decided ground of complaint against that remarkable body the "Presbyterian Association in Defence of Purity of Worship." Addressing the Presbyterian Associates last Wednesday, the Rev. Dr Begg had occasion to refer to "a worthy man from Rutherglen," when he was interrupted by "laughter." Is there, then, anything so very ludicrous in the association of worthiness and Rutherglen? Possibly; but if the Presbyterian Associates were possessed of a certain "gift" desiderated by one Robert Burns—whose works, by the way, may be recommended to their attentive perusal—they would find something very much more ludicrous considerably nearer home.

ENCORE THE COMET.

(Scene—Messrs —'s Yard—Three Labourers (Andy, Jock, and Tam) are waiting the after-dinner bell.)

Andy—Ha'e ye seen the comet, Jock?

Jock—My, Tam, d'ye hear 'um? Wisna Pete Baird readin' the ither day in the *Herald* that she was lost at Ballahuish in 1820.

Andy—Tut's, man, it's no that comet I'm talkin' about.

Jock—Weel, it's nae matter, the ither yin gaed doon at Gourrock about the same time.

Tam (walking off)—Awa' hame, Jock, an' read the star maps i' the *Weehly Mail*. Ma certie, if Andy's comet gangs doon at Gourrock, we'll ken o't in Glesca'.

Plain Case.

THE thoughtful scanner of the advertisement columns of the daily press may often find much food for reflection "between the lines." An apparently simple announcement may contain a story, and be pointed with a moral. Take the following, for instance:—"Lost, on Friday evening, gold hunting watch and chain, with inscription; also surgeon's case and ulster." It is not for nothing that a gentleman takes to shedding his personal property "all over the shop" in this promiscuous fashion, and the "surgeon's case" is highly significant. "'Med.' on the spree!" will be the prompt comment of the discerning reader. Yes, Mr Surgeon, *your* "case" is painfully plain.

"Watch your eye," would you be married, not marred.

A Class for Dancing—Ballet girls,

Christmas.

"Now Chris'mas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call a' our neighbours together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them good cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

RING out, joyous Christmas bells!
Ring in snow and frosty rime;
Ringers turn about take spells,
This is merry Christmas time!

Peace and goodwill swell each heart
As they listen to thy chime;
Rich and poor alike feel part—
This is merry Christmas time!

Ring out, joyous Christmas bells!
Ring out hate and ring out crime;
Want and woe thy music quells—
This is merry Christmas time!

Pile the yule-log, heap it high,
Till it shed a light sublime;
Weary hearts draw nigh, draw nigh,
This is merry Christmas time!

Ring out, joyous Christmas bells!
Ring in good things—puddings prime—
Till each beard with plenty swells—
This is merry Christmas time!

Now the jolly laugh goes round—
Be't at hearth, or pantomime—
Blessings follow with the sound—
This is merry Christmas time!

Ring out, joyous Christmas-bells—
Pole to pole, and clime to clime!
Gleesome news thy swinging tells—
This is merry Christmas time!

Our Mushroom Autocrat.

THE Earl of Zetland is at it again. After doing his best to rob the inhabitants of Grangemouth—whom he evidently looks upon as a species of human chattels existing for the honour and glory of his mushroom house—of their beer, he has now issued a decree prohibiting a resident from giving the townspeople the use of a certain spring. It thus appears that his Lordship's hapless serfs are to drink neither beer nor water. He probably considers that they stand in need of no other refreshment than that implied in the consciousness of belonging, body and soul, to his most gracious self.

NOT IN THE BARGAIN.

(Scene—Tramway car, anywhere.)

Conductor—You wumman there wi' the skirlin' wean, push up a bit and let this man sit doon.

Passenger—Come, come, conductor, speak a little more politely, man.

Conductor—What? Speak politely! Sixteen hours a day at twenty-four a week? Na, faigs!

An Art Class—Stock Exchange speculators.

Jeems Kaye on Things in General.

I'M gled the winter's on again, BAILIE. Some folk praise the simmer, an' talk about the birds singin', an' the flooers, an' a that; but I notice thae's folk that gets a lot o' jaunтин' here an' there. But when I, for mysel', keek oot o' the wee window in my office on a simmer afternoon, an' see the folk rinnin' by wi' carpet bags tae catch the train, it mak's me wish I had been born in a different spear. An' then jist look, hoo different things is in winter. Then the folk rin by shivering. They hae big mufflers on, an' their noses are gey an' red, an' sometimes they tummel on the laddies' slides. Then I turn roon wi' a smile on my countenance, an' gie the fire a pouter up, an' rub my hauns, an' think I hae the best o't. Besides, in winter ye can be so social ower a wee drap toddy an' a finnan haddie, wi' maybe a bit gemm at the cards for a bawbee, jist tae gie ye an interest in the thing, ye ken.

Mixing as I dae sae much in public, its wonderfu' the different opinions I hear. The principal subject enoo is "bad trade." Weel, when the bad trade began folk said, "Ah, if we had this Berlin treaty fixed, we wid be a' richt." Hooever, as that didna mend it, it was, "If the Zulu war was finished, trade'll revive." Then we were only waiting on a guid harvest. Next it was when the New Year holidays were ower; then it wis if the Liberals got in—that wis tae be a deid certainty; then it wis if the Land Bill was passed; after that the Egyptian war; an' noo we're waiting till the spring. Frae thae main lines o' argument there diverge branch lines o' individual opinion. For instance, Mr Pettigrew thinks it's Free Trade that's spoiling us. He wis sayin' the ither nicht—

"Ay, Mr Kaye, ye're aye writing letters tae yer fren the BAILIE, but ye never look at the serious aspect o' affairs, as I hae tae dae—haein' fourteen young weans. But Free Trade's ruinin' the country. America sends us ower windows and doors and sichlike, and we tak' them in, an' knock hundreds o' jiners oot o' wark; then the jiner canna buy tea an' sugar, an' the grocer canna buy shoon, an' the shoemaker canna buy a new suit, an' the tailor canna pay his rent; an' so it goes roon the circle. Free Trade's a snare and a delusion, Mr Kaye, a fleeing in the face o' Providence."

Then auld Mr M'Cunn he says, "It's my belief, Mr Kaye, the country's dune, fair dune, Sir! Whether ye tak' individuals, businesses, or nations, a' hae their day. We've had oors, an' noo we're declining—wasting awa' like snaw aff a dyke."

"Oh, Mr M'Cunn," I replies, "ye mauna tak' sich a desperate view o't as that! There's life in the auld dug yet."

"Desperate, Mr Kaye; ay, it's desperate! Time was when we supplied every nation on the face o' the earth, an' noo they supply us. Even the very fardin boxes o' matches come frae Stockholm—whaever that is. An' yet for a' that—in the face o' a' thae shiploads o' fardin boxes o' matches—the folk here jist gang on as usual—buying an' selling, an' marrying an' gieing in marriage. That's what astonishes me."

"Weel," I says, "I don't see much evidence o' bad trade. When I gied intae the bank the ither day tae get chynge o' a poun', I saw them shovelling awa' at the sovereigns—actually lifting them up in shovelfuls, the same as I wid shovel up a hunerwecht o' coals—an' tying them up in bags an' pitching them at ane anither, the same as if they were playing at the rounders; it didna look like bad trade yon. When I hae as much as three or fower sovereigns, I'm no sae lavish wi' them. I row them up carefully in a paper, an' then put a twist in't, an' put it awa' in the inside pocket o' my pocket-book, in case I micht gie them awa' for a sixpence. But d'ye ken I aye like the poun' notes best—they're warmer looking, and mair genuine like than the sovereigns. There's a whēen o' folk been writing tae the papers about the notes being dirty, but sae faur as I'm concerned the dirtier they are the better—it proves they're genuine, or they wid a' been noticed sooner."

Then Mr Pinkerton says, "I'm a shareholder—a sma' ane, it is true, but still a shareholder—in the 'Glasgow Tramway and Omnibus Company, Limited,' an' we're noo getting eleeven per cent, Mr Kaye! that's no bad. As I staun in my shop weeing awa' at the quarter a pun's o' Dunlop cheese, an' keek oot at the caurs rinnin' oot tae the Shaws, forby haeing the prood satisfaction o' kenning that I hae a share in eleeven huner horses an' sixty-echt mules, an' being part proprietor o' machines that carry sae mony million o' passengers every year, I'm getting eleeven per cent. intae the bargain; an' yet ye talk o' bad trade!"

An' so we cracked awa' the ither nicht, BAILIE, aboot one thing an' anither; an' Mr Lamont, wi' his squakeing voice, says—

"Did ony o' ye see Venus?"

"Wha wis she?" says Mr M'Faulane.

"That comet that wis fleeing roon' the sun. They say it's a sign o' a hard winter."

"Then ye'll jist need tae buy mair coals,"

says I, "an' mak' the toddy stronger; an' we'd better jist begin at once."

And we did, BAILIE, an' we had a sang or twa, an' enjoyed oorsels fine, for the waur the nicht is ootside, the mair ye can enjoy yoursel's inside. But, BAILIE, if we're cosy oorsel's, we shouldna forget tae dae a kindness in cauld weather to them wha are not sae fortunate as we are. Min' the puir, an' especially the puir bairns, an' the horses—ay, an' the wee bits o' birds. This is daein' guid an' makin' ye happy at the same time.

JEEMS KAYE.

Quavers

THE general impression left by the rendering of the choruses at the Choral Union performance of "Faust" is that the tone was fine rather than full. There seemed to have been great care bestowed on the production of expression and marking of points, but hardly the body of tone we associate with the Union. Indeed, from whatever cause, the chorus was evidently somewhat under its normal strength. This indeed was not so much a matter of regret in the case of a work of the stage-like character of "Faust," but in the grander, broader, and more didactic music for the chorus which is yet to follow any diminution of strength would be a very serious misfortune. The trebles were weak, at least compared with last season. The altos, on the other hand, were full, and in the mezzo soprano register in conjunction with the tenor in one number were very charming.

It has been remarked that the audience was rather frigid at the "Faust" concert. Undemonstrative it was certainly, but not necessarily unappreciative. The simple fact is that there was never an opportunity given for outward applause, without disturbing the music. Mr King gave a model reading of his terrible part, and Mr J. Fleming, who possesses a noble voice, made a highly promising appearance in the rhythmically troublesome part of "Brander." Mr Edward Lloyd was not a very tender "Faust." His somewhat bold and unpathetic singing seemed better suited to such as the "nature" scene than to the love passages with "Marguerite," so charmingly represented, by the way, by Miss Mary Davies. The success of the entire performance was due largely to the judgment and tact of Mr Manns, but Mr Macbeth's arduous work in instructing the chorus is not to be overlooked.

This evening, Wednesday, the Uddingston Musical Association, which is making striking progress under the tuition of Mr James Allan, its conductor, will give a sacred concert in the Parish Church there. There will be (chiefly) consecutive selections from the "Messiah," concluding with the "Hallelujah Chorus," besides the cantata, "Hear my Prayer," and other Mendelssohn numbers.

A service of praise was given on Sunday evening, 24th inst., Christmas eve, in Anderston Parish Church, of which Mr Ives is organist. Selected numbers from the "Messiah" were sung by the choir, interspersed with congregational hymns.

The first concert for the season by the Hillhead Musical Association took place on Thursday evening, when there was the usual crowded attendance. Mr E. Prout's cantata "Alfred" was performed. It is rather simple music compared with much that is extant, and it is well written, if slightly mechanical, with not much of the fire of genius in its strains. The choruses were very well sung, these being for the most part broad and plain in style and comparatively melodious. The solos being hardly of the latter character, and being otherwise unattractive, it was not a matter of surprise that they were as a rule but indifferently executed. The cantata is, of course, largely warlike, and there is the inevitable March. This number was played very well by the combination orchestra of strings, piano, and harmonium; but there was, by the way, as much talking going on among the

audience during the performance of it as if it had been "a little music" in a fashionable drawing-room, where no one was expected to listen particularly, instead of, as it was, an integral part of a musical work which all were supposed to have come to hear. Three part-songs—"Night," by Blumenthal, "Wandering Willie" (Lambeth's arrangement), and Macfarren's "The Miller," were sung by the Society with considerable success. Mr Hoeck conducted.

The programme of Saturday night's orchestral concert was of the holiday class for the most part. Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" was only at times like the Beethoven we are accustomed to. Mr J. F. Dunn's violin solo was a remarkably able performance, though the fantasia school is not a desirable one to graduate in. Miss Hipwell, the vocalist on the occasion, has a clear and telling contralto voice, with more perhaps of the soprano character in it than usual. As yet it is not perfectly under control in the lower register.

As the orchestral concert represented the gay side of Christmas-tide, so the City Hall concert reflected the serious side, the regular Saturday night's entertainment there resolving itself into a performance of the "Messiah," by the South-Side Choral Union, with Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Albert M'Guckin, Miss Annie Marriott, and Miss Fyffe in the principal solo parts. Mr M'Kean, conductor of the Society, being ill, Mr James Allan took his place at very short notice, carrying through the performance with great success, despite the fact that he had not had the opportunity of a single rehearsal with the chorus. The chorus sang remarkably well, but they must make a point of watching the beat more than they do. The sole accompaniment was on the organ—rather a heavy task, successfully fulfilled by Mr T. Berry.

A performance of Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" (Hymn of Praise) was given by the Ayr Choral Union on Friday evening last, in the Town Hall, under the conductorship of Mr Hugh M'Nabb. The Glasgow Choral Union orchestra accompanied. The heavy scoring and general prominence of the orchestra in the "Lobgesang" makes it altogether very trying work for the chorus; and it was all the more to the credit of the society that they maintained their ground so well against the band, and sang so effectively. Mr W. H. Cummings gave his accustomed intellectual reading of the important tenor solos. Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony was subsequently given, and to the evident appreciation of the audience. The andante, with its three movements in different time going on simultaneously, is from its difficulty the *bête noir* of conductors, but Mr M'Nabb carried it through triumphantly. M. Buziau played the Mendelssohn concerto with his usual skill.

FAVOURITES BY FORTUNE.

(Scene—A Parish Road; Two Acquaintances meet.)

First Acquaintance—Bless me, George, whaur are ye gaun wi' that muckle hamper?

Second Acquaintance—Tae the manse, tae b' share.

First A.—Weel, I needna hae speired, for thae ministers aye git the lion's share o' the guid things o' this life.

A Morning Peformance—Bringing in the New Year.

A Golden Wedding—Marrying for money.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

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To feast their eyes on the Wonders of Toyland in the Magic Halls. The Grand Toy Fair is lighted with Sixty Swan Incandescent Electric Lamps, and is the only Toy Department in Scotland that has ever been lighted with Electricity. Come and see the dazzling effects. Come and see the Dioramas of the Egyptian War, the Indian Scenes, the gorgeous Views and Cosmographic Arrangements, the Discovery of the NORTH POLE, especially got up for the Colosseum. Come and see the Cabose and the Bnoys. Come and see Mesdames Mary, Mary, quite contrary; Bo-Peep; Old Woman under the Hill, Muffet, &c., &c.; Messrs Jack Horner, Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Jack Straw, Johnny Harabake, Peter Squarehead, Mr and Mrs Jack Sprat and Daughter, the Black Sheep, Jack and Jill, Margery Daw, and a Host of auxiliaries.

THE GRAND BAZAAR

contains more than we could tell you in a week. In a week moment we thought of attempting it, but found the task too heavy, even for Mr Wilson; so we must in a general way describe all we can. One thing you should not omit seeing is the "Little Beckwiths," the Lady and Gentlemen Swimmers, in the New Tank specially constructed.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS

will be admitted under certain restrictions; but, as a guarantee of good behaviour, it is particularly requested that all grown persons be accompanied by their children. Grown persons not having children of their own may borrow them, or they may be brought in charge of nephews, nieces, or juvenile friends of either sex. The strictest child need not fear to expose its parents to the influence of the Toy Mania. These attacks generally end much in favour of the juvenile.

Come and see Old Santa Claus. You may dip into his interior stores for lucky Sixpenny Packages. See the Fairy Garden.

THERE ARE THINGS WORTH LOOKING AT

in thousands; in fact they are all over the House from roof to cellar, from wall to wall, things mirthful, marvellous, rich, rare, curious, exciting, interesting, commonplace, startling, useful, ornamental, nonsensical, sensible, pleasant, and provoking about on every side, to be looked at, longed for, laughed at, criticised, admired, abused, talked of, written of, avoided, bought, let alone, or given away. For old and young, for rich and poor, for gentle and for simple, for juvenile and senile, for girl or boy, father or mother, uncle or aunt, maid, wife, widow, or mother-in-law, for each and every family, great and small, there are present in profusion and rich materials for

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

For ALBUMS, PURSES, BAGS, and FANCY GOODS, we have no equal, all this class coming from our own House in Berlin.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!—Special and extraordinary Reductions in our FANCY HATS and CAPS for BOYS. Now is the time before the Holiday crush to get a good selection of Boys' Hats at giving-away prices.

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Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Rlsings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW
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NOTICE TO THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.

* * THE BAILIE for next week will be published on Saturday morning next, at the usual hour.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1882.

MR. ALEXANDER ALLAN has nosed out a very shocking practice on the part of our merchant seaman. Speaking last week at the opening of a new coffee-shop, in which he appears to be interested, he expressed his "belief" that "it was often the case at the termination of a voyage, when crews got payment of their hard-earned wages, they adjourned to a public-house for a parting glass of grog." This is a most iniquitous habit on the part of "poor Jack." Let us hope that, after the rebuke thus implied, he will in future "adjourn," not to a public-house, but to one of the establishments "run" by Mr Allan and his friends, and spend his "hard-earned wages" for the benefit of the philanthropic souls who take such an ingenuous interest in his morals and general welfare.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

First Urchin—"Man, Wullie, a' wis up at Hengler's Circus last night, an' saw 'Onra.'"

Second Urchin—Did ye? Od, he'el catch't whin a tell ma faither. He said that Aundra and me wurna tae gang tae the Circus tae Saturday.

Christmas Weights—Some light puns by Asinus.

Italian Art—Iachimo's in "Cymbeline."

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the daft days are upon us.
That English customs are making their way in Glasgow.

That a good many people celebrated Christmas

That a good many more will hold the New Year.

That ex-Bailie Lamberton has got a plaster for a broken head.

That he is sairly annoyed at being left out in the cold last November.

That there is to be a vacancy soon for the Fifth Ward.

That the Ward Committee will recommend the defeated ex-Bailie for the vacant seat.

That Sir William Collins has made up his mind to run for the city.

That running and winning are two very different matters.

That the teetotallers are pretty well represented as it is.

That another refuge for Sailor Jack has been opened in Glasgow.

That John Burns is never weary of well-doing.

That Mr Burns would carry Glasgow if he cared to stand.

That the Gladstone Club have now subsided into their boots.

That the split among the Liberals is larger than ever.

That folk are wondering what the recent spate of speeches was all about.

That the bazaar season has set in with unusual severity.

That the tramway guards have broken out in a new place.

That they will stand no reflections on the state of their cars.

That a passenger who had the temerity to complain was struck on the face, and had his head knocked through a pane of glass.

That the "unco guid" are up in arms against kirk organs.

That the discussion on the Police Bill drags its weary length along.

That everybody is sick tired of it.

Beauty and the Beast—Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf.

Æsthetic Weather—Intense frost.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

Megilp.

THURSDAY night's conversazione of the Glasgow Art Club was among the pleasantest of the series. What between music—one of the songs was Molloy's "Vagabond," which was given in a manner that would have "brought down" any audience, however undemonstrative—the pictures, and pleasant talk, the hours really went by with "winged feet."

Two of the larger pictures were works by A. K. Brown and Wellwood Rattray. Mr Brown's painting showed a stretch of quiet stream, backed by a wall of mountain; while the example of Mr Rattray was illustrative of a brawling torrent, with a foreground of moss covered boulders.

James Guthrie was represented by an admirable study of lime burners; M'Gregor Wilson by an Antwerp court-yard, or rather washing-green, and a splend'd painting of a head; Walton by a river-side bit which recalled the colour and method of Fred Walker; Charles M'Ewen by a Dorchester picture; Lavery by a figure piece representing the love-making of a country squire of the last century; Alexander Davidson by a corn-field scene—sweet and dewy in feeling; and Byron Lyle by a life-study, in which the out-come of his Munich experience was abundantly visible.

The local artistic humours of the past eight days were supplied by Sir South Kensington of that clique. Not only artistic, but manufacturing Glasgow as well, has laughed consumedly over Sir South Kensington's speech at the School of Art meeting. Laughter, however, is all very well, but when the laughter is over and gone the amazing ignorance displayed by this gentleman, in his remarks of Monday week, with regard to applied art, affords abundant matter for reflection. The suggestion that our manufacturers should purchase their designs from lads attending evening classes at the School of Art was so absurd that it refutes itself. That it should have come from a person occupying the position he holds in connection with the Brompton Bazaar supplies a sufficient reason that everything emanating therefrom ought to be regarded, if not with suspicion, at least with that critical eye which belongs to the wiser children of our generation.

"Albert Durer" was the subject of the paper read by Robert Brydall before the Art Club on Saturday evening.

The Exhibition of the Paisley Art Club, which was opened on Thursday in the Picture Gallery of the George A. Clark Town Hall, is naturally of a mixed character. Interest is lent to it, for Paisley folk at least, by the number of contributions that have come from Glasgow artists. These include landscapes from Hanbidge, Black, East, Pratt, M'Ewen, MacMaster, and Coventry; Lavery sends figure pieces; Hunt cattle; and Mrs Provan flowers. Of the local contributors—leaving out, of course, J. E. Christie, who can hardly be termed a Paisley artist—the most promising is W. Kennedy. The Rev. A. M. Lang, of the Paisley High Church, is represented in the Exhibition by three small sea pieces.

AN APT PUPIL.

(Scene—A Fashionable Square—A Governess and her Charge are enjoying one of "the luxuries of the season.")

Governess—Tommy, dear, if you saw a poor boy just now, would you give him a piece of your nice cake?

Tommy—I'd gie him a piece o' yours, Miss Green.

Fool's Play—The harlequinade.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz. —JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Grand Pantomime of the Three Hats. Copyright reserved—to the original performers.

[Plot:—The Informal Universities have now received the Government Returns for the drawing exams., which show the usual anomalies between merit and award. This state of affairs is jocularly accounted for by the theory of the three hats labelled "Prize," "Pass," "Fail," into which the unopened papers are said to be pitched indiscriminately.]

Dramatis Personæ—*Professor Clown, Dr Pantaloon, Dr Harlequin*, Government examiners. (Scene—Examiners' private room.)

Dr P. (alone)—Oh, dear, dear! How tired I am—only got one proper snooze during the whole exam. yesterday, and there's these dear exam. papers to correct yet (laughs sarcastically.) (Enter *Prof. C.* with three hats, and *Dr H.* with exam. papers.)

Prof. C.—Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!! Here we are again! (Cuts a caper and bruises a hat.)

Dr P.—Bravo! Who's tile's that?

Prof. C.—Gladdy's. I caught him napping and prigged it.

Dr P.—Oh, what a grand old hat! Let's football it. (Scrimmage.) Look out there! You've knocked these confounded papers into the fire. But never mind, we've got a list of the blooming names.

Prof. C.—Let's save some for decency's sake. (Picks the remnants out.) Now to biz. Here, Harly.! Stick these labels on the hats, "Prize," "Pass," "Fail."

Dr P.—Whose hats are the other two?

Prof. C.—This is Forster's, and that—well to judge by the slippery feel of the lining and the "B." it's Bradlaugh's.

Dr P.—Pagh! It smells of heresy. But here's a joke; we'll stick all the prize papers into Braddy's, "Passes" into Gladdy's, and "Failures" into Education Forster's, eh? (Chuckles all round.)

Prof. C.—Treachle and Egypt! What a lark! But hurry up, boys—quarter an hour to lunch and must be done by then. Shove them in time about. (They shove.)

Dr P.—Cricky! that's sharp work, 500 papers examined in five minutes. Let's knock off the report at once, Professor.

Prof. C.—Goodness gracious! No. You'll blue the dodge with your hurry. Time enough for a report in a couple of months.

Dr P.—Well, out with a jolly good song. (Strikes up with gusto "The same old game.")

[Uproar—curtain.]

NATIONAL SECURITY SAVINGS BANK OF GLASGOW.

The FORTY SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Bank will be held within the MERCHANTS' HOUSE, 1 West George Street, on THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER, at TWELVE o'clock, when the Report for the past year will be submitted.

Depositors and the Public are invited to attend.

By Order of the Directors,

WILLIAM MEIKLE, Actuary.

99 Glassford Street, 20th Dec., 1882.

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

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AGAIN THE GLASGOW SUCCESS.

TO NIGHT AT 7-30,

MR BERYL'S THIRD SOUTH-SIDE PANTOMIME,

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!

BONNIE BOY BLUE, THE WICKED WEHR WOLF,

AND TERRIER TRUE;

OR, HARLEQUIN THE HEARTLESS HARPIES, AND

THE FAIRY OF THE FLOWERS.

Mr BERYL begs to announce that

A MORNING PERFORMANCE

Will be given

ON SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER.

DOORS OPEN AT 1-30; COMMENCING AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Children and Schools at Second Price Rates to all parts, Gallery Excepted.

Everything as at the Evening Representation.

Box Plan Now Open at Donaldson's Rooms, 91 St. Vincent St. "YE'VE AN AWFU' NECK ON YE!"

"HAVE YE GOT A MATCH?"

The Undoubted Success of the Season.

Roars of Laughter—Everybody Delighted.

GRAND THEATRE COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

Already Upwards of Forty-Two Thousand People have

Witnessed, with Rapturous Delight

THE SECOND "GRAND"

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME of 1882-83,

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole Direction

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARTISTES,

GORGEOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

NO BOOKING DURING HOLIDAY WEEK.

FIRST GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1882.

AT TWO P.M.

MORNING PERFORMANCES FOR THE NEW-YEAR WEEK.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1..... } 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.

TUESDAY, " 2..... } 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.

WEDNESDAY, " 3..... } 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.

THURSDAY, " 4..... } 2 AND 7-30.

FRIDAY, " 5..... } 2 AND 7-30.

SATURDAY, " 6..... } 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.

The Box Plan, is now Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street. Prices from 6d to £2 2s.

N.B.—Owing to the Enormous Expense of this Production, the Free List will be entirely suspended (Press excepted).

T H E G A I E T Y.

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr JOHN HESLOP,
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING,
The New Grand Fairy Extravaganza and Pantomime,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

The Company includes—

Misses IRENE VERONA	MR BYRON PEDLEY
GEORGIE GRAY	MR W. FRID SHINE
EMMA RETTURR	MR CLARENCE J. HAGUE
CARRIE ANDERSON	MR GEO. C. MURRAY
ANNIE STERNE	MR THOMAS TABRA
JOSEPHINE WOODWARD	MR RICHARD TABRA
ALICE METCALFE	MR THOS. WARDHAUGH
EMILY WELBOURNE	MR LEO PARINI
MR H. M. CLIFFORD	MR FRED W. SIDNEY

Prices as usual.

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

Lessee and Manager.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
GREAT ATTRACTION FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW
YEAR WEEKS.

TO-NIGHT at 7-30,

Return Visit of

H. C. JARRETT'S

Enormously-Successful Musical Comedy-Oddity,
F U N O N T H E B R I S T O L.

INCLUDING

MR JOHN F. SHERIDAN,
SATURDAY, 30TH DECEMBER,
GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF

FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

Doors Open at 1-15. Commence at 2 o'clock.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

NEWSOME'S

H I P P O D R O M E A N D C I R C U S,

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7; Commencing at 7-30.

SUCCESSFUL INAUGURATION

Of the Greatest Entertainment that has ever been presented to
the Public of Glasgow!

Immense Reception of the Large and Talented Company.

Every Act Cheered to the Echo!

**MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION FOR THE
NEW-YEAR FESTIVITIES.**

On SATURDAY, DEC. 30th, and until Further Notice, will
be Produced the

**GRAND JUVENILE EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE,
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT;**

**OR, THE FAIRIES' BANQUET AND MINIATURE
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.**

A Juvenile Spectacle in Five Tableaux.

Written Expressly for Newsome's Circus.

**THE FIRST GRAND ILLUMINATED MORNING
PERFORMANCE**

Will take place on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30th.

Doors Open at 2; Commencing at 2-30.

**SPECIAL GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCES
FOR THE NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.**

MONDAY, January 1, 1883 (New-Year's day), there will be 5
Performances, viz., 11 o'clock, 1, 3, 5, and 7 p.m.

TUESDAY, January 2, at ... 11 o'clock, 1, 3, and 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 3, at ... 12 o'clock, 3 and 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, January 4, at 2-30 and 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, January 5, at... .. 2-30 and 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, January 6, at 2-30 and 7 p.m.

And Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY until further
Notice. Doors Open at 2. Performance commencing at 2-30.

Box Office Open from 11 to 3 Daily.

Prices from 6d to 3s.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, MR J. NEWSOME,

H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,

WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

TO NIGHT, and at Every Performance,

MR CHARLES HENGLER'S ORIGINAL

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S ANNUAL,

Illustrative of

HOLIDAY-TIME AND FESTIVITIES IN CANADA,
Entitled

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE!

In Twelve Picturesque Tableaux, the Arena representing a
Vast and

BRILLIANTLY-ILLUMINATED GLACIARIUM.

"CARNIVAL ON THE ICE" INCIDENTS:—

PROMENADERS EN FETE!

GRACEFUL SKATING COTILLON!

"FATHER CHRISTMAS AND YE YULE LOG,"

Seasonable Greeting.

Father Christmas, Willie Templeton.

MINIATURE HARLEQUINADE.

Masters LAURINE as the ZOOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES!

Laughable Scene—

Dr SYNTAX AND THE HOLIDAY ROMPS.

FANCY AND SCIENTIFIC SKATING

By the RYDER TRIO—MARIE, FRANCIS, & CHARLES.

M. ALBIN (the Wizard of the Whirling Wheel) on his

MONSTER IRON HORSE.

PUNCH AND JUDY DANCE!

PANTOMIC AND GROTESQUE SKATING

By Messrs F. A. and J. RYDER.

Charming Scene—

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND HIS MERRY PARTY!

EXCITING ILLUSTRATION OF SLEIGH RACING!

THE SNOWSTORM!

Dazzling Finale.

"THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE"

At Every Performance, in addition to

HENGLER'S

RIDERS, GYMNASTS, CLOWNS, AND

TRAINED HORSES,

And Every Evening the Wonderful

EQUESTRIAN MONKEY.

Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, 6d. Children under 10
Half-Price to all parts except Gallery. Booking Office open at
Cirque from 10 till 3 Daily.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES.

1882.

Wednesday, 27th December—Two Performances.—Morning at
2; Evening at 7.

Thursday Evening, 28th December, at 7.

Friday Evening, 29th December, at 7.

Saturday, 30th December—Two Performances—Morning at 2;
Evening at 7.

1883.

Monday, 1st January—Four Performances.—First at 11; Second
at 1-30; Third at 3-45; Fourth at 7.

Tuesday, 2nd January.—Three Performances—First at 12;
Second at 2-30; Third at 7.

Wednesday, 3rd January.—Three Performances—First at 12;
Second at 2-30; Third at 7.

Thursday, 4th January.—Two Performances—Morning at 2;
Evening at 7.

Friday, 5th January.—Two Performances—Morning at 2;
Evening at 7.

Saturday, 6th January—Two Performances—Morning at 2;
Evening at 7.

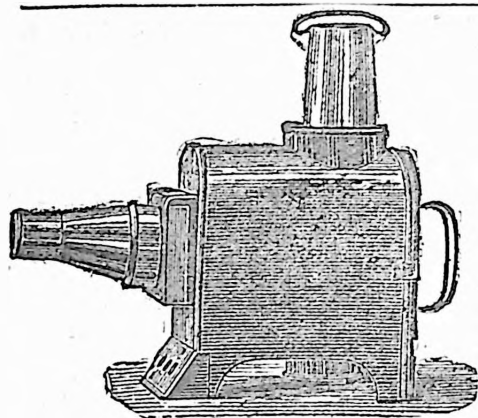
R E A D I N G S F R O M H I S O W N W O R K S.

REV. DAVID MACRAE,

MONTROSE STREET E.U. CHURCH,

TUESDAY, 26TH INST., AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M.

TICKETS—6d Each—to be had at the Church Door.



MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES.

LATEST NOVELTIES for the COMING SEASON,
EMBRACING LECTURE SETS.

JAMES BROWN, 76 ST. VINCENT STREET

ARGYLE TURKISH AND WARM BATHS,

366 ARGYLE STREET, AND 184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
The most complete in Scotland. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

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THOMAS MASON, Librarian.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION

SECOND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), 26TH DECEMBER.

SOLO VIOLIN—HERR JOACHIM.

THE PROGRAMME WILL INCLUDE—

Overture "Les Deux Journées" (*Cherubini*); Concerto for
Violin and Orchestra in D, Op. 61 (*Beethoven*); Symphony in
G Minor (*Mozart*)

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 70 PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANN'S.

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

Tickets—10s 6d, 6s (Reserved), 3s, 2s 6d—at Paterson's, 152
Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
"MESSIAH."

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE.

SOLO VOCALISTS:—

Miss CARLOTTA ELLIOT.

Mr HARPER KEARTON. Mr EGBERT ROERTS.

MADAME PATEY.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 70 PERFORMERS.

CHORUS—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CONDUCTOR MR AUGUST MANN'S.

Doors Open at 11-30. Concert at 12 30.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s (Reserved), 3s—at Paterson's, 152 Buchanan
Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 30TH DECEMBER, 1882.

TWO HOURS' AMUSEMENT,

GREAT POPULAR HUMOROUS NIGHT.

Miss KATE HAMILTON,

Miss AGNES BARR,

Mrs RUSHBURY,

Mr J. G. SHARPE,

Mr W. T. RUSHBURY,

Mr JOE EDMONDS, Negro Comedian,

Mr CHARLES COBORN, the Great Character Comedian.

Amusing Operetta in Character:—"THE DAIRYMAID,"
and "The COOK'S DILEMMA."

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats. 2s. Tickets at 58
Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert to commence at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE Secy.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES

Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.

Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS,

The Greatest of all Violinists. Secured at enormous expense
TO-NIGHT, and during the Holidays;
and a Large Company.

GLASGOW

BOTANIC GARDEN AND WINTER GARDEN

Are Open from 9 a.m. till Dusk during the

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS,

(From 1st to 6th January, 1883, inclusive.)

ADMISSION—SIXPENCE.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

**NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.
RETURN TICKETS**

AT A
**SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY
WILL BE ISSUED FROM
GLASGOW AND PAISLEY**

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th December, and 1st January, to Perth, Dundee, and all Stations North thereof; to Through Booking Stations on the Highland and Great North of Scotland Railways; to Beattock, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Intermediate Stations South of Beattock; to all Stations on the Portpatrick Line; and to Killin, Luib, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Dalmally, Loch Awe, Taynuilt, Connel Ferry, and Oban—available to Return within Fourteen Days from date of issue.

Tickets to Stations on the Highland Railway will not be available to Return by Mail Trains nor on Sundays.

Passengers will please ask for Excursion Tickets.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS

Will be run during the Holidays between Glasgow and Edinburgh, Paisley, Greenock, Coatbridge, Motherwell, Wishaw, Hamilton, Lanark, Stirling, &c., &c., for particulars of which see Bills.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager.

Glasgow, December, 1882.



GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On **THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND MONDAY,** 28th, 29th, and 30th **DECEMBER,** and 1st **JANUARY,** RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY

Will be issued from **GLASGOW, SHIELDS ROAD, and PAISLEY,** to

THORNHILL,	DALBEATTIE,	PINMORE,
DUMFRIES,	CASTLE-DOUGLAS,	PINWHERRY,
ANNAN,	KIRKCUDBRIGHT,	BARRHILL,
CARLISLE,	GIRVAN,	NEW LUCE,

And Stations on the Port-patrick Railway.

Via **CASTLE DOUGLAS,**

The Tickets being valid for Return Fourteen Days from Date of Issue.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, December, 1882.



DINNERS—(FISH)—SUPPERS.

The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an Elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies' Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS of Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN

**RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND**

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

GLASS AND CHINA.—M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Min-ton's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Dou-son Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatti's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kiln which we have recently erected in our Work-shop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paint-ings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.

THE NEW CLEANSING AND PURIFYING FLUID,

H Y D R O N E,
For General Laundry, Household, and other Purposes.

May be had of all Grocers, &c.

THE HYDRONE COMPANY, LIMITED,

Works—37 POMEROY ST., NEW CROSS ROAD, S.E.

Offices—

13 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, OLD BROAD ST., E.C. LONDON.

79 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS.

Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

WILLIAM HUME,

217 BUCHANAN STREET,

13 PRIZE MEDALS—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1770.

NAPOLEON PRICE & CO., Successors to PRICE & GOSNELL, Manufacturing Perfumers and Soap Makers, 27, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON; Steam Factory 8, Cumming Street, N.

Copy of Telegram just received from New Zealand Exhibition. "Pleasure in announcing highest award—Gold Medal for all exhibits."

NAPOLEON PRICE'S "TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP," the best Soap for Winter or Summer. Sold everywhere.

SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND—

MR. ARCHD. WILLIAMSON,

33 VIRGINIA STREET, GLASGOW

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shorten- ing days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be pre- pared for it. "To be forewarned is to be fore- armed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

CORPORATION ORGAN, &c., RECITALS.

The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt. Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3.30.
Admission and Programmes Free.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE
GLASGOW ART CLUB,
IN THE
GALLERY OF MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
(ALL CHOICE CABINET PICTURES).
Admission—including Catalogue—Sixpence.

"LUX IN TENEBRIS,"
IS NOW ON VIEW

AT
JAMES M'CLURE & SON'S GALLERY,
90 ST. VINCENT STREET,
Open from 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 3.

Admission Sixpence.

GLASGOW ITALIAN ART LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE CORPORATION GALLERIES WILL BE CLOSED from this Date TILL SATURDAY, the 23RD CURRENT, on which Date the ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION will be OPENED TO THE PUBLIC.
16th December, 1882.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c
J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.
J. D. BOYACK,
PIANOFORTE and MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

S N A C K S
HOT MUTTON PIE AND POTATOES, }
SAUSAGES AND POTATOES, ... } 3d
STEAK PUDDING AND POTATOES, }
MINCE COLLOPS AND POTATOES, }
AT GALLOWAY'S, 115 WEST NILE STREET,
19 STOCKWELL STREET, and 5 MAINS STREET.
Purveyor for Supper Parties.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS,
ARTISTS,
88 RENFIELD STREET, 88

'THE British Journal of Photography' says, in noticing our Specimens in this Exhibition—"These Artist occupy a foremost place in the pictorial ranks of Scotland."



"ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH GIN,"
THE BEST AND PUREST SPIRIT,
ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSIL OIL
AND SACCHARINE MATTER.

MESSRS COATES & CO,
THE BLACK FRIARS' DISTILLERY
(ESTABLISHED 1793),
Are the only Distillers of the Original Plymouth Gin.
MESSRS A. MACLENNAN & CO.,
121 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW,
WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
WEST-END FURNITURE BRANCH AND STORES—
46 BATH STREET and 15 and 17 SAUCHIEHALL
LANE.

Well Ventilated and Dry Stores for Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.
Head Office—Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,
26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

JOHN M'MEEKIN,
THE NURSERIES, PARTICK,
Executes Decorations for Assemblies, Evening Parties, etc., in the most tasteful manner.
A Large Variety of Plants always in Stock for Table Decoration
Estimates Given.



Do you Smoke?
THEN
ENJOY
WHAT YOU
SMOKE!
WHAT YOU
ENJOY
Try the
"IVANHOE"
CLAY PIPE,
TWO PENCE
EACH.
Sold Everywhere.

PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES

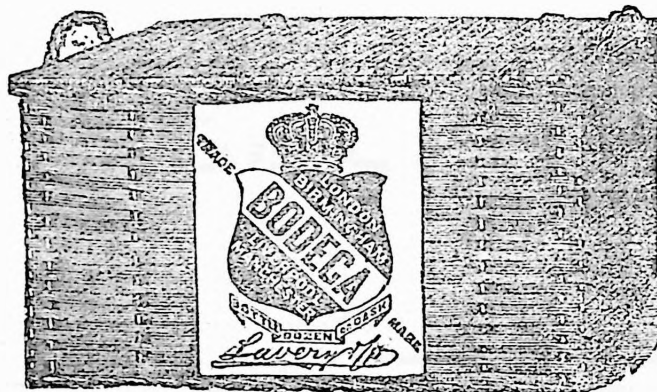
From £10 to £100.
Manufacturers of
CHRONOMETERS,
CHRONOGRAPHS,
REPEATERS,
And every description of accurate Timekeepers in Gold, Silver, and Metal Cases.

SEWILL,
CHRONOMETER MAKER
TO THE
ROYAL NAVY,
CLUTHA BUILDINGS,
126 BROOMIELAW,
YORK STREET CORNER.



BODEGA

ONE
GUINEA



ONE
GUINEA

No. 1 contains	No. 2 contains	No. 3 contains	No. 4 contains
4 Bottles Whisky.	2lbs. Finest Mixed Tea	2 Bots. Scotch Whisky	2 Bottles Whisky.
1 Do. Sherry.	2 Bottles Whisky.	2 Do. Sherry.	2 Do. Sherry.
1 Do. Port.	1 Do. Sherry.	2 Do. Port.	1 Do. Brandy.
1 Do. Gin.	1 Do. Port.	1 Do. Champagne.	1 Do. Champagne
1 Do. Claret.	1 Do. Gin.	1 Do. Claret.	1 Do. Gin.
	1 Do. Claret.		1 Do. Claret.

Hampers, - - - Two Guineas to Five Guineas.

May be made up from Price Lists as directed.

18/ Gallon FINE OLD WHISKY,
Matured in our own Sherry Casks.

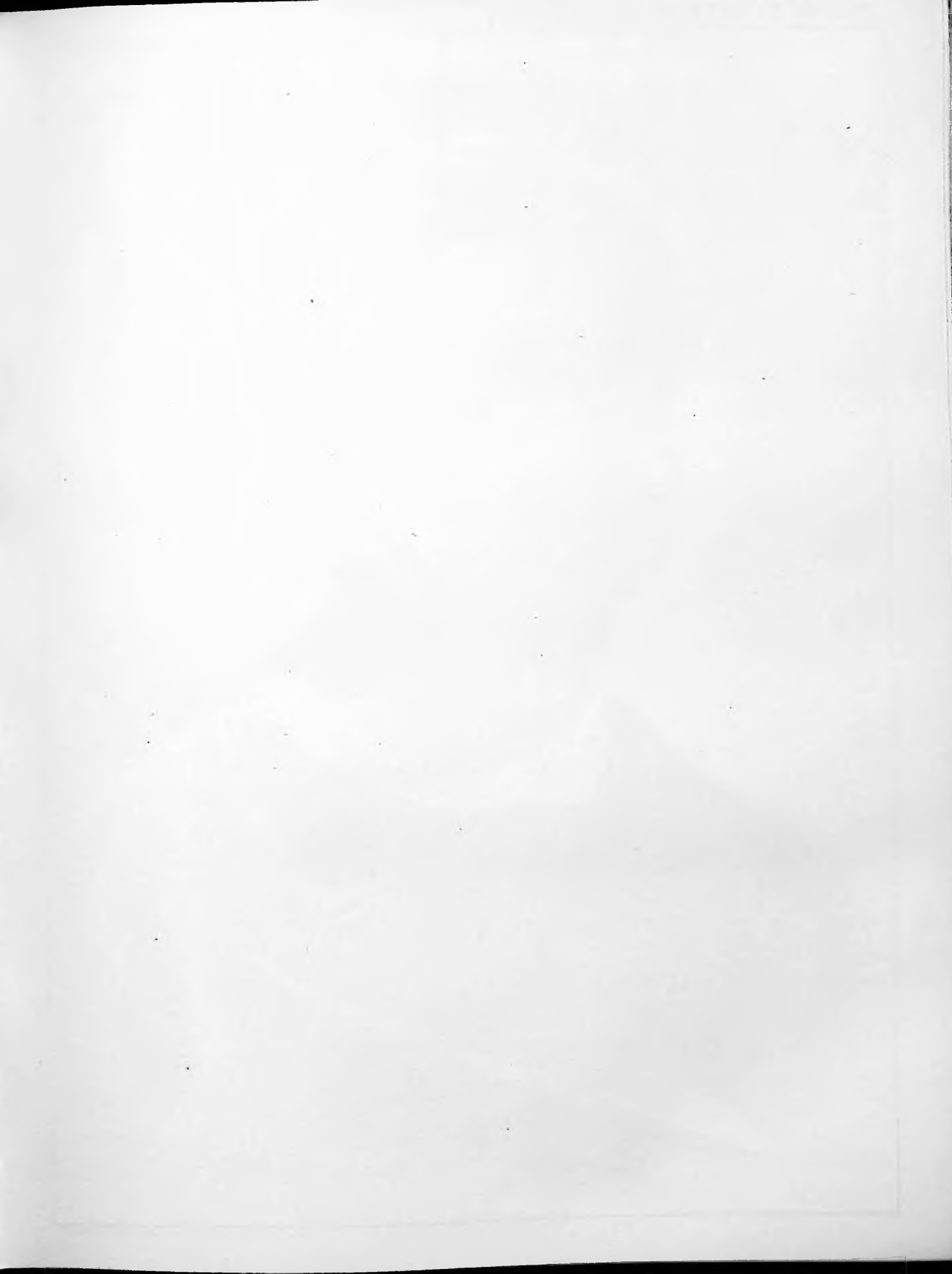
HEAD BRANCH FOR SCOTLAND,

11 SOUTH EXCHANGE SQUARE,

AND AT

**ST. GEORGE'S CROSS, 225 NEW CITY ROAD,
CHARING CROSS, 183 NORTH ST., & 5, 7, & 11 KENT ROAD.**

J. H. ROGER, Manager.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 533. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 3rd, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 533.

GLASGOW'S most noted man to-day is WALTER WILSON of the Colosseum. Go where you will Mr WILSON'S name stares you in the face. Advertising has been reduced by him to a fine art. He has found ways and means of reaching the public, unknown, or at least unattempted before. And Mr WILSON is more than a notable advertiser. His capacity for business seems a natural gift. Experience has done much for him but instinct has done more. Besides, in all his business dealings, it is not only himself who has been benefited. The public have participated in the advantages of the Colosseum as well as its proprietor. His system of buying is such that he can offer his goods at prices which, as the markets go, seem fairly marvellous. A boy's wincey kilt, or a girl's wincey ulster, at one shilling, not to speak of a stout, warm ulster for the mother of the boy at half a-crown, take away one's breath. At the present season WALTER is seen in all his glory. Talk of the crowds to the pantomimes—let anybody try, one of these fine forenoons, to elbow his or her way into the Colosseum, and then some notion may be had of a crowd. Mr WILSON is still in his earlier manhood. He was born so late as 1849, the year of turmoil and change. He had to begin the battle of life while still a boy, and almost before he had entered his teens he had made up his mind to win. In 1869, before his twentieth year was finished, he began business on his own account. The capital with which he started was one hundred pounds—all his own savings—and his employees were only four in number. What knowledge he possessed was connected with ladies' hats, and it was as a manufacturer of ladies' hats that he made his *debut* in public.

VOL. XXI,

Of course he had uphill work at first. Never, however, for a moment, did he lose heart. He kept, as the Yankees would say, a firm upperlip, and went persistently and eagerly on, taking the evil seasons, like the good seasons, with an even and unruffled temper. How he has succeeded, how he has "birzed yont," everybody knows. By 1876, seven years after he had started business, his four workpeople had grown into a hundred; to-day—six years later—he employs over three hundred persons. This increase of his staff has of course been consequent on the constant development of his business. He began, as has been said, in 1869, with hats and bonnets, at the end of 1882 his departments are twenty-one in number, and they include everything, or nearly everything comprised in the drapery and the hat trades. Personally Mr WILSON is neat and dapper in figure, while his manner, strange as it may seem to those who know him only through the columns of the papers, is shy, and even repressed. It can be said of him, however, that he is a keen judge of men. He has travelled much. Five years ago he made a lengthened tour over the United States and Canada, and since then he has visited every European capital with the exceptions of the most northernly and the most southernly—St. Petersburg and Athens. Of all the people whom the BAILIE has met, Mr WILSON is emphatically the Francis Goodchild of the lot. And just as Hogarth's famous apprentice died Lord Mayor of London, so it is quite on the cards that WALTER may die Lord Provost of Glasgow. At all events, everything, or rather anything, seems possible to a person of his indomitable energy and fertile resource. In a dozen years he has made himself the most talked of person in Glasgow; what may he not do—young as he is—in another dozen years? And his work has been honest work, and work

conducted in the sight of all men; certainly nothing is hidden—nothing is kept under a bushel in the Colosseum. Go where you will—upstairs or downstairs—in that wonderful establishment, the white light of electricity beats on all that is done. There is no possibility of escaping the electric ray. But this is all in WALTER'S day's work. He holds that the more he and his establishment are known the better will they be liked.

“WONDERS” FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By certain Bailies and ex-Bailies—Will I be the new Lord Provost?

By certain Councillors—Will it find me a Bailie?

By Members of the School Board—Will the Rev. Rubbart get a call furth the city?

By certain well-known aspirants for Parliamentary Honours—Will the third seat be declared vacant soon?

“TEMPORARY” PAINT.—The Greenock Town Hall was “formally reopened” last week, and a contemporary, in describing the alterations, remarks that the painting has been done, “in a temporary manner.” It is to be hoped that visitors to the hall at the “formal reopening” were duly warned of this highly ingenious and agreeable arrangement. Paint which is applied to walls and so forth “in a temporary manner” has an unpleasant habit of attaching itself to textile fabrics in a very permanent manner.

A COMPLIMENT.—A “new cleansing and purifying fluid” is advertised under the name of “hydrone.” This must be intended as a delicate compliment to Professor Blackie and Celtic enthusiasts in general. *The* “high-drone” *par excellence* being the melody of the “mountain pipe,” all good Hielan'men should feel flattered by its being described as “cleansing and purifying.”

COMMERCE IN A CONSUMPTION.—A local contemporary congratulated its readers the other day upon the existence of a “genuine consumptive demand” in a certain branch of trade. Should one not rather mourn than rejoice over such a commercial “decline”?

Out of “Time”—The Cross bells being played on Christmas-eve instead of Hogmanay.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

THE FIFTY } Sterling Silver Cases. Good Sound Move-
SHILLING } ment. In all sizes. Safe and free by post.
SILVER WATCH. } MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.

1883.

The Bailie's New Year.

Bailie.

THIS is Setterday night, Mattie, lay bye your knittin',
Mak' a ba' o' yer worsit, an' fling't tae the kitten,
It's aye been the custom atween you an' me
Tae indulge in a Hogmanay crack after tea,
Sae sit ye doon there, while I chap oot ma dottle—
But first, Mattie—bring oot the bun an' the bottle.

Mattie.

The bun and the bottle! Yer fair oot o' fashion,
Nae wunner Sir William gets intae a passion;
The bailies hae promised—if folks are nae fibbin'
That each o' them's gaun tae put on the blue ribbon.

Bailie.

Blue ribbon!—weel let them, but I'm nae sae daft,
Na, dinna ye think, lass, the BAILIE'S *that* saft;
It'll be a sair day for auld Scotland an' me
When we haud Hogmanay o'er a skittle o' tea.
I'll stick tae the auld—they can stick tae the new,
Milk's guid for a calf, but ower weak for a coo.
I see that oor toon's lookin' healthy, ma lass—
Hoots!—dinna be feart, Mattie, fill up my glass.
An' that trade has been brisker, an' mair rowth o' siller—
Stop, stop, Mattie! bless me, ye've fair droont the miller.
Ye've gled it guid legs, but ye've robbit the body—
Sir William's fair spoiled ye for makin' guid toddy.
Aye, as I was sayin', oor trade's been improvin'
An' upwards, an' upwards oor commerce is movin';
Oor shipbuilders this year hae taen a big stride,
Nearly four hunner thoosan tons launched on the Clyde.
Ma conscience! the Thames and the Tyne folk may stare
An' wonder nae langer their stocks are sae bare,
For the Clyde an' her sons hae gien Glesca a name
That eclipses their puir tippence ha'penny fame.
John Elder & Co.'s at the tap o' the tree,
Willie Pearce has been pushin' this year I can see;
Denny Brothers claim second, so much for the Leven,
And third on the list comes oor Dean o' Guld Stephen;
Then James and George Thomson, the lairds o' Clydebank,
Charlie Connell & Co. standin' fifth in the rank;
Then Russell and Juggls and Scott in a row,
An' after them Barclay, Curle, & Co.,
M'Millan an' Henderson, London and Glasgow,
Then follow the wee yards that canna sae fast go.

Mattie.

Tweel-a-wat, BAILIE, we've had a gey busy year,
E'en the Cooncil's been busy (that's something new here
Manufacturin' burgesses, bailies, and bills—
It's the *pace* no the road ye ken, BAILIE, that kills,
An' that new “Police Bill” they tried to “rush through”
Stuck fast tae their fingers like weel melted glue.
An' it's richt that it should, wark that's dune in a hurry
Is seldom dune richt, an' aye ends in a flurry;
Besides, when the ratepayers plainly said “No”
It wisna *their* place tae gang on wi' the show.

Bailie.

Ye're a sensible lass, Mattie, whit ye say's true,
An' the Lord Provost's hands were a wee thing ower fou;
The Lord Advocate's noo taen the matter in han'
An' has promised a Bill for ilk toon in the lan'.
New buildings for Art, an' a thumpin' Museum
We're promised I hear (may we leave tae we see them).
Meanwhile, Mattie, here's tae the fish, bell, an' tree!
Auld Glesca, here's tae ye! frae Mattie an' me,
May yer sons aye be honest, yer dochters aye true,
May ye aye be as proud o' them's they are o' you.
Success to the Ceety! Come toast it wi' glee
An' welcome the bairn Achteen Achty-three.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Saws for the Season.

(By the BAILIE'S Own Philosophical Proverbist.)

WHAT is sauce for the Christmas goose may not be sauce for the New Year gander, but—

The saws of the Philosophical Proverbist are sauce for the whole festive season.

First-footers flock together.

It's the early first-footer that catches the cold.

When the first-footer comes in at the door repose flies out at the window.

One black bottle does not make a "New Year."

A nip in the hand is worth a gallon "in the press."

A nip an hour is a mutchkin a day—or thereby.

A dyspeptic subject dreads the currant-bun.

You may as well have indigestion for a plum-pudding as for a mince-pie.

Eat a whole currant-bun in haste, and repent at leisure.

A festive night is the doctor's delight.

The festive season is the festive season, be it never so miserable.

Faint-hearted skatist never managed the outside edge.

Much haste to get into the theatre at a morning performance is little speed.

Better never at the pit-door than late.

Faint heart never won a front seat in the gallery.

Two thousand *may* be company where there's room for only fifteen hundred, but three thousand are decidedly none.

It's a wise child that recognises a nursery tale in a pantomime.

It is always darkest before the Transformation Scene.

All that glitters in harlequin's costume is not gold.

The burnt pantaloons dreads the red-hot poker.

Clown is clown, be he never so clownish.

When the holidays are away the pantomimists play.

It's a long "spree" that has no ending,

There's no use in crying over a broken "pledge."

Waste not your funds at the beginning of the holidays—want not a pick-me-up at the end.

Half-a-gill at the end is better than a mutchkin at the beginning.

The BAILIE'S Ass is the better horse. (Heehaw!)

On 'Change.

MIRABEAU gets the credit of having said that a capitalist is the most timid animal in existence. The truth of the French philosopher's remark receives confirmation at every recurrence of financial peril. Whenever a severe crisis occurs the capitalist locks his safe, and buttons up his pockets. Just at the supreme moment when his money, or his credit, or both combined, would have been of essential service in arresting the progress of a panic, the capitalist often turns his back upon the enemy, and seeks safety in flight. He might sometimes save himself and his fellows by putting on a bold front, but the disagreeable sensation of fear will not permit him to do so. Smaller men are less liable to this failing. They will rush in where their bigger brother would fear to tread, and it must be confessed that their temerity is often severely punished.

The gold mine business is an instructive case in point. All the warnings given in this column and elsewhere were of no avail with a certain rash section of the community, and the results have not been exactly in accordance with the hopes that were entertained of the frantic hunt for the precious metals. In summing up for the year I have had occasion to look into the gold mine question, and out of about twenty such concerns, most of which were condemned here when the prospectuses were issued, I do not find one that stands at a premium. All of them are at a discount, and in some cases the depreciation is very serious. Even the great Glasgow Company, of which so much was predicted, fails to realise expectation, and month after month passes without any tangible progress being made.

If people want a good speculative undertaking to work at they ought to supplant the French by getting up a company to flood the Desert of Sahara. The Lancashire men may be safely trusted to look after the Manchester Ship Canal. It is their affair, and if it be an advantage to them, it will assuredly be made. The only people likely to object will be the Liverpool brokers and forwarding agents, who thrive because Manchester is a great manufacturing centre at some distance from a seaport. The Sahara scheme is a different matter. It may yet be a national question, and if engineers pronounce the project practicable, the bold little capitalists ought to have a finger in the pie. Engineers, of course, are fallible mortals. Many of them affirmed that technical difficulties would stand in the way of making and keeping open the Suez Canal. Between them and Lord Palmerston Britain was out of the running, and France got all the credit of the transaction. For anything that anybody knows there may be money in the Sahara business, and it ought not to be permitted to drop out of sight.

LOOKING BACK AND FORWARD.

As two-fac'd Janus opens the annus,
And while he is letting us through,
At once he'll see through young '83,
Look back o'er th' old '82.

FUN IN THE NORTH.

(Scene—Fort-William Post Office.)

Sandy—Will ta post office pe open in a while ago?

Postmaster—Go away, Sandy, or I'll preak your head wi' ta School Board.

A "Cross" Purpose—The Hogmanay meeting.

New-Year "Card"—The dinner "menu."

"The Roaring Game"—First-footing.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL'S, Gordon St.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Space would fail me, were I even to enumerate by name all the good things which our friends the entertainers have in store for the holiday folk. The different theatres, to begin with, will give at least three entertainments daily, to-day, that is, and to-morrow, and Wednesday, while on Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, there will be wld-day representations of the several pantomimes.

The Pantomimes are all good; let no holiday-maker give up his quest after amusement till he has seen them all.

As for "Fun on the Bristol" at the Royalty, why, if you want a cure for the heart-ache, spend a couple of hours in company with Messrs Sheridan and Waldron, and the other merry people who are at present appearing on Mr Knapp's stage.

Then there's the circuses of Mr Hengler and Mr Newsome, one of which offers the spectacle of "The Carnival on the Ice," and the other that of "Whittington and his Cat," to their respective supporters. But why should I say "respective" supporters?—those "on pleasure bent" will supply both.

That famous fiddler, by-the-by, 'yclept "Paganini Redivivus," will appear all through the holidays at the "Folly Theatre of Varieties" in Dunlop Street, the house known of old as "Davie Brown's."

The Botanic Gardens, and the Winter Garden, are likely, as of yore, to secure their full quota of New Year visitors.

As announced in this column the other week, Marlan, the beautiful giantess, makes her debut in the Trades' Hall this Monday (New-Year's) evening.

The "Rip Van Winkle" of Planquette, the book of which has been "Englished" by Mr Farnie from the French of Messrs Meilhac and Gille, will be produced at the Royalty on Monday week, the 8:h of January.

An amusing story has been spinning around in musical circles since Tuesday last. One of the so-called amateur violinists has bragged that he played upon Herr Joachim's fiddle; but that is said to be not quite all that happened. In a private room in St. Andrew's Hall, on Tuesday evening, the Cambridge Mus. Doc. was speaking to a friend when he heard some unearthly sounds directly behind him. He turned rapidly round, and to his dismay saw his cherished "Strad," purchased at great cost from Mr Laurie, of this city, in the sacreligious hands of the amateur in question, who was laboriously essaying to play thereon. The great violinist swooped down upon his property, and rescued it from the offender, whose feelings may be more easily imagined than described, as he reluctantly obeyed the enforced injunction to "lay down the fiddle and the bow."

Seeing that it was Mr Laurie who sold the "Strad" to Herr Joachim, it was a pretty smart piece of business for the former to write that letter to the *Mail*, praising up the player, the orchestra, the hall, and, of course, the "magnificent Stradivarius."

The junior counsel—or the most junior of the juniors from a law point of view—in attendance at the Circuit this week, was an elderly young man, with a pale face, a particularly white new wig, and an extraordinary long red beard. Got up in this guise his whilom colleagues, sitting in the press seat, had to look twice before recognising that this plebald figure was none other than William Kinnaird Rose, lately a reporter on the staff of the *Scotsman*.

To be the latest juvenile of Themls—this is the first time he has been led into the Temple at her apron strings—William Kinnaird is just a little "up in years," if not in experience. When his voice has acquired the firmness of culture and confidence, when his manner and phraseology have lost their provincialism, William may gain a place in the Parliament House.

Lord Watson will lecture to the Judicial Society in the St Andrews (North) Hall on Wednesday week, the 10:h January.

It was certainly an anxious moment for Mr James Thomson when the cord of the Aurania was cut on Tuesday last, but the eager look proved but the forerunner of the bright smile which hailed the very successful issue of the launch. The Countess of Eglinton, arrayed in the green velvet costume which attracted so much attention at the Art Needlework Bazaar, was the presiding godmother on the occasion; beaming forth gracious smiles on all hands, under the tutelage of Mr Burns. At the lunch no less than at the launch she proved equal to her part, insisting on her privilege to reply to the toast of her health, which she acknowledged right gracefully.

Councillor John Neil has been conducting, it seems, religious exercises in one of the Model Lodging Houses. Would it not be well, BAILIE, when he or any other of our worthy Councillors are to be thus engaged the public should be made aware of the fact? Wouldn't there be a rush?

The mania for speculation, so the rumour has it, has descended from the ironbrokers to their imps; and on Thursday afternoon, to make the resemblance still more complete, one of the said imps suspended payment—liabilities, 17s 6d; assets, 1s 7d.

Your readers, BAILIE, must have observed in the daily papers the melancholy story of the body of a woman having been found huddled up dead in a cellar in Saltmarket. Well, I have it on reliable authority that the unfortunate person belonged to a well-to-do family residing in an Ayrshire town. Some years ago she was courted by a clergyman, who afterwards jilted her. A breach of promise case ensued, and the plaintiff received the respectable sum of £500 by way of damages. With this money she came to Glasgow, and her end was as is stated above.

The minister of St Paul's Parish, Perth, has this week pointed out that there are in that city upwards of three thousand wloot pews. Will any one calculate how we stand in this respect in Glasgow? Our embryo parsons, methinks, should look ahead.

The Tramway Company and their dirty cars are again the subject of complaint by newspaper correspondents. Would you be surprised to learn, BAILIE, that the Company are said not to be very desirous of removing this and other grievances—in a hurry at least. May I whisper to you that they hope, by-and-by, in lieu of the removal of the said grievances, to get our sapient Councillors to grant an extension of their lease.

The Chairman of the Govan Parochial Board came out of his shell with a vengeance at the meeting on Thursday last. Evidently speaking with all the force of absolute conviction, he charged wholesale at the powers that be—accusing the ermined judges of our supreme court with partiality, and the landed aristocracy with grinding the faces of the poor, so as to save themselves from being taxed for the upkeep of lunatic paupers! Surely after expressing such radical sentiments no one will deny Mr Bowman's claim to a seat beside "Jeems" at the Municipal Board.

Something quite unique in the way of Calendars has been issued by Messrs Gilmour and Dean. This is a perspective drawing of the new Municipal Buildings in George Square. The picture has been published by special arrangement with Mr Young the architect.

Certain designs by Glasgow's two greatest architects, David Hamilton and Alexander Thomson, have been sent to the Edinburgh Architectural Exhibition.

Were you to give another portrait, my Magistrate, of Sir James Bain, it would be as "the Man you didn't know," his beard having not only so much altered his appearance, but also so greatly improved it.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the daft days have come.
 That they made their appearance with Christmas.
 That they will last for another eight days.
 That, as the years flow on, the days seem getting always the dafter.
 That of old we were content to hold Naer'-day.
 That now we must keep Christmas as well.
 That this is the publicans' lively season.
 That they have taken a good deal of spirits out of bond of late.
 That they have also taken a goodly quantity out of the pump.
 That there will be a crowd at the Cross on Sunday night.
 That old customs are sair to kill.
 That first-footing is not quite *au fait*.
 That it is a "custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."
 That there will be sair heads and empty pouches by Tuesday morning.
 That not much work will be done over the week.
 That many acquaintances will be struck with "my uncle" before the holidays are over.
 That auld acquaintances are seldom long forgot.
 That there hasn't been a meeting of Council for a whole week.
 That Lord Young wasn't in his usual form at the Circuit.
 That the snubbing he received from Lord Moncrieff last week curtailed the exuberance of his verbosity.
 That the overwrought and underpaid postmen should be seasonably remembered.
 That Buchanan Street mustn't be missed on New-Year's day.
 That all the Chappies and Johnnies of the city will be "there" between eleven and one.
 That an early stroll up and down Buchanan Street has been known to result in a free ticket to a Choral Union concert.
 That failing a free ticket to the concert an invitation to dinner may at least be secured.
 That—that's all for another year.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.
 Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

Buy an "A. C. 1." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

The Bailie's Book List.

THE following books may be expected with the Greek Kalends:—

"School Boys of the present Time," companion work to "School Men of the Middle Ages."
 "Enrich my Friend," to follow "Beggan my Neighbour."
 "That Ugly Fellow," by the author of "That Beautiful Wretch."
 "A Dining-room Peccadillo," by the writer of "A Ball-room Repentance."
 "The Found Black Donkey," by the writer of "The Stolen White Elephant."
 "Obscure Writing," complementary to "Plain Speaking."
 "A Tame June Evening," by the authoress of "A Wild March Morning."
 "Quite as He Was," conclusion of "Just as I Am."
 "Rich Jeanie's Boys," by the writer of "Poor Archie's Girls."
 "My Big Boy," by the authors of "My Little Girl."
 "The Curate of the Garrison," by the writers of "The Chaplain of the Fleet."
 "Days in a Bookshop," by the author of "Hours in a Library."

An Unnecessary Apology.

WRITING to a morning paper anent "the notification of infectious diseases"—the latest newspaper topic which has been started for the glorification of the crochet-mongers and the torture of the inoffensive reader—Professor Gairdner expresses a fear that his letter of a column and a quarter is "rather long," and adds that he is "bound to have some kind of consideration for space." Oh, dear, no, Professor! Don't mention it, pray! No one would ever dream of accusing *you* of being long-winded. Ask your own students!

Predilections and Acceptances.

A LOCAL daily delivered itself thusly the other morning:—"It is becoming more and more obvious that Scotland is rising from its old individualistic predilections, and increasing in its recognition of cosmopolitan acceptances." Have you succeeded in swallowing this sesquipedalian asseveration? Well, then, it may surprise you to learn that it's only the way in which our fine friend's individualistic predilections, combined with his cosmopolitan acceptances, lead him to state the simple fact that we are growing to be very like our neighbours.

"QUI DOCET DISCIT."

(Scene—Bar of a well-known "pub." in Stirling.)
Lawyer (who is having a quiet chat with a client)—Now, let me understand this, did the man die intestate?

Client (angrily)—Detested! Ye great ass! He was the maist respected man in the toon. They elected 'um chief magistrate three times.
 [Collapse of lawyer.]

Quavers.

A FEW notes on congregational singing, in Glasgow and neighbourhood, taken during some Sundays in the autumn, may be of interest.

1. Free Church, the neighbourhood of no moment. Choir of 20 to 25 voices; no instrument of course. Adaptation of words to music very indifferent. Singing for the most part expressionless and the style common, though some cultured voices in the choir.

2. United Presbyterian Church near to the foregoing, meeting in temporary building. Choir of 15 or thereabouts, with both a choir leader and harmonium accompanist. Music tuneful, precise, and tasteful. Adaptations judicious.

3. Established Church. Large congregation. Organ, and of very good quality. Played remarkably well. The choir small, and partly professional. No choir leader, but the principal soprano clear and telling. Congregational singing quiet and rather languid.

4. U. P. Church. Large congregation. Led by organ and choir. Organist merely. Instrument not of good quality for church purposes and badly placed. Assertive and harsh. Fairly good choir with professional leading soprano, clear voice, if not full. Congregational singing rather confused.

5. Another U. P. Church. Locality no matter where. Praise conducted from organ alone, the instrument wheezy and indistinct. A small choir. The general singing lazy in the extreme.

6. Free Church. Unaccompanied singing, of course. Excellent. A choir of 20 voices, the congregation joining heartily, yet with taste as well as precision. Acoustical advantages evidently favourable.

7. Established Church. Many strangers present attracted chiefly by the interesting nature of the building. An organ. Played by a master of the instrument. Pretty large choir, and probably all professional. Prose chanting good, barring a certain rather mechanical peculiarity of accentuation one did not quite like. Expressional effects cleverly imparted from the organ. The choir singing with vigour, if hardly with much refinement.

8. U. P. Church in a populous suburb. Large congregation. Choir of 30, with no special leading voice. Conducted from organ alone. The praise all that could be desired. The parts heard distinctly and correctly in the choir, and the church following fully and with intelligence; great attention paid to expression. The choir training must have been of the most thorough kind. The general effect was, what it rarely is, of the organ accompanying, not preceding (often driving and drowning) the singing.

“NEW-YEAR” OR “CHRISTMAS”?—THAT’S
THE QUESTION.

Tam—In oor hoose it's aye been the twa as lang as I can min', but for mysel', that's pers'nally ye ken, my festival's Newy'rd'y.

Rab—That'll be o' the twa the yin ye “keep” to get fou on.

Contriv'd a double debt to pay—Asinus says that his Christmas jokes were written with a quill pulled from the wing of his Christmas goose.

A “First Foot”—“The lazy foot of Time.”—*As You Like It.*

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note Ne Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

“Han'sel.”

SUUM CUIQUE!

FOR the Lord Provost, and Messrs Smith & Co.—A box of Toys (including an Alphabet ingeniously constructed of model sewage-pipes) to console them for the loss of their pretty legislative plaything.

For the Senior Member—A Gag, inscribed with the words, “Discretion and ‘accidents’ are the better part of valour.”

For the Middling Member—The Home Secretary's thanks—emblazoned on ass-skin—for his journalistic services.

For the Junior Member—Condolences and adieux.

For Mr W. E. Forster—The Works of Robert Burns, Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, and a model of the Blarney Stone.

For the Member for Mid-Lothian—The end of his tether. (*N.B.*—In default of his own tether's end, any tether will do.)

For Mr James Martin—A banquet of leeks—kindly supplied by Messrs M'Call and Marwick—washed down by a drap o' the blue cratur'.

For the members of the Gladstone Club—New pinafores, embroidered with the legend, “We are the People!”

For the Glasgow Liberal Association—A back seat.

For Mr W. F. Frost—A new and original work, entitled, “He Would Be a Cooncillor,” and a Warm Corner to read it in.

For Johnny Neil—A hobby-horse, warranted quiet, and labelled, “A Present for a Good Boy.” (This is the joint gift of Lord Provost Ure and Bailie Macpherson.)

For Father Quarrier and Mother^s Munro—A bag of soot. (This may be either fought for or divided, according to taste.)

For the Rev. Robert Thomson—A degree from the *Herald's* College.

For Lord Rector Bright—Smith's Classical Dictionary, a complete set of Bohn's Translations, and Whateley's “Logic”—being materials to construct an “address” withal.

For the Rev. Dr Begg—An extinguisher, shaped upon the lines of a Papal tiara.

For the BAILIE an' his Friens—“A guid New Year to ane an' a', an' many o' them!”

At the Savings-Bank—Every little makes a Meikle.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

A Literary Oracle.

ONE of the ingenious youths who—apparently because, being absolutely ignorant, they are supposed to be absolutely unprejudiced—are selected to do the "Literature" department of a certain morning paper, is responsible for the following, in the course of his "review" of a book issued by an Edinburgh publisher, and called "Mothers of Great Men":—"Of the mother of Alfred the Great everyone knows, but the histories of the mother (*sic*) of Napoleon, of Lord Byron, of Goethe, and of Richter are invested with a reflected halo, till we read of the noble part they played in the life-tendencies of their sons." Noting, *en passant*, the remarkable implication that the four distinguished characters named had but one mother among them, the BAILIE would call attention to this public instructor's still more remarkable reference to the amiable mamma of "the little boy at Aberdeen." Mrs Byron's manner of playing her "noble part" was, to say the least, an original one, since it occasionally took the form of chasing the youthful "Childe" round the table with a poker, cursing him the while for "a lame brat."

SEASONABLE SEASONING.

The bun, or not the bun? that is the question;
The palate please, or suffer indigestion;
To-day plum-pudding, turkey roast and boil,
To-morrow soda, senna, salts, or castor-oil,
Thus pleasure purchas'd always is with pain,
As cooks have doctors follow in their train.

TOLERABLE AND NOT TO BE ENDURED.

(Scene—Country police office.)

Presiding Bailie (to prisoner)—You are fined 5s. I wonder to see a respectable man like you here.

Drunk and Incapable—'Deed an' if I was respectable it's no in your company I'd be.

Bailie—Wh—what?

"MATTER OUT OF PLACE."—Among a series of wishy-washy tracts published by an Edinburgh society is one entitled, "Things to be Thankful For (Water)." Now, water is undoubtedly a thing to be thankful for in its proper place, as, for instance, in toddy; but the author would do well to remember that it is most emphatically *not* a thing to be thankful for in connection with articles like milk, or, as here, "literature."

Hamper-ial Measure—Christmas box whisky.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

To August Manns.

(A January Ditty.)

THOUGH Lennie's ghost should shape at hurling bans,
Arms and the Manns (as Pope *wouldn't* say) I sing;
But I am sing-ular, ha, so is Manns!

All hail, then, heroes of the bow and string.

Yes, bows that, at the beck of chief grown grey,
Shoot from the tight-strung strings their arrows fleet,
Which in their airy orbits sing and play,
And draw our purgéd ears to Granville Street.

I've heard of, yet ne'er heard, great Memnon's lay;
Thine, Manns, to me much better is than it;
For, save at dawn's by-far-too-early ray,
No strain did strange old Memnon e'er emit

But darkness, fog or frost, or slush or snow,
And eight upon the clock (p.m. I mean),
Awake thy every note, be't high or low;
For Sol thou seem'st to care, no, not one "preen!"

At fate's big dice-box I have had my throw,
And of my luck (back seat, alas!) can't brag nor
Boast; still, whene'er you draw't *fortissimo*,
I'll list, and won't, I guess, miss much of Wagner!

A BOTTLE OF SODA WATER—A SODA-RIFIC SEARCH!

(Scene—Glasgow Hotel, 4 a.m.; Mac. reaches his bedroom.)

Mac (solus-groping along the wall)—Pleash!
A-boshel-o'-solla-wasser! (Pause.) A-sho-odda-wassel-a-bossel! (Loudly) — Bossel-o'-washa-soll!—hic—(faintly) 'Shay—sholla-wash-a-bolla! —washl-a-solla-boll—Ishay! (on his knees)—Boll-a-sholl-a-sholl-a—hic—boshl! (on his face) —B-o-s-h-o-l-a!! (Weeps—sleeps.)

A Base Insinuation.

GRANNY did rather a cruel thing the other day, when, under the guise of gravely discussing the acclimatisation of fish, she made a malicious reference to Mr George Anderson, in connection with a piscatorial association calling itself "the Dodgers' Angling Club." Surely the old lady did not mean to suggest that our senior member angles—for salmon, for instance, or for plaice—in a "dodgy" manner?

PAISLEY AGAIN.

(Scene—Supper party in private house in Paisley; conversation turns on young lady who has a most decided squint.)

Little Boy of Family (addressing his mother)—O mamma, is that the lady who has the hen-taed een?

"Still growing"—in Popular Wonderment—The Giantess.

A Laughing Stock—The puns in a pantomime.

Sunday "Closing"—Hogmanay.

GRAND HOLIDAY EXHIBITION.

THE MOST BRILLIANT SPECTACLE IN THE CITY.
SUPREME MONARCH OF CITY EXHIBITIONS.
COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

Our First Fancy Fair and Toy Show is pronounced, alike by Press and Public, as the Finest ever seen in Scotland. The Colosseum is the only Draopery House in the country lighted by electricity. Nearly One Hundred Electric Lamps are lighted every day in the Establishment from 3-30 till 7-30.

THE GREAT TOY FAIR, FIERER THAN FAIRYLAND.
Mr WILSON would like your fair and candid opinion on it. He expects to see at least 100,000 of his Country Patrons during the holidays.

**THE GRAND SIGHT OF THE CITY.
ALL GOOD CHILDREN ARE INVITED**

To feast their eyes on the Wonders of Toyland in the Magic Halls. The Grand Toy Fair is lighted with Sixty Swan Incandescent Electric Lamps, and is the only Toy Department in Scotland that has ever been lighted with Electricity. Come and see the dazzling effects. Come and see the Dioramas of the Egyptian War, the Indian Scenes, the gorgeous Views and Cosmoramaic Arrangements, the Discovery of the NORTH POLE, especially got up for the Colosseum. Come and see the Cabose and the Bhoys. Come and see Mesdames Mary, Mary, quite contrary; Bo-Peep; Old-Woman-under-the-Hill, Muffet, &c, &c; Messrs Jack Horner, Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Jack Straw, Johnny Hardbake, Peter Squarehead, Mr and Mrs Jack Sprat and Daughter, the Black Sheep, Jack and Jill, Margery Daw, and a Host of auxiliaries.

THE GRAND BAZAAR

contains more than we could tell you in a *week*. In a *week* moment we thought of attempting it, but found the task too heavy, even for Mr Wilson; so we must in a general way describe all we can. One thing you should not omit seeing is the "Little Beckwiths," the Lady and Gentlemen Swimmers, in the New Tank specially constructed.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS

will be admitted under certain restrictions; but, as a guarantee of good behaviour, it is particularly requested that all grown persons be accompanied by their children. Grown persons not having children of their own may borrow them, or they may be brought in charge of nephews, nieces, or juvenile friends of either sex. The strictest child need not fear to expose its parents to the influence of the Toy Mania. These attacks generally end much in favour of the juvenile.

Come and see Old Santa Claus. You may dip into his interior stores for lucky Sixpenny Packages. See the Fairy Garden.

THERE ARE THINGS WORTH LOOKING AT

in thousands; in fact they are all over the House from roof to cellar, from wall to wall, things mirthful, marvellous, rich, rare, curious, exciting, interesting, commonplace, startling, useful, ornamental, nonsensical, sensible, pleasant, and provoking about on every side, to be looked at, longed for, laughed at, criticised, admired, abused, talked of, written of, avoided, bought, let alone or given away. For old and young, for rich and poor, for gentle and for simple, for juvenile and senile, for girl or boy, father or mother, uncle or aunt, maid, wife, widow, or mother-in-law, for each and every family, great and small, there are present in profusion and rich materials for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

For ALBUMS, PURSES, BAGS, and FANCY GOODS, we have no equal, all this class coming from our own House in Berlin.

THE COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONARIA.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
JAMAICA STREET.

PHRENOLOGY.

PROFESSOR COATES' ROOMS,
62 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Will be Open NEW-YEAR'S DAY and ALL THE YEAR
ROUND for
PHRENOLOGICAL HYGIENIC ADVICE.
VERBAL STATEMENT OF CHARACTER, BUSINESS
ADAPTABILITY, &c., 2s 6d.
Good Beginning for 1883.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL
Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167
St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES,
3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and
20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.
J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

JAMES BUTTERS,
BUTCHER,
519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

JAMES HENDERSON,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
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JOHN GARDINER & SONS'
FINEST OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.
EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
Are now Selling the same at
25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.
Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,
PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise
and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from
Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.
REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

MELLOW SMOKING MIXTURE—
MURRAY'S FAMED
Pound Packages,.....5s 4d per Lb.
ST. VINCENT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
463 ST. VINCENT STREET.

ONE HUNDRED SHILLING
DRESS SUIT.

We beg to remind Gentlemen of our distinctive Speciality in the matter of Dress Suits at the above-named price. This Suit is made from the best West of England Woaded and Wool-Dyed Superfine Black Cloths. The widespread appreciation which it has met with since we first offered it has amply justified our efforts and satisfied our expectations. An article was desiderated at once superior to that supplied under the old system of credit, and much more moderate in price. This we have provided, the only stipulation being that the Terms are Cash.

FORSYTH,

13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

M. F. THOMPSON, HOMCEOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MAGNETISM.—NATURE'S HEALTH

RESTORER.—COLD FEET, from damp, deficient circulation, or nervous exhaustion, are frequently the cause of Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc.

Try COATES' MAGNETIC CORK SOLES—an effectual remedy for Cold Feet—from 2s 6d per pair, Post Free.

J. COATES, PH. D., Magnetic and Hygienic Practitioner,
62 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.
Office Hours—10 to 9. Consultations Free.

S. T. MUNGO CAFE,

53 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
NOW OPEN.
CHARGES MODERATE.

16S 8D PER £100.

CASH still ADVANCED upon GOODS
DEPOSITED at above Rate of Interest per Month on
Loans exceeding £10.

145 NEW CITY ROAD,
Corner ROSEHALL STREET.

JAMES SCOTT, MANAGER. *Established 1852.*
Also at 97 NICHOLSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

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ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

MACKENZIE'S WEST-END LIBRARY,

183 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
Adjoining NEW FINE ART GALLERY.

Terms for Three Books at a Time.—Per Annum, 20s; per
Half-Year, 12s 6d; per Quarter, 7s; per Month, 2s 6d.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3rd, 1883.

Vale.

"I saw the skirts of the departing year."

SHAKE hands, old Eighty-Two, and so goodbye;
The best of friends must part, and so must we;
December's all but out, and very nigh
Is Eighty-Three.

Hear, hear them tolling out your latest breath!
How solemn now the minutes, and how slow;
A sadness gathers round befitting death—
Speak low, speak low.

"But wherefore sad?" rejoins old Eighty-Two,
"We've been fast friends together, you and I;
I would not live beyond my time—would you?—
We all must die.

"And though I'm old, the world's a youngling yet—
Come laugh at that, and blythe and happy be!
There's signal of the comforts you may get
In Eighty-Three!

"I go, my worthy friend, and fain would think
I leave you wiser by a twelvemonth's gain;
And while your cup is something from the brink,
'Tis yet to drain.

"Up and be doing, swerve not from the right,
Mirth will be bye to cheer you unaware;
Keep your heart high, for that goes far to fright
Old Daddy Care.

"Bear with your neighbours; help the struggling poor
(Too proud to beg, alas, too weak to delve);
The future gift for charity is sure—
Ta, ta, there's Twelve!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

(Scene—A parlour; two acquaintances are having a wrangle about their ministers.)

1st Acquaintance—Bless me, Mrs Mason, look at the number o' oor congregation, mair nor twa thoosan', while yours is no muckle owre twa hunner.

2nd Acquaintance—Quite so, Mrs Green, but you forget that quantity's one thing and quality another.

IRONY.—Mr White-and-Gold Corlett informed the readers of the *Herald* the other morning that "one horse that he had had more humour in him than the whole staff of *Punch*." This, no doubt, was Mr Corlett's satirical way of telling us that the animal in question was a singularly dull brute; but why not have said "the whole staff of the *Sporting Times*?"

"The Latest Out"—1882.

Fairy Transformation-scene—Puck's in Midsummer-Night's Dream.

When was Dunse left in darkness? When the Registrar put its e'e oot on Thursday.

A Card Case:

WHICH WAS OPENED AT THE TRUE BLUE CLUB.

"TALKING about New-Year cards, I can tell you fellows a good story about one. You remember Toffington, who used to be in the Light Bobs when they were stationed at Marthahill—great swell; used to hunt with the Panicshire and Doneforshire, and all that; but deuced hard up?

"Well, poor Toffy—that's what they called him in the regiment: partly for short, and partly because he was such a sweet youth—poor Toffy was on the point of coming a complete mucker when he began to make the running with old Mrs M'Shoddy. She might be Toffy's mother, of course; but M'Shoddy left her something like half-a-million. Old Mother Mac couldn't resist the gay Captain; she was soon awfully gone on him; and, in short, by this time last year they were engaged.

"I've told you Toffy was a sweet youth. So he was. He was always precious sweet on himself, and generally on a girl or two besides. In fact, at the very time he was spooning Mother Mac he was carrying on to no end with little Pettito, who used to dance in the Frivolity pantomime—you remember! So when Toffy, a few days before the New Year, got from his elderly *fiancée* a very handsome card—the kind that costs half-a-guinea or so; hand-painted ivory, and all that sort of thing—he thought it would be a neat and inexpensive memento to send to Pettito. And sent it.

"Well—hang this weed; won't draw!—well, Pettito didn't care twopence for such mementoes, and so *she* sent it on to old Piggs, the iron man, whom she had once met somehow, and who, she thought, might possibly be good for diamonds. Now, it happened that the old boy was just thinking that Mrs M'Shoddy would do much better to unite her half-million to *his* half-million instead of presenting it to an impecunious party like Toffy. He also thought that he might be able to cut the redcoat out, and was planning how to open the siege when the precious card arrived. I needn't tell you that, though he's such a gay old boy, and has such a lot of tin, he's as stingy as old boots. So, after grinning over the article for five minutes, *he* puts it in a big envelope, and forwards it to Mother Mac, with the compliments of the season.

"Now for what Charlie M'Malaprop calls the 'denouncement.' The widow had been particularly careful in choosing the card; she would have known it among a thousand; but,

more than that, she had put her initials in the corner—so modestly, however, that they had not been noticed by either Toffy, Pettito, or Piggs. You can fancy the 'ructions.' She immediately concluded that the thing was a plot between Toffy and Piggs to insult her, and when the bold officer called she tragically commanded him to explain before quitting her sight for ever. Toffy's idea was that the Pettito had been spiteful enough to betray him, and he fled without a word. Mother Mac cut Piggs the next time she met him, but he heard somehow that a New-Year card was at the bottom of it, and he at once thought of the Pettito. So poor Pettito lost Toffy, failed to hook Piggs, and didn't know why; Piggs and Toffy both lost Mother Mac, and didn't know why; and Mother Mac is still a lone widow, and doesn't know why; and I believe they're all in the dark to this moment.

"What do you think of *that* for a New-Year card case, old chappies? I think I've earned another B. and S."

—o—o—o—

"A Nice Young Man for a Small Tea Party."

UNDER the ironical heading of "The Woes of a Particularly Nice Young Man," the *Herald* published an exceedingly funny letter the other day. The writer represents himself as a social martyr, who is obliged to attend "several parties" every week, and whose health is suffering from the compulsion of keeping late hours. He anticipates the natural remark that he might either stay at home altogether or leave the festive scene at an early hour, and gravely rejoins, "You who say that might perhaps leave a party at any hour you like and not be missed, but an individual like myself . . . cannot very well leave before the 'breaking up' without his early departure being noticed and remarked upon by the other guests." Poor young man! His case is truly a hard one; but has he ever tried the experiment of "silently stealing away" at whatever hour suits him? "Individuals like himself" are unfortunately not so scarce as he appears to suppose, and it is just possible that his timely disappearance might, if "noticed and remarked upon" at all, be noticed and remarked upon with relief and gratitude.

—o—o—o—

Sea-son-able deck-oration—On the deck of "The Bristol."

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.
Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

THE pictures for the Institute must be all sent in by Monday, the 8th of Jan. "They say" that the Exhibition promises to be an unusually interesting one. It will be very strong in French pictures; several Parisian artists, whose works have not hitherto been seen in Glasgow, will be among the contributors. One of these is Bastian Lepage, perhaps the most popular, as he is one of the most effective, of all the French painters of the day.

"A Visit of Sympathy" is Alex. Davidson's largest picture of the present season. It shows two female figures, dressed in modern costume, and standing together in the hall of an old English mansion. The picture is a story one, and it tells its story easily and naturally. Its execution, moreover, is very careful; no palms have been spared by the artist over the work. "Rothsay from the Cowal Shore," a bright, engaging view of the popular watering-place, with the grand masses of the Arran Hills filling up the Loch Fad valley; the Corn-field Scene, shown at the Art Club, and a second Corn field, behind which stretches a belt of dark woodland, are the more important of Mr Davidson's other pictures. Duncan M'Kellar has just completed a figure piece, which has for its subject a pair of cronies seated at a table, and engaged in a game of draughts. The faces of both are full of character, and the general arrangement of the work is altogether excellent. "The Stirrup Cup," "His Lordship," and "The Last Sixpence," single figure pictures all of them, are other three of Mr M'Kellar's paintings. J. D. Taylor will be represented in the Exhibition of the Institute by a sea piece. In front is a stretch of yellow sand, and beyond a billowy, tumbling sea. The day is bright, with a fresh, bracing breeze. A pastoral scene, made up of a cornfield, two large plane trees, and a brook; "Cathcart Castle," a delightful spring picture; and a capital little snow piece, will likewise be sent by Mr Taylor to the Institute.

"A Swing," a large river scene, the "Market Place of Dinant," a "Street in Dinant," and a Dorchester picture, are the works at present on view in the studio of Charles M'Ewen. The "Swing" is a figure picture, and is probably the most successful, both as regards drawing and colour, which Mr M'Ewen has yet painted. He has likewise been exceedingly happy in his "Dinant Market Place."

One of Peter Buchanan's larger canvasses shows a stretch of brawling, angry stream, which rushes along between broken banks. The work is remarkable for the fine painting of the sky.

The well-known sketcher in crayons, A'ex. Blaikley, is expected home before long from his lengthened tour in the States and Canada. Probably his works will be placed on exhibition on his return.

Sending-in day for the Royal Scottish Academy is the 1st of February.

The rumour anent the Grosvenor Gallery, to which allusion was made in this column some weeks ago, is once more going the rounds. Only this time the reason given for the alteration in the proprietorship is not that the gallery has been commercially unsuccessful.

Two provincial exhibitions which will be on view early in the year will be those of the Smith Institute in Stirling, and of the Elgin Art Institute. The Stirling Exhibition will open towards the beginning of February, and that in Elgin either in February or March.

The works of the pupils of the St George's Art School, conducted by Robert Brydall, were on view at the School, 147 St George's Road, on Friday and Saturday, the 29th and 30th December, and will continue on view on the Monday and Wednesday of next week, the 1st and 2d of January.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP IN THE DARK.

A man bestrides his great high horse,
And thinks of course he might do worse;
The horse may rear and throw his man,
Let him do worse now gif he can.

My Conscience!

SOME of the qualifications required of the modern clerk are just a little appalling. In order to have any chance of obtaining a post advertised in the *Herald*, the applicant must be "a member of a christian church, abstainer, not a smoker, of good health, under 35, married or engaged to be married," and he must further "have orderliness and thoroughness, a liking for work and ability to carry out work, tact and helpfulness with juniors in the office, and not count any duty 'menial.'" The last requirement implies that this model clerk must not resent being asked to light the fires on occasion, or black his employer's boots. It would be interesting to know how many "particularly nice young men" replied to this very particularly nice advertisement.

"HIGHER EDUCATION."

(Scene—Baker's shop; home-made buns, cakes, &c., coming in to be "fired.")

Customer (pointing to latest arrival)—Losh, baker, what'na auld wife contrived that monstrosity? I reckon the bodie's heid maun hae been a bit alee.

Baker—Haud yer tongue, man! Nae auld wife ever had a finger on't. Ye ken, since the Schule Brod began their higher edication in the shape o' cookin', a've just been deluged with the productions o' the young leddies. Eh man, sic curiosities! I whyles canna help lauchin', but 'od, ye dinna like to dishearten the craters, an' it's a hantle better for them to be daein' that than tormentin' folk for missionary collections. The only thing that bothers me aboot thae kin' o' cakes is that they greatly lessen oor oven-man's chances o' a better worl. If my elder was to hear that man consignin' the hale collection to the big oven doon below, he wad hae me up before the session for allowin' sich language in my bakehoose.

[The curiosity is passed on with a sigh.]

T H E G A I E T Y.
Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCES

OF
THE ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

MONDAY,	1ST JANUARY,AT 12, 3, AND 7-30.
TUESDAY,	2NDAT 12, 3, AND 7-30.
WEDNESDAY,	3RDAT 12, 3, AND 7-30.
THURSDAY,	4THAT 2, AND 7-30.
FRIDAY,	5THAT 2, AND 7-30.
SATURDAY,	6THAT 2, AND 7.

G R A N D T H E A T R E
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

Already Upwards of Forty-Two Thousand People have Witnessed, with Rapturous Delight

THE SECOND "GRAND"

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME of 1882-83,

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Invented by THOS. W. CHARLES, and Produced under his Sole Direction

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARTISTES,
GORGEOUS SCENERY AND COSTUMES.

NO BOOKING DURING HOLIDAY WEEK.

FIRST GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1882.

AT TWO P.M.

MORNING PERFORMANCES FOR THE NEW-YEAR WEEK.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1.....	1.....	} 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.
TUESDAY, " 2.....	2.....	
WEDNESDAY, " 3.....	3.....	} 2 AND 7-30.
THURSDAY, " 4.....	4.....	
FRIDAY, " 5.....	5.....	} 12, 3-30, AND 7-30.
SATURDAY, " 6.....	6.....	

The Box Plan, is now Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street. Prices from 6d to £2 2s.

N.B.—Owing to the Enormous Expense of this Production, the Free List will be entirely suspended (Press excepted).

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

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

GREAT ATTRACTION FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR WEEKS.

TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), 30th December, at 7-30,
Return Visit of

H. C. JARRETT'S

Enormously-Successful Musical Comedy-Oddity,
F U N O N T H E B R I S T O L .
By the same

FULL AMERICAN COMPANY,
INCLUDING

Mr JOHN F. SHERIDAN,

As the *Widow O'Brien*.

"The funniest play on record."—*New York Herald*.

SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER,
GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF

FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

Doors Open at 1-15. Commence at 2 o'clock.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre from 11 till 3.

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

MORNING PERFORMANCES

FOR THE

NEW-YEAR WEEK.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1,	1,	} at 12 and 3.
TUESDAY, " 2,	2,	
WEDNESDAY, " 3,	3,	} at 2.
SATURDAY, " 6,	6,	

GLASGOW

BOTANIC GARDEN AND WINTER GARDEN

Are Open from 9 a.m. till Dusk during the
NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS,

(From 1st to 6th January, 1883, inclusive.)

ADMISSION—SIXPENCE.

Annual Family Ticket 21s; Single Ticket 10s 6d. To be had at W. SLOAN'S, 140 Hope Street, and at Garden Gate.

G L A S G O W C H O R A L U N I O N.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
NEW-YEAR'S EVENING.

GRAND
BALLAD & ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

VOCALISTS—

MADAME PATEY,

MISS CARLOTTA ELLIOTT, MR EGBERT ROBERTS.
THE PROGRAMME WILL INCLUDE—

- Hungarian March from "Faust,"..... Berlois.
- Overture "William Tell,"..... Rossini.
- Gavotte "Elegance and Grace,"..... Cowen.
- March of the Mountain Gnome,..... Ellenberg.
- "Invitation to the Waltz,"..... Weber.
- Overture "Rienzi,"..... Wagner.
- Minuet for Strings,..... Bocherini.
- Ballet, "The Dance of the Hours,"..... Ponchielli.
- Turkish Patrol, .. Michaelis.
- Grand Selection from "Tannhauser,"..... Wagner.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 70 PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

Doors Open at 6-30. Concert at 7-30.

Tickets—2s 6d (Reserved), 2s.

ONE SHILLING.

At Paterson's, 152 Buchanan Street.

H E N G L E R ' S G R A N D C I R Q U E,
WEST NILE STREET, GLASGOW.

OPEN EVERY EVENING AT 7. COMMENCING AT 7-30.

GENUINE SUCCESS OF

MR CHARLES HENGLER'S ORIGINAL
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S ANNUAL,
Entitled

THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE!

In Twelve Picturesque Tableaux, the Arena representing a
Vast and

BRILLIANTLY-ILLUMINATED GLACIARIUM.

"THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE"

At Every Performance, preceded by

HENGLER'S UNRIVALLED EQUESTRIAN TROUPE.

And Every Evening the Wonderful

EQUESTRIAN MONKEY.

Prices of Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, 6d. Children under 10
Half-Price to all parts except Gallery. Booking Office open at
Cirque from 10 till 3 Daily.

SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER,
MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF

"THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE!"

THE EQUESTRIAN MONKEY,
AND HENGLER'S GREAT COMPANY.

Doors Open at 2; Commencing 2 30.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES, 1883—

Monday, 1st January—Four Performances.—Commencing 11-30,
2, 4-15, and 7-30 o'clock.

Tuesday, January 2nd } Three Performances,
Wednesday, January 3rd } Commencing at 12-30, 3, and 7-30.
Thursday, January 4th } Two Performances,
Friday, January 5th } Commencing Each Day at 2-30
Saturday, January 6th } and 7-30.

* * * Doors Open Half-an-Hour previous to each Performance.

"THE CARNIVAL ON THE ICE"
at Every Performance.

The CIRQUE BOOKING OFFICE will be CLOSED after
TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), 30th DECEMBER, till
Further Notice.

PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES.

GENTLEMEN'S—
£10 to £100.
LADIES'—
£3 to £30.
SILVER WATCHES.
Gentlemen's, 50s to £20.
Ladies', 40s to £10.
Manufacturers of
CHRONOMETERS,
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366 ARGYLE STREET, AND 184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
The most complete in Scotland. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

NEWSOME'S
HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS,
INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW.

Open Every Evening at 7; Commencing at 7-30.

With a Splendid Equestrian Programme.

MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION FOR THE
NEW-YEAR FESTIVITIES.

On SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 30th, will be Produced and at every representation until Further Notice, the GRAND JUVENILE EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT; OR, THE FAIRIES' BANQUET AND MINIATURE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

A Juvenile Spectacle in Five Tableaux.

Written Expressly for Newsome's Circus.

A Simple Story, told in simple rhyme

To please good children at the New-Year time.

SPECIAL GRAND ILLUMINATED PERFORMANCES FOR THE NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

FIRST GRAND ILLUMINATED MORNING PERFORMANCE

THIS DAY, (SATURDAY), DECEMBER 30th.

Doors Open at 2; Commencing at 2-30.

MONDAY, January 1, 1883 (New-Year's day), there will be 5 Performances, viz., 11 o'clock, 1, 3, 5, and 7 p.m.

TUESDAY, January 2, at ... 11 o'clock, 1, 3, and 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, January 3, at ... 12 o'clock, 3 and 7 p.m.

THURSDAY, January 4, at 2-30 and 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, January 5, at... .. 2-30 and 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, January 6, at 2-30 and 7 p.m.

And Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY until further Notice. Box Office Open from 11 to 3 Daily.

Prices from 6d to 3s.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, MR. J. NEWSOME.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
"MESSIAH."

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE.

SOLO VOCALISTS:—

MISS CARLOTTA ELLIOT.

MR HARPER KEARTON. MR EGBERT ROBERTS.

MADAME PATEY.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF 70 PERFORMERS.
CHORUS—THE GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

CONDUCTOR MR AUGUST MANN'S.

Doors Open at 11-30. Concert at 12-30.

Tickets—8s 6d, 5s (Reserved), 3s—at Patersons', 152 Buchanan Street.

CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 6TH JANUARY, 1883.

GREAT COMPETITION CONCERT.

To encourage Musical Talent and Proficiency in Solo Singing by Amateur Vocalists, the Directors have arranged for a

COMPETITION OF SOLO VOCALISTS,
SOPRANO, TENOR, BARITON, & BASS.

SIXTEEN COMPETITORS.

SELECTED from a LARGE NUMBER of CANDIDATES.

The following have kindly consented to act as Judges:—

J. SELIGMAN, Esq.; E. BERGER, Esq.;

W. M. MILLER, Esq; T. L. SILLIE, Esq; W. SMITH, Esq.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street. Doors Open at a Quarter to 7; Concert to commence at 7-30.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GRAND TOUR OF THE NITED KINGDOM.
T R A D E S' H A L L,
 GLASGOW.
 ONE WEEK ONLY,
 COMMENCING NEW-YEAR'S DAY,
 MONDAY, 1ST JANUARY, 1883.

M A R I A N, T H E G I A N T
 AMAZON QUEEN,
 WHO IS WITHOUT DOUBT, KNOWN TO BE
 THE TALLEST WOMAN THE WORLD EVER SAW.
 This Remarkable Young Lady was Born at Benkendorf,
 Germany, on the 31st January, 1866, and has attained the
 Enormous Height of 8 Feet 2 Inches, and is
 STILL GROWING.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES
 Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.
 Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.
PAGANINI REDIVIVUS,
 The Greatest of all Violinists. Secured at enormous expense
 TO-NIGHT, and during the Holidays;
 and a Large Company.

GLASS AND CHINA.—M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Minton's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Doulton Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatelli's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kiln which we have recently erected in our Workshop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paintings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.



Ivanhoe Clays, 2d each.
Briars, 9d to 4s 6d.
 All Pipes Stamped "A. A. PERCY'S PATENT."
 Sold by all Tobacconists in Town.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.
 RETURN TICKETS

AT A
 SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY
 WILL BE ISSUED FROM
 GLASGOW AND PAISLEY

On the 28th, 29th, and 30th December, and 1st January, to Perth, Dundee, and all Stations North thereof; to Through Booking Stations on the Highland and Great North of Scotland Railways; to Beattock, Carlisle, Dumfries, and Intermediate Stations South of Beattock; to all Stations on the Portpatrick Line; and to Killin, Luib, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Dalmally, Loch Awe, Taynuilt, Connel Ferry, and Oban—available to Return within Fourteen Days from date of issue.

Tickets to Stations on the Highland Railway will not be available to Return by Mail Trains nor on Sundays.

Passengers will please ask for Excursion Tickets.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS

Will be run during the Holidays between Glasgow and Edinburgh, Paisley, Greenock, Coatbridge, Motherwell, Wishaw, Hamilton, Lanark, Stirling, &c., &c., for particulars of which see Bills.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager.

Glasgow, December, 1882.



GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NEW-YEAR HOLIDAYS.

On THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, 28th, 29th, and 30th DECEMBER, and 1st JANUARY, RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY

Will be issued from GLASGOW, SHIELDS ROAD, and PAISLEY, to

THORNHILL,	DALBEATTIE,	PINMORE,
DUMFRIES,	CASTLE-DOUGLAS,	PINWHERRY,
ANNAN,	KIRKCUDBRIGHT,	BARRHILL,
CARLISLE,	GIRVAN,	NEW LUCE,

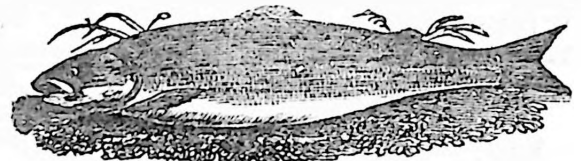
And Stations on the Port-patrick Railway.

Via CASTLE DOUGLAS,

The Tickets being valid for Return Fourteen Days from Date of Issue.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager.

Glasgow, December, 1882.



DINNERS—(FISH)—SUPPERS.

The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies' Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS of Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,
 141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

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

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,
 Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

WILLIAM HUME,
 217 BUCHANAN STREET,

CORPORATION ORGAN, &c., RECITALS.

The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt. Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

Doors Open at 3.30.
Admission and Programmes Free.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE
GLASGOW ART CLUB,
IN THE
GALLERY OF MESSRS T. & R. ANNAN,
153 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
(ALL CHOICE CABINET PICTURES).
Admission—including Catalogue—Sixpence.

"LUX IN TENEBRIS,"
IS NOW ON VIEW

AT
JAMES M'CLURE & SON'S GALLERY,
90 ST. VINCENT STREET,
Open from 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 3.

Admission Sixpence.

GLASGOW ITALIAN ART LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE CORPORATION GALLERIES WILL BE CLOSED from this Date TILL SATURDAY, the 23RD CURRENT, on which Date the ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION will be OPENED TO THE PUBLIC.
16th December, 1882.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c
J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite J. attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.
J. D. BOYACK,
PIANOFORTE and MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

S N A C K S
HOT MUTTON PIE AND POTATOES,
SAUSAGES AND POTATOES, ... } 3d
STEAK PUDDING AND POTATOES,
MINCE COLLOPS AND POTATOES, } 3d
AT GALLOWAY'S, 115 WEST NILE STREET,
19 STOCKWELL STREET, AND 5 MAINS STREET.
Purveyor for Supper Parties.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS.
ARTISTS,

88 RENFIELD STREET, 88

"THE British Journal of Photography" says, in noticing our Specimens in this Exhibition—"These Artist occupy a foremost place in the pictorial ranks of Scotland."



ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH GIN.

THE BEST AND PUREST SPIRIT,
ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSIL OIL
AND SACCHARINE MATTER.

MESSRS COATES & CO,
THE BLACK FRIARS' DISTILLERY
ESTABLISHED 1793,
Distillers of the Original Plymouth Gin.

MESSRS A. MACLENNAN & CO.,
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WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
WEST-END FURNITURE BRANCH AND STORES—
46 BATH STREET and 15 and 17 SAUCHIEHALL
LANE.

Well Ventilated and Dry Stores for Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.
Head Office—Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR,

26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.
BREAKFASTS DINNERS, TEAS.
French Papers Daily.

F L O R A L D E C O R A T I O N S .

JOHN M'MEEKIN,
THE NURSERIES, PARTICK,

Executes Decorations for Assemblies, Evening Parties, etc., in the most tasteful manner.
A Large Variety of Plants always in Stock for Table Decoration
Estimates Given.

THE NEW CLEANSING AND PURIFYING FLUID,

H Y D R O N E
For General Laundry, Household, and other Purposes.
May be had of all Grocers, &c.

THE HYDRONE COMPANY, LIMITED,
Works—37 POMEROY ST., NEW CROSS ROAD, S.E.
Offices—
13 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.
LONDON.
79 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF

MR BERYL'S

THIRD SOUTH-SIDE PANTOMIME,
LITTLE**RED RIDING HOOD.**

AGAIN the { POPULAR,
FUNNY,
LOCAL,
CHILDREN'S,
PEOPLE'S, } PANTOMIME.

Again the **GREATEST** and **UNDOUBTED SUCCESS**
of the Season.

NORTH BRITISH DAILY MAIL, 11th December.—“As a spectacle, ‘Red Riding Hood’ is equal, if not superior, to anything Mr Beryl has hitherto produced, and in saying this no greater measure of praise could be metted out.”

LIST OF HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.

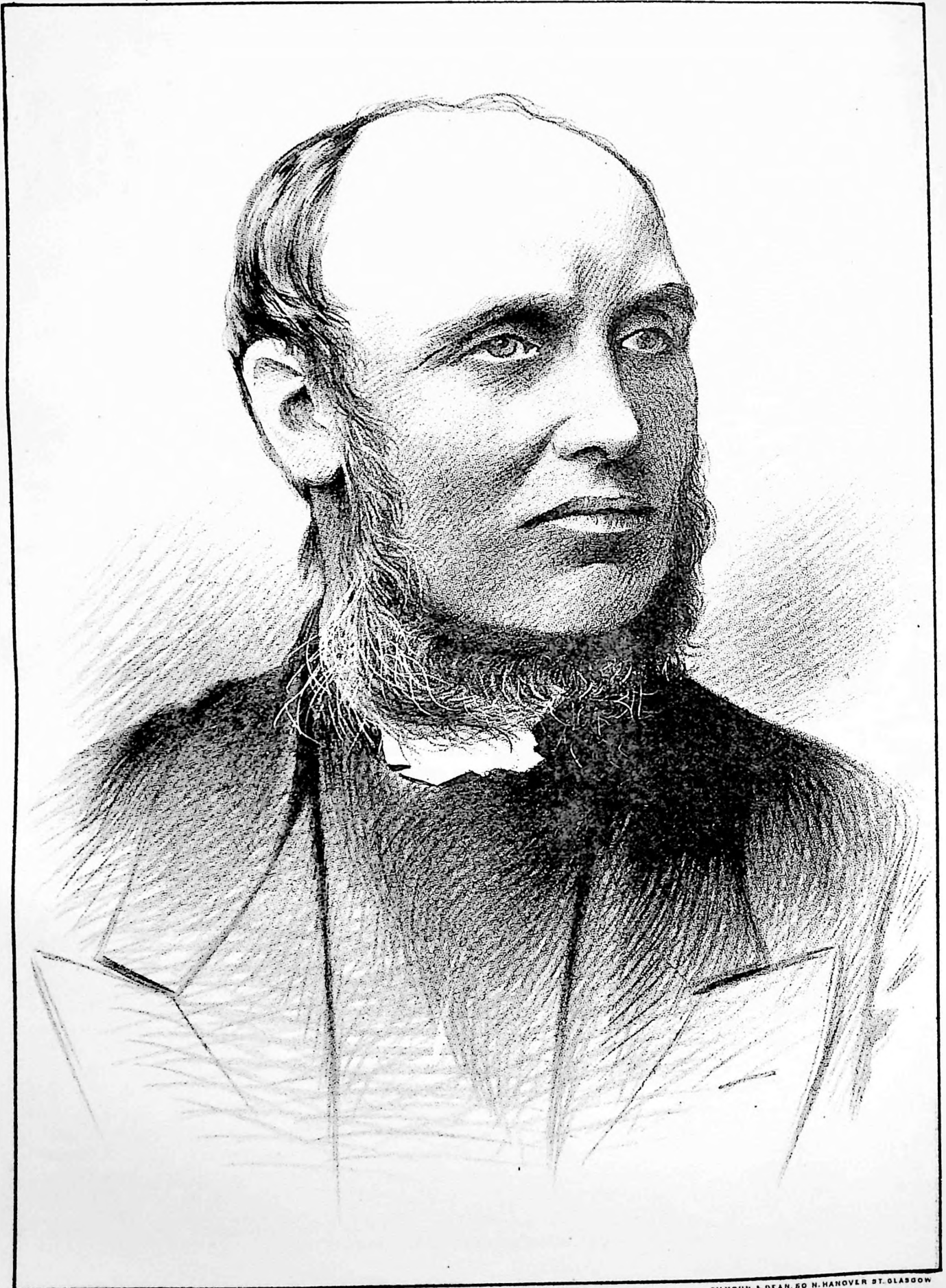
MONDAY,	January	1,	1883,	at	12,	3,	and	7-30.
TUESDAY	”	2,	”	”	12,	3,	and	7-30.
WEDNESDAY,	”	3,	”	”	12,	3,	and	7-30.
THURSDAY,	”	4,	”	”	2,	and	7-30.	
FRIDAY,	”	5,	”	”	2,	and	7-30.	
SATURDAY,	”	6,	”	”	2,	and	7.	

“YE’VE AN AWFU NECK ON YE!”

“HAVE YE GOT A MATCH?”



[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a series of lines of text, possibly a list or a set of notes, but the characters are too light to be transcribed accurately.]



The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 534. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 10th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 534.

"WHAT do I see?" said the Laird of Torfoot. "But one trooper, and that motley crowd is a rabble—not a troop. That trooper is not of Claverse's band; nor does he belong to Douglas, nor to Inglis, nor to Strachan's dragoons. He waves a small flag. I can discover the scarlet and blue colour of the Covenantant's flag. Ha! welcome you, John Howie of Lochgoin. But what news? lives our country? Lives the good old cause?" "Glorious news!" exclaimed Howie; "Scotland for ever! she is free. The tyrant James has abdicated. The Stuarts are banished by an indignant nation. Orange triumphs. Our wounds are binding up. Huzza! Scotland and King William and the Covenant for ever!" The man who brought this weighty news to Torfoot was the grandfather of John Howie of Lochgoin, the famous author of the "Scots Worthies," and the Man you Know for this week, the Rev. ROBERT HOWIE, M.A., of Free St. Mary's, Govan, is a direct descendant of the famous old Covenanters who fought and worshipped amongst the moss-hags of Lochgoin in the parish of Fenwick. The Man you Know first saw the light of day in the farm of Torlands, in Kilwinning parish, in the month of February, 1836. Reared at a farm and amongst farmers, Mr HOWIE still bears about with him a physical imprint of the country, which neither hard study nor unceasing labour has been able to destroy. In the broad shoulders, the ruddy tint, and the big, laughing, blue eyes of the Man you Know, the clergyman is difficult to recognise, indeed it needs but a suit of Scotch tweeds to transform the city preacher into the *beaw ideal* of a Scottish farmer. Mr HOWIE received his early schooling at Irvine Academy, where he took the Eglinton prize

medal in the English department and many other minor prizes. In 1852, at the age of 16 he matriculated at the old University in High Street, and the following year he took honours in classics, and was a prizeman in logic and mathematics. In Sir William Thomson's classes he was first prizeman in natural philosophy in his fourth year, and the year following he took the "Breadalbane Scholarship," in a competition by the M.A.'s who had distinguished themselves in mathematics and natural philosophy the preceding year. In this same year he was first prizeman in civil engineering under the late Professor Macquorn Rankine, and is one of the few remaining theological students who studied in the old Thistle Street Academy under the late Professors Gibson and Fairbairn, before the erection of the present Free Church college. An essay on the "Unity of God," read at this time by the Man you Know before Dr Gibson, caused that very orthodox gentleman to arraign its author before the Presbytery, and afterwards before the General Assembly, on a charge of "Heresy," which, however, despite the efforts of Drs Begg, Gibson, and the then "Highland contingent," fell to the ground. This incident, however, created such a rupture that Mr HOWIE repaired to the Edinburgh University, where he finished his curriculum under the late Professor Cunningham and others. In 1859, the year previous to receiving his license, he started the first mission in Dreghorn amongst the miners. There being no church or meeting-house of any kind, he preached to them in a barn, and the result of his efforts there is now to be seen in the three mission churches erected in the district since that time. In November, 1860, he was licensed, and the same month preached the Wynd Church vacant on the occasion of Mr M'Coll's removal to the new church in Bridgegate. The following day, at a special meeting,

it was resolved to give the Man you Know a unanimous call. Mr HOWIE, in that same week, had four calls to consider, but decided with characteristic promptitude to cast in his lot with the Wynd congregation as a city missionary. He started with 110 members, and in three and a half years afterwards the church was filled to the door with a membership of 750, the result of hard work, open air preaching in the Green, and other public places. In 1864 he went to Trinity Free Church, Charlotte Street, for the erection of which he had himself collected the money, £6000, and inside of twelve months the new church was free of debt. While here Mr HOWIE started a mission on the South-side, and raised money to purchase what is now known as Cunningham Free Church. In 1872 the Man you Know, with the spirit of a true missionary, left this flourishing congregation, with a membership of 1100 and full working missionary agencies at work all round the district, and went down to Govan, where he had neither church nor people, and started a mission in the Govan Town-hall where, with his usual success, he built and opened the fine church he now occupies (Free St. Mary's), at a cost of about £10,000. It was opened practically free of debt, and is now one of the best filled churches in the district, possessing a membership of about 1100. Mr HOWIE has a wonderful knack of raising money and gathering people about him, and it is within the truth to say that for church extension schemes generally, within the Presbytery of Glasgow, Mr HOWIE has raised upwards of £50,000. His interest in Foreign Missions is equally keen, and many of the young men now assisting Dr Stewart at Livingstonia have been trained under the eye of the Man you Know. Mr HOWIE is no kid glove minister. As a preacher he is simple and evangelical in style, vigorous in denunciation of many of the modern ecclesiastical departures from the good old ways of the early heroes of the Reformation, set forth by his forbears the Howies of Lochgoin. The secret of his success is the secret of all success, viz., hard work. For twenty years he has, during the summer months, on Sunday and week-day evenings, regularly conducted open-air services in Glasgow Green, at Govan Cross, and elsewhere. The BAILIE loves a hard worker, and it is with pleasure he now hangs up the portrait of the Man you Know in his black and white Gallery.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Thomson on Burns.

DR BURNS has "been and gone and done it." He has been playing Old Harry with his ordination vows; giving occasion for a "notorious *fama*;" talking scandal of the late Mr Andrew Melville, Reformer; and perpetrating goodness only knows what other enormities, whereby—and this is the saddest part of the business—he has caused "great sorrow and regret" to the Reverend Messrs Thomson and M'Naught. Those two sleuth-hounds of orthodoxy have, however, sacrificed sorrow and regret to duty, and they are on the Doctor's track. As Mr Comus Tumble poetically puts it—

"Of Thomson and M'Naught
Sing the glorious day's renown,
Who their orthodoxy brought
To discharge on Burns's crown,
And waved their pious flag among them a,
As the pair took the war-path
Every 'brother' held his breath,
To keep back a wail, or faith,
A guffaw!"

ANOTHER BELT LIBEL.

Tam (to little brother)—Here, Jock, whaur's the strap o' ma skate? I'm thinkin' ye maun hae stolen't.

Fock—Whit a big lee, whin ye ken weel eneuch it's worn dune wi' the leatherin's ye've been gettin' frae yer mither for gaun wi' the lasses, an' that's whit's become o't.

A Double Mess.

AT a meeting of "representatives of Educational Endowments and Trusts," held last Wednesday in the Council Chambers, Mr Michael Connal took occasion to remark that "if we were to have two rival School Boards in the city they would certainly make a mess of it." Well, rather! Considering that our one School Board makes a most prodigious mess of it, it is not easy to conceive what the result would be if we had two. One can safely say, however, that Benjamin's mess would not be what Jonathan calls a "circumstance" to it.

"CHANGE."—Somebody advertises for a girl "smart at giving change." There should be plenty of applicants for the post. In capacity for giving "change" most of the "girls of the period" are unsurpassed by the average street Arab.

"Clyde" Up (or very nearly, to judge by recent scandals)—The honour of the British Navy.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Stories of the Pantomimes.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

"Any strange beast there makes a man."—*Tempest.*

ONCE a rich merchant lived who had three girls,
The youngest one he called "The Little Beauty;"
The elder two were proud—would marry carls!
But Beauty gave her father all her duty.

One day a messenger or letter—which?
At that time there would be no penny post—
Arrived to say he was no longer rich,
But very poor, as all his ships were lost.

Later there came—wouldn't be a telegram?—
News that they somehow chanced to save some cargo,
To come at once; alas, 'twas all a "cram,"
Or else the customs put on its embargo.

Before this, though, the elder sisters had
Given instructions for all sorts of shows,
Rings, gowns, and gewgaws—Beauty from her dad
Asked to be only brought a bonnie rose.

Distracted nigh, and cold and wanting food,
The father weary wends him to his home,
And takes him, for a short cut, through a wood,
When lo! before him stood a palace dome.

He reached the gate, the door was open wide,
He in and found all comforts here below,
All good to eat lay spread on every side,
And so he feasted, then he made to go.

And passing through the garden to go out
He spied some roses, stooped to pluck him one
For Little Beauty, when a horrid shout
Behind his back told him he wrong had done.

"What be'st thou pulls the roses of the Beast?"
He turned, and what a monster was before him!
"Such thievous action shall be death at least!"
Thus said the Beast and wildly 'gan to roar him.

"O spare me," says the daddy, "I but took
This wee bit rosebud for my darling daughter
Who'll prize it much"—"That's very well, but look,
You've done exactly what you didn't oughter.

"But cheer up, old man—since you have a daughter,
Bring her to live with me and you shall live;
I've jewels, sir, will make her eyes to water—
Off and be thankful you your life I give."

He home and told his daughters of his case
And straight the elder girls began to sigh for him;
But grief must touch the heart as well's the face—
His Beauty was the only one would die for him.

To save her father's life she'd beard the Beast—
The Beast that all in glittering palace snug lay;
She saw him, and like Persians to the east
He bowed and bowed—she thought him not so ugly.

The Beast turned out so very, very good to her—
Did what he could to brighten up her life—
That his ungainliness did not seem rude to her—
In short, he asked sweet Beauty for his wife.

"No," was her answer on the moment, but
Women at times will change, you must confess,
And so our Beauty: after this cold cut,
To save the poor Beast's life, she whispered "Yes."

When, in an instant, with electric speed,
The Beast threw off his hairy covering,
And stood before the maid a Prince indeed—
"There, take me, love, I'm worthy as a King."

The case stood thus: This Prince through fairy power
Was forced a beast's ungainly shape to take
Until some maid with beauty for her dower
Would love him only for his goodness sake.

So there's the story: sad?—the moral's bright;
When duty calls, from danger do not wince;
Though things look bad, you nobly do the right,
And Time from under all will show the Prince.

"Stalwart."

HAVING occasion to differ from a certain
Gilmorehill luminary at an educational
meeting the other day, Mr Michael Connal
suavely referred to the said luminary as "his
stalwart friend Professor Ramsay." This con-
ciliatory tone was eminently judicious. The
"stalwart" one used to be rather a neat hand
with "the gloves," and they *do* say that, when
"crassed," as Paddy puts it, he is or not many
years ago was, quite capable of resorting to his
olden "science." A set-to between the Chair-
man of the School Board and the Professor of
Humanity would be edifying, no doubt, but
rather one-sided. The BAILIE, for one, would
put all his money on the Gilmorehill Chicken,
in whom, from a muscular point of view, he
thoroughly believes.

A Poser.

["At Loughrea, Ireland, a reporter, named Edward Barrett,
was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for refusing to *dis-
perse.*"—*Evening Paper, Dec. 30*]

IS an Irish reporter ubiquitous?
Has he an *alter ego*?

Is he always beside himself?

Was he expected to walk up street with one
leg and elsewhere with the other?

Did he gather himself together in order to
undergo durance vile?

Will he become another "grand old man" in
the way of dual appointments and pay?

Supposing he had dispersed, how many police-
men would have been required to "run him in"
for something else? &c.

TALL TALK.

Maid Marian, Will she wed?
Well, what a strange suggestion;
No, not at all, it's "Leap" next year,
And some one small perchance may hear
In Eighteen-hundred-eighty-four
How she can pop the question.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.—New-
Year's-day began with heavy wet. Before it had
ended a good many "blue ribbons" had their
colour completely bleached out.

First Footing—Make haste; the better foot
before.—*King John.*

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky,
18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Rip Van Winkle,” which will be produced to-night at the Royalty for the first time in the provinces, was originally placed on the stage at the London Comedy Theatre on the 14th of last October. It is the work, as I mentioned a week ago, of Robert Planquette, of “Bells of Corneville” fame. If less individual in its character than that popular opera, its music is at least flowing and melodious, while its comedy situations are abundant, and, as worked up by the writers of the *libretto*, exceedingly effective.

The main lines of Boucicault's well-known play have been followed in the opera of “Rip Van Winkle.” In one particular, however, an alteration, and also, as it seems to me, an improvement, has been made. *Gretchen* is no longer a loud-tongued, irritating virago, but a loving, attentive wife. Moreover, she is killed at the close of the first act of the opera, so that, when *Rip* returns to Wide-awake Ville—after his sleep of twenty years—he is not met by a spouse who has married again in his absence, but by a loving, golden-haired daughter, the very image of her dead mother.

Two of the chief songs in the opera are “The Legend of the Kaatskill,” in the first, and a “Letter Song” in the last act. A charming love song has likewise been provided for *Hans Van Slous*, the sweetheart of *Rip*'s daughter, *Alice*, and two appropriate songs for *Rip* himself; while much musical skill is displayed in a trio sung by *Gretchen*, *Rip*, and *Derrick*—the last-named of whom is the villain of the piece.

Mr Henry Farnie, by the bye, the author of the English book of “Rip Van Winkle,” has taken a personal supervision of its production on Mr Knapp's stage.

All the pantomimes are doing capital business. Of the three, perhaps that at the Gaiety is the brightest; but there is abundance of spectacle, and gorgeous spectacle too, at the Grand, and plenty of good, honest fun—such fun as sets you laughing in spite of yourself—at the Royal Princess's.

The holiday business at Hengler's was the greatest on record. At the sixteen shows given throughout the week some fifty thousand folks “assisted,” and this brought grist to the mill to the extent of about £2000. Verily nothing succeeds like success. The “Carnival on the Ice” “fetches” the public in rare style, and will doubtless continue to do so for a few weeks longer. On its withdrawal an imposing military spectacle, “The Battle of Waterloo,” will be presented in the arena, and will show Mr Hengler's forces in “magnificently stern array.” Mr Powell assures me that this is by far the grandest item in his spectacular repertory.

As for the numbers that flowed into Newsome's last week their name must be put down as legion. Mr Clarke, who still attends to the “front,” skilfully handled the huge army corps of pleasure-seekers, and got over the eighteen entrances and exits without the slightest hitch or friction. I can categorically affirm that “Whittington” is the most attractive piece yet seen in the Ingram Street circus. In the closing tableau where

“A Banquet follows, and Grand Fancy Ball,
In our own Fairy Palace and Guildhall,”

I have never seen a saw-dust ring more elegantly and wonderfully transformed.

Some glory still seems to pertain, my Magistrate, to the classic Saltmarket and its purlieus. The late Mr Peter Clark, “wholesale wine merchant,” whose personality of £103,751 9s 1d, was mentioned in last week's daily papers, was a member of the firm of Messrs Bryce, Alexander & Co., of 40 St. Andrew's Street.

The efforts of Councillor Martin to secure a “count out” of the Town Council on Thursday were both frantic and amusing. Mr Neil began a dull discourse on the bright subject of “electric lighting,” during the delivery of which member after member stole silently out of the room, leaving nothing but rows of empty benches. When the “stealing” had proceeded to a certain ex-

tent, Mr Martin sprang to his feet, and, with outstretched arm, pointed a finger here and there, peering carefully into every corner where a member could possibly lurk, after which he placed a heavy hand on John's shoulder, with an audible command to “stop!” Then turning to the Lord Provost he proudly affirmed—“There's no' a quorum present!” Members, however, were speedily brought back: some were muffled and coaxed, and with hat in hand, ready to take their departure, these kept near the door, so that they could slip out again at the first opportunity. The official numbering proclaimed a quorum; but scarcely had Mr Neil once more got under weigh than the stealthy movements towards the door recommenced. Then the index finger of Jeems once more wandered round the room—the restless disposition of some of the members in shifting about from one place to another upsetting his calculations, and necessitating his beginning over again—with the result that Mr Neil was, for the second time, interrupted with the shout of “There's no' a quorum present!” There was more hunting for Councillors, a sufficient number of whom were induced to return, and Mr Neil was heard to the close.

Mr Miller then, with solemn aspect and sepulchral voice, rose to move that the meetings in future be opened with prayer, when a perfect scare ensued, the quorum elbowing one another out at the door in the utmost confusion. Jeems now leapt to his feet once more, and his finger again went from corner to corner of the apartment; but less than a dozen were present, and he was at last enabled to assert triumphantly—“I'm shair there's no' a quorum this time.

It was needless now to dispute his numbering, and the meeting stood adjourned.

Let the Midlothian campaign be off or on, and to-day's papers do say that it is off, I understand that the ceremony of launching the Hawarden Castle, from the building yard of Messrs Elder & Co., is still expected to be honoured with the presence of the Premier and Mrs Gladstone, and indeed that the lady of Hawarden is to christen the vessel. The ceremony has been fixed for 1-45 p.m. on Thursday, and thereafter Mr and Mrs Gladstone, together with a select company, will enjoy the hospitality of Mr Pearce, as purveyed by Mr John Forrester of Gordon Street.

The appointment of a City Accountant is as elegant a muddle as one could wish to see. In virtue of fourteen years' service, and of his abilities and knowledge of the duties, Mr John Carson (Mr Nicol's second in command) was, in the opinion of everybody acquainted with the circumstances, entitled to the promotion. Somebody wished, however, to get somebody else the situation. It was accordingly resolved to advertise for candidates for the office; but out of nearly half a hundred applicants, the committee were unable to agree upon a short list, and coolly suggested that the appointment should be left with them. This looked so like a “job,” that the Town Council rejected the proposal. In the face of the Chamberlain's statement that he is able to carry on the work with his present staff, and Mr Carson's undoubted claims to the office, it is expected that the appointment will be given to him as gracefully as is possible under the circumstances.

When Hamlet said “a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year, but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then,” he knew what he was speaking about. But of even churches the builder's fame may be overshadowed, and his name forgotten. The most beautiful steeple in Glasgow, that of Saint George's Church, Buchanan Street, is again threatened by plutusian iconoclasts. Glasgow has few good things of this kind, and a vandalism that spares only money, would make them fewer.

It is understood that the offer to purchase St. George's is on account of a London Insurance Company.

They say that a matrimonial alliance is talked of between the houses of Gladstone and Tennant. At all events the late visit of Mr Herbert Gladstone to Peebles is regarded by the knowing ones as only partly political in its character.

The dinner provided by Mr Maclean, on the evening of Tuesday week, to his brethren of the Stock Exchange, was one of the most sumptuous on record. It seemed, however, as if the members had got wind beforehand regarding the eleven different wines, the punch, and the fine liqueurs, not to speak of the solid comestibles, provided by their chairman. One hundred and twenty invitations were sent out, and no fewer than one hundred and eighteen guests sat down to table. Messrs Ferguson & Forrester were the purveyors.

One day last week I saw the "Man you Know," Mr Young of London, going out and in of the Municipal Offices, Ingram Street. I suppose from this may be deduced that the buildings for George Square are being advanced a stage.

Though Sheriff Clark appeared in the Appeal Court to-day, he has not yet recovered from his injuries. In fact he had, to-day, to be carried upstairs in a chair—a large, substantial, cane-bottomed article, with shafts, back and front, for the bearers, and then had to be assisted to his seat on the Bench. His Lordship's upward progress was watched with much interest by various members of the bar and others.

The Lord Provost rather made a hit when he introduced the "slate question" at the Council meeting on Thursday, immediately after Mr Martin's apology to Dr Marwick had been read. Indeed, it seemed for the moment as if his Lordship's little move had fairly squelched the great East-ender. But why, it may be asked, did the report on the "slates" not appear in the minutes of the Magistrates' Committee? Was it because the reporters were measurers, and not men practically acquainted with slates?

One hundred pounds is a large price to give for a second-hand overcoat, albeit that it is a fur-lined one; but yet an article of this description changed hands, I believe, t'other evening, at that figure.

WHATEFFER!

(Scene—Village in Skye. Commercial Traveller calls upon Customer.)

C. Traveller—Good morning, Mr M'Tavish.

Mr M'Tavish (angrily)—Lo! what iss takin' you all here! I canna put up with the one half o' you.

C. Traveller—Who's all here to-day, Mr M'Tavish?

Mr M'Tavish—Oh, it's fearful; you're shust in troves to-tay.

C. Traveller—But tell me who are all here.

Mr M'Tavish—Oh, it's shust fearful; I canna even get my preakfast.

C. Traveller—I am very sorry I didn't know there were to be so many to-day.

Mr M'Tavish (mildly)—Ach! Well, there's Mr M'Leod, whateffer.

(Traveller looks hopeful.)

"The Compliments of the Season"—The civilities exchanged at last meeting of Town Council.

A Writing Class—Sweethearts.

A Singing Class—Merry toppers.

A Latin Class—Romish priests.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the municipal year had a lively beginning.

That the Lord Provost's compliments of the season did not produce much harmony.

That Jeems opened the ball.

That he kept it rolling all over the field.

That he kicked the final goal by moving a court out.

That his play was more rough than artistic.

That the only score Jeems made was one off Preceptor Mathieson.

That that doesn't count for much.

That if all the meetings of the year be as spirited as the opening one, 1883 will be a sneezer.

That something is about to be done with the Municipal Buildings.

That Mr Young has arrived in town.

That now we will be busy.

That a new heresy hunt has begun in the Established Presbytery.

That the leading hound is the Rev. Robert Thomson.

That the pack consists of the Abbotsford slasher and the Wellpark smasher.

That the late Norman Macleod was worried to death by a pack of nobodies.

That Dr Burns is a man of stronger fibre.

That he is accustomed to hunting.

That he generally leads the field.

That the couple of hounds will find themselves in a ditch before all is done.

That the New-Year holidays are over.

That the money is all done.

That the Glasgow chappie went at it so long as it lasted.

That on the whole he took his pleasure in moderation.

That there won't be another "outing" till the fast-day.

That there has been a wonderful rush for teetotal tickets.

That blue ribbons have had an extra sale.

That the Corporation coke has gone to "blazes."

That the price to Dixon is 3s per ton and the price to the poor is 5s.

That if the coke was good at 3s it was also good at 5s.

A Glass at a Time—An hour-glass.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. It will pay you. Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street, Glasgow.

On 'Change.

SO my ancient but decrepit friend the Huntington Copper Co. is to be gathered to its fathers. It cannot rejoice in the change, for its fathers were never very good to it. There was a regular succession of them, and each was just as kind a parent as he who had gone before. Lucius Seths with their audacity, Macstruans with their sanguine ideas of finance, unbelted Knights afflicted with cupidity and chronic earth-hunger, and Squanderson's with their perpetual panaceas in the form of a new wet process, all got some of the gravy which flowed from this perennially dripping roast. Some of them, no doubt, had to restore part of the gravy, but the juice had been too skilfully extracted, and the once lucious dish was no longer worth the seasoning that might have been administered to it by the addition of a few preference shares. The stock could no longer be "watered," as the process is appropriately but inelegantly designated, for the mixture was already so thin in the blood that the watering process could not be continued longer. The best father the concern ever had was a plain calenderer, who seemed little troubled with that spirit of inordinate selfishness which had animated several of his predecessors. When the obsequies take place, and the last nail is screwed into the coffin on the 13th inst., I do not doubt that John Ebenezer will prove an expert undertaker.

Mineral oil shares have recently attracted more attention than anything else in the share list. There is every reason why they should. Scotland will hereafter be a centre for the oil manufacture, and it may be said that the business, so far as Scotland is concerned, remains as yet quite in its infancy. An enormous future is evidently before it. Interested people may affect to sneer at the late rapid rise in the price of shares in Scottish oil works, and one writer, as notorious for the grace of his diction as he is for the accuracy of his information, elegantly called the process a "splutter." Those who "spluttered" from his point of view must feel anything but amiably disposed towards their financial guide. People have become accustomed to these unceasing scares from America, and do not now believe in them. Ever and anon some new well is being discovered, which is to yield 1000 barrels per day, and the telegram concerning it is no sooner printed than a fresh one arrives to state that the 1000 was a mistake for 10. The man who sells, upon information like this, it were a stretch of courtesy to call foolish.

The contrast between the results of the Scottish oil industry and the metal and coal trades is indeed striking. Any one may see it for himself by looking down the ominous columns of the share list. While the oil companies are uniformly turning out productive, and the shares are standing at tall premiums, many of the coal, iron, and copper concerns are either entirely unremunerative or have altogether ceased to exist. There is an active vitality in these oil companies, and it is not at all surprising to learn that much of the capital lately withdrawn from the Ashantee Topper and Dumper Co. has found its way into Scottish oils. More is intended to follow in the same direction, and the natural consequence will be a further rise in prices which, though considerably enhanced, are not as yet near the point of undue inflation.

An instructive instance of the pot calling the kettle black has been furnished by the correspondence upon life insurance published last week in the *Herald*. Out of this dispute regarding the relative merits of English and Scottish offices the public may perhaps secure some valuable hints, if the contending parties will only abuse each other heartily enough. In that event the truth may coze out that both sides would be none the worse of a little white-wash. The general principle of the insurance director, manager, or agent, appears to be that the world is one vast and happy hunting ground, and that the human race was specially invented for the purpose of being chased about and secured as a client.

More cattle companies are being started, and it is apparently considered that they cannot possibly succeed unless they are called "ranches." The most recent that I have noticed is the Freghold Ranch and Cattle Co., with a capital of a quarter

million sterling. One of its luminaries is Mr M. M. Moore, a very well dressed gentleman of this city. Until now I was not aware that he had made cattle a branch of study, but since he figures as a director of another cattle company, I suppose he must be an authority upon this subject. SCRUTATOR.

THE GLASS FALLING.

(The day after the New-year.)

Rubbert—Hillo, Aleck, ye're no lookin' very bricht the day na. Did ye no' hae a happy New-Year yistreen?

Aleck—No very. Man I'm sad to think that the spirit o' the age, is degenerating. Last year I had twenty-fower glesses o' whusky gi'en me, an' yistreen I only got twenty; nae chance o' bein' fou on that!

Let's "Try!"

WE live and learn, and may often get a useful hint even from the most unexpected quarter. For instance, at last Tuesday's meeting of the Greenock Town Council "the committee appointed to try to get more efficient and economical working of the various departments of the Police Board was also appointed to do the same work in the Town Council." There is a sort of hopeless suggestiveness about the "try to get," but we in Glasgow might at least watch the Sugaropolitan experiment. The worst of it is, though, that it will probably be found necessary to appoint a second committee "to try to get" efficient and economical work out of the first.

EX CATHEDRA.—The Reverend Ladywell says that Dr Burns is "the minister of the Inner High Church—not of the Cathedral, for there is no such church in Glasgow, and Dr Burns is only minister of the Inner High Church." After this piece of information—which may be described as being in a double sense *ex cathedra*—it is to be hoped that Dr Burns will consider himself sat upon.

Too Bad—Taking the irresolute drunkards to be Conservatives because they wear *blue* ribbons

After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.

These points united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, 1s 1d by Post.

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."

—Oban Times.

Patentees of Pens and Penholders.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 33 BLAIR ST., EDINBURGH,
PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
(Est. 1770.)

Quavers.

THE performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Choral Union on New-Year's-day was of average merit; the ladies in the quartet of principals very markedly deserving the palm, and the chorus, generally, singing with care and taste, if hardly with the fine poetic feeling and intelligent phrasing of former days. The evening concert of ballad and orchestral music was attended by a far larger audience than usual hitherto, showing how a refined class of musical entertainment now attracts even in holiday times.

The Glasgow Academy Choir, under Mr John Maclaren's able tuition, are busy practising their music for the season. Among the pieces to be sung at their first concert (sacred music) are the Psalm written specially for the choir, the Haydn motett "Lo my Shepherd's Hand Divin-," five voices, and Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm the eight parts in the latter being fully provided for from the extent of the choir. The music for the secular concert, occurring in Spring, embraces Maclaren's "May-day," Eaton Fanning's "Liberty," "Ye Spotted Snakes," and a scena with chorus from "Lurline"—a sufficiently eclectic selection. The choir promises remarkably well this season, we hear.

The concert by the Ladies' Choir in connection with the Sunday afternoon's children's service in Hillhead Parish Church, which was given lately, deserves record here, if only for its uniqueness of character, and the interesting nature generally of the selection.

The concert of the Crosshill Musical Association the other evening passed off with considerable success. Schumann's "Song for the New Year" was among the musical selections. The society seems to be keeping well up under Mr Smith's steady care.

At the last subscription concert (on Thursday evening in place of Tuesday) Spohr's symphony, "The Consecration of Sound," played last at these concerts in 1876, Max Bruch's violin concerto (M. Buziau, principal), the extracts from Villiers Stanford's "Veiled Prophet," and Berlioz's overture "Les Francs Juges," made up an unusually enjoyable evening, if a lengthy one somewhat. Miss Carlotta Elliot promises to fill the vacancy which there undoubtedly is at present for a British soprano of the higher type. The Rossinian aria "Bel Raggio" was perhaps too much for her taken all over, but it at least showed what may yet be expected.

Edinburgh had once some reputation for choral singing, but from one reason and another it cannot now be said to stand very high in that way. The "Messiah" performance the other day was, we hear, very nearly a failure as regards the choral part of it. It is not for us to suggest the remedy. The cure should be obvious enough to our Edinburgh friends themselves.

In writing his remarkable overture "The Free Judges," Berlioz has clearly been inspired by the chapter in Scott's "Anne of Geierstein" which describes the mysterious rites and secret tribunal of the Vehm before which, as may be remembered, the English merchant Philipson is brought. A couple of sentences will recal this striking part of the story. "He had been in bed about an hour, and sleep had not yet approached his couch, when he felt that the pallet on which he lay was sinking below him, and that he was in the act of descending along with it, he knew not whither. No sooner was he at the bottom of the vault down which he was lowered, than two men who had been waiting there laid hands on him and made him prisoner." This, and the scenes which follow, would be fitting food for the imagination and genius of the uniquely great French musician.

It is said that two names were up for the principalship of the Scottish Musical Society. Max Bruch and F. Cowen, the Edinburgh Committee favouring the former and the Glasgow one the latter musician. Neither, however, can be said to be "much made up," as the phrase is, with the selection seeing that there are no funds apparently to start the affair with.

The number of British vocalists has increased of late years in a marked degree, and Scotland is adding a fair proportion there-

to. One most effective means among others is the annual competition concert in the Abstainers' Union series, one of which took place on Saturday evening, before a large and discriminative audience. Of the sixteen competitors there were five sopranos, including one or two of mezzo range, five tenors, and six baritone and bass voices, Edinburgh and Leith sending half of the entire number, and Glasgow sending five of the remaining half, bass or baritone, and no tenor. There were, by the way, no contraltos competing. All over, the voices and style were very satisfactory, and the judges—Messrs Seligmann, Sillie, Berger, Miller, and Smith—must have had no easy task in making their decisions. Special certificates were awarded to Miss M. F. Dykes, Glasgow, soprano; Mr J. Perkins, Edinburgh, tenor; and Mr W. L. Cockburn, Leith, bass, as the best of the competitors.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Jeems—"A merry Christmas" to ye, Wullie.
Wullie (with evident regret)—Eh, man Jeems, ye're ower late wi' yer gude wishes. I hae jined the Blue Ribbon Army, so there's nae mair merriment for me.

"Scotch Bricks."

MR JEEMS MARTIN has lately been afflicted with building-material on the brain. It was only the other day that we had him "slating" his colleagues, and, now that he has his "slate off"—no insinuation, Cooncillor!—he has taken up the subject of "Scotch bricks." Jeems would doubtless like to be regarded in the light of a "Scotch brick," himself, but he appears to entertain an unpatriotic objection to the employment of Scotch bricks in the construction of Belvidere Hospital. He possibly considers that such desirable articles are thrown away upon a mere hospital, and that they ought to be utilised for the representation of East End constituencies. That's his (s)tile! (Hee-haw!)

THIN—RATHER.

(Scene—Jamaica Bridge. Sandy meets Pat.)
Sandy—Man, Pat, is that you? I hardly kent ye. Ye've grown awfu' thin!
Pat—Thin, is it? Shure ye should see me brother. I'm thin enough, and bedad, sor, you're not thick; but he's that thin, s'help me! he—he's thinner than both of us put thegither!!

GNOTHI SEAUTON!—Somebody advertises for a junior clerk, "with a knowledge of soft goods." Persons who understand the subject will perceive that this is equivalent to requiring the young gentleman to "know himself." Junior clerks are, as a rule, very "soft goods" indeed. Sometimes they go to the other extreme, and are "hard bargains." Occasionally, singular to relate, the young paradoxes are both.

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HALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted
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Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid
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Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE.
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instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hun-
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RESTORER.—COLD FEET, from damp, deficient
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We beg to remind Gentlemen of our distinctive Speciality in the matter of Dress Suits at the above-named price. This Suit is made from the best West of England Woaded and Wool-Dyed Superfine Black Cloths. The widespread appreciation which it has met with since we first offered it has amply justified our efforts and satisfied our expectations. An article was desiderated at once superior to that supplied under the old system of credit, and much more moderate in price. This we have provided, the only stipulation being that the Terms are Cash.

FORSYTH,

13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1883.

IF the members of the Town Council, like their less exalted fellow-citizens, formed any good resolutions for the New Year, on the first opportunity they made a miserable mess of the keeping of them. "Here followed a turbulent discussion," and "there a long confused conversation;" so say the newspaper reports of last Thursday's meeting. What Mr MARTIN calls Bailie WILSON'S tantalizing tongue was diverted to unseemly menaces, and Bailie RICHMOND was as summarily sat upon as if he had been a habit and repute obstructionist. In fact things generally were so mixed as to suggest to the guileless outer world that the refreshments in the side-room were not all supplied by the British Workman Public House Co. Even the LORD PROVOST had to remark—more in sorrow than in anger—"I am exceedingly sorry that we are commencing the year in the manner we are doing." The public are heartily tired of the irregularity in the mode of conducting the business of the Council, the persistent attempts to "sit" upon one or two members of it, and above all the endless and, for the most part, purposeless talk that goes on at all municipal meetings. The force of a bad example in the latter respect is well exemplified in Lord Provost URE. Since he attained the chair he has developed a faculty for manufacturing speeches on every occasion and on any theme, which, if persisted in, may result in a collection of manuscripts as voluminous and as dull as the Wellington

despatches. It is all very well to inflict on some youngest citizen of the Second City in the Empire a tag from a juvenile lecture on Constitutional Law, but the Town Council has varied and important work to do, which must be attacked with earnestness and intelligence, and not made so many opportunities of gratifying a taste for speech-making which has no influence on the Council, and does not reach the public because the reporters will have none of it. Having made such a bad start it is hoped that the Council will take the hint and mend their manners for the remainder of the year.

A TESTIMONY TO CHARACTER.

(Country public-house ; two cronies meet.)

1st Cronie—Weel, Geordie, whit dae ye think o' our minister, Mr Kilpatrick?

2nd Cronie—He's a fine man, a gran' man, I've met him gaun hame at a' hours o' the nicht an' mornin' an' I never saw him fou yet.

Odd Reclamation.

AT one of the performances of the "Salvation Army" mountebanks in the City Hall last week—at which, by the way, Bailie Selkirk is reported to have been present—various "reclaimed drunkards" are said to have "told their experiences, occasionally in thick, hurried utterance, which was all but unintelligible." Thickly, hurriedly, and unintelligibly! Why, that was just the way in which the Ass "told his experiences" upon making his reappearance after keeping the New-Year; but the beastie has at least *some* conscience, and does not profess to be "reclaimed."

ITALIAN ART.

Proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.—York in Richard II.

Why, inquires Asinus, is a sheep in snowy weather like a street fiddler? Because, adds the animile, both have to *scrape* for a livelihood, to be sure.

His Poor Feet—Asinus couldn't go first-fittin' wi' "bun"-yins. His was but a drap o' the blue cratur.

A "Public" Accountant—A clerk in a whisky shop.

Glasgow's Three C's—Cads, cars, and cash-girls.

Of a Big Type—A giant-S.

Pour Encourager les Autres?

THE BAILIE observes with pain that the Johnstone powers that be do not appear to have a sufficient appreciation of the divinity that doth—or that should—hedge a policeman. Provost Stevenson and Bailie Hunter held a “special court” last Tuesday for the purpose of trying a demon flax-mill worker, who had not only “savagely assaulted” his own sister—a comparatively trifling offence—but—*horresco referens!*—had also “attacked in a ferocious manner” a Police Inspector and a constable, “tearing the breasts out of their coats,” kicking, and bruising them. In spite of this truly diabolical conduct, and of the fact that the prisoner had been previously convicted of similar offences, the Provost, “after consulting with his colleague,” gave the sacrilegious wretch the option of “40 shillings or 20 days.” Forty shillings! My conscience! To say nothing of the kicks and bruises, the breast of a Glasgow Inspector’s coat would certainly not be valued under “six months!”

“EXPERIENCE TEACHES.”

(Scene—Board School.)

Small Boy (to officiating teacher)—A want tae jine the book-keeping class.

Officiating Teacher—The junior class, I suppose—not the advanced?

Small Boy—A think a’ll jine the advanced. Ma mither has a lodger an’ a keep his book.

PERSECUTION AND PROSECUTION.

The Law sees even-handed Justice dealt,
It weighs what’s sworn to, thence its judgment draws,
Decrets the artist the victorious B’t,
Asserts itself above vain libellous Lawes.

Death in the Jacket.

AVERAGE feminine humanity is as greedy after sealskin as, say, your “Liberal” politician is after place and pelf, and will make almost as great sacrifices to attain it; but the BAILIE begs to warn his fair friends against a danger which apparently lurks in their favourite fur. The other day an advertisement appeared in the *Scotsman* of a “sealskin jacket (long), owing death of lady.” The phraseology here is a little ambiguous, but it is obvious that the lady’s decease and the jacket have an immediate connection; and the fact will not be lost upon husbands and fathers.

Hand Bags—Winter gloves.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Snips and Athletics.

WE all know that “sport” of every kind is now-a-days inseparable from business, if not itself a very serious business; but nevertheless such an announcement as this reads a little oddly:—“To Football Players.—Wanted a Tailor who is a good Forward Football Player.” Gentlemen of the sartorial profession are usually “forward” enough, but one does not as a rule associate them with athletics. One would as soon expect to hear of a blacksmith who is master of the spot stroke at billiards, a brick-layer who is a champion lawn-tennis player, or a shoemaker who is a “dab” on the trapeze. The shoemaker, by the way, would not seem so much out of place in the football-field as the tailor. Football and “heelball” have at least *something* in common.

“WHERE IGNORANCE, &C.”

(Scene—Airdrie Police Court, miner is giving evidence against four men whom he charges with assaulting him.)

Magistrate—Now, my man, were these four men acting in concert?

Miner—No, yer honour, they werena singing at a’. They struck me richt aff.

A Very Small Still.

COMMENTING upon the New-Year performance of the “Messiah,” given in the St. Andrew’s Halls by the Choral Union, some young lions of the local press describe wonderful discoveries in perfectly original language. One of them elegantly begins two consecutive sentences with the qualifying adverb “still,” and another has found out that Handel and Mozart were greatly over-estimated. Handel, it appears, could not write proper instrumental accompaniments to his oratorios, and Mozart was so incapable that he failed to supply the deficiency—“still” they had made some music that was almost tolerable. Are these extraordinary discoveries the effect of the “still, small” voice of wisdom, or do they emanate from the “small still” that is often exuberantly patronised at the festive season?

SEASONABLE QUESTION.—If “one swallow won’t make a summer,” how many swallows will make one summersault?

The Saving Classes—Those at schools in which thrift lessons are taught, to be sure.

Grapes, in Splendid Condition, in Small Barrels suitable for families, prices, 6s 3d and 8s 6d, at M. CAMPBELL’S, Gordon St.

Megilp.

MONDAY last was a busy day in the Fine Art Institute. It was sending-in day, and the lane behind the Institute was filled from morn till dewy eve by people delivering pictures. By-and-by we shall learn, of course, all about the prevailing character of the Exhibition; but meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the number of contributions is, if anything, somewhat smaller than were the numbers of '82, '81, and '80 respectively.

One of the most important works exhibited will be "Psyche," by Watts, purchased last year out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund, and lent by the Royal Academy.

Among the Edinburgh men represented will be Lockhart, Smart, MacTaggart, W. D. M'Kay, Macgregor, Farquharson, Alexander, Lawton Wingate, Herdman, Leyde, Perigal, Waller Paton, and Pollok Nisbet.

There will be a fine example of Peter Graham in the Exhibition, and works by Pettie, Orchardson, M'Whirter, Colin Hunter, Macnab, Tom Graham, David Law, Christie, and J. Guthrie.

The chief picture sent to the Institute by David Murray is "Glen Sannox," a splendid study of mountain form and grouping, with a capitolly composed foreground of sandy beach and gleaming stream.

William Young will be represented by his fine "Grange Village," already described in this column; by a view of "Borrowdale," which introduces the chief features of that wonderfully picturesque valley; by a bright little seaside piece, the scene of which is laid near Ballintrae; and by a water-colour, showing a weedy duck-pond in the neighbourhood of Langbank.

"Torr Castle" gives the title to James A. Aitken's most important work. The object in the picture is not, however, the castle—which tradition assigns as the dwelling-place of Banquo—but the grand peak of Ben Nevis, rising high in air, and slightly flecked with snow. One of Mr Aitken's other Exhibition pictures is a Highland cottage—a "straw-covered biggin"—which is remarkable for its strength of handling and richness of colour.

Tom M'Ewan will be seen to much advantage in the Institute by a small interior, in which are placed two figures—those of an old woman and a little girl. This is wonderfully bright and vigorous in tone—its shadows have none of that blackness by which Mr M'Ewan's colour is occasionally marked; the drawing, besides, is very accurate, and the pose of the figures is easy and natural. Mr M'Ewan's largest picture is a homely cottage interior, over the fireplace of which bends the mother of the household, while a group of children occupy a position a little to the right of the canvas. Another work sent to the Exhibition by this artist is a small cottage exterior, with a distance of corn-fields in which figures are busy at work.

A large Surrey picture, with cottages and a public way, and a look over hedges and budding apple orchards, will astonish even those who have watched with pleasure Wellwood Rattray's rapid advance in his art during the past two or three years. The work is painted with a delicacy to which he never previously attained. With its tender greys and greens it is altogether redolent of the feeling of early spring. Other two Surrey scenes, besides the one above mentioned, and one Highland landscape, have also been sent by Mr Rattray to the Exhibition.

Two old women seated by the seashore, along which they have laid out a few dishes for sale; some craft and cattle reflected in a stretch of quiet sea; and a troop of travelling show folk resting by the wayside, are the subjects of J. D. Bell's three Exhibition oil paintings. He has likewise "sent in" a Clyde drawing, in the foreground of which is a lighter, while the distance is filled up by the grand mass of the Arran hills.

C. J. Lauder has recently completed a large and important picture entitled "Our River," and has naturally sent it to the Institute. "A Corner in Greenock Harbour," and "At the Timber Wharf, Greenock," are Mr Lauder's other Exhibition works.

William Carlaw will be represented in the Institute by three East Coast water-colour drawings, all of which are distinguished by his accustomed happiness of manner, and fidelity to natural effect. They are respectively—and the title in each case gives a capital indication of the character of the work—"By the Sunlit Sea," "A South-east Gale," and "Drizzle."

"In the Macgregor Country," a river picture, is Alfred East's largest Exhibition picture. His others are "Friends"—a gir and a goat placed in a field all a-glow with poppy blossoms, and two Craill scenes, one of which is a water colour. The contributions sent to the Gallery by John Grey are more or less local in their character, and are interesting accordingly. One of these is "Glasgow from the Kilpatrick Hills;" another "Renfrew and the Clyde from Kilpatrick;" a third, "Gale on the Clyde;" and the fourth, "Burnbrae Farm, Kilpatrick."

A. K. Brown has painted an exceeding fine picture in "The Sleepy Pool above the Mill." Everything on the canvas is in strict keeping, from the deep and motionless clouds, to the still water, and the poplar trees unswayed by a breath of air. The effect of the work is further emphasized by the prevailing notes of colour, which are green and gray. "A Glimpse of Loch Awe" is Mr Brown's second contribution to the Institute.

A dozen candidates have presented themselves for admission to the Associateship of the Scottish Water-Colour Society.

THE REASON WHY.

1st Village Politician—Man, George, I see by the papers that Mr Gladstone is gaun to be moved intae the Hoose o' Lords.

2nd Do.—So I see. I'm thinkin' they'll ca' him Lord Cloture, for it's ma belief he's leavin' the Commons because he'll no' be able to speak sae muckle as afore, an' being fond o' hearin' his ain voice he's gaun up to the Lords whaur there'll be nae cloture.

Quite "Secondary."

THE BAILIE begs to compliment Mr J. N. Cuthbertson upon the neat back-hander which he administered to Professor Ramsay the other day. The Professor had been running down the High School, and Mr Cuthbertson, in defending that institution, slyly remarked that "if there was one thing more than another desiderated to advance secondary education, it was that the University should put itself in order, and institute an entrance examination." In reply Mr Ramsay made a clumsy, and rather barefaced, attempt to eat his words, but he took care to avoid the subject of the entrance examination.

A SLEEPY SUBJECT.—An Edinburgh publisher announces a work on "The Causation of Sleep." Other Edinburgh publishers—journalistic—are in the daily habit of giving practical expositions of the subject.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

WATCH AND JEWELLERY REPAIRING. } Special attention given to this branch of the business at MACFARLANE & SONS, 10 Argyle Arcade.

Beeriana.

With the Author's apologies to Mr Tennyson.

THE swaling lights burned low and dim,
And flickered on the shadowy wall;
The glasses, crusted to the brim,
Were white with beer-foam one and all.
Corks and cigar-tips strewed the floor,
Tobacco smoke filled all the room
In cloudy wreaths, and from the gloom
Came a faint voice, half sigh, half snore:
It said "Oh dear! I'm very beery—
"I cannot stand," it said;
It said "My head aches and my eyes are bleary—
I wish I were in bed."

Empty wine bottles, left and right,
In drear confusion filled the place;
And mid the wreck, in woeful plight,
Lay one with crimson-flushing face.
His arms were clasped about a chair,
His white shirt-front was soiled and crushed;
And o'er his heated face wine-flushed—
All tangled fell his waving hair—
"That lemon punch, oh deary, deary!
Was very strong," he said;
He said "I am a-weary a-weary,
I wish I were in bed."

A fallen spirit, reft of grace,
Big tears, wine-fostered, filled his eyes,
A crimson glory flushed his face,
His voice was thick with husky sighs.
Shrill sounds of music from o'erhead,
Snatches of song in blythe refrain,
Thrill'd through his dazed and aching brain
Like red-hot wires; he moaned and said:
"I wish they'd stop, oh deary, deary!
Confound that row," he said;
He said, "my head aches and I'm very beery—
I wish I were in bed!"

But when the night was near the day,
Two moved on tiptoe through the door
To where that weary sleeper lay
In restless dreams upon the floor.
Sadly his woeful plight they viewed—
They could not bear to see him suffer,
They whispered gently, "Poor old buffer!"
There's no mistake, he's fairly screwed;
One said, "Well, come, it's very clear he
Is so extremely tight,
That if we leave him to himself I fear he
Won't get to bed to-night."

They lifted him with kindly care;
They took him by the heels and head,
And through the door and up the stair
They bore him safely to his bed.
They heaped the blankets warm and tight,
And round about his poor old chin
They drew them close and tucked them in,
And whispered, "Poor old boy, goodnight."
Then sighed he "Boys, oh deary, deary!
That punch went to my head;
'Twas strong, by Jove, I'm very weary,
Thank heaven, I've got to bed."

"Nothing but Leaves"—Tea, cigars, and tobacco.

A Circuit Court—Going round after the girls.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain,

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

(Scene—East End; Saturday night.)

Irish Labourer (beery, and in custody of Highland bobby)—Lave go, will yez?

Highland Bobby—No, she will not pe leafe go. You pe trunk and uncapable and misorderly—aye, and want to be a riot too, pesides.

Pat—Och, ye murtherin' varmant, don't squaze. O, me shoulder, ye ugly son of a starved bog-throtter! Lave me alone, lave me alone, ye bastely blackguard.

Highland Bobby—Plackguard! You pe a falsehood. I pe no plackguard.

Pat—Are yez not a p'laceman. Hould off, ye ghost, yez.

Highland Bobby—Come your ways. (Runs Pat in.)

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Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

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N.B.—Owing to the Enormous Expense of this Production,
the Free List will be entirely suspended (Press excepted).

MR CHARLES has the honour to announce that his Next
Year's Pantomime will be

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

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FOURTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,

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TO-NIGHT (9TH JANUARY),

Solo Pianoforte—

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER.

THE PROGRAMME WILL INCLUDE—

Concert Overture "Melusina,"Mendelssohn.
Selection from "Rosamunde,"Schubert.
Prelude in A, "Lohengrin,"Wagner.
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra }Liszt.
No. 1 in E Flat,Schumann.
Symphony No. 4. in D Minor,Schumann.
Intermezzo for Strings, "Vergissmeinnicht,"A. Macbeth.
Pianoforte Solos—*a*, Pastorale and Capriccio (Scarlatti); *b*,
Nocturne (Chopin); *c*, The Erl-King (Schubert-Liszt).
Spanish Ballet from "Carmen,"Bizet.

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GENTLEMEN'S—
 £10 to £100.
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 Manufacture, and are Compensated and Adjusted for Variations
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NOTICE.—The OVERFLOW TICKETS Issued Last
 Week, AVAILABLE for ANY PERFORMANCE DURING
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SATURDAY FIRST, 13TH JANUARY,

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THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES,

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PAGANINI REDIVIVUS,

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Procession of Sleighs—"Father Christmas and Ye Yule

log"—Juvenile Harlequinade—The Zoological Skating

Curiosities—Dr. Syntax and the Holiday Romps.

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Doors Open at 1-30. Commence at 2 o'clock.

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"THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,"

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"TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE,"

Characters in "The Gentle Shepherd."

Peggy,	Miss ELIZ. HUNTER	Bauldy,	Mr W. CRAWFORD
Jenny,	Miss LOUISA GOURLAY	Roger,	Mr J. G. SHARPE
Mause,	Mrs WM. GOURLAY	Symon,	Mr ALF WILSON
Madge,	Mr JAS. HOUSTON	Glaud,	Mr T. P. BOTHWELL
Patie,	Mr W. H. DARLING	Str W. Worthy,	Mr T. WALKER

To conclude with "Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie."

Tam, Mr ALF WILSON | Souter, Mr JAMES HOUSTON
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

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READINGS.—WM. S. VALLANCE, the Leading Elocutionist.—This week, Salle, Kriecelstein, Paris, Maesteg, Swansea. Returns, 20th January. SATURDAY AFTERNOON CLASS, 2nd Session, will commence on the Afternoon of that day, 5 45; Fee 10s 6d. 13 Cambridge Street.

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THE CORPORATION GALLERIES WILL BE CLOSED from this Date TILL SATURDAY, the 23RD CURRENT, on which Date the ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION will be OPENED TO THE PUBLIC.
16th December, 1882.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, & C. J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS; CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

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THE APPROACH OF WINTER.—The shortening days and a touch of frost in the mornings and evenings are reminding us pretty plainly that winter is rapidly approaching, and in our cold climate and uncertain weather it is desirable that all who value their health should be prepared for it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we would therefore advise those who are in want of warm underclothing, Flannels and Blankets, to pay a visit to "the Manchester House," 179 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, where they will have the best choice of all such goods in the city—this house being the only one in Glasgow which devotes its whole and exclusive attention to this class of goods.

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THE GREATEST SALE OF MODERN TIMES.
THE GRANDEST SALE OF MODERN TIMES.
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A Tremendous Furore—Crowds in all Departments.
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Bargains for Everybody—Visit the Colosseum Early.
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GREAT JANUARY SALE,

THE ENTIRE MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF THE COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONATIA, VALUE £40,000, Are now being Cleared Out at most Extraordinary Reductions, many Lines being Sold off at from 50 to 95 per Cent. Under the Regular Trade Prices.

In our GREAT UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENTS we show Goods that fairly surprise even the keenest and most experienced buyers. The Goods in this Department are the same in Quality and Price in the Colosseum and Millionatia, and may be had alike in either Warehouse. Any-one can quote prices—that is nothing—but bring this List with you and come and see our Goods. We cannot possibly repeat these lines. You will save 25 per cent. in buying now; it will be too late six weeks hence. Come at once and see our Plain Chemises, 9½d, 11½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, and 1s 11d; our Trimmed Chemises, at 11½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d. These are truly magnificent goods, and are lower than the lists of the biggest wholesale city houses; but we were fortunate in securing an enormous parcel at a large discount for cash, otherwise, we never could offer the Costly Hand-Made Chemises we have laid out at 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, and 6s 11d; Rich Hand-made Drawers at same range of prices; and a Very Special Lot of Fine Hand-made Night Dresses from 4s 11d to 13s 11d, the best of this lot are well worth 25s. In Plain Drawers we have literally tons, that have now been marked 9½d, 11½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, and 1s 11d; and in Embroidered Drawers we show perfect Prize Lots at 10½d, 11½d, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d; Rare Lots of Plain Slipbodies at 9½d, 11½d, 1s 3d, and 1s 6d. There has been quite a rush on our Infants' Drawers and Chemises at 5½d. Ladies see these goods; you cannot resist buying; they are beyond all comparison the best value and the finest lots that have ever been offered in the Second City.

ULSTERS, ULSTERS, ULSTERS.—Now is the time for Bargains in Ulsters. See our Misses' Ulsters at 1s each. See our Ulsters, suitable for Girls from 10 to 15 years of age, at 1s 11d. Also the Great and Wonderful Eye-Opener Ulsters, and new Oatmeal shades, worth 15s each now for 2s 11d. We have 3000 Ulsters and Jackets, and we do not mean to have them long. Piles of Ulsters for every age, 1s to 21s. High-Class Ulsters, New Market Coats, Dolman Ulsters, at half, and in some instances one-third, ordinary retail prices.

CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT.—This Department is the delight of thrifty mothers, who are amazed to see our Infant Wrappers at 11½d, 1s 2½d, 1s 6d, 1s 11d, and 2s 11d. Our Flannel Sets at 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, and 5s 11d. Flannel Wrappers, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, 4s 6d. Our Merino House Frocks at 1s 3d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d, will speak for themselves. Our Children's Pelisses at 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, and 6s 11d, to 30s are wonderfully rich goods. A few Pattern Pelisses that were 40s, 50s, and 60s; now 25s, 35s, and 45s. See the wonderful Diaper Pinafores at 3½d, 5½d, 7½d, 11½d, 1s 6d, and 1s 11d. See our Bibs at one Penny each. Rare Lines in Bootees, Infantees, Gaiters, Flannel Drawers, Knitted Semmets, Knitted Shirts, &c. See our Colonial and Indian Outfits. Ladies going abroad should now secure a complete outfit. This opportunity is indeed a rare one. One Ton of Misses' Pompadour Pinafores to be thrown away at 2½d each. Another Load, full straps, 3½d each. Special Lines at 5½d, 7½d, and 11½d. Lace Pinafores, Sateen Pinafores, Tenuis Aprons, Five o'clock Tea Aprons, Cooking Aprons, Baking Aprons, Bedmaking Aprons, Girls' Holland School Aprons, at prices that completely defy competition—at prices that everybody will be surprised at—at prices that will crowd the Colosseum and Millionatia from morning till night. 50 Dozen Boys' Tweed Blouses and Tunics to be thrown away at 11½d each instead of 3 6d. 100 Beautifully Braided Velvet Blouses, 3s 11d. 500 Lovely French Blouses and Coats for little boys now going for 2s 11d 3s 11d, 4s 11d, to 10s 6d.

DRESSING GOWNS.—An enormous parcel of Fine Cashmere and Flannel Dressing Gowns and Flannel Toilet Jackets at a fraction of former prices. The Dressing Gown *Par Excellence* at 15s 11d is in reality a 45s article. This forms a magnificent present for a lady. Real Lace Curtains 6 yards long, 7s 11d per pair. This is unprecedented. 10,000 Pairs of Nottingham and Ayrshire Lace Curtains. Ladies secure a few pairs at once. They are extraordinary. Only think, a pair of Curtains 6 yards long for 11½d. Also, SLASHING Value in 3½, 4 and 4½ Yards Curtains at 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 9s 11d, to 30s. A great offer This Month. The Royal Curtains, 8 yards long, 86in. wide, for 14s 11d. This is the Prize Design, and the ordinary price is 30s per pair. We won't have them long.

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 535. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 17th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 535.

UPON the principle that, when the sun is not to be had, the moon comes in as a fairly adequate substitute, we in Glasgow were glad, on Thursday last, to welcome the Premier's wife, in the absence of the Premier himself. When Mrs GLADSTONE appeared in Fairfield yard, the enthusiasm with which she was greeted was equal, in its own way, to that with which her husband would have been received. Mrs GLADSTONE had fully earned the warmth of the reception accorded her. A mid-winter journey from Hawarden to Scotland is no joke, especially for a lady well-up in her sixties. Besides, she had left a sick husband behind her, and a husband from whom, even when he is in the best of health, she is never separated for a single day. Last Thursday's was the third visit paid by Mrs GLADSTONE to Glasgow. She accompanied her husband, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he received the freedom of the city in 1865, appearing with him in the evening on the stage of the Scotia Music Hall—which had been secured for his address concerning “thrift.” And again, at the close of the Mid-Lothian campaign, in the December of '79, when he came West to deliver his Rectorial Address to the Glasgow students, Mrs GLADSTONE was once more his companion, standing by his side as well in the University during the day, as in St. Andrew's Hall at night, where he spoke to an audience some 6000 in number. Mrs GLADSTONE, it may be interesting for some among us to know, dates from a family two hundred years old. She is Miss Catherine Glynne of Hawarden. The earliest recorded progenitor of her name was a Sergeant Glynne, who purchased the Hawarden estate what time the then owner, the attainted Earl of Derby, gave his head for his

political creed. Miss Glynne, or rather Mrs GLADSTONE, succeeded to the estate something like ten years ago. Her brother, Sir Stephen Glynne, had died without issue, and his eldest sister was naturally his next heir. Notwithstanding this access of fortune, the Premier and his wife continue comparatively poor. But if the truth may be told, Mr Gladstone has always cut his coat according to his cloth. When he retired from the leadership of the Liberals in 1876, he disposed of his collection of old china and articles of *virtù*, and withdrew from the house in Carlton House Terrace, where he had resided for eighteen years, to the much smaller, and comparatively humble lodging in Harley Street, which he occupied up to the time of his removal, three years ago, to the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. Let the residence of the family, however, be either Downing Street or Hawarden, their life is equally simple and unostentatious. Mrs GLADSTONE is no *grande dame*. Wrapped up in her husband and her children, she has never attempted the *role* either of a leader of fashion or a leader of politics. She is the best nurse in the world; her attainments are of the domestic as opposed to the Society type. The wedding of Mr and Mrs GLADSTONE took place in 1839, and of their eight children, seven still survive. Four are sons, the eldest being Mr W. H. Gladstone, who is one of the Parliamentary representatives of East Worcestershire; the second son is the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, rector of Hawarden; the third, Mr Neville Gladstone, is member of an East Indian firm; while the fourth, Mr Herbert Gladstone, who was returned for Leeds at the General Election, is believed to inherit at least a portion of the political capacity possessed by his distinguished father. Mrs GLADSTONE's eldest daughter is married to the Rev. Mr Wickham, Head Master of Wellington

College; the second died in 1850, and the third and fourth—the Misses Mary and Helen Gladstone—reside with their parents, now in London and now at Hawarden. Any notice of Mrs GLADSTONE would be incomplete without some allusion to the interest she takes in schemes of charity. A Home for destitute boys has grown up in East London under her fostering care; and various other modes of assisting the needy, both in London and Wales, receive her countenance and support. That Mrs GLADSTONE can speak with point and effect we know, from the one or two little speeches she made in Edinburgh on Friday; while, from her position as the wife of the foremost politician of the time, she must needs possess a large knowledge of current affairs. So far, therefore, as this accomplished lady is personally concerned, her appearance among us last week was a notable event. As such, it is suitably commemorated by the BAILIE to-day.

TWICE AS MORE,

(Scene—Lochawe, Hansel Monday; the M'Phails have words.)

Mrs M'Phail (upbraidingly)—I'll tell you, Colin! You wiss more trunk, an' trunker too, at the old New Year as you wass at the new New Year, an' you'll jist trink trink like a soo till you'll purst!

Mr M'Phail (reflectively)—Aye! aye! yiss! I wiss got a fery coot whuskey—a muckle whuskey too, inteet! An' hoch! she'll not get a petter, nor as more, till yesterday again anither year, mirover!

FOR THIS RELIEF—MUCH THANKS.

Mid-Lothian Lib'ral, this the end
O' crawn' croose an' kecklin':—
We've a' been spar'd a spate o' speech,
An' he —'s been *spar'd his hecklin'*.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

(Scene—Buchanan Street, 5-40 p.m.; newsboy running along shouting "Ccetiz, third edeesh.")

Country Visitor (thinking that something unusual has taken place)—What's wrang, laddie?

Newsboy (sharply)—A man fell ower a match box.

Fruit and Vegetable Bazaar—For greens and orange-men in Saltmarket.

Let Whig an' Tory a' Agree—Mrs Gladstone arm-in-arm with Mr Pearce.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

To the Conductor.

"O what a monster-wit must that man have
That could please all which now their twelve pence gave."
—*Suckling*.

"TOO classical!" (whatever that may mean.)
Some writing to the papers style each programme;
They'd like you'd mix some coarser stuff, I ween—
A classic-pop.—2 music-woven program.

Fiddlesticks! you kindly just repeat
The kind of music you did choose before,
And leave Park bands, and Germans on the street,
To do selections "Scotch" or "Pinafore."

Of yore, an angel visit—say from Hallé—
Was all our chance to hear a classic bar,
But now with you Beethoven's "Pastorale,"
And such, and such, are classed as "popular."

Thanks, worthy Manns, s ill teach us yet awhile—
The farthest mark we willingly will toe it—
And if at times our tastes seem somewhat vile,
"We needs must love the highest when we *know* it."

Mottoes for the Months.

JANUARY—"As the day lengthens the cold strengthens."

February—"Few are thy days."

March—"Keen and bright."

April—"Fickle as fortune."

May—"Full of fair promise."

June—"The longest day comes to a close."

July—"Glorious in all thy perfections."

August—"Ripe and ready."

September—"I gather them in."

October—"Decline and die."

November—"Dull as madness."

December—"Last but not least."

COME IN!

(Scene—Paisley railway station; Glasgow train about to start; old lady comes rushing up to carriage window.)

Old Lady—Is this a smoking compartment?

Focular Young Irishman (inside)—Come in, mam; ye can have yer smoke here, nobody'll interfere wid ye.

Old Lady (indignantly)—I asked you if this was a smoking compartment, sir?

Y. Y. I.—It is not, mam, but yer welcome to smoke as long as you plaze, there's nobody here but a clergyman an' mesilf an' we won't say a word.

Song for the Mid-Lothian Electors—"Willie, we hae missed ye."

A Leading Article—The head of a procession.

Child's Play—A pantomime.

The Speaker—"Jeems."

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

On 'Change.

CORRESPONDENTS in Texas and Southern California are cordially thanked for their communications regarding cattle ranches and cognate subjects. I was satisfied long ago that those ranche ventures, if they paid, would never be allowed to leave America. That was my argument throughout, and it applies equally to the numerous requests made to Glasgow capitalists for money to construct tramways and to build railroads in districts unknown to fame. It may be regarded as an absolute certainty that were these projects of any value, they would be carried out by the people who know most about it. I shall have occasion to return to the subject, and the suggestions of my friends in the Western States will not be lost sight of.

Amid so much that is pure swindling, or a very near approach to it, several signs of progress and improvement in legitimate business have appeared during the last few days. The money market is in a better position than it was, and unless something unusual supervenes, it ought to be more favourable to commerce a week hence than it is now. This will in time have a stimulating effect on all departments. The railway dividends now being announced are nearly all of an encouraging nature, and railway stock has naturally been greatly strengthened in consequence. It is to be hoped that the encouragement will not set people wild to buy, for it must be confessed that several important stocks are too high already. Caledonian and North British are especially not worth the money now being paid for them. Put any figure that may be desired upon the dividends, and the stocks are still dear at the money. In the meantime the general public takes little interest in the market. People are not going in to any extent, and they will probably all come in together with a rush, the fortunate ones being those who purchase first.

Vale of Clyde Tramway shareholders have been lucky in securing 5 per cent. against 4 per cent. a year ago. An improvement of 1 per cent. is "no 'tae be sneezed at," as Mr Cecil Murray would remark. When I had the pleasure of inspecting the plant, in company with Mr Joseph Wakefield, and that exceedingly well-dressed gentleman, Mr M. M. Moore, I was much impressed with the order and regularity which prevailed everywhere. I have had a good opinion of the concern ever since, and I was favourable to it when the shares were less than half the present price. There is one thing that I do not understand, and I imagine no one else does. It is the disparity existing between the earning power of the two sections of road.

There is of course no such difference on the Glasgow system, and the return to the shareholders is in this instance as high as 10 per cent. The defect here is in the terminable lease, which seems to be exactly in the same state as before. The accounts furnished to me do not show any adequate provision for the closure of the lease, and no one knows what temper the Magistrates and Council may be in a few years hence. Should they be in an ill humour, it must be awkward for the Glasgow Tramway Co.

The absolute failure of the attempt to place the Victoria four million loan on the market is very ominous. It clearly indicates that colonial credit is not as good as it was, and that certain impetuous British dependencies in search of loans have a higher idea of themselves than they ought to entertain. The fact is that several of our colonies have for years been steady absorbents of the parent country's capital. In some cases there is little to show for the vast sums expended. No similar mortification has been experienced by the Australian colonies for a long time. The lesson, it must be hoped, will be learned in time, before these colonies mortgage all their resources, like a huge Micawber, in the dim expectation that something will "turn up."

One of the morning papers, noted for its piety, decorum, and total absence of vulgar gossip regarding respectable people, has been declaring that stockbrokers and ironbrokers ought to be obliterated from the face of the earth, and that one per cent. of these gentlemen could transact all the business going. Considering that there are only about 100 ironbrokers altogether, it would be rather unfair to burden one of the number with the whole iron business of the city. With a score or two of extra clerks he might perhaps get along, and in that event I would not mind trying for the connection.

SCRUTATOR.

Gratuitous Advice.

I.—TO CARTERS.

IF your horse falls, kick him up. If he stands still, kick him down. When a chum hails you, swear at your horse to stop; and as he leaves, swear at him to go on. If you are late, lash him to move faster; and if you are too early, lash him and tear his mouth till he goes slower. When you get into trouble anyhow, abuse your horse as being at fault; and when you have got your dram, abuse him in your ecstasy of satisfaction. Yell at him always in some gibberish impossible to any tongue but a carter's, and strike him over the nose, eyes, or ears for failing to obey you. Give him load enough for two, corn enough for half a one, and blows too many for half a-dozen, and you may leave your mark on the annals (animals?) of your day and generation.

"SILAS JORGAN PLAYED THE H'ORGAN."

(Two friends, members of a U.P. Church, are discussing the recently appointed organist.)

1st Friend—They tell me, Jeems, that he's a gran' player.

2nd Friend—Gran' player! Why he can play "God save the Queen" sae finely that ye wad'na ken't.

"LIGHT AND LEADING"—GLASGOW PLEADING.

Painters' palette, sculptor's mallet
Architects' compasses, square;
Rubs from brasses, painted glasses,
Bijouterie, pottery rare;
Books from "Mitchell," varios which 'll
Ure's and our Galleries share;
Sum put down then, all in town, when
You have got money to spare.

"CUT," BUT DON'T COME AGAIN.—Although Mr Gladstone is going about felling trees at Hawarden, he might have met some rather inconvenient "ax'ing" in Mid-Lothian—about the Austrian Flag, the Papist Indian Viceroy, the Church of Scotland, Egypt, freedom of speech, the Kilmainham Treaty, and all Ireland generally. To get through these would have taken as 'cute a blade as that which cut the Gordian knot.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

(St. Enoch's Station 5 p.m.)

Traveller—3rd Dumfries.

Clerk—Single, sir?

Traveller—No; married.

[Collapse of clerk.]

Honey, from 10^d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Hislop's Gaiety pantomime has proved quite a hit. And indeed if you want a laugh I don't know where you can go with more certainty of getting one than at "Beauty and the Beast." Besides, the singing is admirable, and there is a closeness and an *ensemble* about the performance which keeps one interested from the rise till the fall of the curtain. "It's no tae be sneezed at."

Large as were the audiences drawn to the South Side Theatre by "Aladdin," they have been exceeded by those who are flocking to "Little Red Riding-Hood." Indeed I understand that the present pantomime is the biggest success which Mr Beryl has yet had. On the afternoon of Saturday week, by-the-by, the entertainments will be for the benefit of the widow and family of Mr Cannell, Mr Beryl's late Secretary.

"Rip Van Winkle" is one of those pieces that everybody must see. It will run for another fortnight at the Royalty, but there ought—if a clever light opera and excellent acting and singing can command an audience—to be crowded houses all that time.

Mr Charles Sullivan comes to Mr Knapp when "Rip" departs.

One of Mr Knapp's productions of the coming season will be the "Iolanthe" of Messrs Gilbert & Sullivan, and another the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet"—that is, "Romeo and Juliet" presnted with the Lyceum scenery, and mounting, and stage arrangements, but with a company, the leading actor in which will be Mr Kyrle Bellew.

Mr Bellew, it may be remembered, spent a portion of his earlier stage career at the Lyceum, under the direction of Mr Irving.

Mr Charles was favoured with a distinguished visitor last Friday in the person of the Countess of Eglinton, who, prior to attending the Yacht Club Ball visited the Grand Theatre, where she seemed thoroughly delighted with the amusing story of the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe." The pantomime at the "Grand" seems as likely to prove a mine of wealth to the lessee as did its predecessor "Dick Whittington."

Any four dozen men unafflicted with the disease of talk, could easily have disposed of the business at the Council on Thursday in fifteen minutes. Our sapient rulers took more than two hours to get through it; there were so many speeches, motions, amendments, and withdrawals. Yet after all there was nothing done. The babble went on, the bubble bursted, and the minutes were approved. Thereafter the assemblage dispersed.

The remaining clauses of the Police Bill were talked out to-day. Of sixty-two amendments thirty-six bore the name of Councillor Shaw, and twenty-four came from Councillor Martin. What, I wonder, will become of Mr Shaw, now that the last amendment has been discussed, and the plaything has been relegated to the waste basket? As for Mr Martin—well Jeems is not at all likely to want for opportunities in the future of airing his elquence in the Town Council.

Surely Jeems will no longer lift up his voice over our "dumb magistrates." True it is, and of verity, that for years an almost death-like silence reigned among the occupants of the sacred chair at the Council Board. Now, however, certain of our "gold magistrates" seem almost as anxious to indulge in talk as the East End Magnate himself.

Some of the evening papers, by-the-by, recently credited Councillor Morrison with the utterances of Councillor Morrin—a distinction for which I have not heard that the former gentleman has yet returned thanks.

The Western Medical Club will dine on the 26th inst. in the Hall of the Faculty Buildings.

The little paragraph in last Monday's "Gossip," anent a matrimonial alliance between the houses of Gladstone and Tennant, gained considerable colour at the launch of the "Hawarden Castle" at Fairfield on Thursday. Mr Gladstone, Jun., was exceedingly attentive to Miss Tennant on their tour through the yard, and his attentions were particularly marked at table, where the young lady was accommodated with a seat between her father and the junior member for Leeds. She seemed to hang on every word that fell from the young gentleman's lips, and when he finished his graceful little speech, no doubt the words she uttered to him, and which provoked a responsive smile, were words of compliment.

What a gallant man is Mr Pearce! When doing the honours of his yard to Mrs Gladstone last week, he seemed perfectly radiant. All thoughts of political warfare had apparently vanished from his mind, and indeed the company he had invited was of a thoroughly cosmopolitan character. There was, for instance, Mr Charles Cooper, editor of the *Scotsman*, cheek by jowl with Mr Frederick Wicks. Again, there was present another editor, in the person of Dr Charles Cameron, M.P.; and this, if I mistake not, was the Doctor's first public visit to the district since the famous skirmish at the late general election, when Mr Pearce's supporters drove him and his colleague, Mr Anderson, from the platform which had been erected in a field adjoining the yard.

Mr Pearce starts for the Mediterranean in a few days to join Lord Alfred Paget in a yachting cruise. He will be absent for six weeks.

What a splendid advertisement for Mr Hengler's London Cirque was that full-page illustration with accompanying letterpress in Saturday's *Illustrated London News*. In a widely different way this gentleman's Liverpool house, which holds some 5000 people, is about to become famous. It has just been let for four weeks, with entry at an early date, to Messrs Moody and Sankey for their usual variety entertainment.

The second of the Glasgow Assemblies takes place on the Wednesday of this week, the 17th inst. An evidence of the prevailing plenteousness of money in the West End is supplied by the unusual number of tickets applied for, as well for the coming Assembly as for the one that has already been held.

Something quite new in the way of social entertainments took place on Saturday. Professor Bayley Balfour gave a dance which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and closed three hours afterwards. The Professor, I may mention for the benefit of my fairer readers, professes botany. He is still a bachelor.

George Macdonald has written a new Scotch story for the *Weekly Mail*. It is called "Donal Grant," and will be begun in Saturday's issue of the paper.

Taking time by the forelock there will be a Burns' celebration in the City Hall next Saturday evening. Songs by the poet will be sung by competent local artistes, and one or two of the shorter poems will be read by Mr W. S. Vallance, but chiefly there will be a performance of Bishop's Cantata, "The Jolly Beggars"—stirring music, if a little rough at times. On the following Saturday the Glasgow Select Choir will appear with a selection of part-songs, solos, &c, from Burns.

None of the morning papers of to-day seem to have been aware that the charming romance by Mozart, played at the concert in St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday, was two years ago given as "Eine Kleine Nacht Musik." If the writers had known they would assuredly have trotted out their knowledge.

The suburbs are "a-going" of it. Our bachelor friends in Pollokshields give a ball in St. Andrew's Halls on Thursday, while the gay sparks of Seestu entertain their friends, likewise at a bachelors' ball, on the Friday of next week. The Paisley dance takes place, of course, in the Clark Town Hall.

The election, on Tuesday last, of a secretary for the Fleshers' Incorporation, vacant by the death of Mr Mark Marshall, was rather a stirring affair. Feeling ran high, and canvassing was largely indulged in, with the result that Mr Colquhoun was elected with 41 votes, Mr M'Nab being second with 36.

The numerous Glasgow friends of Mr Thomas Dykes will be pleased to learn that he was lately the recipient of what must be considered a very high compliment. Mr William Black, who, I need hardly say, occupies a most influential and almost a unique position both socially and professionally, had been so much struck by the sporting articles appearing from time to time in the *Herald*, with the signature of "Rockwood," that he inquired of his friend Mr Stoddart the name of the author. On learning Mr Dykes's name Mr Black wrote him a long and most cordial letter, rendering all friendly offices. The little incident seems to me to do credit alike to the distinguished novelist and to the rising writer, both of whom we may claim as "Glasgow chappies."

By the way, I am sorry to hear that the health of another former Glasgow journalist, now in the South—I refer to Mr C. F. Findlay—is at present such as to interfere seriously, though, I trust, only temporarily, with his professional work.

Little Tomkies, "they say," is openly boasting on 'Change that he is making £30,000 a-year.

One day lately I had a long chat with an old Glasgow chappie who left here one-and-twenty years ago to try his luck as a squatter in an Australian settlement. My friend, who is on his first visit home in all that time, assures me he is not stretching the long bow in stating that he is presently the owner of a stock of 42,000 sheep and 2,500 head of cattle, his run or ranche being at Binda-Bango, near Goulborn in New South Wales. Every squatter, however, has not had the good fortune of this go-a-head son of a late Glasgow baillie.

FITTING IT ON.

(Scene—Public-house, Renfrew; enter Paddy drunk.)

Paddy—A glass ave the cratur, M-Miss Mac, ave ye plaze.

Miss Mac—You've had plenty, Pat! But here's a splendid drink for you, vitadone!

Paddy—Fititon (hic)? Begorra it's wather! Shure Miss M-Mac (hic) an' ye w-waddn't fit-it-on wid me!!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE—OF COURSE.

(In the heat of dispute, Tommy, aged six, cries to his sister, "O you fool.")

Mamma—Tommy! Do you forget what the Bible says about calling your brother a fool?

Tommy—Bit it's no ma brither, it's ma sister.

VOX AMBIGUA.

(Scene—2nd class carriage of train just outside St. Enoch's Station; two friends conversing.)

1st (pointing with his finger)—What is this building for?

2nd—It's a shed of some sort for the railway carriages.

Stranger (interrupting conversation)—I beg your pardon, it's a lye.

Megilp.

AT the opening conversazione of the Institute there have been hitherto many complaints about the crush in the cloak rooms. Alterations are now in progress that will entirely do away with any defect in the arrangements on this point.

As yet nothing is known definitely as to the decision of the selecting committee, which has not entirely finished its work, but rumour has it that they have been severe. All the better for the prospects of the Exhibition. The individual suffers, and the collective "show" is benefited.

One feature of the coming Exhibition will be the number of large attractive gallery pictures. A portrait of Earl Dalhousie by Oules is certain to attract much attention.

P. R. Morris, Yeames, Val Prinsep, Aumonier, Tom Lloyd, and Perugini, are among the London men who have sent pictures.

Other well-known metropolitan artists who will be represented in the Gallery are Ernest Parton, who has sent a large landscape of excellent quality; C. E. Johnson, whose picture is the best he has ever shown in Scotland; and Fred. Morgan, whose work is a composition of landscape and figures. Peter Graham will satisfy his admirers with a twilight picture, as will likewise J. E. Christie with his "Queen of the May," and John White and J. R. Reid with important canvases.

Topham, Archer, and Henry Moore, are other three London artists who have contributed to the Institute.

One of the chief loan pictures of the Exhibition will be the "Boulders" of John Brett, A.R.A., and another a Bavarian interior with figures by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.

James Tissot, the well-known French artist, who has resided in London for upwards of ten years, is about to return to his native Paris. He was mixed up with the Commune of '71, and, escaping from Paris on the entry of the Versailles troops, succeeded in making his way to this country. He now returns under cover of the amnesty.

Another famous painter who was found in the ranks of the Communists was Gustave Courbet, and certain examples of Courbet are likely to be found in the forthcoming Exhibition at the Institute.

When mentioning continental pictures a very fine Corot—a lent work, of course—should not be forgotten.

Among the younger Scottish artists who will show to excellent advantage in the Exhibition will be J. H. Lorimer, S. Reid, T. Millie Dow, Edwin Calvert, and W. Y. Macgregor.

P. M'Gregor Wilson has "sent in" a large and important work, and Alexander Mann his Salon picture of last year.

Patalano and James Macbeth are among the local portrait painters represented. The portrait by the latter of his father, Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., is a capital bit of work.

Alexander Finlay has sent, with other contributions, a seascape, representing a match between the "Verve" and the "Buttercup." It is a very good bit of work.

An important stained glass window is about to be erected in Greyfriars Old Church, Stirling, in terms of the trust disposition of the late Hugh Ainslie, Esq., of Fort-William. Acting under the advice of several leading members of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr Ainslie's trustees have selected for the window the designs of Messrs Adam & Small of this city. Their subject is a series of the more important characters in both the Old and New Testaments. The cost of the window is to be £600.

FOOTBALL.

(West of Scotland and Greenock Wanderers at Partick.)

British Workman—It's gaun to rain!

Second Ditto—Man! what else can we expect when they're playing Greenock!

U.P.—Roar.

DULL and dreary and dismal is the normal condition of the U.P. body. Poor body! It would have been a mass of outer darkness long ago but for the flint of disestablishment. Disestablishment has helped the roaring orators to strike a spark and let the world see they have not yet quite reached the age of ashes. Where would Doctor Hutton and his iron-sides have been had it not been disestablishment? Thereby has their energy been exercised and their notoriety conserved. But, sad souls, they have grown grievously bewildered! They have lifted up their voices and made a mighty noise—like the biblical flood. With the blare of their trumpets they have threatened the walls of the Erastian Jericho. Their ears are full of their own din over what they call the kirk monopoly, and they think the world also is in uproar. Could they but rest for a moment and listen they would hear the waters beyond their little troubled pool murmuring in untroubled cadence.

What a time the U.P.'s had on Tuesday in the north Presbytery! Led by the Reverend Alexander Oliver, B.A., of Dennistoun, in his black popish skull cap, they brayed their best—engulphing the sober notes of reason that Dr Anderson in his temerity timidly sounded. How glorious was their zeal for the gospel! how earnest their endeavour to separate the sacred from the secular! how ardent their love of the "sister Church," and strong their hatred of the "political institution!" how delicately hidden their desire for the State "loaves and fishes!" Reverend Alexander Oliver, B.A., of Dennistoun, is a genius, and his passion for the welfare of his country is unbounded. He wants to free the Establishment from the thongs with which Cæsar has bound her, and give her a fairer chance to vie with the U.P. in elevating the masses.

Yet should fate favour the Rev. Alexander and his iconoclastic confères it would be a serious issue for them. They would have no grievance to grumble against—and that is their only faculty. The fall of the Kirk would end their occupation. They would then have to preach for popularity, and, in very sooth, preaching is not their forte. On level ground, in fair competition with the brilliant sons of the "Auld mither," they would see their congregations grow small by degrees and beautifully less. May the "po'ors abin" send them sense.

DIABOLO.

CHAFFED.

(Scene—Lodging-house, Glasgow; Jock, fresh from the country, sleeps, for the first time, on a feather bed; the maid has stuffed it with holly leaves.)

Maid (slyly)—Weel, Jock, hoo did ye sleep last nicht? Had ye dreams o' yer calf country?

Jock (innocently)—Hoots! I couldna sleep ava', an' I had tae lie doon on the flair! If yon's whit ye ca' a feather bed I'm gaun back tae caff!

After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.

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And those who always wrote now write the more."

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A FAVOUR.

(Scene—Photographic studio; Pat has just sat for his photograph, and is sent to the desk of the young lady who takes note of customer's complexion.)

Young Lady—Eyes, dark brown; hair, dark, colour —

Pat—Yer pardon, Miss, there's wan sloight favour I wud loike to ask of yez when yer paintin' my pictur.

Young Lady—Yes, sir, what is it?

Pat (in a whisper)—Put a shwate smoile in it if ye plaze, mam.

'TWIXT THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

Is *Libra*, the Balance,
The sign, the assorter,
Of days getting longer,
The year getting shorter?
When days are the shortest
The year nearly done is,
And when they are longest
The year half-way run is.
So day after day we
See how *Tempus fugit*,
Our moments then may we
More value than nuggets.

They Manage these Things Better—in France
—A contemporary published a paragraph under the heading "The Nice Funeral" [of Gambetta]

An Agreeable Relationship—Mr (H.) Gladstone and his Tennant-try.

A "Light" of the Church—The St. Marnock's candle.

A Cookery Class—Fradulent bankrupts.

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Our Police Chiefs—1.

MANY a Chief Constable would be hand and glove with the leading dignitaries of the city, and a demi-god or demi-demon with the multitude. Not so Captain M'Call. He goes his way in quietude, seeking not to bask in the sunshine of civic prosperity or proletarian pleasantness. Undemonstratively he gets through his work and gives no complaint to reasonable mortals. An industrious personage he is, keeping one eye on his records and the other on his blue-coated army. Middle-sized, broad-shouldered, fat, with full, saxon face, bright-coloured, lenient eyes, and a fair crop of yellow hair, he might be taken for a well-to-do merchant of pleasant temperament and blameless of ambition. Outwardly, one would not deem him of the mood to quell ruffianism and keep the populace virtuous; and the duty, we may be certain, costs him much trouble and anxiety. Doubtless he dreams many a night of riots and overpowered police. He looks kindly—and a social being is he in the social circle, but at business he is a correct disciplinarian—almost a martinet. His subordinates love him, but at the same time have for him a respect akin to fear. His masters, in the shape of the Corporation, must not be too familiar. He can stand from them a good deal of ill-tongue, but when upstart councillors in their zeal for the people's weal come too near his favourite corns the Captain can kick. He is not so easy-going as he looks. Greenhorns start back in amazement when they find they have offended such a seemingly quiet and innocent official. He knows the greatness of his place, and when occasion offers he can discover or uncover the Tartar under his mild aspect. Seldom is he seen in the vanguard when a row occurs, but his power is there, reaching the front through a thousand hidden channels. Too modest at first to aspire to the highest position, he was thrust into it by fortune. He ran a forger to earth and was rewarded with the chieftainship. He had been a lawyer in his day—a calling for which he was scant in cunning. But it does not matter what he was. He is one of those that the gods look after, and they lifted him into the Central easy chair. His honours he has borne meekly; flaunting them not in the light of day. It is enough for him to know these honours are his, and that he can defend them with vigilance and vigour. A plain, blunt man is Captain M'Call, one who can do his work in a thorough, honest fashion. He never was in

love with the word genius, doesn't even care to rank as a hero with the crowd. Had he been more vain-glorious he would have been more troublesome.

Quavers.

SATURDAY night's Orchestral Concert proved to be perhaps the best yet given in the popular series, and there was the usual large audience. The performance of the "Pastoral Symphony" was one of the finest we can remember, the shading being remarkably careful yet easy, while the other numbers—in particular the overture to "Der Freischutz," a very welcome item—were all as perfectly executed as could be desired. Mdlle. Elly Warnots, who made her first appearance here on the occasion (a daughter of the Musical Director of the Brussels Conservatoire) is a soprano of the first water, and displayed remarkable powers of vocal ornamentation in selections from Donizetti, Proch, and Geurod, singing with purity and power and with perfect method and command. It was a delight to hear the old class of music again in these days of orchestral supremacy in melody. Mdlle. Nina Buziau (daughter of our able leading violin), made a capital impression in the Liszt rhapsody, which by the way would be recognised as having been once before played here in the Bülow year, for piano alone, by Mrs Beesley.

At to-night's Orchestral Concert Master Alfred Hollins, from the Norwood College for the Blind, will play the solo part in Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor for pianoforte and orchestra, a feat in his case in advance even of performance from memory, so much affected now-a-days. The "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz is the leading orchestral number.

Next Saturday, two of the Leonora Overtures (Beethoven) are to be played, also the Scotch symphony of Mendelssohn, and Mr John F. Dunn of the orchestra will again appear in the role of solo violinist.

Mr Sinclair Dunn, formerly of Glasgow, now of London, gave a lecture entertainment "on the great German Composers," on Tuesday last, in Airdrie County Court Hall. The programme of music comprised vocal and instrumental selections from Bach to Mendelssohn. Mr Dunn was assisted by Mr W. Harvey, pianist.

Mr Lambeth's choir sing in St. James' Hall, London, as formerly mentioned, on 25th inst., the anniversary of Burns' birthday. The style of the programme, generally, is much of the same character as those prepared in connection with the annual visit of the Glasgow Select Choir on St. Andrew's Day, the songs of the poet, however, naturally predominating on this occasion, and the part music being principally of Mr Lambeth's arrangement. The choir will give a concert here on Monday, 29th instant.

Sophie Menter arrived late at last subscription concert. The story is that on the arrival of the fair piano athlete at Queen Street, from Edinburgh, where she had been playing at the orchestral concert in the Music Hall, a cab was called, and the driver directed to go to "the Music Hall." The intelligent Jehu drove the lady, in the exercise of his best judgment, to the Scotia!

Madame Menter, by the way, will be back in Glasgow about the end of February. In her quieter moods the lady "sings" and "dreams" on the pianoforte as sweetly as any artist of a less advanced school, but, as at last concert, in the "Nocturne," she not unfrequently treats Chopin like Liszt, which, to say the least, is not quite what should be.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1883.

THE frequent disclosures of irregularities on the part of officials having the charge of public funds naturally suggests the inquiry whether due provision is made for the prevention

or detection of such defalcations. It may be impossible to secure absolute integrity, but on the other hand it too often happens that prudent safeguards are either neglected or not duly enforced. This is a manifest injustice to the public, and at the same time a cruel kindness to its officials, whose merits are more likely to be properly appreciated under a wise system of supervision than one of laxity or neglect. But a properly devised scheme of control should not only reduce to a minimum the chances of misappropriation but also of improper payments and overcharge. The ordinary system of audit, however, only concerns itself with the first of these evils; it ascertains that all the receipts are duly entered, the payments properly vouched, and the summations correct. In short, it is a matter of book-keeping and arithmetic—a very necessary process, as far as it goes, but stopping short at the point where security is needed against the many irregularities not necessarily involving criminal intent. *Control* should be combined with formal audit, but nevertheless the former is sadly lacking in the management of the finances of many companies as well as corporations. The City of Glasgow is a very noteworthy case in point, and the time has almost come when local financial and municipal reformers will have an opportunity of considering whether the accounts of the various Trusts connected with the city shall continue to be audited by persons officially appointed by the SHERIFF under the different statutes, or whether the whole shall be placed under the care of a separate department of audit and control. The present system is antiquated, and of doubtful efficiency; and it is not creditable to the intelligence of the citizens, or becoming the magnitude of the interests involved, that the checks and precautions so often in use by Government and railway companies should not have been applied ere now to the affairs of the City of Glasgow. Only the other day a thousand guineas was paid for having the city accounts placed on a modern basis, but this was no more than the initial step in this much-needed reform.

CABBY AGAIN.

Young Swell (who, returning from dance, has tipped cabby two threepenny bits) — Home at last cabby! Thought that horse of yours would be down every minute. The streets are small slides to-night!

Cabby (after examining the tip carefully)—O aye, things are a' sma' nooadays!

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the "daft days" are over and gone. That things have simmered down to their usual quietness.

That even the Town Council proceedings are less "spirited" than they were ten days ago.

That the only high words at last week's meeting were those spoken by Jeems over the Tontine Piazza.

That the Bazaar Committee are looking forward to another trip to England.

That they had a jolly one not so long ago.

That they may have kept their mouths open in the South, but certainly they seem to have kept their eyes and their ears shut.

That it's a grand thing to be a "committee."

That the Saltmarket Bazaar scheme has rather a high flavour.

That Glasgow is so well served with first-class shops that she has little need to endow a few alien traders.

That the quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands.

That some of the Caledonian Railway employes have "struck."

That the strike has had no effect upon the arrangements of the company.

That the "strikers" had better "tak thocht."

That the sooner they "go in" the better for themselves.

That the Educational endowments question was up at the School Board on Monday.

That the members are indignant that they should be asked to confine their attention to elementary education.

That Rubbart, as usual, hopes that "the voice of the Board will go forth."

That on Monday, however, Rubbart roared him as softly as any sucking-dove.

THE BEST ONES.

(Scene—Architectural Exhibition, Edinburgh; two friends meet.)

Brown—How are you, Smith? What do you think of the drawings?

Smith—Oh they're good enough; especially those at the pay-box.

Vital Statistics—The figures in the bank book.

Travelling Notes—Time Tables.

A Stormy Play—"The Tempest."

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Divinity Students v. Kettledrums.

AT a well-conducted tea-party a Divinity Student is as indispensable as the orthodox cold toast. Indeed sugar, cream, or even the tea itself, may be foregone, but not a representative of the Church. For his own part, the Divinity Student dotes on such harmless dissipations. There, he is in his element. Inspired by a cup of congo, he can, almost in a breath, talk soft nothings to the girls, speak consoling words to the elderly maidens, picture a world to come to the mammas, and discuss with paterfamilias the latest thing in politics, or the last fluctuations on 'Change.

Miss Flora MacFlint, when issuing invitations for a tea-fight, looks about for a clerical *in posse*. She does not number one in her own list of acquaintances, so is compelled to appeal to her brother Tom. Tom, thus appealed to, remembers and furnishes the address of an old chum whom he has not seen for some time. Miss Flora at once despatches an invitation, enclosed in a square envelope, bearing the address of Mr John Moonshine, Divinity Student, requesting his presence at tea on the following Friday. In due time comes an acceptance, and in due time, too, the eventful day.

The MacFlint mansion on that evening is all agog. Arrival after arrival is announced, and at last only one is lacking—Mr Moonshine. All wait expectant. Of course it could not be expected that such a magnate as a Divinity Student should be punctual. Half, or at least a quarter of an hour must be granted him.

Ten minutes later than the last arrival, Mr Moonshine presents himself. He is late, but he does not deem any apology necessary. His very coming is sufficient honour.

All eyes are turned upon him as he enters the room. He neither minds the admiring glances of the young ladies, nor does he care for the cool stares of their brothers—"Clerks, you know!" He is tall, thin, and æsthetic looking. He is one of the etherial creatures of this world, and will be one of the principal creatures of the next. He has sat for his degree more than once—three times, in fact—but somehow or other it always happened those years that the papers were extra stiff, and the examiners very stringent, and so—and so—ah, well, he did not pass. "What use is a degree, anyhow?" he is wont to ask; "everybody has one now-a-days." And, for his part, he thinks the whole affair is a confounded humbug.

At tea he plants himself by the side of the

charming Flora. They discuss orthodoxy, heterodoxy, the latest opera, the latest book, in all of which subjects Mr Moonshine is well "up." At last Miss MacFlint asks his opinion upon Disestablishment. For an opportunity such as this has he been waiting. Immediately he raises his voice a semitone, and a hush falls upon all. "Well, looked at from a psychological point of view," begins Mr Moonshine, to the intense horror of brother Tom, who has a vivid recollection of that awful day in the logic class, three or four years ago, when Mr M., on being orally examined, showed such lamentable ignorance of even the meaning of the word psychology, that the professor marked the whole bench "absent" for a month. His fears, however, are altogether uncalled for; Mr M. has made rapid strides since then. Our friend touches with perfect ease—even brilliancy—upon psychology, drags in "the metaphysical," skirts the base of "the finite," and finally lands triumphantly upon the ramparts of "the transcendental" and "the supersensible." A murmur of applause floats through the room as he finishes. The ladies sit open-mouthed—amazed. Their brothers confess that after all there must be something in him. Brother Tom breathes a sigh of relief, while the Divinity Student, supremely unconscious of the sensation he has created, finishes his second cup.

After tea dancing is proposed, and again the D.S. is in his element. He is by far the best waltzer in the room, and feels that he is conferring an honour upon whomsoever he asks "if he may have the pleasure." It is his duty to dance first with Miss Flora, so he waits until the interminable quadrille is eaded; and then, the lady having consented, they float down the room to the bewitching strains of "My Queen." He does not roll from side to side, nor does he remain ten minutes under the gasalier; but steadily, smoothly, round and round—top-like—he spins, his head thrown back, his heels four inches from the carpet, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his manly breast upheaved, while with his right arm—powerful alike in a pulpit and in a students' row—he encircles the wasp-like waist of the lovely MacFlint. The gentlemen are disgusted. The ladies smile approvingly. Miss Pickandwhile, a wallflower, remarks to Miss Dollface, another of the same, "that she wishes he were licensed, and had a church of his own, that she might work for his bazaar."

The waltz ended, Mr M. considers that he has done his duty. He conducts Miss MacFlint to a seat, and stands hard by—cooling off. Some

time after, he is requested to sing. A man so accomplished in psychology and waltzing, can, Miss Flora is sure, sing too. Mr M. smiles and signifies his willingness. The young ladies are sure it will be something æsthetic; old Miss Fogie hopes it will be a hymn; while the gentlemen bet it will be some hackneyed tenor or bass song, such as "Tom Bowling," or "Vicar of Bray." The Divinity Student disappoints them all. Accompanying himself, he sings, in a clear, flat voice, the latest pantomime ditty. This he does to show his utter disregard for established custom. He has shown his knowledge of philosophy and of Terpsichore; now he will display his commerce with the world. The song is finished. "Thank you's" fill the air. The ladies murmur, "How delightful; so utterly regardless of restraint." The gentlemen whisper to one another, with knowing looks, "Music Hall!"

So far the Divinity Student has been a public success; all his doings have been witnessed by the company at large; now he devotes himself to particular cases. He is introduced to, and smiles on all the younger ladies; talks platitudes to the elders; and finally wins the hearts of their brothers in the smoking room by displaying his knowledge of the latest "scratch," and last Saturday's match. He leaves an hour earlier than the rest, and as he makes his exit he is followed by the approving glances of all. He takes with him the entire atmosphere of geniality and sanctity, and for the rest of the evening he forms the sole subject of discussion. The sweet Flora has thanked him for coming, mamma has invited him back, and everybody votes that, without his presence, Miss Flora MacFlint's kettledrum would not have been a success.

DIGNITY!

(Scene—Argyle Street; old man with "gundy" is standing at edge of pavement, and a group of "Citeeze" boys are posing before him.)

Old Man—Now, bhoys, hev yez no place to stand except in front o' me?

Smallest Urchin (with bare head and feet)—No, we're no staunin' in front o' you. It's you 'ats staunin' in front o' huz!

Last Wednesday Morning—Asinus to his Worship—Howie's a' wi' ye the day, sir?

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. I. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Supposing?

SUPPOSING gossiping pedestrians were to leave the middle of the pavement for the public, and stand near the kerb, would popular notions of indifference be too seriously shocked?

Supposing carpets were not shaken from windows, nor dusters and flour-bags beaten at shop doors, would the comfort of passers-by be too much considered?

Supposing football players were to be punctual at the game, would their own popularity or the interests of spectators be unduly regarded?

Supposing church-folk were "to go about doing good" with bread-baskets under their arms, instead of being engrossed with "finances," would the lapsed masses be too quickly reached?

Supposing girls in sweetie shops, before emptying the scales were to allow them to recover from the impetus of the articles tossed in, would their commercial morality be prematurely advanced?

Supposing the public were to be uniformly civil to tramway guards, and courteous to one another, would the amount of incivility they complain of be in any way affected?

Supposing temperance advocates were to be less intemperate in their aims and language, would the cause of temperance generally progress less disagreeably?

"DUTY"—FREE.

Mr Gladstone can't come as M.P.,
Mr Bright cannot come as Lord-Rector;
Though Liberal promises be,
Performance is always conjectur'.

DRY.

(Twa drooths meet.)

1st Drooth—Aye! aye! Ye come frae doon the Spoot. I hear they're aye drinkin' an' aye dry there!

2nd Drooth—Dry? Dry's no the word! Fa' against yin o' them in the mornin' an' ye'll see the stoor flee oot his mooth!

1st Drooth—Aye? an' I understan' it's no uncommon fur a dry neebor tae be seen lootin' doon ower a drunk yin in the glaur sayin': man, I wish I wis you!

2nd Drooth—Oh, that's naethin'! They're that droothie I verily believe, which is no impossible, if there wis naethin' left in the place but a bung they'd build a barrel roon't!

[They drink.]

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"A little Knowledge is a dangerous thing."

WORDS have been defined by Trench as being "leaves on the tree of language," but it often appears that they merely form a convenient vehicle for the display of ignorance or the concealment of thought. Sometimes the attempt to be novel and striking, leads a man to change the character of a word, to the serious injury of the Queen's English. Thus a newspaper scribe, writing the other day, made a wholesale onslaught upon a number of proper names and turned them all into adjectives. There were "the Beethoven symphony," "the Mendelssohn overture," "the Schubert number," "the Liszt number," "the Donizetti Cavatina," "the Gounod Waltz," "the Liszt Concerto," and other graceful flowers of rhetoric, winding up with a remark that "the gymnastics were propounded," whatever that may mean. To propound the argument a little further, upon the same lines, it might be well to make further inroads upon nouns for the sake of manufacturing adjectives. Why not the Stanford scherzo, the Sullivan saltarello, the Lambeth larghetto, the Mackenzie maestoso, the Peace presto, or any other alternative derangement of proper names turned to improper purposes.

A Vignette.

HE walks in human form among mankind,
Yet ne'er a gleam of light illumines his mind,
For he was moulded by some fell mischance
Within the womb of dusky ignorance.
His heart is one black marsh of mud and gall,
And never came 'neath love's ennobling thrall—
No rill of pity ever gurgled there
To gladden sorrow or revive despair.
Within his eyes—whoever there may look
Can see one image—clear as in a book—
Sour, blinking envy for his fellow being
Whose aspirations are beyond his seeing.
There ever does it coil—a poisonous snake,
Lurking, all mean advantages to take.
Dull, impotent himself, he cannot rise
To pluck from luscious trees their golden prize;
He cannot reach the goal for which he longs,
Write as he will, and stretch his feckless thongs;
He sees his betters where he ne'er can dwell,
A sight which is to him his deepest hell.

THAT HE WASN'T.

Biddy—Shure Mrs Cornin and they tell me that you've lost poor Pat. Is he dead?

Mrs Cornin—'Dade an' dead he is.

Biddy—But wasn't he a Quarefellow (Odd-fellow?) Ye'll git a thrifle aff thim for him.

Mrs Cornin—Bless ye, yes, I'll be afther gettin' ten pounds for the rascal, an' between you an' me, he wasn't worth it.

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Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, in B Minor.....Mendelssohn.

Symphon'ic Fantasie—{ "Episode in the Life of an Artist,"Berlioz.

Cozcert Overture, "The Wood Nymph," ...Sternale Bennett,

Pianoforte Solos (A) Elude in F Minor, Op. 25 }
No. 2 (Chopin); (B) "The Fountain" (Ben-

nett), (C) Soirees de Vienne (d'apres Strauss) } Carl Tansig,

in C Major,..... }
Prelude Invocation and Danse Bacchanale, from } ...Massenet,

"Les Erinnyes,"..... }

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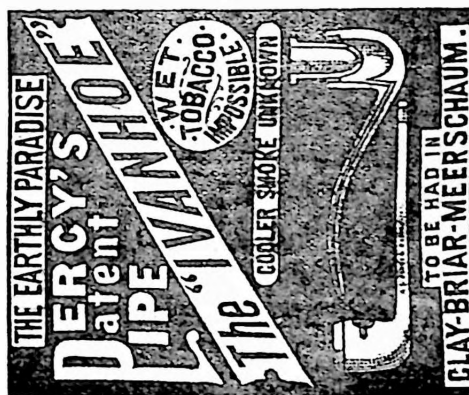
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In January, 1881, our Grand Gift was £5000.

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**THE ENTIRE MAGNIFICENT STOCKS OF THE COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONATIA,
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To be cleared out at terrific reductions. In fact, so determined are we to clear, and well knowing that desperate prices only will sell Goods at this season, we have unmercifully slaughtered the values, having put in the knife as far as it will go.

The Reductions are made over the entire House. In each of our Twenty Departments are lines that cost next to nothing, and would go far to add to the home comforts of most families. During this Sale we offer One Thousand Long Sixpenny Feather Dusters for One Penny each. Thousands of really good Twopenny Lead Pencils for three a-penny. A large Lot of Coloured Pictures, 10½ × 8½, with a neat gilt frame and nicely glazed, now for One Penny each. The glass and frame would almost cost 1s alone, but we sell the pick of the lot at 1d. Last January many persons would have taken the whole £10,000 gift entirely to themselves, but we have no intention of letting any one person get the entire benefit. To prevent speculators from buying up entire lots, we have determined to sell a limited number of certain articles to each consumer. The 15 Japanese Parasols, 32 in., black ebony handle, for One Penny. Japanese Fans, One Penny each. A Manufacturer's Stock of Ladies' New Style Linen Collars going for One Penny each. Piles of Children's Gloves, One Penny per pair. Piles of Chip Hats, One Penny each. Piles of New Gainsbro', Langtry, and Skating Hat and Bonnet Shapes, Buckram or Net (the sixpenny quality), now for one penny each. All our Toys in the Toy Fair and Fancy Bazaar are now offered at nominal prices to clear. The Sixpenny Carved Wood Photo Frames, with Glass, now 2½d; worth 1s. Fans at 6½d, 10½d, 1s 3d, 1s 9d to 15s. The Bad Boy's Diary, 3½d; by post, 1d extra. Piles of Toy Picture Books. The 1s Book—Winter in Song, Story and Picture, published at 1s, for 4½d. Children's Sunday Books.

PICTURES! PICTURES!! PICTURES!!!—Our Entire Stock now at Sale Prices. If you want Pictures, we will sell you them cheaper than you could buy the frames alone. There are some rare Bargains to be given in these Goods. Call and see them. 1000 Beautiful Chromos, Framed and Glazed, 20 × 18, worth 10s 6d, for 2s 11d; splendid designs. Pictures in Gothic Frames. Chromos and Oleos, Framed and Unframed, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our Fancy Departments; you will be sure to see something that will save your money. 9999 Bargain Lots now laid out.

UMBRELLAS! UMBRELLAS!! UMBRELLAS!!!—Special and Extraordinary Bargains in Gentlemen's Umbrellas. Three great Lines, 4s 3d, 6s 3d, and 9s 11d. Also Special Lines in Ladies' Umbrellas from 1s 3d to 21s.

GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS.—Extraordinary value this month. Also, Special Lines in Dress Hats in the Latest Styles for 1883. Gentlemen should see the very light German Felt Hats which we have been so freely selling for the past six months. We are the Sole Importers in this country of these Goods, and they cannot be had elsewhere than at the Colosseum.

LADIES' GLOVES.—Special Lines in all kinds of Ladies' Gloves. Our Stock in this Department is very complete and worthy of attention.

In our **GREAT UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENTS** we show Goods that fairly surprise even the keenest and most experienced buyers. The Goods in this Department are the same in Quality and Price in the Colosseum and Millionatia, and may be had alike in either Warehouse. Anyone can quote prices—that is nothing—but bring this List with you and come and see our Goods. We cannot possibly repeat these lines. You will save 25 per cent. in buying now; it will be too late six weeks hence.

SEAL JACKETS! SEAL JACKETS!! SEAL JACKETS!!!—They must now go. Only Twenty left. We are prepared to take any price for them. The Goods are the latest styles and finest qualities, and our regular prices were half the ordinary dealers'; but now we name no price. If you want them you can get them at your own figure, if at all reasonable. We may say that the lowest is 42in. Real Seal Paletot, £7 10s. These are *not* Musquash; these are *not* imitations. They are the real genuine Seal, beautifully Satin-lined and Quilted. Why, it is almost worth the price we want to have a look at them.

CLOTH JACKETS.—Dolmans, Silk-lined Circulars, Fur-lined Circulars, Fur Capes, Fur Sets, at fearful reductions. Just laid out, 435 of New Equestrienne Black Cloth Coats, the very thing for the coming Spring; our Prices, 9s 11d, 14s 11d, 21s, and 25s 9d. These are not many when you take the low price into account. You will do well to secure one without delay.

The whole of our Departments are being cleared out. Bargains in Flowers and Feathers, Ribbons and Laces, Beads, Beaded Crowns and Ornaments, Infants' Hats and Hoods; Gentlemen's Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

It is now freely conceded by the entire Trade that **WALTER WILSON & COMPANY** are the largest and most important Dealers in Hats and Bonnets in Scotland; the Public also know this, and are always alive to the fact that at our Great Sale Bargains are to be picked up that cannot possibly be obtained at any time elsewhere. Splendid Hats and Bonnets at 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 6d, 14s 6d, 16s 6d, to 21s; these must be seen; specimens This Day in our Windows. Mourning Millinery—Extraordinary value in Full and Complimentary Mourning. Hats and Bonnets, Gloves, Umbrellas, Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Feathers, Dress Stuffs, Mantles, Hats, &c. specially made for Mournings. Gentlemen's Hats trimmed for Mournings while waiting.

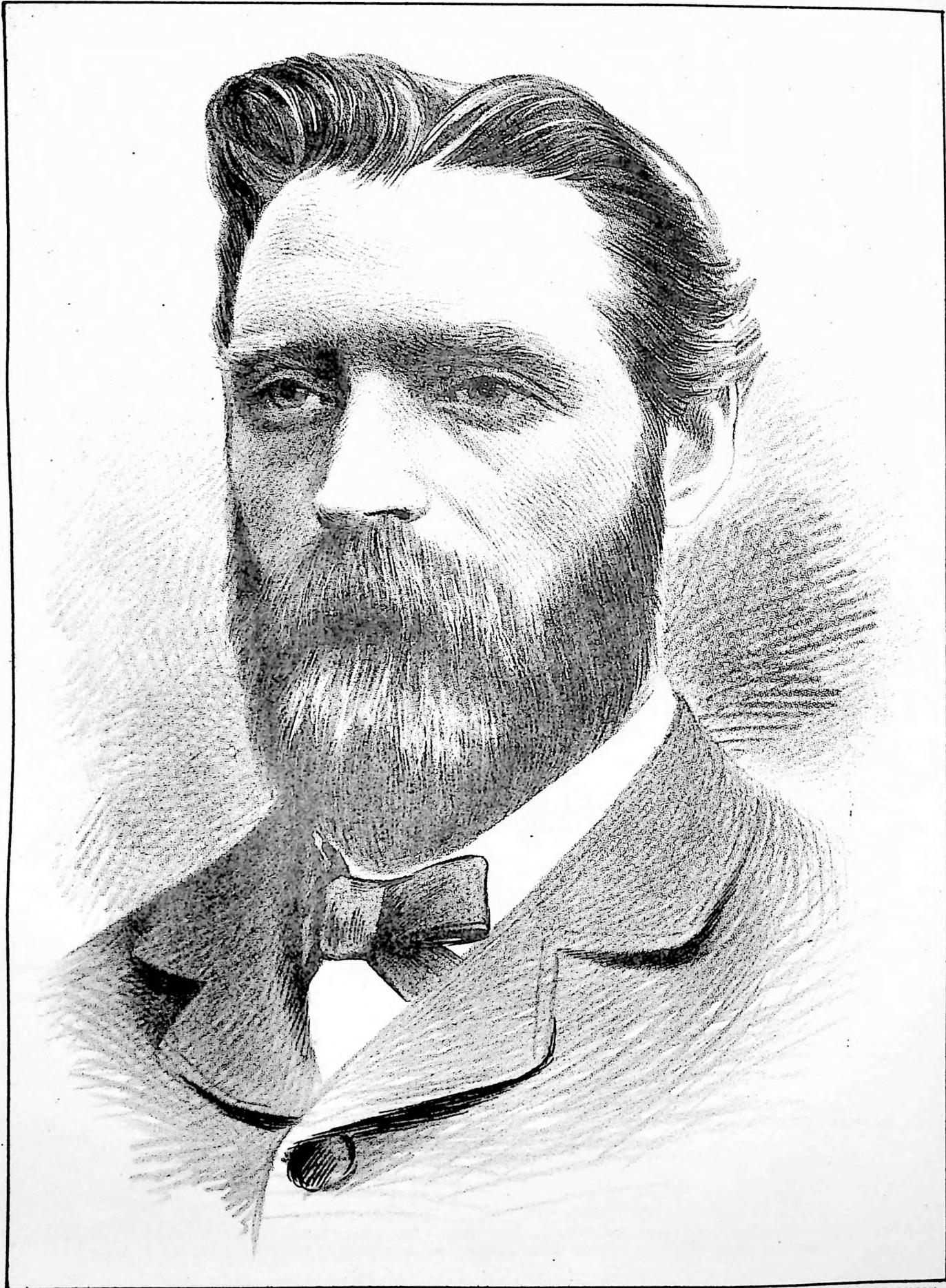
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 536. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 24th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 536.

WHAT an exercising of the spirit have we all had over the Caledonian Railway strike? How incredulous were we concerning it beforehand; with what astonishment did we regard the movement when it had taken actual, definite shape! For the time public opinion was divided into two camps. One class of people proved, and that beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the men would gain their point; another, and equally numerous class, were not less certain that, sooner or later, the Directors would come off victors in the struggle. Which of the two classes had the right end of the stick, as the saying is, is by this time a matter of history. As for those who held it by the wrong end, they may take one thing to heart, and that is the great lesson of the American seer, "never prophesy unless you know." Now that the fight has ended, has become a thing of the past, we may be sure, looking at all the facts connected with it, that it would not have lasted so long as it did, had it not been for the personal influence and exertions of Mr JOSEPH HOPE, the General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for Scotland. The notion that the strike originated with Mr HOPE is probably erroneous, but no one, and certainly not the Railway Servants' Secretary himself, will attempt to deny that, when it had once begun, he was its animating and guiding spirit. To the mind of the BAILIE—and he expressed his opinion a week ago—the strike was a blunder out and out. It seemed to him from the commencement that the Company was bound to win. And while taking up this side of the question he likewise foresaw that the movement was one which necessarily involved a large amount of loss, not only to the two principals to the dispute, but to the trading

and the general public as well. Under all the circumstances, therefore, he has no hesitation in expressing his satisfaction that the matter is at an end, and that the end is such as it is. But while this is the feeling he has towards the strike, as a strike, he is yet conscious that it was maintained, on the part of the men, with commendable moderation, temper, and skill. Mr HOPE who, as has been said, was the leader and controller of the movement, showed as much tact in conducting it as he was short-sighted in not opposing its commencement. Young men, however, will always be young men, and Mr HOPE, as ages go, is still young. He was born so late as 1848, and has consequently only entered on his thirty-fifth year. All his life, all his working life that is, he has been mixed up with railways. While yet a mere stripling he entered the service of the Caledonian Company as a boy in the coaching department. From the coaching he joined the road department, beginning as an engine cleaner, then rising to the position of guard, next to that of fireman, and latterly being elevated to the dignity of a full-blown engine-driver. He continued as driver for a number of years, until, in 1877, a largely-signed request to the effect that he would undertake the duties connected with the post he now occupies was presented to him; and acceding to this he left the employment of the Company, and set himself to organise and amalgamate the various societies of railway servants over Scotland. Mr HOPE is excellently fitted to become the hero of our British working men. Spare of habit and energetic of manner, and possessing abundant confidence in his own powers, he is one of themselves, and is yet accustomed to address their employers with a tone of equality they can never hope to emulate. Besides this he has studied men—and especially railway men—and knows exactly in what roads their hum-

ours run. Though no orator in the strict sense of the term, Mr HOPE commands an ocean of speech, perfectly drumlie, now and then, with facts. His besetting sin on the platform is that he takes no pains to arrange his thoughts—they are simply poured forth pell-mell, half a sentence in the preface and its other half in the peroration. Then his voice is just a little husky—a nasal twang is prominent, and there is a peculiar sing-song in his method of delivery which further impairs the effect of his public speaking. All these defects, however, can be overtaken and overcome with care and application, and it is more than probable that our friend will have had ample time and opportunity to correct his various oratorical shortcomings before another railway strike shall have come round. The result of the six "idle days" enjoyed by the disaffected "Caledonians" has not been of a character to suggest an early repetition of the undertaking, either on their part or on that of any of their fellows engaged on other lines of railway north of the Border.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

Gudemán (a great lover of the Ayrshire bard, dancing about in his stocking soles)—Hech—hoo—dash't a'.

Gudewife—Whit's wrang wi' ye?

Gudemán—I've skailt a lot o' bilin' watter ower ma feet.

Son—Never heed, faither, it'll mak' ye a maist uncommon man. Ye'll noo hae Burns at yer fingers' ends an' scalds at the ends o' yer taes.

[The son got it hot for his little joke.]

"Liberal" Education.

"A LIBERAL of 1880" writes to the *Herald* objecting to what he is pleased to call the "permanent maintainence" (*sic*) of the Established Church. It seems doubtful, judging by the iconoclast's signature, whether he claims to have been hatched in 1880, or to be one thousand, eight hundred, and eighty years of age; but, senile or infantile, he is to be congratulated upon the fact that his "liberality," like that of many of his friends, extends to the orthography of his mother tongue.

At Once an Arch and Peer of the Church—
The Primate.

Caledonian War-Cry—Up Guards, and at 'em!
Taking it Cannes—Mr Gladstone.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New
Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

On 'Change.

INIQUITIES, it must be confessed, frequently prevail against the righteous. The Psalmist ranked himself among those who were much aggrieved by humanity, and perhaps he was right. Had he lived in our day, he might have had occasion to arch his eyebrows a little in downright astonishment. He would have discovered food for reflection in the spectacle of an elderly man, who had taken a youth into junior partnership many years ago, being cruelly elbowed aside in his old age by the very person he had once befriended. There are always two sides to a story, of course, and the apparent aggressor may in this case have something to say for himself; but it is hard to believe that the explanation, from a moral point of view, can be perfectly convincing. The incident reminds me of something that occurred in this highly virtuous city a few years ago. A respected member of the community became involved, through no indiscretion of his own, in the sufferings entailed by a commercial scandal which in magnitude assumed the proportions of a national calamity. His two partners, whom he had promoted from being clerks to a share of the business, found that they were within their legal rights if they asked him to retire. They coolly did so. He retired accordingly, having no alternative. There is a parallel between the two cases which does not raise those emotions inculcated by the romantic canons of ancient chivalry.

Another act in the drama of which Mr A. G. Simpson is the hero, was played last week in the Bankruptcy Court. It is an amusing commentary upon this gentleman's career that he is at present residing in Arcadia—not the historical district of Peloponnesus, but some retired and attractive spot in the American State of Missouri. The Simpsonian speculator was too rash. Having been fortunate at the outset, he thought that fortune was to favour him always. His share in the Coal Exchange affair was marked by all the sanguine enthusiasm usually associated with boyhood. There was little of that judicial calmness which shows the cool and prudent business man. I think there were three proprietors in the dull-looking block of buildings at the foot of West Regent Street. When they combined, they would probably have taken £75,000 for their holding, and would have been well paid at that price. Mr Simpson and his friends were so eager to acquire the property, however, that they went the length of £96,000, if I remember rightly, and spent no end of money, over and above the purchase price, in altering, pulling down, and building up again. The money of the estate was not all lost in that venture, but enough of it went to account, partially at least, for the deficiency of £25,000 shown in the accounts.

The last act in the Huntington drama is now to be played. I shall be curious to see the end of it. When Park died, he possessed the Emma Mine, and up to the last he firmly maintained his belief that the property was a sound investment. That seems incredible in view of the disclosures made regarding the mine, but it is nevertheless certain that Park said the property would yet pay. It would be highly instructive if the liquidators of the Huntington Co. were to find some dark horse, answering to the name of Lucius Seth, waiting round the corner, and prepared to relieve them from the responsibility of carrying an unwelcome burden.

The decrease of nearly ten million gallons in last year's American export of oil will not have escaped observation. Every now and then the British public, that most gullible of animals, is startled into the belief that thousands of additional wells, gushing thousands of additional barrels per day, are being sunk all over the United States. Facts are stubborn things to deal with, and the actual figures show that production in America is now going on at the rate of 20,000 barrels per day less than it was a year ago. The effect cannot be otherwise than good upon the market here, and the oil trade of Scotland is one of those extending industries which comes in handy at a time when cotton spinning and weaving seem taking unto themselves wings for a wholesale flight to Lancashire.

SCRUTATOR.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky,
18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Stories of the Pantomimes.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"One foot in sea, and one on shore."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

'T WAS the first of September,
A day to remember,
(Though 'tis not at all likely you'll do so)
Anno sixteen, five, one,
That the young Robinson
From the port of Hull made his first cruise, O.

But ere well out the Humber,
Some—he 'mong the number—
Got sick and their dinners did lose, O,
"If once back to my father
I think I'd stay—rather,"
Were the first words of Robinson Crusoe.

Still when Yarmouth he got to,
Says one "Why you ought to
Go with me as one of my crew," so
The young sailor Bob
Fastened on to this job—
A "Guinea" trip who could refuse, O?

Then for sea they did set
But a pirate ship met
Them and riddled their craft, bolts and screws, O,
And when they did rally
They were steered into Sallee,
And there sold as a slave was poor Crusoe.

But he gave them the "slip"
In a boat of his ship
And was ten days at sea when (glad news, O!)
A vessel came past
And landed at last
In Portugal Robinson Crusoe.

He met there a planter
Who engaged him *instantly*
To go out and his "liggers" abuse, O,
So once more for sea
Our young Robinson he
Set sail with the best of all crews, O

But when twelve days afloat
A big sea struck their boat
And the water inside 'gan to ooze, O,
So they took to the wee boats,
Which proving not sea boats,
All were drowned except Robinson Crusoe.

Then he, washed ashore,
Made a raft and an oar
When the wind had abated which blew so,
And brought in from the wrecked ship
The things which had decked ship,
Guns, powder, and such like, did Crusoe.

So he built him a tent
And his precious time spent
In planting rice, corn—things of use, O,
Then he made pots of clay,
And he often would say

"Where's the king that's more happy than Crusoe?"

A jacket he wore
Of goatskin, and o'er
His head an umbrella he threw so
The sun could not burn him;
He never would turn him
Without gun, goat, and parrot, would Crusoe.

One day what a fright
It gave him the sight
Of a footprint sans stockings or shoes, O,
But he found out next Friday
When there landed all by day
men who danced, yelled whooped, and crew so.

It seemed these were savages
Who made wild ravages
On their own tribe—would land in canoes, O
And roast one another,
Be he cousin or brother,
Which disgusted much Robinson Crusoe.

So he saved one poor fellow
Than the rest much more yellow,
And taught him his P's and his Q's, O;
He called his name Friday,
And he kept the house tidy,
'Tis said of our Robinson Crusoe.

They worked quietly together
In all kinds of weather—
What, happy? I'm sure there were few so;
And Juan Fernandez,
As I understand, is
The place where lived Robinson Crusoe.

Twenty-seven years thus passed
When at length a ship's mast
Hove in sight, and still nearer it drew; so
Our exiled friend hailed it,
And latterly sailed it—
Mate and captain were Friday and Crusoe.

If you wish more to know
Of what happened, Defoe
Will make clear what has failed my poor Muse, O;
Still enough 'tis to say
He lived good every way
Till Death took his last journey our Crusoe.

A STRIKE EXPERIENCE.

(Scene—Holytown Junction; Wednesday last.)

Lady (to Irish labourer who is acting as porter)—Do you know if this is the train for Wishaw?

I. L.—Never a know I know ma'm. I'm only here to open and shut the doors!

"Stands Scotland where it did?"

IF Scotland be not ashamed of itself, it ought to be, for fast becoming ashamed of almost everything connected with it. It has long since been ashamed of its language, none but a vulgarian now having a Scottish tongue; at national festivals the Scottish dishes are received with a patronising smile; and now its world-famed music is not sufficiently refined for the ears of Scottish audiences. If presented to them at all it must be as "variations," in which a national melody is, for having afforded an idea, as speedily as possible tortured, smothered, and got quit of, or as a "fantasia," in which "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" are mixed and mingled by inconsiderate audacity.

A "Bright" Prospect—The Lord-Rector giving his Inaugural Address.

A Closure—The "Mid-Lothian Campaign."

Off the Rails—The men on strike.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—As it seems to me, we are about to witness a radical and important alteration in things theatrical. This is nothing less than a return to stock companies, and a consequent shelving of the travelling company system at present in vogue. In point of fact, the travelling company, for the time at least, is practically played out. I don't mean, of course, that travelling companies will be entirely done away with. Miss Pateman, for instance, will bring "Odette" to the Gaiety in the course of the coming season, and we will likewise be favoured at Mr Heslop's house, with a visit from Mrs Bernard Beere and Mr Charles Kelly; while, as stated a week ago, "Iolanthe" comes to the Royalty, and the "Silver King" and "The Lights o' London" to the Grand. Exceptions like these, however, only prove the rule, and the rule will be that playgoers will be more dependent for their amusement on stock actors than they have been for years.

Meanwhile our several pantomimes are still in full swing; drawing large audiences all of them, and amusing their audiences too.

The Cannell benefit, arranged by Mr Beryl for next Saturday afternoon, promises to be a big success. Already the stall and box tickets are largely taken up, and, as is always the case in the South Side theatre, the pit and gallery will likewise be filled on the occasion.

I may note, by-the-by, that Mr Beryl gives the theatre free, and that the services of his company will also be rendered gratuitously.

"Little Red Riding Hood" will be withdrawn from the stage of the Royal Princess's Theatre on Saturday, the 2nd of February. For the succeeding Monday—the 5th prox.—Mr Beryl announces a production of "The World," with Mr Arthur Lyle in the part of *Sir Clement Huntingford*.

"Rip Van Winkle" entered into the third and concluding week of its run at Mr Knapp's Theatre this Evening. The success which has attended its production here—where it has been played for the first time in the provinces—augurs well for its fortunes during the rest of the tour.

Taking time by the forelock, Mr Heslop announces that the subject of the Gaiety Pantomime of 1883-84, will be "Jack and the Beanstalk." The book of the words will be from the pen of Mr Jack M'Ardle, the author of "Beauty and the Beast."

The first attempt of Mr G. R. Sims, of "Lights o' London" celebrity, in the walk of comic opera, will be made in "The Merry Duchess," the piece with which Miss Kate San'ley will reopen the London Royalty in the course of the present Spring. One of Miss Santley's company will be Mr Charles Groves, while Mr S. H. Austin will be acting manager of the theatre. Mr Frederick Clay writes the music to the "Merry Duchess."

The houses at Hengler's continue almost as good as when 1882 was telescoped into 1883 in gay and festive style. Go when you will—in fair weather or in foul—you never find many empty benches in the West Nile Street cirque. It is still "Carnival" time here, and this will be so all this week and the next, after which "the glorious 18th of June, 1815"—to wit, Waterloo—will be exemplified with much realistic effect. In equestrianism proper, Mr Powell makes an exceptionally good show. "A pleasing act of equitation"—as Mr Gibbs modestly puts it in the programme—is gone through by Mdle. Belyina, a young lady of sweet seventeen, who is, I believe, a daughter of Mrs Jee, *nee* Quaglieni, an equestrienne of the first order.

On the Wednesday of next week, Mr Hengler's company are going in for a grand aquatic "carnival." But more of this anon.

At the Burns's concert in London on Thursday evening, and at which Mr Lambeth and his choir appear, solos are to be given by Madame Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Edward Lloyd.

That time-worn proverb, "He that haste'h to be rich, &c., &c.," has received ample exemplification in our midst during the last few months. A certain firm of lawyers believing themselves wiser than their neighbours, and finding the accumulation of wealth by the old-fashioned six and eight penny method much too slow for their enterprising spirits, determined, by one "grand coup," to make their fortunes. Having thus resolved, they sought the council of a friendly tipster who was supposed to be "in the know." By his advice and introduction to a London broker they were enabled to make a big plunge in American stocks, the result being that, when settling day came round they owed more money than their business is likely to yield for several years to come. The broker despairing of getting his account paid in kind, resolved to take it out in law, and, having a numerous "clientelle" of defaulters besides our legal friends, hit upon the happy expedient of employing the lawyers to collect the balances due by their fellow unfortunates. Verily, this is a strange generation.

No better company was ever seen at Newsome's than that presently showing in the arena. For motleys you have the inimitable Meers, the comical Gartland, and a trio of French grotesques; in various acts of "equitation" there are Miss Lily Meers, Miss Pauline Newsome, and Madame Adele in a double manage performance, and Mdle. Allen in character sketches; add to this the well-trained corps of young folks engaged in the equestrian fairy spectacle of "Whittington and His Cat," and a group of gentlemen riders and acrobats, and you have quite a galaxy of circus celebrities. To add further variety, there will be a first appearance to-night of two classical athletes who are said to do marvels on triple horizontal bars.

Messrs Duncan Keith, Buchanan, & M'Cloy, announce a sale of pictures and water-colour drawings in their Fine Art Galleries, 23 Drury Street, on Tuesday, the 30th inst. These are partly the property of a well-known Glasgow collector, and they partly belong to the estate of a recently deceased picture dealer. They include specimens, among other well-known artists, of Lockhart, Fraser, Smart, J. D. Adam, A. K. Brown, and J. A. Aitken.

Symposia are trumps. The Eighth Ward Committee's jollification was duly noted here, and the Ninth Ward has followed suit. The representatives invited the Ward Committee to meet them at 7 Gordon Street—friend "John's"—last Thursday night, and there was a large muster,—Bailie Bertram being chairman, and the Ward Convener, Mr John Dansken, croupier. Besides Bailie Farquhar and Councilor Shaw, there were present Bailies Richmond, M'Pherson, and Waddell, and Councilors W. R. W. Smith and H. S. Thomson; also, Mr David Bannerman (who replied for the Clyde Trust), and Messrs Coghill and Westlands from the Eighth Ward. A pleasant evening was passed.

On dit that T—, under the influence of irritable feelings, has of late been freely offering "dead head" passages to another place, to several of his shareholders who have incidentally commented upon his system of management.

A collection of pictures in oil and water-colour, in which are represented Bough, Milne Donald, E. T. Crawford, and Horati M'Culloch among dead, and Colin Hunter, J. A. Aitken, and J. M'Whirter among living artists, will be disposed of, by Messrs M'Tear & Co, in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, on Friday next.

Yesterday there was quite a "vale" of tears among the Baptist body of Glasgow. Vaedictory sermons were preached by a trinity of pastors and masters—by the Rev. Dr Culross, principal elect of Bristol College, in Adelaide Place Church; by the Rev. J. Paterson in Cambridge Street Church; and by the Rev. Mr Mills in North Frederick Street Church. So much leave-taking has never surely been compressed into one Sunday before among this flourishing denomination,

A farewell appearance will be made by Mr William Kennedy—long a household name in Scotland—in the St. Andrew's Halls, on Thursday evening. The popular veteran is about to set sail for the Antipodes.

—o—

It may not be generally known that Mr Wotton, the first bassoon in the Choral Union Orchestra, is a fair draughtsman, and that he possesses the ability to hit off a portrait rapidly and skilfully. His sketch book contains some good humoured pictures of his professional brethren, often disposed with a view to comic effect. The other night he took a portrait of Mdlle. Elly Warnots, but as he happened to be sitting exactly behind the lady the blank leaf of his programme contained merely a funny but exceedingly accurate "counterfeit presentment" of her back hair.

—o—

In these days of female extravagance, it is pleasant to record an instance of thrift. "Thrift, madame, thrift," as the player says. The pulpit gown of the minister of a church not many miles from Glasgow getting rather shabby and threadbare, the ladies of his congregation laid their heads together, got up a subscription, bought a new gown, and presented it to their pastor. Like Mrs Gilpin, however, of "credit and renown," the minister's good lady was of frugal mind, and requiring a necessary article of dress, she sent the discarded pulpit garment to a local mantuamaker, with instructions that it should be "turned" into a "new silk gown," and the said instructions were carried out to the ultimate letter. Ladies "please copy," as the obituary notices have it.

WARM-HEARTED, EH?

I fear that dear Charlie's heart must be really very, very "wick-ed."

How so?

Because of the many "flames" it has.

And to end "in smoke" likely.

Granny is Disappointed.

BAILIE M'KIE, of Kilmarnock, has been showing his Burns relics to dear old Granny, who is "surprised to find" that the "capacity" of the poet's dram-glass "is only equal to about a modern "half." Bless the dear old soul! what does she expect a dram-glass to be but a dram-glass? If one fill of Rabbie's glass wasn't enough for the old lady, the BAILIE is quite certain that his brither Magistrate down-by would be happy to treat her to as many "halves" as are good for her, considering her age and sex.

"ANE FRAE KILLIE."

(Scene—A music shop.)

Bustling Youth (to shop girl)—Have you got "Pretty Lips?"

[Shop girl smiles and says she's engaged.]

The Condition of France—'Twixt *Pro bono Publico* and *pro Bono-parte*.

Woman's Right—To marry her brother-in-law.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Hymn of the Hangers.

WHEN a painter is engaged in his employment,
Or an architect in laying down his plans,
Their capacity for innocent enjoyment

Is just as great as any o'ber man's.

But peace of mind gives place to endless bother,

When suspending is the duty to be done,

Oh, take one consideration with another,

The hanger's lot is not a happy one,

When suspending is the duty to be done, to be none,

The hanger's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

When a member of some Royal Academie,

Sends a daub that does injustice to his name,

And expects upon "the line" the same to see,

How treat in such a case a child of fame?

"Hang the picture!" cry we wildly in our pother,

(Your ear—the name is hung—ah, there's the fun),

Oh, take one consideration with another,

The hanger's lot is not a happy one,

When suspending such is duty to be done, to be done,

The hanger's lot is not a happy one, happy one.

'Oft the pictures will not pack by hook or crook,

Or when fit'ed, this or that is out of tone,

But if at last the walls A I should lock,

We know that some will gumble, hoot, or groan.

The hopes of young aspirants, brave to smother,

We desire not, but wish well to Art's true son,

Oh, take one consideration with another,

The hanger's lot is not a happy one,

When suspending-not is duty to be done, to be done,

The hanger's life is not a happy one, happy one.

A Striking Illustration.

(Scene—A coalpit; miners at work on pitface; enter overseer)

Overseer—Hey lauds, ye can stop noo.

Collier—What for are we tae stop noo?

Overseer—Thir nae waggons tae tak' awa' the coals.

Collier—What for are thir nae waggons?

Overseer—Thir nae men tae drive the railway engines.

Collier—What for are thir nae men tae drive the engines?

Overseer—The Caledonian men are a' oot on strike.

Collier—What hae they tae strike for? Tell them tae gang in again. A strike's oor business, no theirs. [Resumes work, surlily.]

MILITARISM.

Grocer (who has lately joined the volunteers, practising in his shop)—Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear, march! (falls down trap-door into the cellar.)

Grocer's Wife (anxiously)—Oh, Jim, eh' y' hurt?

Grocer (savagely but with dignity)—Go away, woman, what do you know about war?

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Quavers.

THIS is the "great night" of our present musical season. All other attractions, instrumental or choral, past and to come of the series, are but small compared to that of the first performance in Glasgow this evening, Tuesday, of the oratorio "The Redemption." Gounod's *magnum opus* is of exceeding interest both to the thinking musician and to the ordinary listener. To the former it presents a model for the future, in sacred composition—in many respects, if not in all—and to the latter it is a change, that cannot but be somewhat welcome, from the hitherto prevailing conventional pattern of oratorio. "The Redemption" was projected, as we learn from the preface by the composer, as far back as 1867, but was not finished till twelve years afterwards; and curiously enough, Glasgow, as most people know, came at one time very near to having the distinction of being the scene of its first production.

The solos in Gounod's oratorio, or sacred trilogy rather, will be taken by Mrs Hutchison, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Maas, and Mr Santley, the latter a stranger here for some time back.

The Partick Musical Association, in its fifth session now, gave a concert last Wednesday evening, in the Burgh Hall. Gaul's sacred cantata "The Holy City," written for the late Blrmingham festival, was performed, but somewhat unequally, the opening number "No Shadows Yonder," for example, being very well sung, while others, as "List the Cherubic Host," might have been better executed. It is said that the attendance at the practisings has not been very faithful this season as yet, which at once explains the comparatively indifferent performance of the choral music of the evening generally. Mr M'Nabb conducted, and Mr Luther Hall accompanied on the organ—Miss Macarthur supplementing on the pianoforte, and with good effect in the harp part, so conspicuous in Mr Gaul's cantata.

A service of sacred music was held in Kilmalcolm Parish Church on Thursday evening last. Choruses, anthems, prose chants, and hymns, showing much taste in the selection, were sung with marked refinement and expression; also some solos. The choir numbered between thirty and forty. Mr W. G. Fleming conducted, and the accompaniments were played by Mrs Murray.

Pollokshields Society have decided on Sterndale Bennet's "May Queen" for the second half of the session, with perhaps Mackenzie's "The Bride"—a fair amount of work should the programme be fully carried out.

Hillhead Society, a sort of twin association with the above, is to "get up" Macfarren's "May day" and some part-songs.

Professor Bruce of the Free Church College, who presents the rather rare combination of the skilled musical amateur and the hard-headed theologian, is still delivering his lecture to F.C. congregations, on modern church music, with special reference to the new hymnal. Four leading points are well brought out in the professor's lecture, namely rhythmical flow of melody, *pitch* in connection with emotional execution of the hymns, marking of expression, and the fixed or "proper" tune principle, the hymns and tunes selected for illustration being among the choicest in that very fine collection.

Professor Bruce is confessedly an advocate of the organ in church, to the extent at least of its employment as a support to the voices, and so far his arguments in favour of its adoption are good enough, but should the professor come to get his heart's desire fulfilled, and see the organ in the Free Church, as in spite of Dr Begg and the Purity of Worship Society he may do ere very long, he will do well to prepare a supplement to his present admirable lecture, for the guidance of congregations adopting instrumental music. Already, Established and United Presbyterian Churches using the organ are beginning to experience difficulties in connection with it, one source of trouble being the inexperience of young persons who have been appointed to lead the praise mainly because they can play the tunes. Often there is as little real technical knowledge of the instrument itself as of choral-training, even with the best of the new race of leaders of psalmody, with the inevitable result of disappointment to all having the music of the Church at heart.

"Such an Old Fellow

AT a teetotal meeting in Edinburgh last week ex-Bailie Torrens shed a light upon many of his sayings and doings by declaring that "logical definitions knocked such old fellows as himself almost crazy." Now, the BAILIE would never have been so rude as to say that Mr Torrens was half crazy; but, after this frank avowal, his Worship has no hesitation in confessing that he has always considered the worthy man a little—well, a little eccentric. It is interesting to learn that his intellectual failings are due to "logical definitions." Possibly, if Mr Torrens were to get some less afflicted friend to explain a logical definition to him, he might be knocked half "wise-like," and might have some of his political and social hallucinations knocked out of him. There may yet be hope even for "such an old fellow as himself."

A GRAVE REPLY.

(Scene—Pub. in Hurlford; *dramatis personæ*, two drouthy cronies; enter party who has been at a funeral.)

1st Cronie—Wha's that, Wull?

2nd Cronie—De ye no ken 'um, he's a brither tae the corp.

The Last Straw.

SURELY this, which appeared in the *Herald* the other day, is the last straw for the long-suffering clerk:—

"Clerk (young Girl) Wanted for 2d. Good round hand-writing essential, specimen of which must be brought with applicant.—Apply Mr ———, Sauchiehall Street."

Not even a salary of twopence! The poor "young girl" is to be bought outright for the price of a "half;" her specimens of hand-writing are, moreover, to go into the bargain. What a crowd of applicants there must have been next day at No. — Sauchiehall Street!

SOCIAL "SQUIDS."—A Mr Brown writes to a morning paper contradicting a statement to the effect that the cuttle-fish is not found in the Clyde. Not professing to be a naturalist, the BAILIE will not offer any opinion on the subject; but he can vouch for the fact that a good many social cuttle-fish live, and move, and have their being by the banks of the Clyde.

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the railway war lasted longer than either party expected.

That the men didn't imagine they would have more than one idle dav.

That the Company didn't think the servants would have remained out so long.

That there has been a good deal of time, temper, and treasure expended on both sides.

That the "sweetie" man who interfered didn't gain much by his advances.

That he ought to have remembered that those "who in quarrels interpose have oft to wipe a bloody nose."

That Sir Donald Currie was not very successful in his arbitration in the shipwrights' strike.

That neither was the local sugar-broker in the railway dispute.

That, barring a little strong language, the conduct of the men was quite exemplary.

That the officials of the Company had a hot time of it while the strike lasted.

That they coped with their extra work with wonderful success.

That everybody is glad now that the strike is over.

That the Landlords' Association have been setting their "houses in order."

That the Govan proprietors have resolved on raising the rents.

That the Glasgow landlords are determined to follow suit.

That property has not been a paying speculation for some time.

That there are a great many unlet houses.

That taxes are very heavy.

That suburban proprietors put the Glasgow taxes on to the suburban rents.

That railway fares, added to extra rents, make the cost of living in town and country about equal.

That tenants will give a new landlord a bigger rent than they would an old one.

That there will be a good many "flittings" this year.

That changes are lightsome, and fools like them.

That many of the "missives" have been issued.

That they must all be returned by the 2nd of February.

That the house-hunting season is in full swing.

That sealskin jackets are getting an airing.

That the display of jewellery is great.

That the ladies do enjoy the letting season.

That paterfamilias doesn't see the joke one bit.

That his keen susceptibilities cannot fathom the fun of flitting every year.

That he sees another removal looming in the future.

That the Glasgow football team were more fortunate on Saturday than were the "Queen's Park" in London.

That they beat the Cockneys by four goals to nothing.

That Saturday's "gate" was a poor one.

That there will be a pull at the Association funds.

That we're not all so football mad now-a-days as of yore.

That it will require a very big match indeed to renew the public excitement over the game.

VERY LIKELY.

(Scene—Gallery of Grand Theatre. Pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe.")

First Countryman—I say, Tam, what dis Crusoe dae wi' the umbrella up?

Second Countryman (slyly)—Hoots, man, it's tae keep him frae gettin' drooned wi' the *shooer* o' applause.

"Soapy Sam" and His Posthumous Slanders.

HAS not a little too much been made of the offensive *bêtises* of the Wilberforce "Life?" "Soapy Sam" was, no doubt, a very important personage in his own estimation and in his own sphere; but we give his opinions a fictitious value, when we trouble ourselves on the subject of the nonsense which he was pleased to write about Scotland and Scotchmen. The great-hearted minister of the Barony, whom the saponaceous one has so preposterously slandered, was wont to tell with great glee of a small boy whom he once found building a mud synagogue in the gutter, and who, while he had modelled a congregation, explained that he "hadna dirt enuch to mak' a minister." It appears to the BAILIE that that small boy would have had little difficulty in finding dirt enough to make a bishop—of a certain type.

SPEAKING FROM KNOWLEDGE.

Sunday School Teacher (severely)—John, why is it the boys' hands are always dirtier than the girls'?

John (hesitatingly)—Please, the girls washes the dishes.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1883.

THE gas explosion on the South-Side on Saturday evening was one of the class of incidents which startles the public owing to their occurrence being followed by consequences much less serious than might have been anticipated in circumstances of such extreme peril. The injury to human limbs and property was important, but who can venture to say how much greater it would have been if the explosion had occurred some hours later, when there was more common air in the wrecked gasometer? The theories which have been started in explanation of the accident lack the element of harmonizing with the appearances of the wreckage, and are somewhat far-fetched. Pending the official inquiry, it is out of place to make suggestions which might have a prejudicial effect, but the public mind will expect it to be thorough and impartial. It is quite on the *tapis* that the official solution will be simple and not far to seek, besides being entirely devoid of the fiendish or conspiratorial element which some not over well ordered imaginations seem to delight to indulge in. Be this as it may, one result of the event must be a thorough investigation into the management of the gas works. The want of purity and brilliancy in the gas, its unsteadiness, and the gradual lengthening of the customers' accounts, are all elements which the citizens are interested in having put to rights. Complaints, many and deep, have been unanswered, and although the official testing has been officially declared to be a farce—and a costly one, too—the public know that the Corporation gives them very poor gas for their money.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

(Scene—Kilmarnock Cross; time 11 p.m.)

Inebriated Collier (to *Tougal*)—Weel, bobby (hic) could you tell me whit o'clock it's?

Tougal—Hooch aye, she'll pe 45 minutes past ta wee haun, wi' ta big ane close behin'.

Collier—(hic) Could that watch o' yours gang in watter?

"IN BULK."—Somebody advertises for "a wholesale apprentice." How would a second edition of the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" answer as a candidate?

Against "Time"—The Caledonian Strike.

The Ladies and the Lords.
A CURIOUS meeting took place in the Christian Institute the other night. Under the presidency of Dr Cameron, M.P., there assembled and met together ex-Bailie Burt, Mr Quarrier, Mr Battersby, an assortment of dissenting parsons, and various other "men of light and leading" like unto those named, all, to judge by their speeches, consumed with an ardent desire to marry their deceased wives' sisters and abolish the House of Lords. Now, these good people have, of course, a perfect right to meet and express their views on the subject of the Lords and the ladies; but, if they are so dreadfully in earnest, why not shake the dust off their feet, and sail to distant climes—say, the Antipodes—where hereditary Legislatures are unknown, and where that "distressful" creature the deceased wife's sister is matrimonially available? We should try to survive their departure *even* to the Antipodes.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

(Scene—Police Court; man is charged with assaulting his wife, is sentenced to "30 days," and is being removed when a policeman (a witness) remarks that the prisoner at the time of the assault had broken a chair.)

Bailie (a cabinetmaker)—Wha-at! broke a chair did he? Bring 'um back an' gie 'um 60 days!

Arcades Omnes!

ONCE upon a time gentlemen unfortunate enough to be reduced to the condition forcibly described by the word "broke" were wont to take refuge in a region which was known as Alsatia, and which is believed to be still discoverable in the social map; but a retreat more blissful and idyllic is now available. In an interlocutor issued by Sheriff Murray the other day a defaulter to the tune of some £25,000 is described as "presently in Arcadia, Missouri State, America." How sweet to picture this happy Arcadian, erst in the coal and mineral line, tending his flock, and tuning his pipe in praise of Amaryllis or Sacharissa! Truly an agreeable Coal Exchange! Let us all go and be Arcadians!

Caledonian Railway Servants' Strike—A Slo(w)an Hope-less one.

A "Trunk" Line—That one on which are third-class *packing*-boxes.

A Line to Fill Up—A struck Railway.

The Groundbait Papers.

THE GROUNDBAITS' LAST "NEW YEAR."

IF the Groundbait family were to follow their own inclinations, they would regard the recent holiday season as one of fasting and humiliation rather than as one of festivity. The memory attached to the New Year is sufficient to impart a bitter flavour to the most luscious of currant buns and to turn "the compliments of the season" into a hollow mockery. Shall I tell you why?

The late Mr Groundbait—an inoffensive little gentleman, who carried on some mysterious business in a dingy office in Virginia Street—like many other men, suffered severely throughout his career at the hands of his family. During the greater portion of his married life he was "sair hauden doon" by his large and increasing family of daughters, and during a considerable period his troubles had not been diminished by a ne'er-do-weel brother, who had been his torment since they were boys at the High School together.

This personage was vaguely known to the Groundbait girls as "Uncle Joe," but he was little more than an ill-omened name, since he had disappeared to foreign parts while most of them were in the nursery. Great was the excitement, then, one morning towards the close of the year 1882, when a rumour was circulated to the effect that the rather seedy-looking stranger, who was closeted with mamma in the breakfast-parlour, was Uncle Joe himself; that in the aforesaid foreign parts he had reaped a goodly harvest of gold, diamonds, and other pleasant things; and that he was desirous of adopting the entire Groundbait family on the spot!

The rumour turned out to be well-founded, and forthwith all the resources of the establishment were brought to bear upon Uncle Joe's suitable accommodation. Meanwhile, Uncle Joe himself, who had "just arrived," strolled out, as he said, "to take a walk round town and look up old friends." At dinner-time he returned, with a slight lurch in his gait and a decided thickness of utterance, and in the most lachrymose of moods.

"All ole frensh gone!" he moaned. "Went to Effneffsh, Johnsh, Langsh, Cansh-sh-sh—everywhere! Not shingle ole fashe lef'!" Then he wept salt tears into his soup; but he brightened up wonderfully at the chance reference to the approaching New Year festivities.

Mrs Groundbait must give a party on the day after New Year's Day, he said—not one of your

new-fangled dinner-parties or dances, but a good old-fashioned Scotch supper, with finnan haddies, and sheep's heads, and haggis, and oceans of toddy, and reels and strathspeys to follow.

Well, not to be tedious, the party came off according to Uncle Joe's programme. Such a party! Space is wanting to do justice to the tale of how Uncle Joe sacrificed all day at the shrine of patriotism and Bacchus with such devotion that by supper time he was, as he euphemistically put it, "in rare fettle"—how he paid broad compliments, cracked broader jokes, and sang broadest songs—how he brought the dining-room gasalier down by dancing the Reel o' Houlachan frantically just over it—and how, by way of climax, he insisted on kissing that wealthy and stately old maid, Miss Pernickety, of Stark Circus, under the mistletoe!

The Groundbaits were incontinently cut by half of their genteel friends; but worse remains behind. Uncle Joe had always made some excuse for not having any ready money; and when he disappeared—as he did, suddenly, soon after the party—not only had he drained poor Mrs Groundbait's modest purse, but it was speedily found that he had victimised most of her acquaintances and trades people as well. He is at present supposed to be living in strict retirement in the neighbourhood of Perth.

And *that's* the reason why the New Year is not looked back to with special rejoicing in the Little House at Hillhead.

The Wail of the Rejected.

I AM a most intense young man,
And I paint all my pictures as well as I can,
My inspiration is most wonderful,
And I rank as an apostle of the highest school,
Yet somehow my misterpieces never can suit
The pass-exam of the Institute.
Yet somehow, &c.

My hair is as long as it well can be,
And the pallor of my face is a sight to see;
I faint when I smell the odour of meat,
But the scent of the lily is an incense sweet,
Yet all my efforts are quite without fruit,
At the pass-exam of the Institute.
Yet all, &c.

My sonnets are said to be quite too too,
And I love to distraction all china that's blue;
The girls consult me on affairs Japanese,
And "you bet" I'm the hero of their afternoon teas,
Yet nevertheless I can't get through't,
This pass-exam of the Institute.
Yet nevertheless, &c.

Young men of genius take warning by me,
And from culture be careful to keep yourselves free,
Don't be intense, or adore "old blue,"
And endeavour to be commonplace in all you do;
And soon your works will exactly suit
The pass-exam of the Institute.
And soon, &c.

"There's the rub!"

MR JAMES MARTIN informed his colleagues at the Council last week that "he was brought up in a house the ceiling of which he could rub with both his hands, and he was just about as healthy looking a man as any of them there," adding that he "rather believed" the said colleagues were brought up in houses the ceilings of which they could rub with "the crowns of their heads." This addition to the Martinian autobiography is interesting and valuable. When Jeems has furnished his admirers with sufficient material to justify the publication of a Work, the frontispiece might represent the youthful hero gravely engaged in rubbing the parental ceiling "with both his hands," preparatory to growing up healthy, wealthy, and wise.

OH CALEDONIA!

(Scene—Station not a thousand miles from Stirling.)

Station Master (to temporary pointsman fresh from the hill)—How did you get on yesterday, Angus?

T. P.—Weel eneuch, sir; but ma airms are sair wi' the pu', pu'in', an' ma lamps went oot last nicht, sir, an' a'll need sum mair red ile fur the danger anes!

IN FOR IT.—I'll ha'e a wap wi' my wife the nicht, the tae w'y or t'ither. If she's no' sittin' up when I go hame, I'll let her ken that's no' the w'y she s'uld dae for me; an' gin she's no' in bed, I'll ask her what she's wastin' can'le for.

Matrimony, says Asinus, who is looking out for a lass with a tocher, is good; but matrimony along with patrimony, or some other kind of money, is better still.

Motto for the "Arran Family"—Too many "Cooks" spoil the broth.

The Grand Old Feller—The woodman of Hawarden.

After Dryden.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new,
Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, 1s 1d by Post.
"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."

—Oban Times.

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(Est. 1770.)

Megilp.

THE Hanging Committee at the Institute, Messrs Henders on, Sellars, and Outram, are hard at work getting the Exhibition into order. It is anticipated that this will be one of the finest Exhibitions the Institute has held of late years.

One of the principal pictures is a fine Millet—the property of James Donald, Esq.

Stott—the young English artist who has made a reputation for himself in Paris—has sent his large picture of "La Baignade," which gained a third-class medal in the Salon of last year.

Rumour has it that strict justice without fear of favour has been dealt out by the Committee to the pictures sent from Edinburgh.

The Exhibition opens to the public on Tuesday the 6th prox.; Monday has been set apart for the private view, and Monday evening for the conversazione; while the press view takes place on the previous Saturday, and the "touching-up" is on Friday, the 2nd of February.

P. M'Gregor Wilson read an excellent paper at the monthly meeting of the Art Club on Saturday, his subject being "Foreign Training in Art." In the discussion which followed, which was a long and interesting one, notable speeches were made by Robert Greenlees and Tom Hunt.

A conversazione of the Art Club will be held on the evening of Friday week, the "touching-up" day of the Institute.

A splendid example of the art of Cecil Lawson is at present on view in the galleries of Messrs Lawrie & Son, St. Vincent Street. This is a sky, red with the flames of the setting sun; under it stretches a dark expanse of level land. The only objects in the picture are a Scotch fir, and the tower of a mill, and both stand out black against the sunlight. Full of power, weird with suggestions of ill, the work is one which, once seen, will not soon be forgotten. With Cecil Lawson there died one of the most original and courageous of our landscape painters; this work bears ample testimony both to his courage and his originality.

Messrs Lawrie's exhibition of Water Colours must be visited by all interested in art. It is particularly rich in specimens of the modern art of Holland, an art whose delicacy of colour, and uniformity of tone, are highly prized in this country.

Writing to a Glasgow friend from Paris—where he has been busy for some months, "pegging away from the life in an atelier"—J. E. Christie says:—"They are a wild set the art students of Paris. Were you to drop in at times to the studio where I work, you would think you had landed right into the midst of a collection of maniacs—such howls, shrieks, and general manifestations of madness I never heard from human lips. Now a joke is given in a stage whisper that every one can hear, and then comes a 'hoop, huloo,' from fifty throats, which makes the roof ring again. With all this, however, the French student works hard. At eight o'clock in the morning every one is at his easel, ready to begin, and notwithstanding the frequent uproar work goes steadily on—with a short interval for breakfast—from eight o'clock till five in the afternoon. The 'dinner hour' lasts from five till seven, and after seven we have another three hours of drawing under the gas. This close grinding, which is carried on from five to ten years, has its effect. The French student learns the grammar of his art. He has none of the worry of painting out so frequently experienced by an English artist. So much command has he over *technique* that he can attack the most difficult subject without fear of failure."

Messrs Gray have in preparation their illustrated catalogue of the Institute Exhibition. It will appear in a form somewhat different from those of previous years. "The Year's Art" is another indispensable book to all who have to do with or are interested in art. The completing of its information it owes in great part to the care of a young Scotchman, Mr Thomson of the *Art Journal*.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

"Prussian Blue."

THERE are still, no doubt, plenty of "honest men" in Ayr, but some of the local publicans appear to be at the same time sinners. At last week's meeting of the Ayr Parochial Board it was stated that two lunatics had been found in the town during the last few days. Thereupon a member of the Board remarked that he believed the insanity to be caused by the bad whisky that was sold, while the chairman added that "he understood this bad whisky was imported from North Prussia." The BAILIE would like to see the vendors of the Teutonic poison well drenched, inside and out, in their own goods—or rather bads. Even Oor Jeems, who confesses an old-established partiality to "the blue cratur'," would draw the line at Prussian blue.

ONE TO SPARE.

(Scene—Central Station; working man enters a crowded carriage in the Airdrie train.)

Working Man (looking round for a seat)—
Hae ye yin tae spare here?

Old Woman (crushed up in corner)—Ou aye, guidman, we kin spare you.

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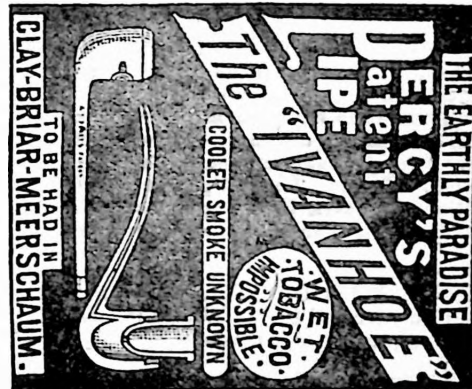
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LADIES, COME WITOUT DELAY to the MILLIONATIA, JAMAICA STREET, and secure some of the Wonderful Bargain Lots secured by Mr Wilson in London This Week while attending the *Great Fire Sales*. This fire was so fearfully destructive and terrific that it almost annihilated three of the largest Manufacturing Soft Goods Warehouses in the City.

This is a rare and unheard-of opportunity of laying in a stock of really substantial and useful household and dress Goods, the prices of which cannot be quoted. The Goods are very little damaged, mostly by smoke and water. Come now. Don't delay and be disappointed.

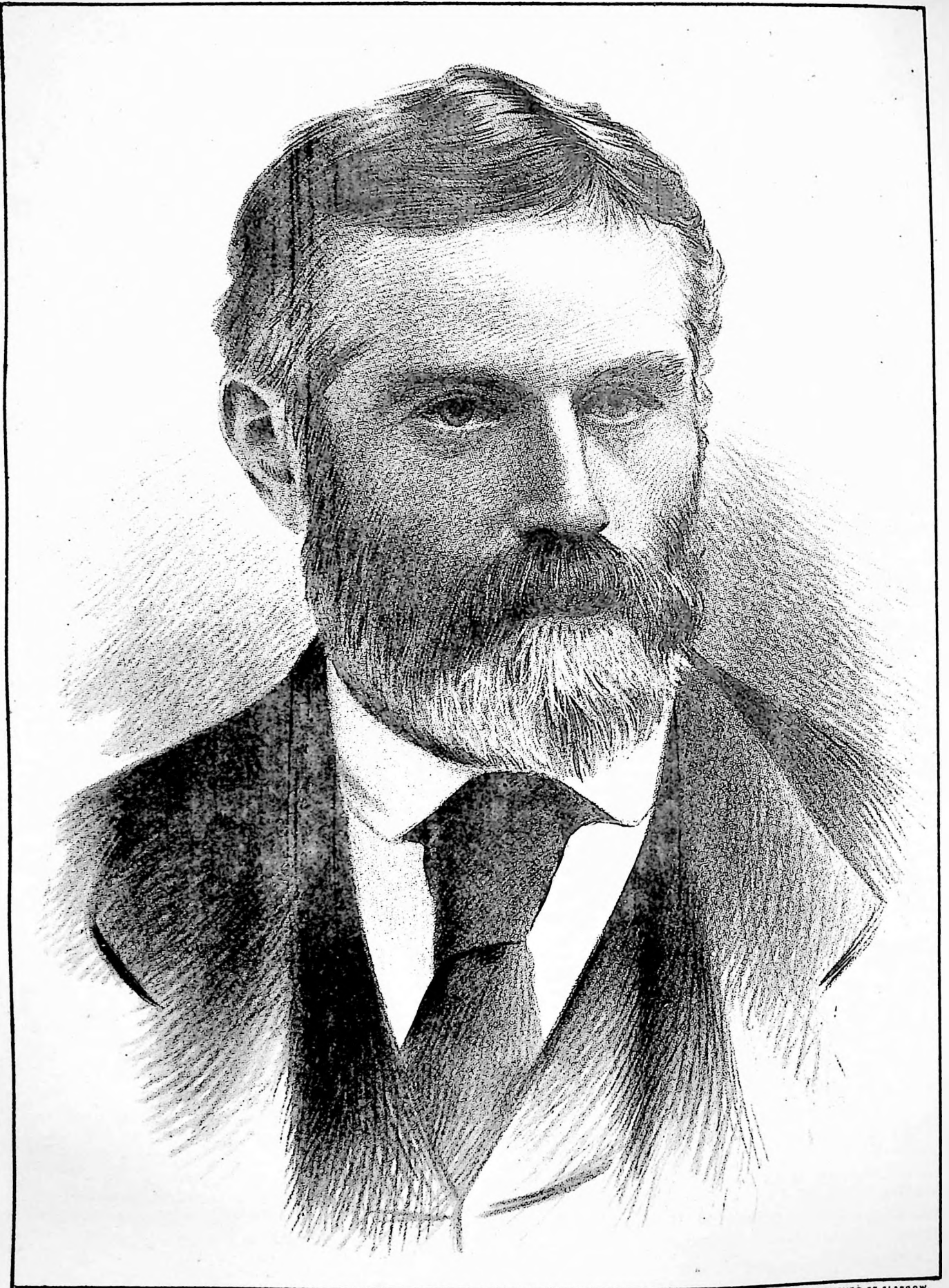
THE MILLIONATIA,

THE COLOSSEUM.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

56, 62, 64, 70, 74, 78, 80, 82, 84, JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 537. Glasgow, Wednesday, January 31st, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 537.

IRELAND is once more providing us with ample material for conversation and remark. Nothing more sensational has been made public for a score of years, with regard to home matters at least, than the revelations given on Saturday week and Saturday last of the ends and aims of the Assassination Society of Dublin. Up till now many in this country had in a manner hoped against hope that the murders which have stained the soil of Ireland during the past three years were isolated acts of personal revenge, or at worst fierce and unpremeditated crimes perpetrated in a moment of party, or shall we say political excitement. They refused to believe in the existence of a sect of Irish murderers. Passionate, they granted, the Irish people might be, but deliberately cruel and murderous they were not. All this sentimentalism is now blown to the winds. The country, we have learned, is literally covered with a net-work of murder. A conspiracy, the members of which are as cold-blooded as Thugs, and as blindly obedient to the orders of their leaders as sheep, has been at the bottom of the long list of crimes which for many months have made the Irish newspapers literally reek with blood. All were fish that came to the net of this deadly league. It struck with equal effect at the son of a Duke and at a family of wretched cotters on the shores of Lough Mask. While the main credit for the bringing to light of the Murder Association belongs to Earl Spencer, the Irish Viceroy, next in order to him comes Mr GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. And Mr TREVELYAN is entitled to even higher praise for his share of the work than is his official superior. He undertook the duties connected with his post at a moment of terror and distraction. When Lord

Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke were struck down in the Phoenix Park on the 6th of last May, nobody could tell who might not be the next victim. One thing, however, was certain, and that was that, as the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish on the evening of his arrival in Dublin was a distinct act of terrorism, so the statesman who took his place simply carried his life in his hand. This, however, had no influence on Mr TREVELYAN. Three days, or rather two days afterwards—as one of the intervening days was Sunday, and therefore a *dies non* in politics—he arrived in the Irish capital, and entered at once on the duties of Chief Secretary. His conduct in this trying time denoted the possession of courage as high as that of the leader of a forlorn hope, or of the physician who braves the dangers of a plague-stricken hospital to carry succour to its distressed inmates. Of Mr TREVELYAN'S doings in office it is needless to speak at any length. Even the Irish Nationalists admit that he has been a distinguished success, while, if anything were needed to enhance the estimation in which he is held on this side of the Channel, it would be found in the part he has taken, along with the other members of the Government, in freeing Ireland of the dreadful incubus of murder under which she has groaned for many months. The Chief Secretary comes of a distinguished stock. His father, Sir Charles Trevelyan, was at one time Governor of Madras and at another Financial Secretary for India, and is further an important authority on numerous matters connected with Home politics and sociology; and his mother was Hannah More Macaulay, the sister of the historian of England. Mr TREVELYAN entered public life in 1865—he was then twenty-seven—as member for Tynemouth, and three years afterwards he was returned for the Hawick Burghs, the seat which he still occupies. From the December of 1868 till

the July of 1870 he held the post of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, resigning it on the latter date in connection with a point of conscience over the Government Education Bill. When the Liberals, however, returned to power, subsequent to the General Election of three years ago, he accepted office as Secretary to the Admiralty, and it was from the Admiralty that he went to Ireland last May. In literature Mr TREVELYAN'S position is as prominent as it is in politics. His "Life of Lord Macaulay" is one of the best biographies of the time; in the "Early Life of Charles James Fox" he has presented us with an admirable monograph on the English politics and society of a hundred years ago; "The Ladies in Parliament" is a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*; and "Cawnpore," and the "Letters of a Competition Wallah" are, the one a graphic narrative of a dreadful page of history, and the other a lively description in the manners and customs of the Anglo-Indians in the early 'Sixties. It is just possible that the return of Mr O'Brien for Mallow, which was meant as a slap on the face from the Nationalists to the Government, may incite a portion of the Parnellites, in the coming session of Parliament, to indulge in a larger measure of licence than they attempted last year. They may be safely left, however, to Mr TREVELYAN to deal with. The experience he has gained in connection with the desperadoes of Dublin York and Peter Streets will stand him in good stead in any trial of strength with the "Honourable Member for Cork" and his associates.

UNABASHED AND EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.
(Scene—Docks; Custom House Officer "passing" whisky; enter from shipping box Drouthy Irish Clerk with quart bottle, which he deliberately begins to fill.)

Custom House Officer (very angrily)—Come now, I can't see that done.

Drouthy Irish Clerk—Well then, sorr, jist turn your back an' ye won't see't.

BOA FIDE!—"Ale and Whisky Traveller Wanted," runs an advertisement in a morning paper. "Must have good connection in Glasgow." Peter intends to go in for this. He's an ale and whisky "traveller" almost every Sunday of his life, and as for a "good connection in Glasgow," he's a perfect walking directory to the hotels which are "safe" on the first day of the week. (N.B.—This is *bona fide*.)

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

31st January.

"Blasts of January,
Would blow you through and through."—*Winter's Tale*.

GO, biting January, go—
Via, make off, take wing;
Our hear's by this time, you must know,
Are longing for the Spring.

There's nothing bright about you—no—
Say good-bye and make haste;
What's more, we knew you, long ago,
As being double-faced.

You bring us in the glad New Year,
And we, to welcome him,
Pile on our fires and fill with cheer
Our glasses to the brim;
And you the best of months are thought,
Till we our mirth do tine,
And find the warmth our own, and not,
Cold, cruel, Janus thine.

But go, and blessing; so depart—
Thee and thy rainy reign;
Bellike with Eighty-four we'll start
To welcome you again.

Thus do our natures change, nor are
We steadfast more than you;
And we'd be from contentment far
Wer't summer all year through.

REFORMATION.

(Scene—The toon o' Ayr; close of a Burns' night; husband reaches his home and his wife.)

Husband (dubiously)—There she sits like a bonny hen!

Wife (sarcastically)—There he comes as drunk's a lord! No a make in his pouch; as prood's Lucifer; an' his hat on three hairs!

Husband (jovially)—Of c-coorse, ma dear; ye ken it's the l-life o' an auld hat tae be weel c-cocket!

Wife (fiercely)—Whaur hae ye been gettin' a' the drink?

Husband (earnestly)—Wheesht wumman! I'm g-gaun i pit in the pin (hic)—tak' a pub; g-get over the smell o't (hic); a-an' keep frae't!

Wife (bitterly)—Hoots! awa ye muckle wean! Tak' a pub? an' keep frae't? As shin tether a hungry dug tae a black puddin'!!

PEACE!—From the detailed account of the Skye "deforcement" it appears that part of the equipment of a messenger-at-arms is a "wand of peace," a certain mystic manipulation of which "is technically called breaking the wand of peace." When this is done the wand of peace becomes the wand of pieces. (Hee-haw!)

At once Monthly and Quarterly—The Moon.
18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Honey, from 10^d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street

On 'Change.

AFTER more than four months of a 5 per cent. squeeze, which was justifiable enough under the circumstances, the monetary screw has been relaxed, and the Bank rate once more stands at 4 per cent. The alteration had been anticipated, but it was not fully discounted. Expectation had been so often disappointed, during the odd phase through which the money market lately passed, that the reduction came as a pleasant surprise. It consequently strengthened most of the markets, and though that is sometimes a mixed blessing, it generally benefits the honest trader. Everything improved, and even Tharsis got a lift.

The foray which has been made upon Tharsis was an event to be looked for, but it was more rapid and destructive than could have been expected. The reivers, too, were in some cases people from whom better things might be looked for. The affair which took place in the Stock Exchange last week, when one of the members was hissed from his place, was an edifying one. A palpable effort to "bang" the market, coming from such a quarter as it did, naturally excites remark. I may also say that it excites suspicion, not merely of the original sinner, but also of every member of the room. That is unfair, it will be said, but it is a feeling which pertains to humanity. People will inevitably jump to the conclusion that because there is one black sheep, the pitch adhering to it must have stuck to the whole flock. The flock came out of the business very well, and they did quite right to resent the irregularity by jumping upon the culprit. He did not seem to like the process.

I do not remember any similar attempt to "bang" property on the Glasgow Stock Exchange since the day when a broker suddenly offered £50,000 Caledonian Stock at 1 per cent. below the current rate. The difference in that case was as 1 to more than 100. In the Tharsis affair it was 1 in 32, which is far more serious.

If 8339 had only communicated with me—in confidence, of course—instead of inserting that stupidly anonymous advertisement in one of the daily papers, it is possible that he might have got all the information he wanted, besides learning something greatly to his advantage. That much might have been predicted from what I have already stated concerning the curious proceedings of several leading shareholders in the Ashantee Topper and Dumper Company, Limited.

Some years have elapsed since I pointed out the curious basis upon which rested the "preference" shares of the Monkland Iron Co. They were always supposed to be "guaranteed by the ordinary shares," but the exact nature of the guarantee was a hidden mystery of remarkable density. It has been discovered, as I always thought it would, that the guarantee was in reality no guarantee at all. The decision of the Court of Session, that the ordinary and preference shareholders must divide the assets mutually, accords with common sense. Any other would have been "malefeasance," as the Lord President was pleased to call it, which I understand to be a learned and legal term, derived from the French, and signifying evil-doing.

It pleases me to find that the remarks I made last week, regarding the junior partner who asked his senior to take a back seat, have had a beneficial effect. The two are to split partnership, and each is to fight, like Hal o' the Wy'd, for his own hand. This is the best arrangement that could have been made on behalf of both partners. The elder will be better off when the connection is broken, and possibly so will the younger, who is also an elder—of the Kirk. The old war horse will very likely smell the battle afar off and say among the trumpets "Ha! ha!" Some imbeciles may not be aware that my illustration is drawn from strictly scriptural sources.

This little incident recalls the philosophy of Laurence Sterne in "Tristram Shandy." When Trim is asked what he means by obeying the commandments and honouring his father and mother, he promptly replies that he understands the injunction to indicate that he should allow them three halfpence a day when they grow old.

San Francisco is an opulent city. Some of its merchants are

princes in their way and they are able to pay for expensive wine of the rarest vintages. They do not seem to care so much about paying for water. To this reluctance I must ascribe the extraordinary fact that they have come all the way to a comparatively poor country like Scotland for funds to help on the Anglo-Californian Waterworks Co. It does appear strange that the company should have to offer 6 per cent. for mortgage debentures to the extent of £175,000.

An eloquent advertisement on the subject of beef, with copious extracts from British and American newspapers, shows that the ranch fever has penetrated to Glasgow. Hitherto Edinburgh has been the most cherished home of the epidemic, as happened when everybody's fortune was to be made by the property investment companies. The fortunes were not made and a goodly family of interesting babes had to be held and nurtured by the enterprising speculators. The natural result of this dealing in American cattle and grazing concerns will be to overdo the business altogether, and nothing is more surprising than the qualifications put forward for directing these companies. The Deer Trail Land and Cattle Co. is another case in point. The recommendations of the board are that one member of it is a director of the Caledonian Railway, another is a director of the Highland Railway, a third is an Aberdeen land surveyor, and a fourth is a Glasgow accountant. My information from the Western States of America, as I formerly remarked, is to the effect that if these cattle properties were as good as they are supposed to be they would be held by the Americans themselves and not sent over to Scotland. SCRUTATOR.

'TWINX HEAD AND HEEL.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round his head"—
This round his statue now instead
They would repeat;
And so the evergreens were spread
Beneath his feet.

A BROAD HINT "TAKEN."

(Scene—Farmyard; frequently used by old-style country doctor as a resting-place on his rounds.)

Farm Boy (to old-style doctor, who always "forgets" to "tip")—Here, doctor, here's tippence t' ye t' gie the next strapper 'at leuks aefter yer gig.

Old-style Doctor (taking the tip)—Thank ye, laddie, thank ye, it'll buy an unce o' tibawca t' ma.

CUDDIES AT MARYHILL.—Here's a suggestive announcement:—"Found, at Maryhill, Two Donkeys, one light and one dark in colour—Apply Maryhill Police Office." It is not mentioned how, or to what, Maryhill Police Office is to be "applied." Otherwise, one might be tempted to try to perform the operation, in the hope of discovering whether either of the asinine waifs is officially attached to that remarkable establishment.

The Short Time Movement—Rolling home in the "small hours."

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Eileen Oge" of poor Edmund Falconer will be produced to-night at the Royalty by Mr Charles Sullivan and his Irish comedy company. Is it generally known that Falconer was the *Danny Man* of the original performance of "The Colleen Bawn" at the London Adelphi? This was in the September of 1860, so quickly does time pass in these latter years. His "Peep o' Day" was first played at Liverpool. It attracted, however, little, if any attention, and it was not till its production at the London Lyceum, in the November of 1861, that people began to speak of it as a capital example of the Irish sensational drama founded by Mr Boucicault. The first performance of "Eileen Oge" took place at the London Princesses in the autumn of 1871. It was represented at the Theatre Royal here some six or seven years ago, and Mr Falconer himself took part in the performance.

Monday, the 26th of February, is the date of Mr Kyrle Bellew's opening as *Roméo* at the Royalty.

Mr Beryl takes his annual benefit at the Royal Princesses Theatre on Friday, which is also the penultimate night of the performance of "Little Red Riding Hood." The occasion is one which appeals to every theatre-goer, and if only a tithe of those who have spent happy hours and hours in Mr Beryl's house attend, the audience of the evening will be a bumper one.

The present engagement of Messrs Holt and Wilmott's company at the Royal Princess's is for five weeks. In August the company will pay us a return visit, but on that occasion they will go to the Grand.

The Gaiety pantomime continues as successful as ever. Eager to give some amusement to those whose days are not too full of sunshine, Mr Heslop has invited the gratuitous attendance of the children of several of our poorer schools at his mid-day performances. Among the Gaiety audience on the afternoon of Saturday week were the scholars attending a Sunday School in the West End.

The Grand pantomime is still running, and running with success. Its career is, however, gradually coming to a close. On Monday, the 19th of February—this day three weeks, in fact—"The Lights o' London" will be revived on Mr Charles's boards, with Mr Leonard Boyne in the role of *Harold Armytage*.

On the occasion of the production of "Pluck" at the Grand on the 26th of February, Mr Augustus Harris will play his original part, as at Drury Lane. Another "original part" will be played by "Little Gretchen," an exceedingly clever child—no connection with that terrible being, the traditional "infant phenomenon!"—daughter of Mr E. D. Lyons, an admirable actor, whose family connection with Dundee always adds to the warmth of his welcome in the North, and who himself plays the character part of *Peter Keena*. "Pluck" will run for three weeks.

My London correspondent writes:—"After being tinkered as, perhaps, pantomime was never tinkered before—which is saying 'much,' after driving a succession of stage managers to despair; and after being turned generally upside down and inside out, the pantomime of 'The Yellow Dwarf,' at Her Majesty's, is now one of the best and most successful spectacles of the waning season. Among its various attractions, human and otherwise, I have been a good deal struck by the only bit of real acting in the piece. This is the nervous and 'intense' rendering of the part of the Dwarf by Mr Etienne Girardot, a clever young actor who is a son of M. Gustave Girardot, the well-known artist, and who has already made his bow on a Glasgow stage. I expect to hear more of him."

The City Finance Committee, I understand, has recommended the appointment of an outsider to the vacant accountantship in the City Chamberlain's Office, thus passing over various of their own employes who have been in the office from boyhood. Let us hope that the Town Council will "make a note of this."

The movement for erecting a monumental bust of Burns in Westminster Abbey is making successful progress. At a meeting of the committee held on Wednesday, under the chairmanship of Bailie Wilson, it was reported that the sum now subscribed reached £370. Among the communications submitted to the meeting by Councillor Jackson were letters from many and widely remote parts of the world—Bengal and Newfoundland, New Zealand and Nova Scotia, America and Switzerland, as well as most of the leading towns of the United Kingdom. One of the most interesting and encouraging of the many epistles came from the President of the St. Andrew's Club of St. Johns, Newfoundland. This was accompanied by a list of 206 Scotchmen who had subscribed to the bust, and a cheque for £8 11s 8d as the amount of their subscriptions. Your Worship will be pleased to know that the cheque was made payable to the Publisher of the BAILIE, and that it was the weekly visit paid by your paper to St. Johns which made these "brither Scots" acquainted with the movement for the erection of a bust, with which they have thus manifested so much practical sympathy. On Wednesday the committee resolved to do their best to have the bust erected and unveiled by the next anniversary of the poet's birthday, the 25th of January, 1884.

Among the applications received by Mr Farquharson, of the Central Station, for employment during "the strike," was one forwarded on behalf of an Aberdonian, who was certified to be nineteen years of age, and to stand seven-and-a-half feet high! Probably it was some whisper regarding this son of Anak which brought the movement among the "Caledonian" employes to such a sudden close.

The great sewer question is at present exercising the souls of the dwellers in Park Grove Terrace. It seems that an important sewer, which hitherto drained a part of the north quarter of the city, and had its outlet in the Kelvin at North Woodside, has been diverted at a cost to the ratepayers of from £10,000 to £12,000, the sewage being now carried through the West End Park and discharged into the Kelvin between the New and the Partick bridges. So far so good. The Kelvin above the Museum has certainly been improved by the operation, but inasmuch as the Park Grove Terrace sewers have been interfered with by the new conduit, the Terrace householders are loud in their complaints over the presence of sewage gas in their dwellings. Besides, the course of the sewer, from its rise to its outlet, which is mainly through a densely-populated district, is marked by a series of "man-holes," the effluvia from which is neither sweet nor invigorating.

The last nights of the "Carnival on the Ice" have come. As said here some months ago "Waterloo will be the next trump card. One member of Mr Hengler's company in especial, plays many parts. I refer to Mr J. O'Brien, better known to his intimates as "Johnnie." Johnnie acts as ring-master—and does well too—and also as a bare back rider, skater, sleigh-driver, etc. It is his two-and-a-half-year old mite who does the carnival policeman. I hear that Willie Templeton may take his first benefit here on Friday next. Won't there be a crowded house?"

Private Joseph Tierney, who was buried at Maryhill on Saturday, was one of the best known volunteers in Glasgow. The number of honours, in the shape of medals, badges, &c., which adorned his uniform, made him a conspicuous figure amongst his companions in arms; and at the review in Edinburgh in 1881, he was the observed of all observers. At the last inspection, the new inspecting officer, who knew not Joseph, was so much struck by the number of badges worn by Mr Tierney, that he made special inquiries anent him.

The present, I understand, is the last week of the season at "Newsome's." Let us hope that the "houses," which have not been very good of late, will pick up during the coming five nights, and that the memories taken away, on this occasion, from Glasgow, by Mr and Madame Newsome, will, like all their predecessors, be pleasant ones.

So the Juvenile Delinquency Board are again posing in their rigidly righteous role. I for one can make nothing of their moral conundrums. Why it is right for the boys of their Mossbank School, also right and proper for the girls of their two Day Industrial Schools, to go to the circus, and at the same time wrong for the girls in their Maryhill School to do likewise, is one of those things that no ordinary fellow can find out, save perhaps the goody-goody Gumprecht & Co, who would strain at a gnat and swallow the Duke of Argyle—I mean a Campbell, that is to say, a camel.

Talking of the Juvenile Delinquency Board reminds me of a story which is "going the rounds" to the effect that a number of girls, at present inmates of schools under its control—none of whom, however, that is the girls, have been convicted of any misdeed—are about to be removed to the Chapleton Reformatory, the reason given being that, while the Reformatory is equipped with a full staff of teachers and attendants, only 18 girls are at present incarcerated within its walls. What results do the Board expect to ensue from the mixing up of the Industrial School children with the youthful "reformatories?"

"They say" that "Paganini Redivivus," whose performance on the viol n created so much enthusiasm amongst the audiences of the Britannia and Scotia Music Halls about a fortnight ago, was no other than "the fiddler" whose name came so prominently before the public in connection with a recent local law case. He had, however, "made himself up" so well, that his audiences, even had they known him previously by sight, could hardly have recognised him.

The tax-gatherer does not fall under the category of things delectable, but he becomes positively detestable when he exacts more than the law allows. The officials of the Barony Parochial Board, without any legal process, exact a penalty of ten per cent. on all rates not paid before a certain date, but competent authorities say that this is illegal, and other parishes in the city, acting on this view, only enforce the penalty when they have pointed and distrained by virtue of a warrant. Even the Barony officials seem doubtful of their proceedings, as they return the overcharge to those who have the courage to protest against them; but should not the Board cause every penny to be disgorged which has within the last fortnight been illegally exacted in this way?

A valuable contribution is about to be made to local literature by the publication of a work compiled by Mr James Brown, "the perpetual Provost," and editor of the Glasgow Municipal Year Book and Diary. The work will consist of complete lists of those who have been connected with the municipal government of Glasgow from time immemorial; and cannot fail to be of interest to local antiquaries. It is at present in the press and will be issued by Mr Tweed.

That was rather an odd metamorphosis that was recently attempted in a U.P. church in Edinburgh. A gentleman, who thought there was room enough for another equestrian house besides Newsome's and Cooke's, made an offer for the Bread Street church of that ilk, and had the building duly "conveyed" to him with the object of transforming it into a circus. The charge, however, proved too hard a nut for the purchaser to crack. The vestry and hall would not suffice for stabling, and the saw-dust arena was too limited and not within full view of the "gods." However, our friend D—— lost nothing by his enterprise. Shocked by the base use, as they thought, to which the old pile was put, the wealthy and overcrowded flock of St. Cuthbert's came to the rescue, and offered £3,600 "doon on the nail" for possession. The offer was of course closed with. So now it will serve as an overflow house for the pastors, Dr Macgregor, Mr Barclay, and assistants. If there is any moral to be deduced from this little story, I leave it to others to point the same.

Q.

A "Greek" Class—Irish roughs,

A Stroke of Business.

TO judge from a case heard in the Court of Session last week, the police authorities of Govan could "give points" to some of our "smartest" business men. An appellant from that flourishing suburb declared that during his detention on a certain charge "his horse and van were taken possession of by the police, the horse was kept in an open shed, tied up for a week, without food, and before he could get possession of it he had to pay to the authorities 21s for its 'keep.'" That must have been rather a profitable little transaction for "the authorities."

SUGGESTIVE.

(Scene—Bar of a public house; Wull and Jock have dropped in for "a half;" Wull has drunk his while Jock is looking for the water.)

Jock—Wull, dae ye want ony water in yours?

Wull—Aye, if I get mair whisky.

The Campbells Still "Coming."

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL has been amusing himself and edifying his Cockney friends by another sham slogan on behalf of the Skye crofters. We have had something too much of this. Lord Archibald is a wealthy man; but nobody ever heard of his rendering any substantial assistance to the objects of the boundless sympathy which he professes. To do so would, of course, be opposed to the traditions of his house; but if ever, by way of experiment, he should substitute acts for words, he need not go so far from Inveraray as Skye in order to find fit objects for practical commiseration.

CURIOUS!

(Scene—Kitchen in Bridgeton; time, Wednesday last; gudeman has returned from city.)

Gudewife—Bless me, Jeems, yer stockins is jist wringin'. Hoo's that?

Gudeman—Whit ither way kin they be? I had my waterproof on a' day.

THE XXVth.—It was in Mrs M'Arthur's—one of the few fine old fashioned taverns that are left to us—that the "blast o' Januar' win' blew Ancell in on Robin."

A "Train"-band Captain—*Cowper*—Last week's "Man you Know."

To Have a Place at the Exhibition—B. Picture-Esq.

A-"cording" to Desert—Something "string"-ent for Fenians.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Quavers.

IT is not necessary to do much more than record the simple fact of the successful performance of the trilogy, "The Redemption," on last Tuesday evening. The choral execution might be reverted to in a word or two. It was refined and subdued, sufficiently brilliant where brilliance was demanded, but marked all through by reverential feeling. The frequent chromatic intervals were as a rule neatly and correctly taken, saying something for the training received.

We do not envy those who regard "The Redemption" as dull. A little too much extended it may be towards the end, but it is never uninteresting music, even while a degree commonplace, as in the "Hymn of the Apostles," or trite as in the imitative passages immediately following the second time of the chorus "The Word is Flesh become."

The chromatic chords and progressions in "The Redemption" are exercising our critics. To refer to two examples—the inverted augmented fifths in "The Revolt" section (page 4 of the octavo copy of the score) are undoubtedly an able stroke of expressive writing, but are not very much out of the common being employed quite naturally from the style of accompaniment; while another chord that has been discussed, third in the fifth bar of page 44, "The Reproaches," and corresponding bars, is, it might be remarked, but an inversion of the familiar German sixth, and a form of it employed even by English cathedral writers of last century. Remembering Spöhr, the chromatics in Gounod's latest and greatest sacred composition are surely, after all, not by any means its most original or most remarkable and valuable feature.

We are glad to find that our expectations of Mr Maas, so strongly expressed about a year ago in this column, are being amply fulfilled. He is being everywhere accepted as the legitimate successor of Sims Reeves in voice, style, and intelligence, though naturally he has yet some experience to gain ere he can reach to the high artistic level of the great tenor, himself the successor of a yet greater singer.

"The Messiah" was given on Saturday evening by the Union, in presence of an overflowing audience. Mr Allan Macbeth conducted, and though there should have been, if possible, more preparation, the performance was very good indeed. Mr Maas was the leading attraction among the soloists, and if he was not up to the highest ideal in "The Redemption" music, proved unapproachable in Handel. Mr James Fleming, a local basso, made an excellent impression, his phrasing and enunciation being remarkably good, considering his as yet limited experience in oratorio.

At to-night's subscription concert they play the symphony in D by Haydn, known as No. 7 of the London set. It is less known than some others of the set associated with Haydn's visit to this country, but is one of the best. There will also be played the symphony No. 8 of Schumann in B minor, unfinished, and so great a favourite.

Next Saturday the "Harold in Italy" symphony of Berlioz is to be performed, with other very attractive numbers. Miss Julia Gaylord, formerly of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, contributes some songs, and M. Victor Buziau a fantasia on airs from Gounod's "Faust."

The Burns concert of the Glasgow Select Choir, at the City Hall on Saturday evening, attracted a very crowded house, many being unable to obtain admission. A new song, "Bonnie Bell," of considerable merit, and an original part-song, "Whistle o'er the lave o't," both by Mr Patterson, were presented for the first time. One of the successes of the evening was the graceful singing in duet by the Misses Allan of "Ye banks and braes." It was encored. Mr James Allan conducted.

The Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites have each now a special organ of opinion. *The Musical Review*, a weekly journal published by Novello, Ewer, & Co., has lately been started to advocate the views of the former party, while *The Lute*, to be issued in the middle of every month, by Patey, Willis, & Co., has just appeared in defence of the older school

of opinion. The great apostle of the music of the future himself contributes to the last number of *The Musical Review*, and *The Lute* opens its pages with an article from the accomplished pen of Joseph Bennett, "A Symposium in Elysium"—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn in conversation on the state of matters at the present time.

By the way, A. J. Caldicott, best known as a writer of comic part-songs, has an original choral setting of "The Lost Chord" in the first number of the new musical periodical *The Lute*. It is good music, but one blot is its finishing absurdly with a dylag echo of the Amen thus—"Amen, 'men, 'en." Was his own "Humpty Dumpty" in broken fragments in the mind of the composer, we wonder?

Dundee held high musical festival last week, "The Redemption," a miscellaneous programme of instrumental and vocal selections, and "Israel in Egypt" on three successive evenings, beginning on the 24th instant, being performed to large and enthusiastic audiences. At the latter concert Mr Nagel took farewell of the public.

Govanhill Musical Association (newly formed) gave a concert last Thursday evening in the Burgh Hall. Mr William Stobbs is the conductor.

—♦♦♦—
"THE POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE."
(Scene—Vicinity of West-end Park; time, 11-30 p.m., Saturday night; small crowd has gathered round a policeman who is searching the gratings in front of the shops for a stick with which one man has assaulted another.)

Policeman (whose lantern will not burn, to young man in the crowd)—Here, licht this match and luk doon, for I've sae mony claes on I canna bend.

[Young man lights the match and "lukes" as requested.]

Chattering Bohemians.

THE Jedburgh correspondent of a contemporary describes as a "rare bird" "a fine specimen of the Bohemian waxwing or chatterer," shot in his district the other day. Whereanent the BAILIE begs to observe that the crittur may be a rare bird down Jedburgh way, but his Worship meets only too many Bohemian, or would-be Bohemian, chatterers about town, and it would be a decided boon to society if a when of them were shot.

—♦♦♦—
THAT'S THE TICKET!—There was a great discussion in the Town Council last week anent the "ticketing" of houses, to show their sleeping accommodation. If a few houses of which the BAILIE wots were "ticketed" to show their entertaining accommodation, it would be a blessing. At present some folks show their hospitality by turning their diminutive drawing-rooms into modern editions of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

—♦♦♦—
MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—67 ST. VINCENT STREET.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Caledonian strike has turned out a failure.

That Mr Thomson has been too many for Mr Hope.

That the men whose places were not filled up won't come out again.

That we have been drinking the health of Burns in a dram.

That oor Jeems had a rare "rub" at the "vile and venal press of Glasgow" at one of the gatherings.

That he was specially sair on the *Herald* and the BAILIE.

That his chief complaint is that he isn't fully reported.

That he says the press are trying to "pit doon me an' the Rev. Rubbart Thamson."

That what raises his bile at a Council meeting is to see a lot of "touzy-headed reporters" sharpening their pencils and "makin' faces" on their paper while he is delivering his words of wisdom.

That the company Jeems addressed on Thursday fairly shouted him down.

That even the chairman "repudiated every word Mr Martin had spoken."

That Jeems is not a social success.

That neither is he a vocal success.

That he tried two "sangs" to amuse the party, and broke down in both.

That the Juvenile Delinquency Board have made themselves the laughing-stock of the city.

That Friday's discussion has been a capital advertisement for "Hengler's."

That it also taught the young lions of the press that "asceticism" is not "æstheticism."

That we are to have a Sanitary Exhibition in Glasgow.

That the Lord Provost will be quite at home at this "show."

That Alphabet Smith will likewise have an oar in the boat.

That Mr Smith doesn't use a very fine scull.

That it is to be hoped there will be less quarrelling over the Sanitary than there was over the Gas Exhibition.

That there was a mild passage of arms at the Lews meeting.

That the deputation from the islands deprecated the notion of emigration.

That Sir James Watson showed that the islands are over-stocked.

That one Liberal ward meeting held last week was a splendid exhibition of liberality.

That there were very few people present.

That a sensible "moderate" who had the courage of his opinion was put down.

That the unanimity among the Liberals is wonderful.

That progress is being made with the new Municipal Buildings.

That a labourer with a shovel on his shoulder was seen to pass through George Square the other day.

That he hasn't been seen since.

WHAT'S BREAD IN THE BONE.

'Tis Plenty all the diff'rence makes,

Thus Pat to Sandy snarls:

Your Scotland is "the Land of Cakes,"

Our Ireland's that of Farls.

A Knock to Knox.

THE organ of the Vatican is at present, according to the London *Daily News*, "rejoicing over the decay of Calvinism in the land of the apostate Knox." That pontifical hurdy-gurdy man is evidently unaware that the land of the apostate Knox is also the land of the Reverend Ladywell—likewise of Ferniegair—likewise, by adoption, of 'Arry Halfred. "Decay of Calvinism," indeed! You had better not talk of Calvinistic decay to any of those doughty champions of Protestantism, good organ-grinder, or there will be knocks—apostate or otherwise—going round!

THE DOCTOR'S DAY.

(Scene—Public Dispensary; patient enters.)

Doctor (to patient)—Well, what do you complain of?

Patient—Savin' your prisence, sor, I've a stitch in me inside.

(Another patient enters.)

Doctor—Well, how are you affected?

Patient—Weel, sir, whun a pech it grups me.

(A third patient enters.)

Doctor—Well, what is your ailment?

Patient—Throth, docthor, an' it's yoursilf should know.

[And so on, from morning till night.]

Asinus at his Burns Banquet—When he rose to speak he was "empty;" ere he sat down he was fou.

A "Gas" Explosion—A "scene" in the Town Council.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

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In our GREAT UNTRIMMED HAT DEPARTMENTS we offer Hats and Bonnets at Prices that no other House, either Wholesale or Retail, could ever hope to compete with. We show in our Windows Hats at 4½d that you would say were not dear at 2s 6d each. Ladies' Sailor Hats, 4½d. Ladies' Straw Spanish Hats, 4½d. Tons of New and Fashionable Shapes in Straw Hats and Bonnets at 4½d, 6½d, 8½d, 11½d, and 1s 3d. The Wonderful Princess Bonnets in fine Black Mohair; the two best shapes now only 4½d; regular trade price, 1s 6d. Thousands of New Styles in Ladies' Black Felt Hats for 8½d each. Piles of Beaver Hats going far below zero prices. Piles of Plush Hats, Velvet Hats, Chip Hats, and Hats of every kind, size, shape, and colour, from 1d to 2s 6d each. Seal Hats—O, what magnificent goods! O, how cheap they are! O, how s'ylish! O, how wonderful! O, hasten to see the Real Seal Hats that we now offer at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 9s 11d. See the Siff Seal Hats, the Stiff Brim and Soft Crown Seal Hats. The Seal Hats we now offer are bargains that will not be forgotten in a hurry—as our 9s 11d Seal Hats will be quite good after ten years' wear. Try them, and if you are not satisfied bring back the goods. Always increasing.—So popular has the Colosseum become, and so genuine are all our advertisements, that we did more trade by the 13th of January this year than we did in the whole of January last year. No other house can truly and honestly say the same. Our success is unparallelled, and still we are not happy.

Mr WILSON thinks that the bargains he offers should draw customers from the remotest corners of the country; and he is determined during THIS and the NEXT THREE WEEKS to give away lots that will stir the country and shake the High Profit System to its foundation. If you stay 100 miles away, it will pay you well to come and see the great value we offer at this the Sale of Sales.

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From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

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HENNESSY'S 1869 Vintage, imported 1870. Bottled in H.M. Customs Bond by M. ROBIN & SON, 9 East Howard Street. 70s per Dozen.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1883.

RIGID economists need give themselves little cause for alarm over the reward offered by the Gas Committee for the discovery of the imaginary miscreant who blew up the Tradeston gasometer with dynamite. The amount of the offer seems paltry considering the importance of

the information which is asked; but probably it is adequate enough in view of the general unbelief that it will elicit such information, truthful or otherwise. Many would as soon expect to learn that the remains of the Great Sea Serpent had been found in the basin of the Port-Eglinton Canal; and this incredulity is widely supplemented by an unintelligent reception of the dynamite theory. Why should this be so? The simple question is whether the explosion was the result of accident or malicious design? If the former, then the Gas Committee or its officials might be blameworthy. These parties, naturally enough, however, could not be expected to accept any theory which involved negligence or culpability. Dynamite and the diabolic at once became the official theory, and it has been enforced *ad nauseam*. How many of the police and criminal authorities are implicit believers in it? Mr HAWKSLEY was brought in post-haste, button-holed, had the dynamite theory carefully expounded to him, expressed his opinion verbally, and departed. Why was he not asked to give a written report detailing his reasons? Next comes Colonel MAJENDIE, and with him the announcement that if his opinion differs from Mr HAWKSLEY, the Gas Committee will consult some other authority necessarily less eminent than the former—the most eminent. Then the Colonel's visit of courtesy is construed into a breach of official duty on his part, and *tableau* the reward. All through this the desire to enforce the official theory is manifest. But what about the facts? There were persons inside and outside the works at the time of the explosion. What do they say? Again, there is the testimony of the wrecked gasometer, which has only been partially examined. Theory must give place to positive evidence, no matter what the consequences may be, and the public now look to the Crown authorities for the explanation of this so-called mystery.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

First Nouveau-riche—You know we rather pride ourselves that our ancestor was a Wolfe.

Second Do.—Oh, that's nothing, my great grandfather was a Fox, and my grandmother a Peacock.

Appropriate—That the "Crown" Prince and Princess of Germany should celebrate their "Silver Wedding."

The "Centre" Party—A crack shot,

Note to Burns.

DEAR BURNS,—Gif on some Twenty-fifth
Ye could come back to yir'h,
I trow ye'd hear an' see sic things,
Wad shake yer ribs wi' mirth.

The pair folk congregate in howffs
To drink a special brew;
The wealthy, at their gilded boards,
For thee get far owre fou.

Lod, Rab, gif ye could only hear
The theories propounded,
'Bout what ye was, an' what ye did,
Wow, man, ye'd be astounded.

Some snobs that wadna looked at ye
Whan gaugia' in Dumfries,
Will sweer ye are the greatest gift
That e'er the gods did gie's.

Syne there are guidly clergymen,
That toast ye nicht an' day,
Wha wadna rabbit claes wi' ye,
Afore ye gaed away.

But, Rab, ye're past their helpin' noo,
Ye need nae meat nor claething;
An' weel they like tae vaunt yer name,
For, man, it costs them naething!

AND THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE.

(Scene—Tobacconist's shop, Dumbarton Road.)

Irish Labourer—A ha'port of tobacco, please.

Shop Girl (snappishly)—I can't sell a half-penny worth.

Irish Labourer—Can't ye? Then hand us a penn'orth, me darlint. (Gets the pennyworth of tobacco, halves it in two, retains one half and hands the other to the girl along with a half-penny.) That's the way to sell a ha'poth. Good evening, Mavourneen.

A HINT.—The BAILIE would be sorry to say anything to hurt the feelings of his German fellow-citizens, some of whom he has the happiness to "number on his list of friends," and he will therefore content himself, in the meantime, with drawing their attention to the names and amounts recorded on the sheets of subscriptions for the sufferers by the floods in Germany. It doesn't look pretty, meine Herren.

"COLOURING" AND "DRAWING."—A well-known firm of Dumbarton shipbuilders are desirous of engaging a "young lady, skilled in drawing and colouring." The BAILIE may, perhaps, be permitted to hint to fair candidates that those young ladies are likely to "draw" best whose "colouring" is natural.

The Board of Health—The Mediterranean seaboard.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

"Vindictive Idiocy."

THE Liberals of the South-Side assembled in their thousands—at least, according to the *Herald*, "about 50 people were present"—one evening last week, on which occasion an elderly politician felt himself compelled to protest against the "vindictive idiocy" of the speakers. The BAILIE can quite understand the feelings with which this worthy old gentleman regards the young "Liberal" prig of the day, whose insolence is usually proportionate with his ignorance; but it is to be feared that "idiocy" and vindictiveness are inseparable from modern Liberalism. Better cut the whole disreputable affair, old friend, and call at Number 80 Gordon Street, when his Worship will be happy to give you a start, free, gratis, and for nothing, in the paths of sweet reasonableness and common-sense.

Incredulity.

(Scene—Queen Street Station; two colliers just arrived with train.)

Jock—Man, Tam, my feet are as caul' as ice.

Tam—Weel, lad, mine are calder nur ice, an am a' shiverin' frae head tae fit.

Jock—Let's look roond and see whaur there's a fire.

(Both have a search.)

Tam—Here's the place for us noo, Jock, a gran' spunk, but a gey funny place. It'll be the porter's room I'm thinkin'.

(Both are enjoying the fire, when, in consternation, Jock cries out:—"Look at that, Tam, look at that." He then reads a notice above the fireplace which runs, "Any one using this room must pay First Class fare.")

Tam (who can't read)—Come noo, Jock, ye munna try tae draw me that way. Am green, gey green, but no jist sae green as tae believe that *this* is the gentleman's first class waitin' room!

FAST DOGS.—The foxhounds of the Panichshire and Doneforshire—the BAILIE begs pardon—the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Hunt must be wonderful beasts. The last time they were out, if we are to believe a morning paper, they "flew quicker than the gale that was still raging." "What a day" some of the Seestu and Sugaropolitan "tailors" must have had, to be sure!

A Great Scottish (K)night—Sir William Thomson.

A Shaksperian Ditto—Sir John Falstaff.

Megilp.

FOR the moment, the Fine Art Institute and its Exhibition dwarf all other subjects of conversation in studios, and wherever painters most do congregate.

The Exhibition is understood to have been arranged on very different principles from those which have hitherto been followed, in Glasgow at all events. While we have been accustomed to groups of small pictures alternating with large single works on "the line," this year the coveted position along the walls is mainly, if not altogether, occupied by big canvases.

It is interesting, and pleasant as well, to know that the Glasgow painters have had every justice done them by the hanging committee. No one has been forgotten. If the leading places have been kept for examples of Prinsep, Watts, Lepage, and other famous London and Parisian artists, room has been found, in their immediate neighbourhood, for works from our local studios.

The place of honour on the south wall of the large gallery has been assigned to the "Psyche" of G. F. Watts, one of the pictures purchased by the Royal Academy last year under the terms of the Chantry bequest. Opposite this is a large Cecil Lawson; while, on the east and west walls respectively, are Val Prinsep's "Death of Siward the Strong," and the "Mendicants" of Bastien Lepage. In this gallery, besides, are the "Prince Arthur and Hubert" of Yeames; M'Whirter's "Highland Auction;" a large landscape by John Smart; and examples of Graham, Waterlow, Stott, Mesdag, David Murray, W. D. M'Kay, Joseph Henderson, William Glover, Tom M'Ewan, R. C. Crawford, John Miller, P. M'G. Wilson, Mann, William Young, R. W. Allan, J. A. Aitken, Lauder, Tom Donald, A. K. Brown, Walter Hutcheson, Tom Hunt, Coventry, and Patalano.

"His Eminence," the figure of a scarlet attired cardinal, painted specially by W. E. Lockhart for the Glasgow Institute, occupies the chief place in the north-eastern gallery, and in this gallery likewise is a fine M'Taggart, a capital C. E. Johnson, and a delightful and delicate Corot. Of the local artists represented here the more noticeable are David Murray, Robert Greenlees, Joseph Henderson, Wellwood Rattray, Black, J. D. Taylor, Fulton, R. M. G. Coventry, John Grey, Hanbidge, J. L. Docharty, and Peter Buchanan.

In the north-west gallery a sea piece by John Brett takes the leading position. Alma Tadema, and Albert and Henry Moore, have also been hung in this gallery, as have likewise been Colin Hunter and Fred. Morgan. W. B. Hole and Robt. M'Gregor, A. D. Reid, Sam. Reid, J. A. Aitken, Joseph Henderson, Duncan M'Kellar, Walton, Alex. Davidson, W. Y. Macgregor, East, J. D. Taylor, Wellwood Rattray, James Guthrie—who is represented by his "Highland Funeral"—Charles M'Ewen, and John Grey are among the Glasgow, or at least the Scottish artists whose works are here.

In what is known as gallery number two, which connects the north-eastern gallery to the large gallery, have been placed the "May Queen" of J. E. Christie, and an important picture by Clara Montalba.

Gallery number six has been assigned, as usual, to water colours, and on Monday its contents were still being arranged by the hanging committee. The more important water colour contributions have come from De Nittis, Aumonier, William Carlaw, Claude Hayes, Robert Anderson—who sends a large sea-piece, Fairbairn, and MacMaster.

Tom Lloyl's "Sons of the Soil," his large Royal Academy picture of last year, illustrative of workmen resting, is likely to find a place in the sculpture gallery.

Four marble busts—those of the late Dr Adam Paterson, of John Henderson Esq., of Walter MacLellan Esq., and of a little boy, a son of James Young Esq., of Rockmount, Helensburgh—have been sent to the Exhibition by James A. Ewing. They are all excellent likenesses, and are further distinguished by fine modelling and careful execution,

A special general meeting of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters will be held in the studio of A. K. Brown, 152 Wellington Street, on Friday afternoon, at which three Associates will be elevated to the rank of Members, and five Associates will be selected from a list of twelve applicants. The present Associates are fifteen in number.

"Sending-in" day for the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is Thursday next, the 1st of February. The election, by the way, of an Academician to fill the place of Sir Daniel Macnee, takes place on Saturday, the 10th prox. It is understood that the election is likely to be between Messrs W. B. Hole and W. D. M'Kay.

The February number of *Good Words* is noticeable for two landscapes from the pencil of Sam Reid. One of these, which is a page drawing, shows a range of bold cliffs, with their base washed by the waves; while the second, likewise a sea-piece, represents a sandy shore, beyond which stretches the quiet, unruffled ocean. The Number also contains an article from the pen of James Paterson—one of the recently elected members of the Art Club—descriptive of "Carlyle's Home at Craigenputtock." Mr Paterson has increased the interest of his paper by a series of characteristic illustrations of "Craigenputtock" and its neighbourhood.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL.

(Scene—Gentleman's house, 4 p.m.; two workmen, Tam and Jock, having been engaged all day doing some repairs, are invited to come in and get something substantial.)

Tam—We're in for't noo, Jock.

Jock—Ye're richt there, Tam, the thing's moleskin.

(Several dishes are brought in and uncovered.)

Jock (being the smaller in stature can't see the contents)—What is't, Tam?

Tam—Haud yer tongue, man, the folk'll hear ye.

Jock (desperately)—Is't chop or steak, or whit is't, kin ye no tell us?

Tam—Man, it's twa red herrin'.

THE GOLDEN "MEAN."

A man of means and nothing more
No, man as mean as heretofore.

TUBBING" 'EM.—At the Town Council the other day Mr Dunlop sternly declared that "he would be no party to the Improvement Trust going into the mortar-tub." A noble sentiment, no doubt; but, if the mortar-tub were deep enough to guard against reappearance, the BAILIE confesses that his equanimity would not be much disturbed by the spectacle of some of our municipal rulers—he names no names—"going into" it.

A Candlemas Term—When the gasometer exploded.

The Grand Old Man—The BAILIE.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

"Abstinence."

FAMILY Abstainers" is the significant postscript to an advertisement of lodgings to let, which appears in a local paper. The experienced bachelor will at once comprehend what these two words imply. They mean, in fact, that in this establishment the harmful, unnecessary CAT is not gifted with the remarkable tastes and capabilities of the ordinary lodging-house feline, which not only hankers after strong waters, but is able to gratify its depraved appetite by opening lockfast places and drawing corks. On the other hand, your "abstainer" is usually endowed with an abnormal capacity for solids, so that in this abstaining household the feline knife and fork are likely to work unusual havoc upon the lodger's cold meats. Such are the compensations of life—in lodgings.

THE WRANG SOO BY THE LUG,

(Scene—Near Glasgow; Pat conducts a stranger round who is trying to dispose of his sow that died that morning.)

Undertaker (inquisitively)—Weel, Pat! whit are ye after the day, an' wha's this ye've got wi' ye?

Pat (demurely)—Poor man! He's an ould frind o' mine; an' och! it's this mornin' he lost the foin muther ave eliven!

Undertaker (to the stranger, with an eye to business)—Hem! I'm sorry tae hear o' the loss ye hae sustained this mornin' an' ——

Stranger (shortly)—Hoots, mun! It micht hae been waur!

Undertaker (earnestly)—Aye! aye! an' if I can be o' any service in the wurld tae ye, such as supplyin' a bit hearse ——

Stranger (fiercely)—A hearse? Get oot! Wha ever heard o' a hearse at a pig's funeral!!
[Undertaker taken down.]

LOOKS LIKE IT!—Somebody advertises in the *Herald* a lost walking-stick, adding "Finder will be handsomely rewarded." There is rather a doubtful ring about this addendum, suggestive of a suspicion that the "finder" referred to is one of those ingenious persons who contrive to "find" unconsidered trifles before they are lost, and that the "handsome reward" is intended to be administered by means of the recovered staff!

Motto for the Railway after the Strike—
"Abandon 'Hope' all ye who enter here."

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain,

His "Weakness."

AN ingenious youth, undergoing his eighth trial for theft at the High Court of Justiciary last week, pleaded in defence that he was "weak-minded, and the people about town knew that he was weak-minded, because whenever he got drink he smashed his hand against the wall." On this occasion the weak-minded one may be said, metaphorically speaking, to have run his head against the wall, since he received a sentence of five years' penal servitude. When he "comes out" it is to be hoped, for his own sake as well as for that of society at large, that his weakness of mind will take some other form than that of a "weakness" for other folk's goods and chattels.

OUT OF PURE FRIENDSHIP.

(Scene—Grocer's shop near Tarbolton; enter customer who is rather deaf.)

Customer (lifting a piece of cheese)—Hoo muckle's this?

Shopkeeper (after weighing the cheese)—Twa shullins.

Customer—Na, na. A'll gie ye hauf-a-croon for't.

Shopkeeper—Weel a'll tak' it this time, bit min' a'll no mak' a practice o't.

GREASE-FUL ADAPTATION!—" 'Tis grease but living grease no more!" as the pork-butcher pathetically observed, contemplating his latest victim.

In re the Gasometer—The truth's at the bottom of the "well."

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BENEFIT OF MR G. W. HUNTER,

FRIDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY,

THIRD ANNUAL BENEFIT OF

MR H. CECIL BERYL,

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 538. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 7th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 538.

TIME has once more brought round our annual art season. The months from February till May are dedicated, by a portion, at least, of our city dwellers, to pictures. When the air is cold and grey, when the streets are swept by storms of rain, when the east wind pinches our joints, then the Council of the Fine Art Institute open their hospitable doors and invite us to enter, and forget, in the contemplation of pictured skies a-blaze with sunshine, of summer seas, of long stretches of rich woodland, the discomforts and dismalnesses which prevail outside. For years the task set before itself by the Institute was an uphill one. Glasgow had to be educated into a taste for pictures. The later days of the West of Scotland Academy were feeble ones indeed, and with the death of the Academy it seemed as if all liking whatever for art had departed from our midst. By dint, however, of hard work, aided, of course, by the wave of æstheticism which passed over the country during the decade from '70 to '80, the Institute succeeded in creating an artistic sense among masses of the public. They grew to understand the points of a picture; they learned to appreciate the difference between indifferent painting and painting which was good, or which, if not absolutely good, was at least possessed with an earnest and elevated aim. To-day the Institute is reaping the fruit of its past labour. It owns a fine suite of galleries, the annual Exhibitions held under its auspices are celebrated over the country, and, as has already been said, it is vastly popular with a large class of our townfolk. Nor are these the only results that have sprung from its exertions. It has fostered, if indeed it did not originate, our school of local artists. If Glasgow pictures find their way,

now to Edinburgh and now to London, it is the Institute to which the painting of these pictures is very largely due. Following his custom of other years the BAILIE signalises to-day the opening of the current Exhibition by giving to his readers the portrait of a well-known Glasgow artist. And Mr TOM M'EWAN is in some sense a personage as well as a painter. Possessed of a strong individuality, gifted, in a peculiar measure, with the sense of poetry, and eager and assiduous in all that he undertakes, he would, had he not painted pictures, have made a name for himself in some kindred profession. From the outset of his career as an artist Mr M'EWAN has selected a line of his own. His pictures have been his own, he has owed nothing to his neighbours. The unconscious poetry, the subdued pathos, which permeate the lives of lowly men and women, have found in him an interpreter, and an interpreter whose interpretation has been all the more adequate, inasmuch as it has been informed with both knowledge and sympathy. Now he paints an "auld clay biggin'," with its moss-grown roof and lichen covered walls, and now an interior, homely, and yet picturesque, and rich with the associations of honest and enduring toil. Perhaps, however, Mr M'EWAN is at his best when dealing with childhood and old age. He seems keenly alive to the sentiment pertaining to these varied periods of human life. While the flaxen curls and dancing eyes of infancy lie near to his heart, he also grows strangely tender over the furrowed cheeks and weary gait of those who are stricken in years. In his own person Mr M'EWAN is largely known and largely liked. Something of the genuineness of his character makes itself felt even to a stranger, and by his familiar friends he is trusted in all things. Coming back, at the close, to the Exhibition of the Institute, the BAILIE may hazard the hope

that, as it is one of the best yet held, it may also prove one of the most successful—successful, that is, in a monetary point of view. He trusts that not only will the attendance be large, but that the pictures sold will likewise be many.

—♦♦—
A FACT.

(Scene—A certain Turkish bath; present, Tom, Dick, Harry, and three others, including Jones; subject, politics.)

Jones (during a lull in the conversation, reflectively)—I wonder who that fellow is who has just gone out. I am certain that I have met him frequently but I am—dashed—if I can mind when or where. (To the attendant)—Jim, can you tell me who that fellow is who has just gone out?

Jim—O yes, that's Tickett, the pawnbroker.

[Yells of laughter, during which Jones makes a hurried exit followed by a volley of chaff.]

STONES, NOT "BRICKS."—The BAILIE was a little startled last Wednesday morning by coming across the following sentence in a reported lecture by Dr. Wallace:—"The most porous of all the specimens seemed to be that from Wemyss Bay." A perusal of the context, however, showed that the "specimen" in question was a piece of sandstone, not a jovial human "brick," and cleared the inhabitants of Wemyss Bay from a reputation for "porosity."

GIVE IT 'EM HOT!—Mr John M'Laren made an odd statement, at the Infirmary meeting the other day, to the effect that, "as a rule, the patients received into the Infirmary were of a cold nature." However that may be, there can be no doubt that some folks who ought to, but do not, subscribe to the Infirmary, are of a "cold nature," and would be the better of a good "warming."

SCOT AND LOT.—When Mr Gladstone returns to Mid-Lothian, of course he'll speak of his Scottish extraction—and illustrate it by his Cannes ways, if not also manners.

The Purpose of the Closure.—To prevent a certain member being intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

A Fowl Remembrance.—The "Phoenix" rising from its ashes.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Jeems!

"Pistol—Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat."

ANOTHER "scene" thou hast got by—
Of such the papers have filled reams—
And maybe yet your weil's not dry,
Jeems?

And why? the reason's clear enough—
Your fact with fancy so much teems
That all your neighbours "cut up rough,"
Jeems.

But though you've eaten humble pie,
The dish it palatable seems,
Nor costs you ever faces wry,
Jeems.

Cool as a spring in Spring, you arc,
Your rhetoric flowing out in streams
Which know not hindrance, let, nor bar,
Jeems.

But when you cut a coat, you know,
So much depends upon the seams
That, if they give, the coat must go,
Jeems.

And so the stories which you build,
Through which no thread of truth there gleams,
They on your own poor head are spilled,
Jeems.

We'll not advise, we merely hint,
And 'tis not much beyond our dreams
That something you may chance see in't
Jeems.

—♦♦—
HE DID'NT UNDERSTAND.

(Scene—Upper drawbridge, Leith Harbour; vessel going through.)

Harbour Pilot (bawling to captain)—Haud aff yer starb'r'd side.

Lounger (to his companion on the quay)—Hoo in the warl can he haud aff when he's no leanin' on onything, as onybody micht see.

LOCAL DISTINCTION.—At a luncheon given in Greenock to Sir Alexander Galt the other day, Provost Wilson felicitously described the guest as "a distinguished local statesman." "Distinguished local statesman" is good. No doubt the Provost considers himself another distinguished local statesman.

"NEVER SUCH A BLOW!"—Another illustration of the eternal fitness of things, not to speak of poetical justice! The Gladstone pavilion at West Calder was blown down last week. For the reception of oratorical wind it was erected, and by wind atmospheric has it perished.

The 'Art of Midlothian.—The Grand Old Man's judicious retreat to Cannes.

A Corporation Pick'd-ure—The Lord Provost.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

"Wheeps" for a Bishop.

THE BAILIE likes to chaff his venerable Grandmamma in Buchanan Street, but he loves her all the same, and cheerfully congratulates her when she happens to achieve a piece of good work. His Worship accordingly requests her to consider herself patted on her reverend back for the punishment she administered the other day to the St. Andrews Bishop's impudent and blundering Bowdlerisation of Shakespeare. The scarification was not, it is true, so neat a piece of work as it would have been if accomplished by certain Magisterial hands which shall be nameless; "it lacked finish;" but we must not expect too much, and, for an aged female, it was very well done—very well indeed.

GLESCA FOR EVER.

(Scene—Bookbinder's shop during the dinner hour.)

Country Customer (to apprentice in charge of shop, producing a number of unbound magazines)—I want some o' them books bound, and they must be dune cheap so as to dae for a bookcase.

Apprentice (who has been a year at the trade)—I'll do that for you, do you want them done in russia, morocco, or —

Country Customer (interrupting)—Can you no' get them dune in Glesca?

[Collapse of apprentice.]

THUS EDUCATION FORMS THE COMMON MIND.

Delightful task to teach the young idea,
Although the man that does the teaching be a
Hardworking man, who works for what he's earning,
And pays some other for his children's learning—
That other who, the payment all receiving,
To those who pay the toil of teaching leaving.

An Ungrammatical Riddle.

THE following enigma is from a leader in a local daily anent the Delinquency Board noodles:—"Neither theatre nor circus now belong (*sic*) to the proscribed class of relaxations which all may enjoy who care for them." Now, the BAILIE has, of course, no right to object to his contemporaries' putting conundrums in their leaders, "if," as Captain Bobadil says, "they be so generously minded;" but may he be permitted to suggest that a little grammar by way of seasoning would not be out of place?

The Likely Man to "tide" over a Difficulty—
M. Jules Ferry.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

On 'Change.

OUR own pessimist correspondent, specially retained by the *Mail* for the purpose of striking terror into the owners of steam ships, has again directed the whole force of his great talents into the customary channel. He is full of forebodings for the future because we have, in three years, added a million tons to our steam fleet. From this falls to be deducted the decrease in sailing tonnage, which amounts to nearly half-a-million, leaving a net increase of over half-a-million in the tonnage during three years. As the effective power of steam is greater than sail, there is, of course, a larger increase in carrying power than is represented by the figures. This is the text our pessimist preaches from, and it must be acknowledged that it is very instructive. I think the preacher—as preachers sometimes do—exaggerates his case in order to be impressive. To get at the real position of steam shipping, we must take the building capacity of the world, not merely of one country. Shipbuilding is exceptionally active in Great Britain as compared with other producing countries, and every country is not producing at the same rate. In many, shipbuilding has decreased. The trade of the world is increasing, and somebody must provide the necessary facilities for transport. The coal and iron are here, the shipping can be put into the water cheaply, and hence we may be said to supply facilities for the carrying trade of the world. This reflection may calm the fears of owners who are appalled by the dismal forecasts of the clever writer in question.

Steam shipping is bad enough at times. I admit the fact in all its hideous deformity, but I must attribute blame somewhere for what occasionally happens. I saw a lovely freight account the other day for two packages sent by steamer to a port in India. The account stood as follows:—

2 pkgs. measuring 15 cubic feet, at 6s per ton					
of 40 feet,	£0	2	3		
Clyde dues,	0	0	7		
Carriage of samples to Liverpool,	0	5	7		
	£0	8	5		

It is a solemn commentary on steam shipping that the carriage of samples to Liverpool should exceed the charges on the cargo. Pessimism has here a clear basis for argument; but the circumstances are known to be exceptional, even in the steadfast march of folly.

Extravagances in the shipping trade set my mind in the direction of a new development which emanates, partly at least, from the ship-owning fraternity. It is proposed to start a Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company, Limited, with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares. Temperance, in addition to its many advantages, is now to be made to pay 5 per cent., with a bonus to shareholders and a distribution to policy-holders. With a shrewd regard for the main chance, the promoters intend to "take the lives" of people who are not total abstainers. This, at first sight, looks rough upon the abstainers, but the company will fine all the tipplers by charging a higher premium than that laid upon the class for which the company is chiefly intended. It remains to be seen how the non-abstainers will take this arrangement. A man cannot feel comfortable when he is told that because he enjoys his glass of beer he must be putting a fresh nail in his coffin, and so pay a higher premium. To test the system properly, the company ought to confine its operations to the abstaining class. If it be true that the lives of abstainers are thirty per cent. better than their bibulous neighbours, then the new company might make splendid profits out of the business. Everybody would go on living and paying premiums all the time. The difficulty may be to get the business. SCRUTATOR.

The "Speaker" of the House—The imposer of the closure.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The Gaiety pantomime, which runs for other three weeks, possesses the distinction of being the longest lived of the different entertainments prepared against the holiday season on this side of the Border. Last week the "houses" continued excellent. And what was even to more purpose, the audiences seemed, by their laughter and applause, to enjoy the brilliant acting, and brightness, and general "go" of the piece, quite as much as ever.

Those who made the acquaintance of "Beauty and the Beast" in the earlier portion of its career ought on no account to omit paying it another visit. A "second edition" of the work is now in progress, and this, while largely different, is quite as entertaining as was the original production.

When "Beauty and the Beast" is withdrawn from the Gaiety it goes to Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle. The production in Carlisle will be in all respects identical to the one in Glasgow.

Messrs Anson and Groves open at the Gaiety in "The Comedy of Errors"—the version now being played at the Strand—what time "Beauty and the Beast" takes its departure.

Preparations are already in progress for the representation, at Mr Heslop's house, of "The Lady of the Lake."

Among the engagements already concluded by Mr Heslop for his next year's pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is that of Miss Kate Paradise.

—o—

"Arrah-na-Pogue" will be revived, this evening, at the Royalty, by Mr Charles Sullivan and his friends.

Mr Knapp announces a production of "The Comedy of Errors," by the company under the direction of Mr Edward Compton, for Monday next. This Shakesperian farce has not been seen in Glasgow since it was played at the old Dunlop Street Theatre with Harry and Charles Webb as *The Two Dromios*, and Mr Walter Baynham and Mr W. H. Kendal as *Antipholus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse* respectively. As everybody knows it is at present running at the London Strand, Messrs J. S. Clarke and Harry Paulton being the *Dromios*, and Frank Charles and E. L. Gordon the *Antipholi*.

An early production of the ever-green "Rob Roy," with Mr A. D. M'Neil as the "gallant outlaw," is spoken of at the Royalty. In addition to the fine acting of Mr M'Neil, the play will have the further advantage of Mr Robert Smythe's capital scenery.

—o—

Only two weeks now remain of the run of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Grand Theatre. Of course the house will be crowded every night of the twelve. Both those who have, and those who have not yet seen Mr Charles's pantomime, may be interested to know that the piece is as telling as ever. The spectacle has not lost one sparkle of its brightness, *Ally Sloper* and *Friday* are as amusing as they were six weeks ago, and *Robinson* still looks as piquant, and Miss Kate Paradise dances with as much *riant* grace, as they did in the early nights of the run.

Owing to engagements in London, Mr Augustus Harris will be unable to fulfil his intention of playing his original part in "Pluck" on the occasion of its production at the Grand on the 26th, and his place will be taken by Mr Herbert Standing. In his earlier stage life Mr Standing was for one or two seasons a member of Mr Glover's stock company at the Theatre Royal, the name under which he then appeared being that of Herbert Crellin. For years he has occupied a foremost position at the London Criterion, his parts being of the same character as those assumed by "Charley" Wyndham.

—o—

"The World," with Mr Arthur Lyle and Mr Dobell in the parts of *Clement* and *Harry Huntingford*, will be introduced this evening to Mr Beryl's stage. Our South-Side friends delight in sensation, and "The World" is sensational enough to thrill its audiences to the finger tips. When "The World" has run its course at the Royal Princess's, its place will be taken by "New Babylon."

Will Mr BARKER, late Manager of Tynemouth Aquarium, and now in Glasgow, call at our Office? A letter awaits him.

Was ever lion so bearded in his den as was Sheriff Mair on the bench of the Small Debt Court on Wednesday last, and by John Dunbar, too! John is one of the oldest members of the Faculty; and if he is not the most honoured, he is at least never treated with incivility by his co-practitioners. He is about as well known to the general public as he is to the bar—independent in spirit, tall in stature, walking with an unconcerned, shuffling gait, and with glasses tip tilted on his expressive nose. I understand, however, that when John attacked his Lordship, it was not altogether his own feelings that he expressed. No, he uplifted his voice as the spokesman of a considerable number of the Faculty. A Wednesday in the Small Debt Court is, I am told, about the dreariest day in a lawyer's experience. Sheriff Mair is fond of making long speeches. He lingers over a case with an apparent enjoyment—of which his brother judges know not the luxury. He is always on the alert to thrust a pun or a joke at one side or the other, at the which pun or joke the bar, of charity, are invariably compelled to laugh. In this way the business is prolonged to eight, nine, and even ten o'clock at night. The lawyers, you see, are hardly to be blamed if they regard his lordship's witticisms and oracular sayings as only a slight recompense for a long and tedious wait. I don't know what effect the castigation of "one of the oldest members of the faculty" may have; but at all events John's indignation on Wednesday at his impeached sobriety was quite as amusing as was his Lordship's shout for a policeman to "take that man away."

—o—

The annual bowling tournament in Glasgow, which was in danger of lapsing last year, will, I understand, be taken up this year by the Hutchesontown Club. This is the largest event of the kind in Scotland. The prizes to be offered on the coming occasion will, in all likelihood, be quite equal to those of past days.

—o—

There is a rumour that the dispute, in which a Glasgow accountant and a person in London were last summer involved, is likely to be fought out in a new form, through the eminently respectable medium of a court of law. Last time the encounter was of a pugilistic character, and the Glasgow man was said to have come off with flying colours, and in possession of the trophies that sometimes fall to the share of the victor.

—o—

Mr Rothery, his clerk, his valet or court crier, and three assessors were again down from London last week at a Board of Trade inquiry—a rare chance for red tapeism! They didn't bring their shorthand writer this time, however—Mr George Dawson being honoured with the work. If the three assessors—expensive—were any good it must have been in private; Mr Rothery did all the speaking from the bench.

—o—

I understand that a new book by Sheriff Lees will appear in a week or so, entitled "Sheriff Court Styles and Procedure." The book will deal most exhaustively with practice in Sheriff Courts, and will be of much use to lawyers.

—o—

"Waterloo," the great success of Mr Hengler's last campaign in Liverpool, is to be brought out on an elaborate scale here tonight. The piece takes about an hour and a quarter to develop and is virtually a stage-play. I dropped into the rehearsal on Saturday afternoon and found that the *entente cordiale* 'twixt French and British had not then been broken. The *Duke of Brunswick* (Mr Powell) in an ulster, was in full command, and besides drilling a regiment of opposing supers was posting up the "Iron Duke" and *Le Petit Caporal* in their respective parts. To fill these M. Fabian and Mr J. Wallett are expressly brought down from London. In *Molly Malony* our friend Templeton is fitted with a capital part. Mr Onra is the doughty Shaw, the life guardsman, and Mr F. C. Hengler contents himself with the humble role of a corporal in the 92nd Highlanders. In all there are some 40 distinct characters in the piece besides the rank and file, &c. If "Waterloo" is not a big success then I am no prophet.

A singular story is going about in the clubs, and among social circles in the West End, with respect to something that did not occur at the ball given the other evening by the officers of the 1st Lanark Rifles. So many odd rumours are circulated regarding circumstances which are supposed to happen that a report about an occurrence that did not come off possesses the charm of novelty. It is said that the officers at present stationed in Maryhill Barracks were invited to the festive gathering, but that they neither went nor tendered an apology. Surely there must be a mistake here, for the gentlemen in question could not so far disregard the courtesies of ordinary life.

If they committed this indiscretion they would emulate the officers of the gallant onety-oneth regiment, who were asked to a ball at which I happened to be present in a fashionable garrison town in England. The officers, who were all new to the place, went to the ball, leant gracefully against the doorposts, supped and wined, but never offered to dance. Next time a ball was given in that town they were permitted to remain in their quarters.

Mr Vallance has still his headquarters here, but he is oftener far afield in fulfilment of "reading" engagements. He is just back from a business tour among the Southrons and an elocutionary invasion of Gaul. In Paris he drew out in great force the residents of the English and American quarter to the Salle Kreigelspeil in the Rue de Charras. Next week he is off to Wales.

I hear that there is a veiled rebellion among our Board head-masters on account of some appointments that have just been made. The head-master of Thomson Street School goes to the new Roselea School, to be opened by Lord Young one of these days. This promotion is all right and proper, but who gets promoted to Thomson Street? Aye, thereby hangs a tale.

It is so extremely rare for a minister of any denomination to accept a call to a lower stipend than, when an instance does crop up, a note should be made of the self-denying step. This is the case, I am told, with the Reverend F. H. Robarts, who is about to remove from Liverpool to Glasgow. Mr Robarts is one of the few men of light and learning in the Baptist body.

"Big-pay Saturday" will soon be numbered with the things that were. Elder's, Rowan's, and a lot of other "shops" have just gone over to the weekly-pay movement. This ought to relieve the fortnightly pressure in our police courts of a Monday morning.

Miss Jennie J. Young, of New York, the well-known *litterateur* and lecturer, will lecture at Lennoxtown on Monday, her subject being "The Muse of Coila."

A PART-Y LOSS.

Facetious Barber (to old customer with thin hair)—Sir, your hair reminds me of a fool and his money.

Old Customer—Why so?

Barber—Because it is soon parted, ha, ha, ha.

[That barber illustrated the proverb, for he saw his old customer no more.]

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

(Scene—A public-house.)

1st Teetotaller (a little wrong in the old proverb)—Never hide yer bushel under a licht.

2nd Do.—Na, na, specially if it's a bushel o' flur; the licht might spile't.

How the Money Goes.

AT last week's Infirmity meeting it was stated that the subscriptions of the principal religious bodies last year were as follows—Established Church, £460; U.P. Church, £242; and "that great church of liberality, the Free Church," £115 3s 2d. Some folks have been saying that, considering the pretensions of the two dissenting bodies, their contributions look rather paltry, but it should be considered that after defraying the expenses of their matricidal efforts they cannot have much left for such a secondary matter as mere charity. Why, even the three-and-tuppence may have been sadly needed to pay a railway fare for Dr. Rainy in his itinerant Disestablishment crusade!

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

(Scene—Public-house bar.)

Small Boy (who has run into the shop nearly breathless)—Please, sir, what o'clock is't?

Shopman—Twenty minutes past twelve.

Small Boy—Thanks, sir.

Small Boy (returning again nearly breathless in about two minutes)—Please sir, will ye tell me the time?

Shopman—Get away, you young rascal, didn't I tell you it two minutes ago?

Small Boy—Oh, yes, but this is for another woman. [Collapse of shopman.]

A CRITIQUE ON A CRICKETER.

(New Words to an Old Tune.)

Ivo Bligh

"Wank" his eye,

But was not asleep!

When the Australians saw his "form"

Their flesh began to creep!

Oh, Moses!

A FIRM of wine-merchants in the Northern district of the city advertise a special brand of whisky under the name of "Old Moses." There is a sort of dignified hilarity, if one may use the phrase, about this title; but is it not giving something of a handle to the teetotallers? We shall have them—or should have them, if teetotalism were more conducive to nimbleness of wit—nicknaming the generous fluid "Old Adam," from which it is not a very long step to "Original Sin"!

"The Rule of Three"—Petticoat government by wife, mother-in-law, and sister-in-law.

The Grey Mare the Better Horse—Whea married not for better but worse.

Quavers.

THE Choral and Orchestral Concerts have nearly run their course; to-night making the tenth of the series, as far as subscribers are concerned. The programme is a particularly interesting one. It contains, for example, an instrumental composition of some magnitude from the pen of a British musician—the “Scandinavian Symphony” in C minor, by Frederic H. Cowen, which is accorded a very high position by competent critics. Mr Cowen’s composition (which he will conduct) owes its origin to impressions somewhat similar to those which suggested to Mendelssohn the A minor, or Scotch symphony. Characteristic peculiarities of Scandinavian melody are naturally made use of, one instance being an augmented fourth, the fourth of the scale to the seventh, as it might be. The programme of to-night’s concert likewise includes the orchestral prelude to Wagner’s “Parsifal,” and the “Tannhauser” overture, not omitting to notice that to “Oberon” by Weber.

M. Louis Breitner, a Parisian pianist, takes the solo part in Schumann’s concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in A, the composer’s only work of the kind, properly so called. Madame Julia Gaylord will appear in a canzonetta from the “Salvator Rosa” of Gomez, a not very successful opera, but containing some good music. She also sings Mignon’s air, “Dost thou know,” in Thomas’s opera of that name.

The apology for “Parsifal,” which appears in the concert programme, by the Rev. Dr A. Portrig of Berlin, supplemented by Mr C. A. Barry, who annotates the music, seems a lame and laboured affair, hardly worth the space which is given to it, and not likely to meet with sympathy. Modestly following Mr Joseph Bennett in his opinion, we think Wagner’s latest opera, in regard to the subject at least, a disgrace to the age and to art.

Last Tuesday’s concert was somehow not a very bright one, yet for what precise reason it would be difficult to say—hardly through dull or uninteresting music surely, though the vocal selections were, to the manifest disadvantage of the singer, Miss Farnol, rather of that character. In this category we must include the soprano air, “I rejoice in my youth,” from Macfarren’s “John the Baptist,” artificial and ungraceful as the music most assuredly is. Singular that Macfarren has written next to nothing of a popular and really likeable character.

A facetious friend will insist, by the way, that the chief event connected with music last week was the circumstance that a very clever young solo player in the orchestra has had his hair cut! Whether the effect will be “more power to his elbow,” or, like Samson in like circumstances, rather less, my facetious and rather impertinent friend did not venture to say.

M. Victor Buziau, the able leading violin of the orchestra, has arranged to give two chamber concerts, on Tuesday, 20th, and Saturday, 24th instant. The programmes, to which we may afterwards refer in detail, are rich in string quartets and other chamber music, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the project will be thoroughly successful.

A concert was given on Wednesday evening last by the elementary singing class in connection with Fairfield U.P. Church. A number of anthems and hymns were sung, all with very good effect. Several solos were contributed by Miss Alice Young, Miss Ferguson, Mr G. Duncan, and Mr Robert M’Coll—Miss Young interpreting “He was despised,” with her usual quiet, good taste. Mr William M’Cowan conducted, and Mr J. Campbell of Bearsden accompanied.

“Tannahill’s Well” is a song just published by Messrs Paterson, the words by Joanna Bogue and the music by Christina W. Morison. The music is often not quite according to rule is pleasing.

Messrs Swan & Co., Buchanan Street, have issued several numbers of an apparently excellent collection of vocal music for school and home use, “The College Series.”

“Doubles and Quits”—A hare disappointing his pursuers.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder’s, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Pipe-Lights for the Lord Advocate.

THE Lord Advocate has been taking a “rise” out of our municipal rulers. Last week the Lord Provost announced his receipt of a letter asking him to forward “a copy of the latest edition of the proposed Glasgow Police Bill” for his Lordship’s use. Mr Balfour must have “taken a quiet laugh to himself” over the commotion occasioned by his sarcastic request; but why “the latest edition,” my Lord? Would not the original edition have done as well to light your pipe? Did you suppose that after Messrs Smith & Co. had done their worst to the precious document there would be more chance of a “spill?”

ACADEMICIANS TER-R-REMBLE!

Friend (to amateur)—Weel, Rab, ha’e ye sent anything tae Edinburgh this time?

Rab (knitting his brows)—No vera likely. I’ll see them far eneuch. They got the chance an’ what did they dae? rejeckit me twa years rinnin’. Never anither dab o’ my brush will they get, an’ we’ll see *then* what comes o’ their Scotch Academy!

“THE CURFEW TOLLS.”

Thus “Candle-mass” Asinus handles—
There’s longer light, so burn your candles.

Jeems Degenerates.

IT is with pain the BAILIE feels himself compelled to call attention to a serious dereliction of duty on the part of Mr James Martin. In Dr. Russell’s report to the Council anent the outbreak of smallpox at Cathcart it was stated that the persons exposed to infection were subjected to re-vaccination. It was clearly Mr Martin’s duty to rise in his place and protest against the working-classes being prevented from spreading small-pox, or any other affection, at their own sweet will; but he rose not, he protested not. Can it be that the champion of Dirt draws the line at Disease.

“Q.C.,” D’YE SEE?—While the Liberal candidate for East Lothian is undeniably devoid of every quality desirable in a legislator, it must in fairness be admitted that his character is not wholly negative. He has, at least, two positive attributes, being both Q.rious and C.rious. Regarding him as a would-be legislator, however, there is decidedly less of the C.rious about the learned gentleman than the Q.rious.

A Colourable Pretence—A flag for France of a Bon(n)e-parte-colour.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Jeems gave the touzy-headed reporters a bad quarter of an hour at the opening of Thursday's Town Council meeting.

That the slate discussion was quite irregular.

That if it had been started by any one but a Bailie it would have been put down at once.

That the City Accountant job has been completed.

That the removal of St. George's church will be a kittle job.

That the Presbytery want to drive a hard bargain.

That the Council would like to make money by the transaction.

That nothing has come to light regarding the gasometer explosion.

That Jeems thinks £100 reward a paltry sum.

That he would like the reward for the miscreant(?) raised to £300.

That the reward might be raised to £3000 and yet the miscreant(?) would be *non est*.

That the dynamite theory covers a multitude of blunders.

That the Edinburgh people have been "sitting" severely upon our tramway horses.

That all the same our tramway directors have made a large saving in the feeding of their cattle.

That the dairymen found a champion in their soiree chairman.

That he smote the Sanitary Officer hip and thigh.

That Dr Russell is seldom wrong in his theories.

That he can give as good as he gets.

That the quarrel between the dairymen and the health officials is a very pretty one as it stands.

FALLEN FROM HIS HIGH ESTATE.—*Dryden*.

I "wear my heart upon my sleeve,"
Upon my breast a ribbon blue,
And would my fallen state retrieve,
Were't not I fall when'er I'm fou.

A BARGAIN.

(Scene—St. Enoch Square, Wednesday.)

Shoeblick (to countryman)—Black yir buits, mister?

Countryman (cautiously)—What'll ye chaarge, laddie?

Shoeblick (surveying the boots)—Jist a penny, an' that's cheap, fur they're awfu' big.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

At the Council Board.

THE spirit of fun is growing in our grave and reverend seniors in the Town Council. Gaiety and garrulity have taken the place of sober municipal work. They are a merry lot are our Councillors—plethoric with mirth, and requiring periodical phlebotomy.

Thursday's performance was probably the best that has been given this season. Pity it was that the public were not present "in their thousands," as the Rev. Robert Thomson would say. ||

There sat the grizzled, sapient assembly around the long table—the elders to the left; Mr Martin, Mr Neil, and the younger spirits to the right, of the Lord Provost. The introductory calm was only for a moment. There was a cruel, critical expression on various faces, and the storm broke just as the learned Clerk finished his preliminary minutes. Poor James Martin—liberty's lonely champion—was the victim. James felt a cloud of wrath impending over him, and he seemed moody and melancholy—all his chivalry had evaporated. Even his lungs were weaker than their wont. Bailie Wilson, the bluff and burly, probed his marrow with a pair of questions; the sleek and ever-gentle Farquhar offered to prove, by private "letter from a gentleman," that James had made mistakes; Torrens, that cold water fountain of virtue, made him shudder under a few drops of crystallised sarcasm; Mr Neil treated him ironically; while the man of clean conscience and clear brain—the rigid, punctilious Smith—the fearless moral physician—charged him with being thick-skinned, if not thick-headed, and incapable of appreciating anything save "a penalty."

Alas, poor James! Ere this he has doubtless repented in sackcloth, if not ashes, the assumption of the office of City Censor!

Yet, after all, James did not give his fellows satisfaction on Thursday, and the Council got into a reckless, careless humour in consequence.

The ore of real "business" that appeared was distractedly traced through a thick debris of shrieks for "order" interjunctory remarks, tete-a-tete conversations, hazy harangues on side issues, entrances and exits to and from the refreshment room, frowns, smiles, and laughter, and numerous other little entertainments. Meditative magistrates at one time sat with hopeless glances into vacuity; at another the literary Bailie hopefully leaned his head on his hand; and again the Alphabetical one chatted pleasantly—as pleasantly as his nature allowed him—with the Master of Works at the further end of the chamber.

Treasurer Walls lost courage and was dismal in his accounts; George Jackson was figuratively flat; and even the severe Richmond could not command absolute silence—but for once didn't sit down in a huff. The tortured Chair, "instructed" beyond its capacity, was unable—able though it is—to quell the confusion. Nay, it was past the power of even the potent W. R. W. who, according to one of his confreres, was "pittin' his war pent on," to command a hearing. But W. R. W. is generally too much of a wag; and even with his "war pent on" the Council would not take him in earnest.

Verily these meetings are a problem to the philosophic mind. Should the members increase in humour theatrical managers must look to their laurels. DIABOLO.

FULL BENEFIT.

(Scene—Tramway car *en route* from Leith to Edinburgh; conductor collecting fares; passenger hands him a shilling.)

Conductor—How far are you going, mister?

Passenger (from the north)—She'll co as far as she can get for what she'll be chaarged.

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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1883.

OUR School Board and the Delinquency Board have, of late, been the best-abused "institutions" going. Very candid letters to the editor in the one case, and slashing editorials in the other, have pointed out to these Institutions some of the errors of their ways. And surely the universal cramming in State-aided schools is a most deplorable consequence of the various revised Codes that have sprung into being since the passing of Lord YOUNG'S Act in 1872. But the evil is not confined to Board Schools. Those interested in the so-called "higher education" of girls should read, mark, and inwardly digest that pamphlet just out, entitled "Female Education from a Medical Point of View," by Dr T. S. CLOUSTON, of Edinburgh, being two lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution in November last. The revelations made therein as to the evil effects of the current cramming system are really staggering.

"CULTIVATING LITERATURE UPON A LITTLE BARLEY-BREE."

She—Whit is't ye dae thae nichts na at y'r Leeterar Society?

He—Oh, we have a night to ourselves, you know, and speak out upon poetry, and ethics, and I know not what all.

She—Aye, some that'll sing geyan sma' at hame, I'll wager.

RIDIN' THE RIGGIN'.
 The Oriental Councillor,
 Despite persistent prating
 All is vain, has fall'd again
 To give his peers a "slating."

Canadian Chaff.

SPEAKING at Greenock the other day Sir Alexander Galt said he "thought Lord Derby was, more than almost any other man in Parliament, a representative of the sound common sense of this country." Considering some of Lord Derby's recent utterances this doesn't say much for our national common-sense; but those colonial magnates delight in taking a quiet "rise" out of the poor old mother country.

The Man you Know.

WHA, clad in ample hat an' cloak
 Is kent by a' us Glesca' folk?
 Wha tells a story—cracks a joke?
 The Man you Know.

Wha Scotland's sangs sae sweetly sings
 And o'er our sp'rits their glamour flings?
 Wha allegros, adagios, dings?
 The Man you Know.

Wha can himsel' tak' up the pen,
 Wi' poet touch a magic len'
 To Kittoch or some nameless glen?
 The Man you Know.

Wha, at some hamely ingle neuk
 Paints granny bendin' o'er "the Book?"
 Or "Bairnie's tout?" or "Mither's look?"
 The Man you Know.

Wha, whaur they *paurlie-zoo* an' splore,
 Has seen o' foreign art galore?
 Wha's still a Scotchman to the core?
 The Man you Know.

A Matrimonial Mixture.

AS the BAILIE noted at the time, Messrs Quarrier, Battersby & Co. have, in public meeting assembled, testified to their yearning to marry their deceased wives' sisters; but there's a fellow at Leith who outyearns them. "Would you," solemnly inquired this matrimonial eccentric of Mr Grant, M.P., the other day, "Would you try to get a clause inserted in 'that bill' to make it legal for a man to marry his widow's niece?" Whereat the assembled multitude "smole" in what the report calls an "uproarious and prolonged" manner; but Mr Grant remarked that it was "a very serious matter." And so it would be—especially for the niece.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

(Scene—Broad Street, Mile-end.)

Street Vendor (with barrow)—Come on, come on; selling cheap. A pennyworth for a ha'penny.

Hibernian—Give uz tuppence worth, quick.
 (He gets his order, tenders a penny, and is making off.)

Vendor—Here, here, my man, ye've only geed me a penny.

Hibernian—Troth an' that same's right. Ye said a penn'orth for a ha'penny!

(EN)CAUSTIC.—Little Misterwryoual has instructed his architect to line the walls of his chapel with inscribed tiles—for the purpose, of course, of making it something of a text-tile fabric.

Motto for a Trades-unionist—"To beg a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil."

The Maccallum (no) more.
(Scene—Pub. in Dumbarton Road.)

First Celt (half on)—Look here, master bow-leg Maccallum, gif I had you at ta foot of Pen Nevis I would —

Second Celt (three-quarters on)—You would! Fat you would? Tell you fat it is, Master Knog-a-knee Mactougal, if I hear any more of your impudences, and your impertinences, and your scholarizings, I will take and knog your brains —

Waiter—Come now, no quarrelling; if you want to fight get away either to the foot or the top of Ben Nevis, and have it out. You can't fight here.

Second Celt (excitedly)—You shuist shut up, Mr Jacknape waiter, and not talk to shentlemans. I would haf you to know, sir, that I am a Maccallum and a shentleman—the son of my father, sir, and fat is more the son of my mother, also, pesides. Yes, sir, a shentleman and a Maccallum, and as good a man as the Maccallummore.

Waiter—Ye may be as good a man as the Maccallummore, but if you can do nothing but brag and bletcher here, you will be the Maccallum no more. [Bundles No. 2 into the street.]

“Going into His Own House.”

A YOUNG man, having been charged, at the Sheriff Court last week, with stealing certain property from a house in Elderslie Street, it was stated in defence that the prisoner, having been drinking, “was under the impression that he was going into his own house.” As he entered by a window twelve feet from the ground he seems to be in the habit of going into his own house in a rather peculiar manner. After he has “done” his four months he will find it advisable to accustom himself to go into his own house by the door, and then he will be less liable to make such very awkward mistakes.

“COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.”

(Scene—The west-end drawing room of Mrs A. Gossip; her friend Mrs B. Gossip has come in for afternoon tea.)

Mrs A. Gossip—Is it true that Miss Blenkinsop is going to be married to young Mr Eligible?

Mrs B. Gossip—No, my dear. Not as yet at any rate. And Mrs Blenkinsop is fearfully angry at the story coming out before Mr Eligible has proposed.

[They drink tea together and exchange other mutual confidences.]

Critical Acumen.

ONE of those quite too awfully clever young men of Granny's discovered last week—and “prented” his discovery—that “Eileen Oge” is “a piece unmistakably Irish.” Think of that! Other folks were probably under the impression that the play was Chinese, or High Dutch, or Malagasy; but there's no deceiving “Our Own” from Buchanan Street. He spots its nationality at once, and pronounces it “unmistakably Irish.” When “Rob Roy” is next produced may we venture to hope for a similar verdict as to its origin from this enlightened source?

THE VAN.

(Scene—Train is starting from Edinburgh for Glasgow; soldier jumps into an over-crowded compartment)

Old Gent—You shouldn't come in here. It's suffocating already.

Soldier—Where can I go, sir?

Old Gent—Go! Why go where every true British soldier should go. Go in the van.

Soapy Bob!

AT a special meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery last week Mr Robert Thomson moved, in opposition to a proposal for the exclusion of the reporters, “that the members of the press be respectfully invited to remain.” “Respectfully invited!” Aha, Rubbart! Want to nobble the press with soap and soft sawder, do you? But it's no go. The BAILIE, at all events, is much too old a bird to be caught by *your* chaff.

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS.

Men's pleasure: Some of learning
To gather every scrap in is;
With some, as oftener happens,
Their happiness is ha'pennies;
While others are so social,
They so shall spend their days and nights,
In feasting so ambrosial
As shocks poor man that stays in nights,
Whose feasting's picking of a bone,
Whose pleasure's being let alone.

A REFLECTED LIGHT. — In his essay on Bacon, Mr Anton says that “every person who has undergone a painless surgical operation, every lover of wit and noble thought, owes something to his genius.” In this bringing together of “wit” and “surgical operation,” has not the reverend essayist had in his “mind's eye” Sydney Smith and Scotsmen?

Ireland for the Irish—By all means. Send them back to it.

Megilp.

BUT little remains to be added to-day to the very full description of the Exhibition of the Fine Art Institute which appeared in this column a week ago. Criticism may come later, but for the moment it is sufficient to say that the high opinion formerly expressed with regard to the collection has been fully borne out, not only by the writers in the daily papers, but likewise by the general public who thronged the rooms at the "private view" on Monday during the day, and at the conversazione on Monday evening. The sales, it is pleasant to know, have been at least equal to those of former years.

"Sending-in day" for the Royal Scottish Academy, as was mentioned in the BAILIE a week ago, was Thursday last, and now the "hangers"—there is no selecting committee in Edinburgh—are busy at work. This year the task of arranging the pictures has been assigned to Messrs M'Taggart, Lockhart, and Vallance, three artists who command the confidence of their brethren in the profession, as well in Glasgow as in Edinburgh.

David Murray has sent four pictures to the Exhibition. The most important of these, which is also among the most important works Mr Murray has yet painted, has for its subject one of the valleys running from the heart of Kintyre to Loch Fyne. In the foreground sits a girl, who watches a little fleet of boats which crawl out to sea for the night's fishing. "My love has gone a-sailing" is the appropriate title given by the artist to his picture. Another of Mr Murray's works is "The Swan's Retreat," an exquisite, upright canvas, representative of a pool with overhanging trees. In the middle distance is a group of cumulous clouds, while the foreground is bright with ox-eyed daisies and flowering grasses. "Haymaking at Lochwinnoch," a composition having for its component parts reeds, flowers, and grasses, wet fields and a cloudy sky; and "Evening, Lochwinnoch," a small picture of grasses, water, trees, and blue hills, all seen at sundown, are Mr Murray's other Edinburgh pictures.

Foremost in interest, if not in importance, of William Young's Scottish Academy works, is a brilliant little water colour of "Caldbeck Church, Cumberland," in the graveyard of which John Peel of hunting renown lies buried, as does likewise "Mary, the beauty of Buttermere." A view of Derwentwater, with a foreground of fir trees, which he has entitled "By the Lochside," and an upright of "Tillie udiem in Early Summer," are the oil pictures—and "The Mill Pond" is a second water colour—sent by Mr Young to Edinburgh.

A large mist picture, bold in conception and painted with great force and vigour, and a view on Loch Eil, are James A. Aitken's contributions to the Exhibition of the Academy; Alexander Davidson has sent East a capital "bit" in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, a study of a poor author—a species of present-day *Triplet*, a carefully posed figure of a girl placed against a beech-tree, and a drawing of St. Paul's with a group of Thames barges in the foreground; while Duncan M'Kellar's Edinburgh pictures are "Grand-Tully Castle"—an exceedingly effective landscape, a scene from the Terrace at Barnclith, and a richly-toned interior with a girl reading a letter.

"Rocks at Dippen"—a beautiful little upright, a steep hillside along which is a straggling sheep-track, and a water colour of poplar trees, are the works by which A. K. Brown has elected to be represented in Edinburgh.

Wellwood Rattray's leading Academy picture is "From Hillside to the Sea," a large and powerful work, and specially noticeable for the fine modelling of a group of boulders which occupy the foreground. His other contributions to Edinburgh are "A Grey Day near Callander," "Summer Afternoon at Aubry Park, Surrey," and "Balmy Spring," three small, carefully painted pictures. "The Prophet's Glen, Loch Lubnaig," and "Street in Dinant," have been sent to the Academy by Charles M'Bride.

Joseph Henderson has only sent two works to Edinburgh. One of them is a large upright of a splendid Scotch fir, painted with astonishing force and much attention to detail. A girl, with a bird poised on her finger, is the subject of Mr Henderson's second picture.

"A Sunny Day in May, at Polperro, Cornwall," an upright water colour, and "The Sea Harvest," likewise a water colour, are William Carlaw's Edinburgh pictures. They have all the feeling for the sea which pervades every work that leaves Mr Carlaw's easel.

The story goes that this year a considerable falling-off has taken place in the number of works "sent in" to the Academy. Artists—other, that is, than Edinburgh artists—are, "they say," growing tired of getting skyed, or hung beneath archways, or, worst of all, finding their pictures locked up for three months in the awful coal-hole. Surely that dungeon either ought to be properly lighted, or shut up altogether.

While everybody is well pleased at the election of Messrs Davidson, M'Ewan, and A. D. Reid, to the Membership of the Scottish Water Colour Society, regret has been expressed in various quarters that neither James Paterson nor Alfred East were included in the Associates appointed on Friday. Two of the drawings exhibited by Mr East in connection with his candidature for the Associateship—a cornfield and a street scene in Crail—were skilful and cleverly executed works, a remark which also applies to a Moniaive farm-stead shown by Mr Paterson.

The Art Club conversazione fixed for Friday night has been postponed till Thursday next, on account of the lamented death, on Wednesday, of Tom Donald. This constitutes the third break which has occurred of recent years in the circle of our Glasgow artists—the others being those occasioned by the deaths of James Docharty and Alexander M'Glashan.

Now that Mr Donald has gone, the opinion may be freely expressed that, had he lived, his powers were such as would have enabled him to take an important place in West of Scotland art. His contributions, both this year and last year to the Exhibitions of the Scottish Water Colour Society, as well as to those of the Institute, were marked by careful handling and accurate reproduction of nature.

Tuesday's election of Associates to the Royal Academy has given very general satisfaction. Both are young, but both are already celebrated. Robert William Macbeth, who was born in 1848, has not only been a prominent exhibitor at the Royal Academy since '76, the year of the "Lincolnshire Gang," but he is a Grosvenor Gallery man as well, besides being a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and an etcher of much skill and distinction. As is well-known he is the second son of Norman Macbeth, R.S.A., and the younger brother of James Macbeth of this city. Curiously enough E. J. Gregory, while exhibiting powerful, unconventional pictures, year after year, at the Grosvenor, and contributing small landscapes to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, of which he is a member, has not been seen at the Academy for several seasons. His pictures in last year's Grosvenor Gallery were "The Signal"—an upright landscape, and "A Rehearsal"—a girl seated in circular-backed chair, behind which stands a young man in evening dress.

This election of Mr Macbeth gives Scotland a representation of ten in the ranks of the Royal Academy—five Members and five Associates.

The current number of *Decoration*, the London art serial edited by J. Moyr Smith, pays a high compliment to the design for the "Decoration of a Drawing Room," contributed by Joseph Sharp, of this city, to a Wall Decoration Competition which is at present being held in the metropolis. "Mr Sharp," the writer in *Decoration* adds, "has proved, times without number, that he can not only design, but can carry out his designs with refinement and elegance."

The Biggest Pig Market in Scotland—Connal's store.

The Church "Temperance" Society—Clergymen of "moderate" views.

Our Police Chiefs—2.

THERE is not a single twist or crook in the disposition of Superintendent John Boyd. A strong, well-foliaged tree, without eccentricity in trunk or branch. Even if he willed it, he could not be what is called great, either in virtue or vice—could be nothing more, indeed, than a steady-going average influence. He is not heroic, but is a useful mediocre man who could make his way in any sphere. His grand lever is good behaviour, linked to decent faculties and an athletic physique. One can imagine him at school—a plain practical boy, not given to mischief, not even greatly to play, but diligent over his lessons and eager to stand dux in his class. His ability is of the commercial kind. Had he grown up in the atmosphere of trade he would have applied all his energies, and by dint of perseverance have made a fortune. The same spirit guides him in his present position. Chance squeezed him into the police force, and his commercial gift has proved available. Several grades he has occupied, and in each won admiration. He learned the details of his office—not a mighty puzzle—and showed a fine aptitude to carry out the orders of his superiors. Now he poses as Superintendent of the Central District—no mean post for one who a very short time ago was an unknown but wide-awake boy. How to manœuvre a body of constables is not a difficult task; it can be learned by book rule; he has learned it and does the duty with a promptness and correctness that command respect. A most reliable man he is—not one to be lured astray by the will o' the wisp fire of brilliant talents, but one who is always ready at call. His own actions are regular as the clock, and he can work his district like a machine. Whether or not he is inventive and equal to any emergency is a problem which, should a local insurrection take place headed by some hair-brained reformer or a vigilance committee, he may have the opportunity of proving. John is a strictly moral man, and never haunts public-houses—except on duty. He eschews tobacco—so far as outsiders are aware—and walks in the safe way of respectability. In his blue suit and overcoat and unruffled silk hat you may meet him any day in the chief thoroughfares and at public gatherings. He has none of that insolence of office which marks the parvenu, but a sweet and pleasant face, a kindly expression of features that betokens a man of consideration and a gentleman. The manners of the police should be perfect when he fills the chief constable's chair.

Awa' Hame!

AT last Tuesday's meeting of the Barony Parochial Board it was stated that the Woodilee establishment had been described by the Chief Commissioner in Lunacy as the best asylum in the world. Now, this community of ours is afflicted with numerous individuals whose proper abiding-place is an institution like that at Woodilee, but who fancy they were born to administer our affairs—municipal, educational, and so forth. Is there any hope of the Chief Commissioner's eulogium tempting some of these wearifu' bodies into the safe seclusion of their natural home?

AN OLD SAW RE-SET.

(Scene—House in Windsor Terrace; lady and West Highland servant.)

Lady—Mary, your shoes appear rather large for you.

Servant—Yiss, yiss, maam; they wass measure for anither man.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

LAST SIX NIGHTS.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7-30,

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PRINCIPAL SOLOIST—

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MISS JENNIE J. YOUNG, OF NEW YORK,

Will give her Popular Concert-Lecture,

"THE MUSE OF COILA."

The Rev. Mr SCOTT in the Chair.

Tickets—2s, 1s, and 6d—to be had at the Hall and at the Principal Shops.

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SATURDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY, 1883.

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WHICH IS BROWN?

AND

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TO THE QUEEN.



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TO THE
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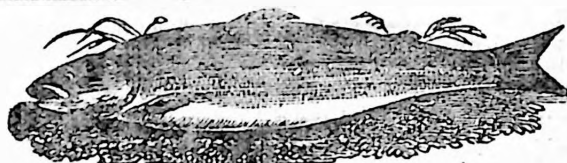
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For every £1000 taken in December 1881, we took over £2300 in December, 1882.

And in January, 1883, our drawings were at the rate of £2000 for each £1000 in January, 1882, or £4000 for each £1000 taken by us in January, 1881. Suppose our drawings in January, 1881, to be £10,000, the proportionate increase for corresponding month in 1882 would be £21,000, and for same month in 1883, £42,000. Be it clearly understood that we do not say that we turned over £42,000 last month. We do not say even that we took £22,000. We merely use the figures to illustrate the proportionate increase. Our Mr Blinnie certifies as under that the figures shown above are substantially accurate.

"I hereby certify that the above figures are correct, and that the rate of increase shown therein is not overstated."

To do a trade in February there is only one way, that is, to sell Goods at such prices that will fairly electrify the citizens. We are prepared to do so. Our stocktaking has turned out well, so we can afford to slash away the residue, and have resolved to make February, 1883, a red letter month—a month never to be forgotten. To secure a share of the Goods that are almost being pitched away, come at once to our

**GREAT FEBRUARY SALE. THE GREATEST SALE OF MODERN TIMES,
AND GRAND GIFT OF £15,000.**

With which is incorporated the Second Portion of the Salvage from the Great Fire in Wood Street, London.

IN OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

there will be Sold This Month Bonnets and Hats that cost double to buy the materials. All that Remains of our Winter Stock at Reductions that seem more like tales from the "Arabian Nights" than real solid downright facts. Our Stock of beautiful Caps and Head-dresses selling off; also, Caps for Widows, for Elderly Ladies, and for Servants, selling off. We also include many of the Latest Novelties for Spring in the general Exhibition of Bonnets, Hats, and Caps that are laid out for imperative Sale This Month.

During February all our Flowers, Feathers, Wings, Aigrets, Pon-Pons, Tufts, at and below—very much below—zero prices. Only fancy, a really Beautiful Ptarmigan Wing, that sold at 1s, for One Halfpenny. All our Real, Rich, Gorgeous French Flowers at half prices. One only £6 Chinchilla Shoulder Cape for £3. One only £6 Real Sable Cape now for £3. Two only Fine Skunk Capes, worth 90s, for 45s. In the New Langtry or Dolman Cape, the latest London idea, we offer the pick of the 4 that are now in stock for half the marked prices—50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, for 25s, 30s, 35s, and 40s. The remains of our Fur Trimmings and Fur Sets at your own prices. Nearly a Ton of Fine Ivory Dress Buttons to be cleared out at One Penny per Card of Three Dozen Buttons; One Hundred, 4s 6d. Beaded Collars, in Black, sale price, 11s 3d. Fringes, Gimps, and Ornaments at lowest prices ever quoted. The Largest Stock of Gimps in Scotland.

During February we will sell 10s 6d Ladies' Ulsters for 2s 11d. All our Ulsters and Newmarkets at bottom prices. Thousands of Jackets, Dolmans, Waterproof Mantles, &c., at almost any price at all. Only 12 Real Seal Jackets—these must be sold during February. We are now prepared to seriously entertain any offer at all. We sell a really good Seal Jacket for 87 10s. We have reduced our others to 14, 22, 25, 28, 33, 35, and 40 Guineas. This is our Reduced Price. Come and see the goods and give us your offer. Such an opportunity cannot occur again. Remember, only 12 now left.

During February we will sacrifice our entire Stock of Seal Hats. Beautiful, soft, close-fitting, Real Seal Hats, worth 25s and 30s, now for 9s 11d. Other Rare Lines at 11s 3d, 1s 11d, to 7s 6d. 100,000 Mohair Bonnets at 4s 3d; this is the ordinary 1s Bonnet. A Special Line of Fine French Felt Princess Bonnets, best shape; the price was 6s, to clear them out we offer them at 2s 3d. We cannot really take less than this. Cartloads of 3s, 2s 6d, 2s, and 1s 6d, Straw Hats, in all the new shapes, for 10s 3d, 8s 3d, 6s 3d, and 4s 3d. See them in our Windows. To crush our would-be rivals for ever we offer 1½ Tons of Bonnet and Hat Shapes, perfect goods, splendid shapes, for One Penny each. Chip Hats, Plush Hats, Velvet Hats, Satin Hats, Straw Hats and Bonnets, of every kind, size, shape, and colour, at prices that would not in many instances pay for the thread with which the Goods are sewn. All this during February.

We will not attend to letter orders for Articles under One Shilling during this great Sale, but we will Sell all our 7s 6d Real Beaver Hats for 2s 11d each.

During February, the red-letter month, we offer the whole of our Ribbon Stock at terrific Reductions. We have Miles upon Miles of Ribbons in Stock To-Day. Black 11-inch Moire Sashes, that were 5s 11d, now for 2s 11d. Japanese Fans for One Penny each.

PICTURES, PICTURES, PICTURES.—A Rare chance.—Our entire stock of Pictures must be out of the House before 1st March; to sell them they have only to be seen at the reduced prices.

GREAT SALVAGE SALE OF UNDERCLOTHING.

10,000 Ladies' Handkerchiefs damaged by water only for 6d, 9s 3d 11s 3d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d per dozen. See this line without delay. Ladies' Night Dresses, Drawers, Chemises, Slipbodies, Casselettes at half the usual prices. Bargains in Dressing Gowns, Toilet Jackets, Flannel Underclothing, &c., &c.

In fact in our Twenty Great Departments there are Bargains that will suit every purse, suit every purchaser, and suit us very well to sell at a reduced rate, in order, as we have already mentioned, to electrify the City, and make February a red-letter month in the annals of the career of

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

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56, 62, 64, 70, 74, 78, 80, 82, 84 JAMAICA STREET.

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 539. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 14th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 539.

OF recent weeks a new measure of interest has sprung up in the community over the Town Council. People talk of its doings, and discuss the merits and demerits of the different members, with a zest which is quite refreshing. What Councillor Martin said last Thursday, and how Councillor Shaw will vote at the next meeting of the Council as a Police Commission, are subjects with which every second man you run against seems more or less to concern himself. The ways and works of Mr W. R. W. Smith form another fertile topic of discussion. Indeed one might now and then be almost led, from the notice taken of him by outsiders, to suppose that W. R. W. was the most important personage in the body municipal. Then there are Mr Campbell and Mr Morrin, new lights both—but neither of whom seems likely to fire the Molindinar—whose progress is eagerly watched by their respective constituents; while Mr H. S. Thomson, the sturdy East-ender who is as Radical in municipal matters as he is Conservative in politics, has supplied a fair heap of nuts upon which the *gobemouches* of the City have of late tried their teeth to less or more purpose, and usually to less rather than more. To-day the Magistrate, yielding to the prevailing feeling, gives his townfolk a portrait of one of the more prominent, albeit that he is one of the younger of their representatives at the Council Board. Bailie DAVID RICHMOND, the junior member for the 14th Ward, is, above all things, a man of action. Eager and anxious, he wears his heart, in a manner, upon his sleeve, so far as his public life is concerned. The candidature of Mr Frost, which most people would have enjoyed as a capital joke, was taken quite in earnest by Mr RICHMOND. And as with Mr

Frost, so in the Town Council, our friend, every now and then, noses out a cause of offence pertaining to himself, where, more likely than otherwise, another member would never for a moment have imagined any offence was meant. But these are only the weaknesses of a thoroughly capable man. The Bailie is clear-headed and ready to a fault. He is, besides, bold enough to always speak out the thought that is in him. While thoroughly alive to the various needs of his Ward, he likewise knows and appreciates the value of the numerous City questions which are constantly coming up for settlement in the Council and occasionally outside of it. As has been said Mr RICHMOND is one of the more juvenile T. C's. He was only, indeed, born in 1843—the Disruption year—and he is therefore the youngest magistrate who has sat on the bench for a score of years at least. Although a native of Perthshire, Bailie RICHMOND may be said to be a Glasgow callant, inasmuch as he was brought to this city in babyhood, and has continued to reside here ever since—with the exception of a short period, when just out of his teens, which was spent in New Zealand and Australia. Something like 15 years ago he began business as an iron-tube manufacturer, and so successful has he become that to-day he owns extensive works, both in Rose Street, on the South-side, and in Govan. The municipal career of our friend only dates from the November election of 1879. Almost, however, from the day he entered the Council, Mr RICHMOND distinguished himself by the quick, alert, and unconventional style of his thinking and action. He collared abuses somewhat after the fashion in which he tripped up the Sauchiehall Street pickpocket, whose capture he described in such graphic terms at a recent meeting of our City Parliament. Unlike many others, Mr RICHMOND'S appointment to the magistracy has in

no way drawn his teeth. While, as he says himself, "perfectly loyal to the chair," he thinks, and speaks, and votes, with as much independence as ever. All things, therefore, considered, the BAILIE has the utmost pleasure in adding the *vera effigies* of Bailie RICHMOND to his gallery of Men you Know. He does this with the greater pleasure, in so far as the publication of his friend's portrait coincides with the returning interest manifested by the citizens in City politics. To the mind of the Magistrate, the fact can never be too much insisted upon, that the more those who pay the rates busy themselves over the manner in which these rates are spent, the better will it be for both the individual ratepayer and the community at large.

A DEFINITION.

(Scene—Highland Police Office.)

Superintendent (to Policeman)—What mean you, 'Tonal', by entering John M'Luish "tramp" in the books of ta offis? What iss a tramp?

Policeman—A tramp, yer 'onor, iss a man wha traivels aboot an' seeks for work and disna want it. (Superintendent is satisfied.)

LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE.—It has been represented to Lord Derby by the "Aborigines Protection Society"—a band of amiable noodles of which at least one of our City representatives is a member—that that interesting savage Langelibalele "is becoming quite idiotic." This at once accounts for the absorbing interest taken by the Society in the coloured gemman in question. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

HOME RULE—WITH A VENGEANCE.

For blundering ways, in bygone days,
We smiled at Pat as assinine;
Now, horror fills our souls with chills,
Pat proves his pals assassinine!
"Ould Oireland" now may justly claim
One hideous separation;
And wear and bear the ghastly name
Of—The Assassin(N)ation!

A Railway Collision—Managers and men falling out.

QU.—What is the difference between minced meat in a sack and wisdom in a proverb? The one is a sausage, the other a sage saw.

The Comedy of Errors—Jeems's recent displays at the meetings of Town Council.

Honey, from 10d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

To Bishop Valentine.

"Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archflamen of Hymen!"—*Lamb.*

HAIL, dear, old Bishop Valentine!—
There's greeting few now give;
But thou wert ever friend of mine,
And shall be while I live.

For you there's none the steeple climbs
And bell-rope lusty draws,
Like as they do in later times
To welcome Santa Claus;

But what of that? thy influence
Is felt by all true hearts
Who have the right poetic sense
And tender, loving parts.

They still have feelings warm for you,
And to their maidens meet
Can frame the charming billet-doux
Filled full with fancies sweet.

And yet, and yet, let's bare the truth,
Thy sway is not so great
With these our dandy later youth
As 'twas in earlier date,

Ay, back and back some hundred years—
Then thou wert king of hearts!
And sent thy Cupids (ricky dears!)
To broadcast fly their darts.

But here's a prophecy; we'll live
To see thee favour gain,
When thou'lt, once more, the message give
To gentle maid and swain.

Thou'lt Cupid stir from rosy bed,
Thou'lt heavy hearts make lighter,
And on thy ancient, worthy head
Will lie Love's might, and mitre.

IN THE BALANCE.

Customer (to Grocer, who is in the habit of giving short weight)—They tell me you were converted at Mr Moody's meetings, Mr Lichtbody. I'm unco gled.

Grocer—Ay; an' what for are ye gled?

Customer—Because ye see the error o' your "weighs" at last.

[But the grocer didn't see the pun, and is still found wanting.]

VOLUNTEERS AND LADIES.—At last week's meeting of the promoters of the St. Mungo Volunteer Wappinschaw a most ungallant desire was manifested to "dispose" and "get quit of" the Ladies' Challenge Plate. Whence this thushness? Have our Volunteers suddenly turned misogynists, or is it the "eternal want of pence" that's "de matter?" In the former case, the proper course would be to return the Plate to its fair and unappreciated donors; in the latter, "mine uncle" is always handy and accommodating.

Sending-in Day.—The 14th.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Fancy "Education."

THE BAILIE has frequently had occasion to comment on the absurd vagaries of modern so-called "education" and "educationists." If some of these wonderful people are to have their way, the schoolboy and schoolgirl of the next generation will have a hard time of it. Professor Blackie is the latest theorist to come forward with fresh burdens for youthful shoulders. The Professor thinks that too little attention is paid in schools to our national religion, history, geography, botany, and so forth, and he would have instruction in "golfing, angling, dancing, racing, putting, and tossing the caber" made a compulsory part of the education of young Scotia. Forcible acquisition of the Gaelic *patois*, of course, from the Professorial point of view, *va sans dire*. If any time can be spared from the hours devoted to painfully acquiring a barbarous jargon and mastering the intricacies of the Highland Fling, Dr Blackie would, it is to be hoped, allow some little attention to be paid to those humbler branches which are of some practical benefit. It is wonderful what unutterable nonsense a clever man can talk when he gives his mind to it.

DOING HIS BEST.

(Scene—School-room.)

Teacher (who has been out, has suddenly returned and discovered a small boy dancing on a form)—You young rascal, what are you doing there?

Small Boy (scratching his pate)—If ye please, mum, I wis learning Johnnie M'Phee a step or twa in the Hielan' fling.

GASSY.—"During the hour of waiting" in the City Hall on Wednesday evening for the commencement of the Members' meeting "the gaslights in the roof were only partially turned on"—a piece of "severe economy" objected to by the *Herald*. By the time the meeting was over, however, all present must have felt that they had had plenty of "gas," if not much "light."

STUDY FOR STATUE FOR NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.—The Councillor that, in taking a turn in opening the municipal meetings with prayer, "would not shirk his duty."

A Practising Solicitor—A street beggar.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

On 'Change.

MIDLOTHIAN oil shares were as agitated last week as if the Grand Old Man himself had been troubling the waters with the exuberance of his own verbosity. It did appear singular that at a time when business generally is not especially bad, and oil shares happen to be particularly good, so great a fall should have occurred in the shares of one company. Such an event might have shaken the faith that is in me regarding the oil trade of Scotland, had I not been aware of one or two circumstances which are probably unknown to the public at large. Mr Abernethy may be a Grand Old Man in the truest acceptation of the term. I have no means of knowing, inasmuch as I do not enjoy the privilege of being acquainted with him, but in this instance it seems to me that he more nearly resembles the Old Man of the Sea, whom the hero of a certain Oriental romance was desirous to be rid of.

There are managers and managers, differing from each other in knowledge just as one star differs from another in glory. There are also directors and directors, for one may deal in coals while his colleagues are tailors or hatters. If I were to have my choice as to whether coals, clothes, or hats should direct a company in which I was concerned, I believe I should say coals. Hats and coats are not supposed to know so much of these matters. But were I powerless, and compelled to elect coals, clothes, and hats as directors of my company, I should assuredly desire to have an efficient manager. At the same time I would stipulate that the manager should not altogether manage the directors. There is a common-sense ring about this theory which recommends it, but unfortunately it is one of those aphorisms which are too often overlooked. The neglect of it causes trouble, and when that happens the manager generally resigns, but there are usually plenty of rising managers ready to step into the vacant boots. The alleged influx of water may be dismissed as of no consequence. The whole affair resolved itself into a question of retorts. In this case it was not the "retort courteous."

Pliny tells us that the Romans drew much gold from the Spanish provinces of Leon and Galicia. The promoters of the Rio Sil Mining Co., Limited, derive intense consolation from this interesting circumstance, and quote Pliny's remarks as reasons why subscriptions should be asked to the extent of £350,000 in £1 shares. I never had any great notion of these gold mines, with their undying £1 shares playing down to the level of the meanest capacity. Friends looked sourly at me because I told the truth about their nebulous properties, and dissipated their golden dreams, but the unwelcome experience of the last few years proved that I was perfectly correct. If I had my choice I should prefer a respectably worked mine in Galicia to a quartz-squeezing arrangement at Mysore. Whatever may be the result of this new company, it appears that the people connected with it are well intentioned and of good repute.

North British, that most slippery of stocks, is in the ascendant. It is amusing to be told, every now and then, that Stalker and Sheeland are buying. There is no reason why the stock should advance, or why these amiable twins should invest earnings, hardly won by the sweat of their manly brows, in a profitless speculation, but everybody says they are in the swim, and talk the stock up accordingly. When Stalker stalks out those talkers will sing a milder tune.

The directors of the Indian Glenrock Gold Mining Co. complain that their credit is impaired by a rumour that all the capital is expended. They have a grievance, if people have been talking the company down, and are quite right to make their position known. Indian Gold companies, however, have been mostly pitfalls, and apparently the best that the Indian Glenrock can say is that the company is still holding on and hopeful.

Dynamite is a profitable commodity but it sometimes keeps those who deal with it in a parlous state. Hull and Irvine have been lately afflicted in that way, and the objections to the discharge of the cargo of the Cato in the Humber find a sort of parallel in the little port on the sandy coast of Ayrshire.

SCRUTATOR.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Edward Compton, who opens to-night at the Royalty, began, in a sense, his artistic career at the Glasgow Theatre-Royal. It is true that he had appeared for a short space in Bristol and elsewhere before he came here, but it was under the management of Mr William Glover that he really and truly "went on the stage." This was early in 1875, almost his first part at the Royal being that of *Captain Hawksley*, which he played to the *John Mildmay* of Mr Walter Bentley. After remaining some eighteen months at the Royal, Mr Compton sustained various important parts in the higher drama at Birmingham and in London, and went on tours with Miss Wallis and poor Adelaide Neilson. Latterly he has organised a company of his own for the performance of the Shakespearian comedy and the comedy of the last century.

In style, Mr Compton takes largely after his father—the late Henry Compton of the Haymarket—whose life he has written.

Mr Compton's company is an unusually efficient one. In Miss Marie Rhodes, Miss Clara Cowper, Miss Sylvia Hodgson, and Mrs Bickerstaffe he possesses four skilled and experienced actresses, while the veteran Lewis Ball is familiar with all the best traditions of the stage, and Messrs Burton, Valentine, and Blythe are comedians whose acting always satisfies even a critical audience.

"The Comedy of Errors" will be played at the Royalty to-night, and to-morrow, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. "The School for Scandal" is announced for Friday, and "Wild Oats" for Saturday.

Next Monday Mr Knapp produces "Rob Roy," with Mr M'Neil in the *title-role*.

Mr Knapp will take his annual benefit next week.

"Robinson Crusoe" will conclude his career at the Grand Theatre on Saturday evening, on which occasion Mr Charles will take his benefit, which will be under the patronage, and will be graced with the presence, of the most noble the Earl of Breada bane.

The "Lights o' London" will be revived next Monday at the Grand Theatre, when Mr Leonard Boyne will repeat his powerful impersonation of *Harold Armitage*, and Miss Helen Matthews—who was *Ida* when Mr Irving produced "The Two Roses," at the London Lyceum in the December of '81—will be *Bess Marks*. What a success, to be sure, has this piece proved wherever it has been played. Well may Mr Sims exclaim:—

"O gleaming lamps of London,
That gem the city's crown;
What fortunes lie within you,
O lights of London town."

When the "Lights o' London" takes its departure from Mr Charles's house—which will be on Saturday the 3rd of March—it will be replaced on Monday, the 5th, by "Pluck," the Drury Lane drama constructed by Messrs Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. "Pluck" will run at the Grand for three weeks.

"New Babylon" will replace "The World," this evening, at the South Side Theatre. This, it may be recollected, was the piece with which Mr Beryl opened. It was a success then, and there seems no question that it will be a success now.

The drama of "Ambition's Slave," which will be placed on Mr Beryl's stage next Monday for the first time, is a piece in which, as it seems to me, poor Charles Dillon used to appear. Its author is Mr Fox, who was long Dillon's acting manager, and is at present directing the tour of the "Youth" company of Messrs Holt and Wilmot. The part taken by Dillon, that of *Spadra the Satirist*, will be played at the Princesses Theatre by Mr Clarence Holt.

The pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast" continues its popular career at the Gaiety Theatre, the "houses" last week having been among the best of the season. Mr Heslop has to be congratulated upon the wonderful success of this, his first Christmas and holiday entertainment. It runs, as has formerly been stated, for another fortnight. Mr Fred. Sidney, by-the-bye, announces that Friday first has been set apart for his benefit.

In the City Hall on Saturday, Lord Young showed what slaves we are to custom, by depositing, upon the desk before him, a bundle of legal-like documents, wrapped up, in true judicial fashion, with a piece of red tape, and evidently containing jottings of the "ideas" concerning teachers and teaching he gathered from "a reverend gentleman" during the previous luncheon. Who, by the bye, was this reverend "coach?" In a line with his Lordship was Mr Fife, whose mind constantly wandered to some papers he held in his hand, which he scanned as eagerly and as attentively as an urchin does his "catechism," and which afterwards proved to be a speech, and one which ought surely to take rank as the most monotonous ever delivered from a public platform.

The most imposing spectacle on the occasion was that presented by 'Arry and Rubbart, who sat cheek by jowl throughout the afternoon. The 'umble one never looked to better advantage in his life, as he strained his neck and threw back his head so that his noble forehead might be shown in its full development. The dominies, as they gazed upon this mighty pair, must have relished his Lordship's unconscious satire when he remarked upon the "worthy and noble band" who look after the education of the youth of Glasgow.

Last week I ventured to prophesy—not without knowing of course—that "Waterloo" would prove a big success at Hengler's Circus. I was hardly prepared, however, to find this success so very pronounced. I may mention that Mr Powell meant to bring the season to a close on Thursday the 1st March, and to open in Newcastle on Saturday, the 3rd. The enthusiastic reception of "Waterloo" may, however, prolong the stay for some time after the Ides of March.

Mr T. A. Robinson, who has been appointed City Accountant, with a salary of £400 per annum, is quite a young man, and in appearance looks even younger than he really is. At present he is in the employment of Messrs Thomson, Jackson, Gourlay, and Taylor. By those who know him Mr Robinson is regarded as a man of first rate abilities.

The Small Debt Court on Wednesday last, when Sheriff Mair occupied the bench, had all the appearance of being "boycotted." The cases were not one-third of the number which usually fall to be settled at Wednesday's Courts—the busiest of the whole week—and his Lordship was able to dispose of the business brought before him by two o'clock. The effect of ignoring Wednesday's Court, however, will be to increase the work of the other Sheriffs on Mondays and Thursdays.

If one may judge from the sale of the good-wills of three public-houses in the Faculty Hall the other day, the agitation against the liquor traffic, and the prospects of Local Option, are not viewed with much confidence by some people. The prices realised are interesting. The good-will alone, of a shop at 117 Parliamentary Road, with a rental of £78 10s, brought the startling price of £1,095; that of another in Crown Street, with a rental of £65, was knocked down at £335; while the good-will of the "Old Store" at Cambuslang found a purchaser at £510. What have the chiefs of the Blue Ribbon Army to say to this?

The East End Fine Art Loan Exhibition, promoted by the Galleries Committee of the Town Council, will be opened in the Tobago Street Police Hall, next Saturday, and will remain open till the middle of April. Besides Fine Art objects, there will be a number of exhibits on view, illustrative of certain of the East End Industries, various excellent examples of these having been supplied from the South Kensington Museum.

Mr Airlie has engaged Mr Edward Lloyd, Miss Eleanor Farnol, Miss Mary Horton, and Mr Franklin Clive, together with Mr John Jeffreys and M. Victor Buziau, for Saturday evening's City Hall concert. Notwithstanding the appearance of this fine company, the prices will remain as usual.

"They say" that Councillor Miller's motion with regard to prayer would have been carried at Thursday's meeting of the Town Council, had it not been the prospect opened up by Mr Martin's intimation that, were it adopted, he "would insist that every member of the Council should take part in the ceremony, and that he, for one, would not shirk when his turn came." Mr Miller, who is the meekest of mortals, was the candidate in whose favour the electors of the Second Ward rejected Jeems two years ago. Secularly, he is a member of the firm of Forsyth, Miller, & Co., and, ecclesiastically, he is an elder in Finnieston Free Church. Somehow or another, he always seems to me quite out of his element at Town Council meetings.

Quite an instructive commentary on the property mania of half-a-dozen years ago was provided to-day in the Faculty Hall, when Mr Macdougall, of the Greenock Mansion House, exposed a property in Blythwood Holm for sale at £35,000, and didn't find a single bidder. Well, this same property, what time everybody was rushing into stone and lime, was bought by Mr Gavin Park for £48,000, and shortly thereafter he was offered, by a Syndicate of speculators, an advance of £7,000 on his purchase money, or £55,000 in all, if he would turn his bargain over to them. The offer, however, was deemed inadequate, and the negotiation fell to the ground. This was about '76; in '83 the building cannot find a purchaser at a reduction of £20,000 on the sum refused by Mr Park.

A kindly feeling prevails betwixt some of our professors and the poor dominies who work so much into their hands. At a meeting of the Glasgow branch of the Educational Institute on Saturday next, Professor Jebb has arranged to be present and deliver a lecture. His subject is "Notes of a Visit to the Troad." The Professor's University subject is not a favourite in our Board Schools. Only three schools have taken it up—Garnethill, City Public (boys), and Oatlands. Last year there were but 22 boys learning Greek, and of these only 13 ventured to face an Inspector. Clearly, Greek is "Greek" to the school boy of the period.

The intimation that Colonel Majendie is to make another examination this week of the wrecked gasometer at Tradeston has caused quite a flutter among the Gas Committee. The Crown authorities are evidently resolved to fix conclusively whether the explosion was caused by fools-play or foul-play, or, to put it otherwise, by what Mr Foulis says. The Colonel cannot explain everything so quickly as the gas manager, but then he may do so more correctly.

The first edition of the Municipal Loans Bill was beyond the comprehension of the Town Council. It has now been tinkered once, and is to be put through the process a second time, preparatory to its being strangled by Lord Redesdale—if it ever gets his length. The Treasurer of the Water Trust has declared it to be nonsense, and his committee reserve the right to back out of it, while the supplementary and unlimited assessment clauses show what a stupid joke may be made out of the idea of consolidation. Altogether, therefore, the life of the bantling is likely to be a short and dull one.

Most people, both far and near, have hitherto regarded the Columba as quite perfect, whether as regards comfort or elegance. Not so, however, Mr David M'Brayne. Determining to render his flagship even more popular than heretofore, Mr M'Brayne is having her re-upholstered and decorated against the coming tourist season.

So successful has been the system of weekly tours in the West Highlands, introduced last season by Mr M'Brayne, that he has been compelled to add another steamer, for this special service, to his already numerous fleet. This is the "Cavalier," which was launched to-day from the building-yard of Aitken & Mansel, and which is intended as a sister-ship to the "Staffa," on the route between Glasgow and Inverness. The engines for the "Cavalier" have been constructed by Messrs Muir & Caldwell.

The rate for the prevention and suppression of juvenile delinquency will either be required to be increased next year or a radical change be effected in the conduct of the business of the Board. According, I understand, to the accounts about to be published, the expenditure exceeds the income and estimate of the Directors by about £1400. In the case of the Maryhill Institution the expenditure is 60 per cent, greater than was estimated at the beginning of the financial year. It may be remembered that this is the institution whose managers would not allow the girls under their charge to visit Mr Hengler's circus when invited thither by Mr Powell.

The minority of the Town Council who wished the meetings of that body opened by prayer may be interested to learn that all Juvenile Delinquency Board committee meetings are opened by prayer, and in some committees the members—anticipating Mr Martin's suggestion—preach Sunday about to the—in this respect much-to-be-sympathised-with—children committed to their charge. Perhaps if, say for a year, the Directors confined their attention and energies to the lay, or business side of managing these institutions, we might hear less of the ever-increasing loss and cost to the ratepayers and insubordinate outbreaks on the part of the inmates.

What is aptly described and known as the "Three P Policy"—preaching, praying, and punishing—has now had a pretty fair trial, and all that seems to come out of it are high rates and rebellious outbreaks.

It is whispered that the worthy Directors got a terrible wigging last Wednesday from the Commissioners for the revelations made by the accounts.

The annual dinner of the Largs Yacht Club will be held in the Grand Hotel on the Tuesday of next week, with the Commodore, Mr John Clark, of the Condor, in the chair. In the course of the evening Major Heys, of the Amy, will be presented with his portrait.

Homer sometimes rods, and W. R. W. goes now and then a-fishing. The absence of Mr Smith from the "prayerful" discussion at Thursday's meeting of the Town Council is explained by his presence in the neighbourhood of Kenmore. On the previous day he killed a 15lb salmon in Loch Tay.

It is said that one of our prominent local insurance companies is about to be incorporated with a well-known London company, indeed that the arrangements are in such a forward state that they only require the sanction of the shareholders to be carried into effect. The happy manager, I understand, of the Scottish company is to be annexed by the Englishmen along with his concern, the value set upon his services by his new employers being no less than £1,200 per annum. How the new arrangement will be received by the shareholders remains to be seen.

It is understood that, in the event of St. George's Church being replaced by the advertising station of an Insurance Company, the new church will be erected in St. George's Road, a circumstance, they say, which will severely disappoint certain members of the Council, who had quite another site looked out for the new edifice.

Messrs M'Tear & Co. will dispose to-day (Tuesday) in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms of an interesting collection of pictures and water-colour drawings. It includes examples of F. W. Topham, William Small, James Peel, and Alfred Vickers—artists of distinction all of them.

HIS YEARS ARE OLD, BUT HIS EXPERIENCE YOUNG.

The "Young" idea how to suit:
He sow'd the seed, and this the Fruit—
The scholar cramm'd the "grant" for reaching,
The teacher paid, the parent teaching.

Smelling Salts—The unwashed of the fo'c'sle.

Quavers.

WITH this week our ninth annual series of Chor 1 and Orchestral Concerts comes to a close. On Tuesday evening Handel's "Samson" (1742) is to be performed. The oratorio was last given by the Union in 1867. Nelson Varley was then the *Samson*, Lewis Thomas *Harapha* the giant champion, Middle. Drasdil and Madame Lemmens Sherrington respectively the contralto and soprano principals. The orchestra could not be of the very perfect character we are now accustomed to, but the chorus was probably as excellent as it has been at any time during its long existence as a society. On the present occasion the solo vocalists are Mr Maas, Signor Foli, Mr Henry Blower, Miss Anna Williams, and Madame Bolingbroke, whose parts can easily be cast by all having any acquaintance with the music. Ebenezer Prout's additional accompaniments will be played at this performance.

On Wednesday night the subscription series ends, and with a somewhat light and cheerful yet classic programme of orchestral selections. A plebscite is to be taken as on Saturday evening, and the pieces having the greatest number of votes will (under certain arrangements) form the programme of next Saturday's concert, which will be the conclusion of what will probably prove to be the most successful season, financially, since the establishment of the series, as it has certainly been not one of the least important artistically.

Mr Cowen conducted everything *memoriter* last Saturday evening—a remarkable and early accomplishment of his.

Mr Manns being about to leave us again for his regular duties at Sydenham, the opportunity may be taken of venturing, on behalf of the public, an expression of hearty thanks for his untiring and warm interest in these concerts. Remembering the somewhat perfunctory manner in which these duties have sometimes been performed by other conductors, we cannot too highly appreciate Mr Manns, particularly in his often troublesome dual capacity of orchestral and choral conductor, a combination of responsibilities, we should think, pretty difficult to fill. *Au revoir*, then, good friend Manns.

The Choral Union will hold their annual conversazione next Monday evening, in St. Andrew's Halls.

A concert was given by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Musical Association on Thursday evening last, in the National Halls. Henry Lahee's "Building of the Ship" was performed. It cannot exactly be said that the chorus went "off the rails" at any time during the night's musical journey, but the "run" was not quite so smooth as it might have been. The train carried the following "first class" passengers—Misses Johnstone and Seaton, and Messrs Fleming and Wallace; Mr J. M'Kean, and Messrs W. Davidson and A. M'Kendrick, contending the figure, may be said to have filled the parts of conductor, engineer, and stoker.

By the way, the names of the soloists were rather unintelligently incorporated with the text of the cantata in the programme of the G. and S.-W. concert, the idea being conveyed that they were those of characters in Longfellow's poem.

Last Wednesday evening a very creditable performance of Dr Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus" was given by the choir of Parkhead Parish Church, under the conductorship of Mr R. Buchanan, Jun. The accompaniments were supplied by a small orchestra, aided by piano and harmonium, the latter instruments being played by Messrs J. Buchanan and W. A. M'Avener.

A requisition from a number of ministers and elders of the Free Church in Glasgow—Dr Bruce, Principal Douglas, and Dr Marcus Dods being among the former—has been received by the Glasgow Select Choir, asking them to give a service of sacred music, chiefly to be selected from the new Free Church Hymn and Tune Book, so as to bring that very fine collection more effectively before the denomination in the district, and generally as an example of expressive church praise. The demonstration, which is a first-rate idea, will probably take place about the end of March.

The Port o' Leith.

THE public business of Leith is conducted with considerable liveliness. Last Tuesday the half-yearly meeting of the South Parochial Board was held, and on the same day the Town Council met. Two members of the former body exchanged what are described as "scurrilous remarks," while in the latter assembly the scandalised Provost felt himself compelled to deprecate "vehement personalities" which "perfectly shocked him." The BAILIE is not aware whether or not the School Board of Leith has the advantage of possessing a Ladywell among its members, but if so the flourishing eastern port need not be afraid of comparisons even with Glasgow.

BEAD, EH?—Peter's latest euphemism, when asked to explain his frequent absences "round the corner," is to assert with gravity that he has been engaged in studying the Venerable *Bede*.

SWEET PERTNESS.

Mother—Tommy, you naughty boy, if you lick that jam I'll lick you,—and how would you like that?

Tommy—Oh, I shouldn't mind if you used the same thing for lickin' me wi'.

SWEEP ON, YOU FAT AND GREASY CITIZENS, 'TIS JUST "THE FASHION."—*As You Like It*.

About played out by upper classes

Th' æsthetic tirlly-whirl,

Their plaything now's to raise the masses

By founding of a "Kyrle."

But 'stead by men of light and leading,

And dames in fashion's gloss,

There's nought like this towards succeeding—

First catch a "Man of Ross."

MORE CHAIR-MAN TO THE MATTER.—Mr Neil is reported to have said, at a recent meeting of Town Council, "that the good to the chair of prayer would be good for the Council generally." A "chair of prayer" is surely more associated with a University than with a Council chamber.

A SLIGHT OMISSION.—Shopkeepers that complained about rating said nothing about streets having to be paved with wood, and special boy sweepers organised.

"Tannahill's Well"—Well, we have pleasure in hearing it.

A Vacant See—A glass eye.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Two Right-Worshipful Bodies.

CIRCUMSTANCES, we were told of old, shape character, and action hourly illustrates the ancient adage.

On Wednesday last, that reverend body, the Established Church Presbytery, met in the Council Chambers—the antique hall behind the Tron steeple being under renovation, a process that might be applied with advantage to its visitors, the collective clerics. But that is an aside, and a graceless reflection. The conclave in the Chambers was unique. There has been nothing like it before, and probably never will be again. The influence of the municipal atmosphere inspired the parsons; the spirit of Goliath was upon every member. The pious joviality that reigns in the regular court-house was absent, and a mood of business was the prominent feature of the august body. Every face was contracted into rigid seriousness, there was a fell purpose in every eye. Let the Chamber maintain its dignity, was the firm resolve, and not a man of the ministers was there but strained his nerves to realise it. Even conversation and friendly pastoral indulgence were banished; and work, work, work became the motto of the sacred cogitators.

The mighty M'Naught—a presbytery in himself—swelled into secular proportions, and seemed as if he could have framed a sewage bill on the spot; Ladywell, was magnificent, even terrible, and could have gladiated with the fiercest Pope who ever bare sway in Christendom; there was something of intelligence in the glance of the melancholy M'Lachlan; the “young man from Kelvinhaugh” seemed to have lost something of his maidenlike beauty, and to have become austere; Dr F. L. was vigorous and pointed; and the gentle whine that makes the Master of the Barony so beloved by his flock was transformed into a faint, far-off echo of a Herculean groan; there was even something of a smile on the dry, stereotyped visage of Dr Smith.

The Presbytery Court was in a business mood, so much so that it completely floored the giant M'Naught—sat upon him, indeed, for one day at least. Could it only continue its meetings in the Municipal room, even the Rev. Robert might be subdued into sweetness, if not light.

Every Institution has its influence—another time-worn truth. The Town Council met next day in the same Chamber. An air of sanctity seemed to linger round the walls, and to shed a softening influence over the Councillors. Nay, the fates were working in the way of peace. It so happened that prayer was the main subject of discussion with our able representatives—the opening of Council with “devotional exercises.” It was a mildish proposition by the good Mr Miller, and served only to reveal the rampant unrighteousness that rules our rulers. Only twelve faithful men were found out of half a hundred! O spirit of John Knox! Yet there be pious souls among the renegades—people who believe in the “principle,” but not in the “expediency,” of prayer.

And why should there not be a prefatorial prayer—every man taking his turn? An extempore effusion from James of the East, Wilson the rough and ready, the critical Gray, the razor-worded Smith, or the funereal Torrens, would be medicine enough to physic the frivolity from the most outrageous trifle!

But, after all, our Councillors are sensible. Not one of them is so fond of contrasts as to seriously propose that a menagerie should be opened with prayer. Indeed, their wisdom and their sense were shown in the discussion of the subject. Still fresh in their minds was the presbyterial meeting of the previous day, and they did not outrage the sacred association by any extraordinary violence, lively though Thursday's oratory was.

If the Council is grateful, it will next month insert a cordial vote of thanks in its minutes to the Auld Kirk Presbytery.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Professor (to student)—What do you understand by hokie-pokie?

Student—Calcined hoar frost!

[Professor “mizzles” disgusted.]

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT two of our City Members gave account of their stewardship last week.

That the one was all complacency and the other all defiance.

That there was no attempt to explain the prolonged absence of the third Member.

That no method of cutting that Gordian knot has yet been suggested.

That the Buchanan Street oracle was, as usual, down on the “middling” member.

That Granny thinks no good can possibly come out of Union Street.

That when the old lady returns a proprietor as Member, “all the ills that flesh is heir to” will be removed.

That last week's meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery read like a meeting of Town Council.

That the Town Council gathering resembled a meeting of Presbytery.

That, at the latter, the Abbotsford and Ladywell slashers were all over the shop.

That there was a deal of “sparring for wind.”

That the whole affair was a “wind” exhibition.

That the way these clerical brethren manage to dwell in unity is perfectly surprising.

That the Council's debate furnished food for reflection.

That everybody was afraid to directly oppose Mr Miller's prayerful motion.

That the speeches of Messrs Martin and Neil settled the question of prayer.

That Jeems was in favour of members officiating in person.

That he, for one, “would not shirk his duty.”

That this was the very last straw.

That the moving of the “previous question” was a “happy thought.”

That even the Lord Provost seized the golden opportunity it afforded of getting safely over a dilemma.

That the “previous question” carried the day.

That Honorary Secretary M'Dougall was put down at Monday's Local Option meeting.

That he richly deserved the snubbing he got.

That notwithstanding the snubbing the Honorary Secretary didn't seem the least abashed.

The “Brightest Gem of the See”—The Assassination Nation. (Or, says Asinus, a blood-stone.)

Buy an “A. C. T.” Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

WALTER WILSON & CO.'S

GRAND COMBINATION SALE

DURING FEBRUARY.

THE MOST WONDERFUL WEEK AT THE MOST
WONDERFUL SALE. THE KING OF ALL SALES.
THE GREATEST SALE OF MODERN TIMES.
THE GREAT FIRE SALVAGE SALE.

Besides putting the knife into every line in the Establishment we will give away to each purchaser of 5s worth this day and till further notice

A PURSE AS A GIFT,

Each containing 4 sovereigns, 1 half-sovereign, 1 half-crown, 1 florin, 2 shillings, 6 sixpences, and 6 pennies, all in miniature coin and representing a total of

FIVE POUNDS.

Ladies and Gentlemen will please note that we can only give one purse with the money in it to each customer.

IN OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

there will be Sold This Month Bonnets and Hats that cost double to buy the materials. All that Remains of our Winter Stock at Reductions that seem more like tales from the "Arabian Nights" than real solid downright facts. Our Stock of beautiful Caps and Head-dresses selling off; also, Caps for Widows, for Elderly Ladies, and for Servants, selling off. We also include many of the Latest Novelties for Spring in the general Exhibition of Bonnets, Hats, and Caps that are laid out for imperative Sale This Month.

During February all our Flowers, Feathers, Wings, Aigrets, Pon-Pons, Tufts, at and below—very much below—zero prices. Only fancy, a really Beautiful Ptarmigan Wing, that sold at 1s, for One Halfpenny. All our Real, Rich, Gorgeous French Flowers at half prices. One only £6 Chinchilla Shoulder Cape for £3. One only £6 Real Sable Cape now for £3. Two only Fine Skunk Capes, worth 90s, for 45s. In the New Langtry or Dolman Cape, the latest London idea, we offer the pick of the 4 that are now in stock for half the marked prices—50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, for 25s, 30s, 35s, and 40s. The remains of our Fur Trimmings and Fur Sets at your own prices. Nearly a Ton of Fine Ivory Dress Buttons to be cleared out at One Penny per Card of Three Dozen Buttons; One Hundred, 4s 6d. Beaded Collars, in Black, sale price, 11½d. Fringes, Gimps, and Ornaments at lowest prices ever quoted. The Largest Stock of Gimps in Scotland.

During February we will sell 10s 6d Ladies' Ulsters for 2s 11d. All our Ulsters and Newmarkets at bottom prices. Thousands of Jackets, Dolmans, Waterproof Mantles, &c., at almost any price at all. Only 10 Real Seal Jackets—these must be sold during February. We are now prepared to seriously entertain any offer at all. We sell a really good Seal Jacket for £7 10s. We have reduced our others to 14, 22, 25, 28, 3, 35, and 40 Guineas. This is our Reduced Price. Come and see the goods and give us your offer. Such an opportunity cannot occur again.

During February we will sacrifice our entire Stock of Seal Hats. Beautiful, soft, close-fitting. Real Seal Hats, worth 25s and 30s, now for 9s 11d. Other Rare Lines at 11½d. 1s 11d, to 7s 6d. 100,000 Mohair Bonnets at 4½d; this is the ordinary 1s Bonnet. A Special Line of Fine French Feit Princess Bonnets, best shape; the price was 6s, to clear them out we offer them at 2½d. We cannot really take less than this. Cartloads of 3s, 2s 6d, 2s, and 1s 6d, Straw Hats, in all the new shapes, for 10½d, 8½d, 6½d, and 4½d. See them in our Windows. To crush our would-be rivals for ever we offer 1½ Tons of Bonnet and Hat Shapes, perfect goods, splendid shapes, for One Penny each. Chip Hats, Plush Hats, Velvet Hats, Satin Hats, Straw Hats and Bonnets, of every kind, size, shape, and colour, at prices that would not in many instances pay for the thread with which the Goods are sewn. All this during February.

COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONATIA,

56, 62, 64, 70, 74, 78, 80, 82, 84 JAMAICA STREET.

PHRENOLOGY.

CONSULTATIONS DAILY, FROM 10 TO 9.

What am I best adapted for? In what path in life shall my boy be most successful—trade or profession?

Catalogue of Works and Terms sent Post Free.

JAMES COATES, PHRENOLOGIST, &C.,
62 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW

LECTURE EVERY FRIDAY, AT 8 P.M.—JAN. 26,
"LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE."

Every one should hear it. The Bailie will be there. Tickets, 6d.

"O L D M O S E S"
SCOTCH WHISKY.

To be had only from the Proprietors,
J. & J. STEEL, COWCADDENS.

EARLY LAMB.—A Regular Supply at
JAMES BUTTERS,

519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
Purveyor of Marriage Dinners and Evening Parties.
8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

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TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, *Estab'd. 1852.*

Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,

POKE, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.

REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

S T. M U N G O C A F E

58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
PURVEYORS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
CHAS. SHORTHILL, PROPRIETOR.

LONDON.

THE BALMORAL HOTEL.

(SCOTCH HOUSE.)

229 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Central for Business and Pleasure.

BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTENDANCE, 4s 6d.
No Extras.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

M. F. THOMPSON, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,

From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,

FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

JOHN GARDINER & SONS'

FINEST OLD

SCOTCH WHISKY, 3s. Per Bottle.

215 EGLINTON STREET (Corner of Cumberland Street).

FINEST BRANDY PROCURABLE.

HENNESSY'S 1869 Vintage, imported 1870. Bottled in H.M. Customs Bond by M. ROBIN & SON, 9 East Howard Street. 70s per Dozen.

FINEST GENUINE OLD

D. C. L.
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WHISKY,

PHENIX PARK DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.

The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS:—These Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this Company is to be met with."

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LIMITED,
153 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1883.

AT the meeting of the Town Council on Thursday last, Bailie WILSON asked why should not the Licensing Courts be opened with prayer, because guidance was needed there more than anywhere else. This statement was received with so much laughter that the Bailie protested that he was not speaking in a jocular way. Many well informed persons are of opinion that Licensing Courts in general are past praying for, as the saying is, and Bailie WILSON may be taken as inclining to this view, seeing that he objected to the proposed use of prayer, while affirming the need for guidance. The potency of back-stair influence in Licensing Courts is said to be as alarming as its frequency. The scriptural injunction to provide for friends is duly observed, but the love which should be shown to enemies is ruled to be inapplicable to licenses. The favoured few have only to ask in order to get new ones or transfers; all others get justice weighed out to them, very much, it is affirmed, according to the weight of the influence they can command. If there be a hole in the applicant's coat some virtuous magistrate will kindly point it out, though he may unaccountably fail to turn up at the next Court if the case is continued for inquiry. In such circumstances it would be as unsafe to conclude that the aforesaid magistrate had not been "got at" as it would be to say that the police had not favourites among the applicants. What is Bailie WILSON'S opinion of the probable effect of prayer on some Police Superintendent reports? How does it come that they, as well as the magistrates, have to be canvassed and conciliated? Of course there are magistrates and officials who are as much disgusted with the present system as are the respectable part of the spirit trade. Gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come as well as of those received, and hence publicans, with brewers and distillers and their agents, must, through common interest, humour those who are in any way supposed to be able to influence licenses. But such humouring would become terribly serious if these latter were in all cases to be rewarded with a banquet, a daub of themselves, or a purse of sovereigns. Prayer might be wasted on the recipients, but commiseration could not be thrown away on the subscribers. Opportunely spoken, Bailie WILSON!

A "General" Order.

MR "GENERAL" BOOTH announces that he intends, so far as London is concerned, to keep the howling nuisances under his command from making day and night hideous in the streets. They are, for the future, to go through their epileptic blasphemies in something like privacy. This is good news for the Londoners, who were, much against their will, seriously thinking of taking the law into their own hands; but are we "provincials" not to be permitted to share in the benefits of the "General's" act of clemency? Is every decent feeling still to be outraged, till some serious riot, attended probably by destruction of property and loss of life, brings the authorities to their senses? The step which Booth has had the common decency, or perhaps the common prudence, to take in London furnishes our rulers here with an excellent opportunity for enforcing the law against public disorders and improprieties.

MRS M'LARTY ONCE MORE.

(Scene—Village school.)

Lady Visitor (to a very dirty child)—Jane, why don't you come with a clean face to school?

Jane (after some hesitation)—Please, ma'am, mither canna spare me ony saft water, and she wunna hae me use hard for it cracks ma skin.

WELCOME WILLIAM.

"Returning from his finished tour,"
The People's Will, the party power,
The Grand Old Man, Hellenic scholar,
With new-got-up both health and collar,
Again into th' arena springs
With old, yet fresh impetuosity;
Again throughout the House there rings
"Th' exuberance of his own verbosity."

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—A local contemporary heads a column in large letters—"Address by Lord Young," and thus briefly reports it:—"Lord Young then addressed the company upon educational matters." Would that some others of our orators could be thus briefly disposed of.

A local shipping agent advertises a vessel to "follow the 'Wild Deer.'" How far is she to follow that unfortunate craft? To the bottom?

The Time of (K)nox, to Wit—Asinus says they were called "The Dark Ages" because there were then so many (k)nights.

A Bet of a Sovereign—The great Elizabeth.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street. Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

"Model" Liberals.

COLONEL HAMILTON, M.P., enthusiastically declares the Cambusnethan Liberal Association to be a "model" body, and so it appears to be—regarded, that is to say, as a Liberal Association. The eulogium in question was pronounced immediately after a statement of the Association's financial position, from which it appears that its annual expenditure is £9 15s 3d, and that it is at present in debt to the alarming extent of 10s 5d. This is, no doubt, a "model" state of things when looked at from a Liberal point of view; but if the associated Liberals of Cambusnethan are wise they will make a mighty effort to raise that 10s 5d before their next annual meeting. They will thus avoid giving a handle to enemies who entertain non-Liberal views as to what constitutes "model" finance.

THE LEAL LOTHIAN.

Unto the Lothians (lost "Mid"-way)

There's now returning glory:

The wise men o' the "East" return

By 92 a Tory,

And by the Ballot-box, that great,

And sapient, safe idea,

For all the ills o' bribes an' threats,

That liberal panacea.

Let ilka Tory Elcho hail,

The field let Lib'ral's yield it;

The seat retain'd, a triumph gain'd,

The cause let Elcho shield it!

His Ultimatum.

DR. BEGG has been good enough to inform us of the conditions upon which alone he will relieve an unappreciative country of his presence. At a meeting held in Edinburgh last week anent the Skye difficulty, the Reverend Doctor declared that "he would not go out of the country by compulsion unless he was sent out by the Court of Justiciary." Thus, when his vagaries become absolutely intolerable, what we have to do is to devise some means of bringing him under the jurisdiction of the Court. It is as well to know this.

IT DOTHT NOT A-PEER.—It is a newspaper rumour that "Mr Gladstone will shortly seek that rest which his splendid services have so conspicuously earned in the House of Lords;"—that is, services conspicuous by their absence. When he goes to the Lords we shall perhaps see what he can earn.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 118s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

Megilp.

THE Institute Exhibition is deservedly proving exceedingly popular. The attendance is very good. On Saturday, the first promenade of the season was patronised to an extent that inconveniently crowded the rooms.

The sales are not as yet very brilliant. If they do not improve, it is not owing to the lack of good material on the walls.

One of the notable pictures of the Exhibition is the "Boulders" of John Brett—the first example of this artist which has been publicly shown in Glasgow. Mr Brett, it is worthy of note, was regarded, a quarter of a century ago, as one of the chief members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. He was not, it is true, an original P R B.—the early "Brothers," who were seven in number, were Dante Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, James Collinson, and F. G. Stephens, artists; Thomas Woolner, sculptor; and W. M. Rossetti, critic—but he belonged to the set, or shall we say clique? who exhibited, about 1857, in the gallery in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, the other exhibitors including Millais, Rossetti, Hunt, Madox Brown, Inchbold, Windus, and Arthur Hughes.

Another artist represented in the Institute by an important picture, who at one time bore allegiance to the Pre-Raphaelite legend, is Val Prinsep, the painter of the "Death of Siward." Mr Prinsep and Mr Burne Jones made their *debut* as painters by assisting, along with Dante Rossetti and William Morris, in the decoration, in 1857, of the walls of the Oxford "Union." Now-a-days, however, Prinsep's style has ceased, in a great measure, to have anything in common with the canons of art he favoured in his earlier career. "The Death of Siward" has many, and even some great qualities, but it is deficient in the air of mysticism and romance peculiar to Pre-Raphaelitism, as well in literature as in painting.

Is it generally known that "The Mendicant" of Bastien Lepage was originally a "Postman?" Something of the earlier *motif* of the picture can still be seen in the figure of the woman seated inside the cottage, and busy reading a letter.

Various interesting drawings have been contributed by Bastien Lepage to the newly-opened Exhibition in Paris of the French Society of Painters in Water Colour. In the "Setting sun," which is the most important of his water-colours, he seems to have taken Turner for his model.

Thursday's Art Club conversation was one of the most enjoyable of the season. In the earlier part of the evening, to be sure, the proceedings were rather dull, but they warmed up amazingly later on. Mr Fenwick's recitation of the George R. Sims' story of the dying "Punch and Judy man"—regarding the effect of which a most equivocal and erroneous paragraph appeared in next morning's *Herald*—was really fine, as was also the singing of Messrs Coventry and Sydney Hayes, of the Grand Theatre, and Mr Black, a talented local amateur. Mr Fenwick, by the way, is the *Santa Claus* in Mr Charles's pantomime, a *role* in which he has had but a very scant opportunity of showing what dramatic stuff there is in him. Any one who cares to possess the words of "Fallen by the Way" will find them in Mr Sims' "Ballads of Babylon."

The annual dinner of the Royal Scottish Academy will be held on Friday evening. Of course Sir Fettes Douglas will take the chair, and it is expected, or rather hoped, that among the guests will be Sir Frederick Leighton, who is this year one of the exhibitors in the Academy.

Sir Frederick's contribution is the "Phryne," which occupied the place of honour last May in the chief gallery of Burlington House. It is, perhaps, the most daring of all the painter's works. Phryne, who is of heroic size, is standing, divested, or almost divested of clothing—indeed, she is about to enter the sea—on the steps of the Temple at Elusis. Her figure is framed, as it were, by fluted marble columns, one on either side, while behind her a mass of white cloud rests motionless on a sky of the deepest blue. A curious flush of heated colour, by-the-by, which pervades the figure, giving it something of a coppery tinge, occasioned considerable remark when the picture was shown in London.

As has been said, the "Phryne" is of heroic size; indeed, she stands some six feet six inches high. So tall is she, that, in the largest gallery of the Royal Academy, she seemed "cribbed, cabined, and confined." How she will look in the comparatively small octagonal rooms in Edinburgh, is a matter with regard to which some curiosity has been expressed.

Messrs Pettie, Orchardson, Faed, MacWhirter, and Keeley Halsewell, are likewise expected at the Edinburgh dinner.

The Exhibition opens to the public next Saturday. It is rumoured that large pictures by Edinburgh men will be one of its features.

The elevation, on Saturday, of W. D. M'Kay to the rank of an Academician has pleased everybody. Mr M'Kay is peculiarly Scottish, as well in his style as in the views he entertains with regard to art. Besides being an accomplished painter he writes with much fluency and grace; and he has likewise lectured, more than once, on matters pertaining to his profession. Three excellent and important examples of Mr M'Kay—"At Play in the Hayfield," "Children Plaiting Rushes," and "A Scottish Pastoral," are included in the present Exhibition of the Institute.

"Chair!"

MR WILLIAM AITON, who presided last week at the statutory half-yearly meeting of the Cathcart Parochial Board, appears to entertain rather exalted notions of the—well, let us say the dignity that doth hedge a chairman. In reply to a couple of very mild and rather deferential questions, he snapped out, "Allow me to take my own way, please," and, "I have not come here to be put under a schoolmaster again." Will Mr Aiton excuse the remark that his "way" seems to be a rather cantankerous way, and that it might do him good to be "put under" a schoolmaster who should make a speciality of manners?

A BRIGHT LOOK OUT.

Long of performance, the Lord Rector's address:
A Liberal promise it's nevertheless;
But whether he'll lecture on Classics or Cotton,
Who knows?—for who's Rector's now almost forgotten.

Found, a Muff!

UNDER the heading, "City of Glasgow Police," the other day, appeared the following intimation:—"Found, in Eastern District, a MUFF." Poor muff! He is doubtless some ornament of Buchanan Street, who, rashly straying into the wilds of the Orient, has lost himself and got "found" by a benevolent police. Let us hope that by this time he has been restored to a sorrowing circle of acquaintances, and that, warned by experience, he will for the future confine his wanderings within the limits of his natural habitat.

A Moore-ish Joke—"Paradise" and the Peris" at the "Grand."

Proverbial Philosophy for East Lothian "Liberals"—Never sell your hen on a Rainy day.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

The Trades' House.

"They say"—

THAT the Trades' House is infallible. That the members who formulate its decisions are the "maist wise" of the crafts.

That these "wiseacres," like crops, come and go by rotation, and are thus ripened for their posts.

That the Trades' House is a free and independent body, and that its members can do anything they please by a vote of the majority!

That the Incorporations are thus entirely under their collective thumb, and ought to content themselves by being under "dictation."

That the newest subject for debating societies is—"What place does the Glasgow Trades' House hold in relation to Burgh progress?"

"Hopes."

SPEAKING at Elgin last week, the Solicitor-General expressed a hope that "the closing session of the present Parliament would be memorable in history in respect of the number of beneficent Acts which would be passed in the interests of the general body of the people." Well, the BAILIE hopes so too, and the sooner that "closing session" comes the better; but if it witnesses the achievement of any work of a "beneficent" character it will present a remarkable contrast to its predecessors.

The "Irish" Capital—Capital punishment.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

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

MR EDWARD COMPTON, Accompanied by his Celebrated COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), WEDNESDAY, & THURSDAY, Special Production of SHAKESPEARE'S Play, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Preceded, at 7-30, by a Farical Comedy, entitled LINGO; OR THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

FRIDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY, BENEFIT OF MR EDWARD COMPTON, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's, or Theatre, from 11 till 3.

THE GAJETTY.

Lessee and Manager,Mr JOHN HESLOP,

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30.

LAST NIGHTS OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Owing to previous arrangements Mr HESLOP is reluctantly compelled to announce the LAST TWELVE NIGHTS OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Prices as usual.

To Avoid Disappointment secure Seats at the Gaiety Box Office, or at Paterson, Sons & Co., Buchanan Street.

GRAND THEATRE, COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director... Mr THOS W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30.

Last Six Nights of the Most Successful Pantomime ever produced in Glasgow. Upwards of 271,000 People have already Witnessed ROBINSON CRUSOE with Rapturous Delight. Invented and Produced by Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY), 13TH FEBRUARY, BENEFIT OF MR FRED. W. NEWHAM (ALLY SLOPER).

FRIDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY.

Under Distinguished Patronage, BENEFIT OF MR JOHN S. CHAMBERLAIN.

SATURDAY, 17TH FEBRUARY, LAST NIGHT OF PANTOMIME SEASON, Under the Immediate Distinguished Patronage and Presence of Lord BREADALBANE, for the BENEFIT OF MR THOS. W. CHARLES.

N.B.—Owing to the present sudden withdrawal of Pantomime, the Acting Manager (Mr W. F. JEWSON) is compelled to postpone his Benefit until the termination of the present Dramatic Season.

Box Office Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street, from 10 till 5. Prices from 6d to £3 3s.

Extra-Price Door in Stewart Street Open Half-an-hour Earlier than the other Doors.

MONDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, 1883.

LIGHTS OF LONDON.

In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, TO-DAY Tuesday, 13th February,

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE

OF HIGH-CLASS MODERN PICTURES,

Principally of the English School, INCLUDING

"The Bridal Welcome,".....by F. W. W. TOPHAM, An important work, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1876.

"In the Lledr Valley, North Wales." A large and attractive work by JAMES PEEL.

"Near Llarneot, North Wales," An important work by ALFRED VICKARS, Sen.

"Staghounds and Deer,".....by J. S. NOBLE, Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

"The Captive Bilton,".....by WILLIAM SMALL, A grand work of art, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1879.

"The Billet Doux,"... by A. L. VERNON, Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1881.

And fine examples of R. G. HUTCHISON, J. B. SMITH, P. MANZONI, GEORGE GRAY, and other celebrated Artists.

Among the WATER-COLOURS Are Two Large Drawings by PAUL MARNY—"Dover and Calais." "His First Appearance in Public"—by F. W. W. TOPHAM; and other Works of Merit.

ALSO, A FEW LOTS OF RARE CHINA,

Including Very Handsome DRESDEN and BERLIN VASES, &c., &c.

(The Property of Mr T. H. Hebden of Bradford).

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, St. Vincent Place, To-Day (Tuesday), 13th February, at One o'clock.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 12th February, 1883.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.
Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.

TO-NIGHT, AT 7.30.
MESSRS HOLT AND WILMOT'S COMPANY

IN
NEW BABYLON.
NEW SCENERY AND EFFECTS.
Box Plan at Donaldson's Room, 91 St. Vincent Street.

C TWELFTH ANNUAL CONCERT.
A R L V O L T I

AND HIS
ADVANCED VIOLIN PUPILS,
IN THE GRAND NATIONAL HALL,
ON TUE-DAY EVENING, 20TH FEBRUARY.
ORCHESTRA OF 25 PERFORMERS.
Tickets—One Shilling each—to be had from J. B. Galbraith,
16 Renfield Street.

**CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING
CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 17TH FEBRUARY, 1883
First Appearance at the Saturday Evening Concerts of the
Celebrated Tenor,

MR EDWARD LLOYD.
GREAT EXTRA COMPANY.

MISS ELEANOR FARNOL, Soprano.
MISS MARY HORTON, Contralto
MR EDWARD LLOYD, Tenor.
MR FRANKLIN CLIVE, Bass.
MR JOHN JEFFREYS, Pianist.

Also, by Permission of the Directors of the Glasgow Choral
and Orchestral Concerts,

M. VICTOR BUZIAU, Violinist.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at
58 Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7.45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
SATURDAY, 17TH FEBRUARY.
LAST APPEARANCE OF THE ORCHESTRA THIS
SEASON.

VOCALIST—MR HENRY BLOWER.

PROGRAMME—

SUFFRAGE UNIVERSAL.

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY PERFORMERS.
CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

Doors Open at 6.30. Concert at 7.30.
Tickets—Balconies, 2s 6d (Reserved); Back Gallery and
Orchestra, 2s—at Paterson's, 152 Buchanan Street.
AREA—ONE SHILLING. At Doors.

S T. A N D R E W ' S H A L L S .

FRIDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY,
GADE'S NEW CANTATA,
"PSYCHE."

1ST L.R.V. GLEE CLUB AND CHORAL UNION
ORCHESTRA,

HON. CONDUCTOR—CAPTAIN HUGH M'NABB.

PRINCIPAL SOLOIST—

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

Tickets at Messrs R. J. & R. Adams, 83 Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), 13TH FEBRUARY.
FOURTH CHORAL CONCERT.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO,
"S A M S O N."

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA,
CONDUCTOR MR AUGUST MANNS.

Doors Open at 7. Concert at 8.
Tickets—8s 6d, 5s (Reserved), 3s, 2s 6d—at Patersons', 152
Buchanan Street.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

HANDEL'S "SAMSON."

TO-MORROW (TUESDAY), 13TH FEBRUARY.

The Committee Regret that through Illness Miss ANNA
WILLIAMS and SIGNOR FOLI will be UNABLE TO
FULFIL THEIR ENGAGEMENTS. Their respective Parts
will be Undertaken by Miss ANNIE MARRIOT and MR
J. BRIDSON.

GLASGOW CHORAL UNION.

EIGHTH ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,

ST. ANDREW'S HALL,
WEDNESDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1883.

VOCALIST—MISS ANNIE MARRIOTT.

THE PROGRAMME WILL INCLUDE—

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor,".....*Nicolai.*
Intermezzo,..... "On the Waters" (Jason),...*A. C. Mackenzie.*
Symphonie Poem for Orchestra,..... "Mazeppa,".....*Liszt.*
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream,"...*Mendelssohn.*
Variations for Strings on the Austrian Hymn,"*Haydn.*
Symphony No. 7 in A,*Beethoven.*

GRAND ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR—MR AUGUST MANNS.

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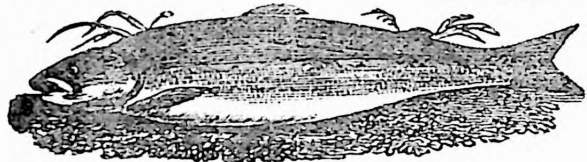
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 of the best quality, and to be accurate Time-keepers.
 The recognised advantages of the Keyless work on high
 priced watches induced them to attempt the production of a good
 Keyless Watch at a Low Price, and having succeeded, we can
 with entire confidence recommend those now offered.
 Priced Catalogue of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Silver and
 Electro-Plated Goods, Free by Post on application.

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The WEEKLY ORGAN RECITAL will be given by the City Organist, Mr LAMBETH, in the CITY HALL, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at Four o'clock prompt. Members of Mr LAMBETH'S CHOIR will contribute some Vocal Music.

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GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

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J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

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"Is delicious, and we heartily recommend it."—*Chemists' Journal.*

25/ CASH FOR A QUARTER CASK (12½ Gals.), Cask included, and Delivered in Glasgow.
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A Magnificent Selection of

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In all the newest Designs, and respectfully solicit the
Inspection of the Public.

174 and 176 TROGATE,
and at GREENOCK.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 540. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 21st, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 540.

TOWN-COUNCILLOR JAMES CAREY, of Dublin, is to-day the personage most talked of in the three kingdoms. Liar and murderer by his own admission; a knave who protests against crime while still red-handed from its perpetration; a creature who, to save his own worthless neck, turns traitor to his fellows, this CAREY is perhaps the most despicable figure in the long line of Irish informers. The thrill which went over the country when his evidence was made public, was one almost as much of shame at the man as of horror at the details of his story. It seemed an outrage on humanity that such a person could be possible. It was CAREY, the well-to-do, plausible rascal, the fellow who wore kid gloves and never wanted a cigar from his mouth, who egged on the lesser ruffians, the Bradys and Kellys, to the perpetration of murders like that of the 6th of May. In the eyes of ignorant dock labourers and drunken carmen, instructions to kill came with added force when they were issued by a member of the Council of the City. CAREY took himself out of the road, it is true, when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke were “removed,”—that is, he watched the cowardly crime from a distance of 250 yards. A moment before he had said to himself, “It’s another failure;” but now, as he saw Brady strike “the man in the grey suit,” his heart, we may be sure, exulted, and turning, he pursued his way back to Dublin with a lightsome heart. If anything could add to the atrocity of CAREY’S conduct it would be the cynical intention he tells us he indulged of sending the knives with which the massacre was accomplished to the Exhibition of Irish Industry. One further feature of this sickening affair, as

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regards CAREY, is the circumstance that he is one of those unclean reptiles who seem to thrive on treason. In the early days of the “Irish Invincibles” Mr CAREY was a working brick-layer, then he became a master builder, next a purchaser of household property, afterwards a Town Councillor, and of late months he seemed one of the most prosperous and flourishing men in the city. What his ultimate career is likely to be it is idle to speculate. Let hang who may, he has saved his skin. The mental torture which other men would suffer had they only a tithe of the guilt with which he is loaded at their doors, would render their future one prolonged agony. There is little likelihood that CAREY will be so visited. Nay, under another name, he may yet lead a long, and, it may be, a well-to-do life, in some distant colony. The inherent meanness of his nature is also its strength, inasmuch as it secures him against both the stings of conscience and the pangs of memory. While we may feel certain that the roll of the Assassination Society contains no member, in addition to those already known, who took an active part in the perpetration of murder, there are apparently not a few whose connection with the brotherhood was that of instigators and directors. All of these, it is to be hoped, will yet be tracked and brought to book. And in every case the law must be allowed to take its course. The utmost penalty, compatible with strict justice, must be exacted. Let the culprits be whom they may, there must be no sham tenderness, no weak pity extended towards them. They have chosen to raise the issue of battle with society, have warred as cowards, and cowards who have joined cruelty to their cowardice; and now, when taken, they “maun jist dree their weird.”

“Foot-and-Mouth”—“Tooth-and-nail.”

More Cloture!

THE following is from the advertising columns of a local daily:—"Wanted, Names and Addresses of Makers of Machines for Screwing the Thread on the Noses of Augurs." There is a vaguely horrible suggestiveness about this, conjuring up thoughts of the Star Chamber, the Inquisition, the rack, and what not. In view of the meeting of Parliament to-morrow, one is strongly disposed to suspect that it has something to do with some fresh and awful development of the *cloture*. Can it be that the last word of the advertisement should be spelt "augurs," and that the "machines" are wanted for the purpose of imposing some diabolical kind of gag on the modern augurs, who can be none other than the bishops? Oh, the manifold iniquities of that man Gladstone! And to think of his artfulness in coming to Glasgow for his dreadful contrivances!

SLOW BUT SURE.

(Scene—Dock Street, Dundee; Time, evening; enter Peter, an occasional carter, who has been sent with a load of hay early in the morning to the N.B. stables.)

Gaffer—Weel, Peter, hoo hae ye been sae lang wi' that hay?

Peter—Man, the roads were so slippy that the horse fell, an' I just waited till the road thawed.

Unmusical Fluency.

SOMEBODY in Edinburgh advertises as follows:—"Pianist.—Gentleman to travel. Must play fluently without music." This post should be easily filled. Have we not all met pianists who play fluently without producing anything that could, even by the utmost stretch of courtesy, be called music? The worst of these performers, however, is that as a rule they *won't* "travel"—in other words, "move on."

Sin-tax (by a burglar "not occupied in crime")—Prefix, on a plant; a-fix, in the hands of a bobby.

A Musical (choir) Quire—Twenty-four sheets of "Note" paper.

Weather Wisdom—Spring is sometimes like the boomerang—a spring backwards.

"Woman's Right"—She always is.

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

To the Orchestra.

"In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die."—*Henry Eighth*.

FAIN would we catch your music's echo sweet,
And tune our thanks in such-like noble strains;
Then our heart-gratefulness would seem complete,
And you rewarded for your gracious pains.

But all too feeble come our words, indeed;
We cannot tell you all that we would seek;
Yet if between the lines you chance to read,
You'll find there haply what we fail to speak.

We've nothing heard so near perfection's height
As was thy playing all the season through;
We cannot fancy music take a flight
Higher than what we've seen her take with you.

From front of platform up to orgau's edge,
Here, row by row, and one by one, we greet you,
And ere we bid farewell we'd have you pledge
That when another year comes we will meet you.

Then once again will harmony's great power
Come soothing all the troubles of the day,
Leaving behind fond peace—sweet music's dower—
Making us better beings every way.

This is celestial music's end and aim;
Giving and getting good your lives then spend you;
No earthly work than this has higher fame:
Farewell and, till we meet, all good attend you.

OF LOW DEGREE.

Miss Meikleham (to acquaintance engaged to be married to a little man, barely five feet high)—I suppose, Miss Crawford, you won't really marry Mr M'Bittie, will ye?

Miss Crawford (who knows her questioner would like to get him herself)—Yes, unless some jealous friend runs away with him against his will.

Miss M.—Oh it's not for that, but in marriage you must go to the Temple of Hy-men, and your intended is such a wee man, you know, he would be out of place.

Miss C.—Do you think so? At ony rate he's been ower high for you to reach. Hah, hah, hah!

To add Another Horror to Indigestion—The foreignisation of the names of dishes on a bill-of-fare. O roast beef of old England, how art thou frenchified!

The South-side Blow-up—Asinus says that some gas-trick deuce has been the cause of the explosion.

At the Exhibition—A hanging-committee, like Marwood, must draw the line somewhere.

A Pencil Note—A student "wedded to his art" has passed the degree of "B."A.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

On 'Change.

THREE and a half per cent is not an unreasonable rate to pay for money. If anything, I should say it is a low rate, considering what may be made out of the money when judiciously invested. Horses of Knowledge, and other queer animals, may neigh as they choose, but I question if all their fantastic capers will bring about a better result than that attained on Thursday last. At 12 noon of that day I saw the Horse prancing in elephantine fashion upon the boards of our northern Rialto. He knew, though no one else did, what the directors of the Bank of England had done to alleviate the pecuniary woes of an oppressed country. An unerring instinct had guided him to their decision before they had themselves arrived at it. Five minutes later the intelligence was posted upon the telegraph boards, and in due course the daily papers announced that the directors had made the change at their weekly meeting, as if the gentlemen in Threadneedle Street met but once a week, and allowed the business of the nation to regulate itself on the other five business days.

Nothing in particular came of the change. As far as its effect upon general business was concerned, it need never have been made at all. There was a time, so long ago as to be almost beyond living memory, when an easy money market meant an additional impetus to business, and an extra turn of the financial screw caused merchants to bring their operations within narrower limits. The conditions were exactly reversed on Thursday and since. A kind of stagnation set in after the Bank rate had been lowered, and the Stock Exchange, which is generally foremost in feeling the effect of a change, has shown nothing but increased dulness. Outsiders held studiously aloof, as if the Bank, instead of taking a half per cent. off, had made a dip into their pockets by laying one per cent. on. That sort of thing cannot last, and the accumulating capital of the country must ultimately find an outlet. It will not be surprising to discover that the result is a further rise in the price of securities, some of which are high enough already.

Mr Nathaniel Dunlop unfolded his views on ships and the shipping trade, to the members of the Philosophical Society 't'other evening, while his brother philosophers nodded approval and occasionally so far forgot their dignity as to indulge in applause. Nathan, as I expected, knew more about the shipping trade than he did about ships. He scored a point when he condemned Lord Derby's fallacies and loftily declared that the country would perish if the Allan Line ceased to exist.

Nathan would have served his country to greater purpose had he pointed out the absurdity involved in the meeting of the Chamber of Shipping in London on Wednesday. The proceedings partook somewhat of the nature of a farce. A number of well-meaning gentlemen, gathered from various parts of the country, assembled in Cannon Street Hotel to do a fortnight's work in a single day. They sat for a few hours to consider 22 subjects, and then dined together. Among the topics discussed were the questions of freeboard, the load line, desertion of seamen, light dues, lights in the Red Sea, the liability of shipowners, shipping representatives in Parliament, and a new Suez Canal. It was not to be expected that these matters could be properly discussed, and they were not. The irrepressible Browne did his best, and he hit the right nail when he declared that next year the meeting should be prolonged; but even his herculean exertions could not enable the Chamber to overtake its work. The Member for Crosshill said all the trade of the East was to be done by steam, to the ultimate extinction, as might be thought, of the sailing fleet. Nathan maintains that our sailing fleet has a long life before it. These two learned pundits evidently look at the affair through different spectacles.

No good reason exists, that I am aware of, why Scottish capitalists should be asked to subscribe £60,000 for the purpose of making tramways from London to Woolwich. If the advantages of the undertaking are so great as they are represented to be, there ought to be no difficulty in raising such a small sum in the district.

Vivian & Co. are described in the Glasgow Directory as wire-

drawers. A wire-drawer is possibly synonymous with a wire-puller, though that is not clearly proved. At any rate Vivian & Co. wish to pull the wires so far as to issue 20,000 preference shares of £10 each at 6 per cent. The capital is £360,000, divided into 20,000 A shares to bear a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., and 16,000 B shares to lick up the balance and catch an additional one half share of 8 per cent. if it can be got. There is probably no reason why it should not be got for so far as I know the business has been profitable hitherto and will be again.

A railway is projected to Borrowdale in the English lake district and people groan because the lovely scenery is to be desecrated by the iron road. There is no objection to the railway if the inhabitants of the district wish it and are prepared to subscribe towards it. A writer who deprecates the formation of the line says that the Highland Railway did little harm to the scenery. That is true enough even of Killiecrankie, but if our modern utilitarian Vandals run a line along Loch Maree they cannot do more damage to Borrowdale. SCRUTATOR.

"Splendid Opportunity!"

THIS is clipped from the *Herald*:—"Splendid Opportunity—Partner Wanted (sleeping or active) with £15,000 to £20,000. . . . A sure fortune in a few years. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential." Just fancy what a rush of eager capitalists there must have been in answer to the above, each striving to be the first to offer his £20,000 to the "confidential" advertiser! There are such a lot of capitalists of the kind, and these "splendid opportunities" are so rare!

ANE FRAE KILLIE.

(Scene—Farm house near Kilmarnock.)

Country Guest (to young lady)—Weel, Miss Black, ye micht favour us wi' a bit tin on the pieanna.

Miss B.—Oh certainly, do you wish sacred or secular, Mr Shaw?

Mr S.—Oh sacred I aye likit a bit merry gaun thing.

WEATHER WISDOM.

As the day gets longer the weather gets colder,
As the sun more uppish he gives the cold shoulder.

"DO GOOD BY STEALTH, AND BLUSH TO FIND IT FAME."—Those interested in "Kyrle Societies" should read Pope's "Moral Essays." In "Epistle III, to Allen Lord Bathurst," they will discover what manner of man was "the Man of Ross," John Kyrle. "It micht frae mony a blunder free them, an' foolish notion."

Appropriate Dress for an Elephant—Trunk hose.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, £4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET,

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—“Cinderella” is announced as the next Grand pantomime, and if it only be as successful as “Robinson Crusoe,” why, then Mr Charles “will be a happy man—happy man.” The stage of the Grand is occupied to-night, and will be occupied for the next twelve nights, by “The Lights o’ London,” of Mr George R. Sims. The *Harold Armitage* of the cast will again be Mr Leonard Boyne, who is, out of all sight, the most passionate of all our younger actors.

“Rob Roy,” with Mr A. D. M’Neill in the leading part, will be re-produced to-night at the Royalty. Mr M’Neill is a competent actor in any part whatever, but he is at his best as the “Gallant Outlaw.” The scenery of Mr Robert Smythe supplies a further attraction to the Royalty “Rob Roy.”

Mr Knapp will take his annual benefit on Thursday evening, when, besides “Trial by Jury,” two acts of “Rob Roy” will be represented, and there will be, in addition, a musical entertainment, supported by numerous well-known ladies and gentlemen.

When Mr Kyrle (Curly?) Bellew appears at the Royalty next Monday as *Romeo*, the *Juliet* will be Miss Fanny Lumsden (Mrs Reid), a lady who made her stage *début* some three weeks ago at an afternoon performance at the London Gaiety. She is understood to move in “Society” circles in the metropolis.

The “Ambition’s Slave” of Joseph Fox, which will be played this evening at the Royal Princess’s Theatre, has a plot not unlike that of the “Lucretia Borgia” of Victor Hugo. The heroine is a poisoner who poisons right and left, so that now her love, and again her ambition, may be gratified. In the end due justice is executed on the murderess by her discarded husband, one *Spadra*, who has been half-mad through the earlier portion of the piece. Mr Clarence Holt plays the part of *Spadra*, and special attention has been given to the staging of the piece by Mr Beryl.

The last week of Mr Heslop’s pantomime has now arrived. It must be withdrawn on Saturday evening, to make room, on Monday, for the company of Messrs Groves and Anson, who will appear in the “Strand” edition of the “Comedy of Errors.”

The first annual benefit of Mr Heslop has been fixed for Friday evening, when, let us hope that a bumper audience will crowd the Gaiety.

The termination of the Grand pantomime has enabled Mr Macgregor, of the Folly Theatre of Varieties, to secure Miss Kate Paradise and her “unequaled bevy of accomplished beauties.” This clever troupe appear at the Folly to-night and during the week, forming part of a large and effective company of humorists and vocalists.

The intending purchaser of the site of St. George’s Church, is, I am informed, the Standard Insurance Company. The Presbytery and Churches Committee are making what progress they can in fixing on a site for the new St. George’s Church. At present, the one most in favour is singularly enough in a corner of the parish most remote from the present church, and within 350 yards or so of St. George’s-in-the-Fields.

Among the most prosperous institutions of the metropolis is the London Athletic Club, a society which has done much to foster a love of beneficial exercises among the young men of the city. You will be glad to learn, my Magistrate, that chiefly through the exertions of Messrs M’Gillivray, Connell, & M’Corkindale, an institution on the same basis has been started in our own city. The Glasgow Amateur Athletic Club already numbers among its supporters (in addition to the principal gentlemen amateurs in the West of Scotland) the Duke of Montrose, K.T., Lord Glasgow, the Hon. the Lord Provost, &c, and has a committee representative of the leading local clubs. The club has secured ground in Kelvinside, and the members propose having their first athletic meeting early in May.

The novel proposal recently made by the Committee of the Improvement Trust, that the Corporation should relieve that Trust of some 17,000 yards of vacant ground in Saltmarket, by purchasing it and then covering it with public market buildings, so as to make the present Bazaar property of the Corporation as unproductive as the Improvement Trust ground in Saltmarket, is after all being dealt with as a serious proposal. On Thursday next a “numerous and influential” deputation, consisting of Bailie Hamilton, and Councillors Dunlop, Jamleson, Reid, and Campbell, will leave for a tour of inspection of the Public Markets in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and Bradford. The mission of this deputation is twofold—first, to collect materials wherewith to frame a report recommending the Corporation to invest about £100,000 in Improvement Trust ground, and the erection of market buildings, and to bear with cheerful equanimity the loss arising from an empty and tenantless Bazaar; and secondly, to upset the recommendations of Bailie Mowat and Councillor Jackson that the present Bazaar property of the Corporation should be altered and improved, and in a moderate way extended to meet the requirements of its tenants, and that class of Glasgow trade requiring market accommodation.

Sir William Collins is unable to accompany the deputation, but he has arranged, it is said, that Bailie Hamilton and Councillor Dunlop are to return by way of Dublin, where they are to have a meeting with a professor of political economy there who was the first to teach his countrymen that any person may lengthen a blanket 12 inches by cutting off a foot from the top and sewing it on to the bottom. Sir William feels that his committee and the distinguished professor are quite agreed in principle; but, as becomes an important corporation, the experiment here must be tried on a proportionately extensive scale. Much good is expected to result from the conference.

The members of the Institute of Architects dine together in the George Hotel on Friday.

The annual palaver of the Convention of Royal Burghs is to be held this year in St John’s Parish Church. The managers of some non-Established churches were applied to for the use of their buildings, but the proposal was never seriously entertained. I understand that the arrangement has been made by the Convener of the Churches Committee, and the unworthy use to which a leading city church is being put—largely to save the “Convention” paying a rent for one of the numerous public halls—is being freely commented on in certain circles.

The trenchant criticisms of ex-Bailie Colquhoun have been much missed of late in the Town Council. Mr Colquhoun, who has been in poor health for some time, is presently staying at Bridge-of-Allan, and is, I am glad to know, picking up wonderfully.

Councillor Neil, I understand, since his appointment as convener of the Lodging-House Committee, has been busy looking after the interests of the lodgers, spiritually as well as temporally. The worthy councillor is exceedingly popular among his clients.

“They say” that matters are not drawing between Mr Douglas of Craigmaddie, and the members of the Town Council. The pleasant outings enjoyed hitherto by the Councillors on the estate of Mr Douglas, are even, it is apprehended, in danger, a prospect which is by no means relished by the municipal soul. If the Council would “buy” there would be none of this threatened “boycotting.”

Mr William Powell announces his intention of taking a benefit at the Circus on Friday evening. It will be under the patronage of various military and volunteer officers. Among the attractions will be the double somersaults of M. Levon, the jests of David Seal, and the great military spectacle of “Waterloo.” The season at “Hengler’s,” by the bye, will be brought to a close on the Wednesday of next week.

Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs Kerr & Richardson, I have had an opportunity of perusing an early copy of a new volume of poems and songs by Mr David Wingate. It is now more than twenty years since Mr Wingate's first volume came from the Blackwood Press, and the anticipations then formed of the capabilities which this new Scottish poet had within him have been more than realised by the works which he has given the world since. This, his fourth volume, will fully sustain the reputation he has gained. It is characterised by the old pathos and humour, and by that mastery of the Doric tongue which renders his works fit to be ranked among the classics of the nation.

The homely Scotch of Mr Wingate's muse is not the provincial *patois* which too often passes for current coin, but the true language of the country—the language which Burns and Tannahill wrote. His subjects are often what the unthinking would call commonplace—the joys and sorrows of common men and women—but the genius of the poet shows us the depths of human feeling which lie hid beneath the humblest exteriors. There is one poem in this volume called "Last Words" which I would not like to read aloud. I confess that as I perused it in the solitude of my sanctum I had to blow my nose more than once and, as John Bunyan hath it, "Therewithal the water stood in mine eyes." And yet it has no loftier theme than what the dying wife of a ne'er-do-weel collier says to her husband. I may add that the volume is tastefully got up and contains an admirable portrait of the author.

I had almost forgotten to say that Mr Wingate's latest book is most appropriately dedicated to your friend Bailie Wilson, whose interest in all that pertains to the literature, and particularly the poetic literature, of Scotland is well known to all your readers.

Admirers of art and admirers of history will do well to look in this week to the Fine Art Gallery of Messrs M'Clure & Son, St. Vincent Street, where three Spanish Armada pictures are on view. One of these is Seymour Lucas's fine "Sea Lions at Play"—quite a masterpiece of its kind, and the others two capital water-colour marine drawings by Oswald Brierly.

It seems an age since there was any dioramic exhibition in our midst. The want is about to be remedied. Pool's Panorama of the World in general, and Egypt in particular, will open in Newsome's Circus on Monday, the 15th of next month.

Only one new steamer will be added next summer to our river fleet. This craft is at present being built to the order of the North British Railway Company, by Barclay, Curle, & Co., and is intended for the Craigendoran and Rothesay station.

An important addition is about to be made to the industries of Springburn. This is a large locomotive work, which will be erected by Mr Neilson, formerly of the Hyde Park establishment.

The last of the Glasgow Assemblies for the present season takes place on Wednesday next, the 21st inst.

Our friends of the German Club give a private theatrical entertainment on Friday evening, in St. Andrew's Hall. A dance will take place after the performance.

The leniency shown to Roderick M'Neil, the Govan constable who, "in the execution of his duty," attacked an old woman of 67, was not the fault of the Glasgow authorities. I understand it was the Crown officials in Edinburgh who ordered that the gallant policeman should be summarily dealt with.

We may conclude that the Police Board have at last begun in earnest to be economical, seeing they have purchased a machine guaranteed to fill policemen's lamps with oil, without spilling a single drop. After this, a substantial reduction in the rates may be expected!

Symptoms of Sanity.

TO the credit of Glasgow Liberalism be it said, symptoms are not lacking that the ludicrous Macdougall bubble has been pricked and may before very long burst. The BAILIE noted one of these symptoms last week, and another was noticeable at the Liberal Association Executive meeting, when a rival candidate for the secretaryship was put up, and was beaten by only eight votes. If this process continues, who knows but some day the Liberal Association may meet without setting the whole community agog to laugh at it?

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT, ETC.

Clues and hempstrings thicken,
Fraternal rogues inform,
Mother "Carey's" chicken
Presages now a storm.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

Mike—An' what ye diggin' out that hole for, Pat?

Pat—Arrah, an' it's not the hole I'm after diggin' out. I'm diggin' the dirt out and lavin' the hole.

Mind your Eye!

THE BAILIE begs to offer his warmest congratulations to the respected Member for the University upon his happy recovery from his recent alarming accident. It is, of course, gratifying on Mr Campbell's own account that he should have sustained no optical injury, but it is also satisfactory from a national point of view, since there is nothing to prevent him from taking his seat in Parliament, and, along with his Conservative colleagues, keeping his eye upon the enemies of law and order.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.—A "lover of freedom" and an "Englishman" (in one) has been writing to the *Herald* on the subject of Sabbath traffic in Glasgow. Perhaps an "Englishman" in Scotland might mind his own business.

THERE'S THE RESPECT THAT MAKES CALAMITY.—Superintendent Donald is advertising for "two respectably-dressed ladies." Ladies, as a rule, are respectably-dressed.

A WEEK'S WEATHER.—Rainy, haily, blowy, frosty, sleety, snowy, day after day windy and wet, never to "Fair" barometer set.

An Intelligent Line—The Reading railway.
"The Grand Old Man"—Father Time.

Quavers.

LAST week was a busy one with the Glasgow musical public. Two of the orchestral concerts and an oratorio in St. Andrew's Halls, a Saturday evening entertainment of a somewhat similar standard in the City Hall, with a performance of Gade's "Psyche" on Friday, curiously associated with a volunteer presentation of prizes, kept musical amateurs lively enough.

The performance of Handel's "Samson" has been perhaps the least attractive of the Choral Union concerts. Not that there was any very serious shortcoming in the manner of its production, but simply, as we think, for the reason that the music itself fails now to interest, at least as a whole. The oratorio is too long, for one thing, and excised and re-excised as it has been, it could stand still further excision; though even when very much shortened, as it may eventually be, "Samson," we fear, will only be tolerated for some of its choruses and one or two of its airs, and from respect to it as a classic.

Mr Maas, one feels bound to say, did not seem to be singing with his usual care on Tuesday night. The slip in "Thus when the sun" was clearly his fault, and inexcusable in an artist of his knowledge and standing. Mr Bridson, who took the place of Sig. Foli, is gaining in breadth of style, but unfortunately not without, at the same time, acquiring some mannerism.

The chorus did its part in the oratorio very well, and while it is possible there may not be, as it appears to us, the same depth and fulness of tone we have before heard, yet on the other hand there seems to be greater "reading" ability and accuracy in the society generally, than of recent years at least.

A farewell word of praise is due to the orchestra for its conscientious discharge of duty during the rather lengthy season. An idle or a refractory band was not an uncommon experience in the earlier years of the concerts; but since Mr Manns (who, fortunately, is neither a phenomenal one-season *chef d'orchestre* nor a languid composer-conductor) undertook the conductorship, everything has gone smoothly, and "shirking" or perverseness is unknown. And this is looking a little higher, the character of the playing has been exceptionally good—proving indeed how careful and efficient have been the rehearsals, and how excellent the *ensemble* training.

The plebiscite concert on Saturday night, and the last actually of the season, drew together a very large audience, every foot of room being occupied. We cannot say that the voting was altogether quite creditable to the judgment and taste of the *habitues*. The programme that was the necessary result of it was far too sensational, and surely we have had enough of "Tannhauser" for a while. To drop grumbling, however, the concert was in its way very enjoyable, and the orchestra played its very best. Mr Manns received quite an ovation on making his final bow.

Mr Macbeth's intermezzo, a dainty little piece of work, included in the plebiscite programme, was redemanded, receiving almost a treble encore. It is being published for piano, we hear.

The performance of "Psyche," by the musical society of the 1st L.R.V., on Friday evening, was a very interesting one indeed. It gave an opportunity here for the first time, to those who had not been to Birmingham, to hear Gade's melodious music produced, as such a work ought always to be produced if only in simple justice to the composer—namely, with full orchestral accompaniment. The interest of the music is unflinchingly maintained to the end, and there is not a weak or redundant bar. Mr Henry Blower sang the exceptionally high baritone part of *Eros* with grace and tunefulness. It was by far his most satisfactory appearance here. Miss M. Fenna made a sympathetic, and withal effective *Psyche*, though the part was evidently new to her. Miss Fyffe was admirably suited in the music of *Prosperine*, her voice, in its clarinet-like quality, blending finely with the orchestra in the "lower world" music. The choral part of the work was on the whole well executed—the opening chorus, "In Hellas," being probably their best effort. The band, headed by M. Buziau, played with its usual success. Captain M'Nabb wielded the baton with his usual intelligent skill. The applause was frequent and hearty.

We would remind our readers of the two chamber concerts that are to be given this week in St. Andrew's North Hall, by the quartet party from the Choral Union orchestra, to-night and on Saturday night. The executants are M. Victor Buziau and other three prominent members of the band, and they will be assisted by Madlle. Nina Buziau on the pianoforte. To-night a string quartet each from Haydn and Schubert, and a quintet for pianoforte and strings by Schumann, are included in the programme; and similar compositions by Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are in that of Saturday, with the "Kreutzer" sonata for violin and pianoforte. This class of entertainment is rare here, and should be the more appreciated on that account.

Dirt Cheap!

AN enterprising Glasgow firm advertise "twenty (only) of very rare and curiously embroidered cloths, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards square, *fac-similies* (*sic*) of those used in the time of Marie Antoinette as drawing-room tea cloths, &c., which were originally sold at 324 (*sic*) guineas each; now to be absolutely thrown away for 10s 6d each; they are worth far more as a curiosity." The BAILIE should think they were! A 324 guinea article for half-a-guinea would be dirt cheap as a curiosity even if it did not possess the additional attraction of being a "*fac-similie*." Perhaps, however, the "324" is merely an orthographical eccentricity for which we should read "3 to 4."

MORE THAN HIS MATCH.

(Scene—Kilmarnock Cross.)

Match Boy (to surly old bachelor)—Johnnie Jex match, sir, only a bawbee the box.

Surly B.—Go away and don't torment me.

Match Boy (quietly)—You should tak' this match, because you'll haurly get anither offer.

[Bachelor "slides."]

PER "KYRLE."

Who Saint George's Church require,
Tak' the kirk, but *leave the spire!*

"A.Ph.S." or "A.S.S.?"—Under the vegetarian auspices of the "Scottish Food Reform Society" a lecture was delivered in a hall in Argyll Street last Thursday evening by "Mr Joseph A. Clarke, A.Ph.S. (!)" on "The Human Engine and its Fuel." Bauldie, who does not believe in vegetarianism any more than he does in teetotalism, wants to know, you know, if the engine in question is a donkey engine.

The Last Past of the "Men you Know."—"Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!"

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT Sir William Collins is pushing himself rapidly to the front.

That he has been elected president of the Liberal Association.

That he was chairman at a Scottish Legal Assurance meeting.

That "assurance" has been always Sir William's strong point.

That just now he is making himself "all things to all men."

That all this isn't done for nothing.

That Sir William has usually an eye to the main chance.

That the main chance is a seat in St. Stephen's.

That there are a great many houses to let.

That Glasgow is overbuilt.

That this gives employment to an army of factors.

That property-holding isn't the paying speculation it once was.

That the reward has been increased for the Tradeston outrage.

That the dynamite theory hasn't exploded yet.

That the gas manager has carried his point.

That when he catches his hare he'll bring round many sceptics to his way of thinking.

That Jeems has sound views on the Sunday shop question.

That some of his neighbours at the Town Council characterised his common-sense remarks as "sacrilege" and "blasphemy."

That seeing the Lord Provost and his supporters admit their inability to cope with the subject a little tolerance might be exercised.

That Jeems might frame a bill himself on the Sunday-closing question.

That the Glasgow fleshers aren't quite happy over the action of the local authorities.

That they have to pay for a whole beast and sometimes get about half the animal in return.

That crime has been on the increase in Glasgow.

That our "active and intelligent" force has also been augmented.

That large numbers of rewards have been given "ta force" for the apprehension of thieves.

That this looks a little like paying twice for the same work.

That the authorities are getting in the assessments by hook or crook.

That defaulting ratepayers are being wakened up.

That some now pay who never paid before.

That it is right and proper that everybody should bear his share of our local burdens.

Theology Out of Place.

TO an old fogey like the BAILIE it is not a little curious and interesting to watch the various developments of the modern civic Parliament. It is sometime since the Town Council gave up the idea of confining itself exclusively, or even chiefly, to business, and its latest tendency seems to be in the direction of constituting itself a theological debating society. The week before last we had a long discussion on the place and power of prayer, and last week we had Mr Neil on the Mosaic dispensation, Mr Martin on subjects which are seldom handled save in the pulpit, and other members joining in to complete the theological concert. The Lord Provost, who started last week's debate, drew the line at Mr Martin, whose homily he did not consider to be "for edification." With all deference to his Lordship, the BAILIE begs to remark that all such scenes are, from beginning to end, unedifying and lamentable in the extreme.

COUNTRY CRITICS.

(After the sermon—the minister discussed.)

Fenny—Whaur w's ye sittin', Jock?

Jock—Ye micht a' seen—in the forebreest o' the laft.

Fenny—An' whit think ye o' that yin?

Jock—He'll dae. Fegs, he's a cruncher! Man, he made a when o' the daeless yins steek their een an' keek wi' their mou's!

FO(U)RCED.

The boys of the period, Parliament rules,
Now needn't grow up either dunces or fools,
With schools for the young, and with "Young" for the schools,
Then may they "drink deep" of "Pierian" pools.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.—Ovid poetically speaks of the galaxy as the path along which the celestial gods went to the palace of Jupiter; modern science has matter-of-factly demonstrated that it is the milky whey of the green cheese that the pale orb mortals call the moon is made of.

OF ANOTHER COLOUR.—A "Violet-ribbon Army" is spoken of in London. Its members are to forswear "halfs" during business hours. Asinus calls it an anti-"nip"-tial contract.

Appropriate Ditty for a Harmonic Meeting of Good Tipplers.—"O swallow, swallow!" (Piatt's.)

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 (ESTABLISHED 1793), Distillers of the Original Plymouth Gin)
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Wholesale Agents.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1883.

THAT monument of mis-spent labour known as the new Police Bill, has failed to struggle into ideal completeness, through the Revising Committee having funked at framing a clause prohibiting Sunday trading in Glasgow. It would be needless to suggest that a majority of the Town Council had yielded so far to the continual clamour of a prominent few of the "unco guid," as to recommend the LORD ADVOCATE to do what they had not the courage or ability to do themselves. It is sufficient for the sensible inhabitants of the city to note that last week his Lordship showed a clerical deputation in Edinburgh very clearly that he has sound notions as to the practicability as well as the expediency of resorting to such illiberal and repressive legislation. The speeches made in the Council were so much more liberal than the terms of the recommendation adopted as to detract greatly from the force of the latter. This being so, does not the adoption of such an unwise resolution diminish the value of the other recommendations made by the Town Council to his Lordship for adoption in his General Police Bill? But the suggestion of the inconsistency of the proposal shows its utter ludicrousness. Not to mention such apparently forgotten trifles as Sunday labour, Sunday cabs, cars, and trains, do the City Improvement Trustees and the members of Council who are interested in property as landlords or factors hold all their tenants bound not to open shop on Sunday? Is this not a matter wherein it is a duty to set a good example? or is it the respectable only who are to be allowed to sin and the humble who are not to have their wants ministered to? Fear not, stranger, to come within our city's gates on Sundays. * You shall always have cakes and ale if you know where to go for it.

When is a dealer in bacon like one of the BAILIE'S jokes?—When he's a side-splitter, of course!

"Ambulance Drill."

THE other evening the men of the 8th L.R.V. were most elaborately "inspected" in ambulance drill, several being "detailed to act as if wounded," and so forth. Bauldie was present as a spectator, and at a late hour that night he bethought him of reproducing, for the benefit of the public, what he had seen. He accordingly detailed himself to act as if wounded on the pavement in Argyll Street. He considers that he played his part to perfection, but he is not at all satisfied with the manner in which the ambulance corps from South Albion Street went through their part of the drill; nor can he understand why he should have been charged five shillings next morning for his military demonstration.

SCOTCH ED.

(Sandy shows Monsieur round his farm until they reach the stack-yard.)

Monsieur—Oh! voila! vat a lot ov straw!

Sandy—Oh aye! I'm no' like ma neebors—I've hained ma strae; and noo that fodder's scarce, I'm everybuddie's buddy!

Monsieur—Vat you say? Ha! yes! clev-ver! A grand coup d'état!

Sandy—A w-h-a-a-t? A coo'd eat a'? Nae fears o't! Yer bletherin'! It wid be a grand coo'd eat it a'!! [*Monsieur gives it up.*]

"Unexceptional" Criticism.

THE London correspondent of a morning paper describes a new play as being "rather extravagant but indisputably unexceptional." His Worship learns on good authority that the production in question is *not* "unexceptional," inasmuch as it is exceptionally stupid. If the worthy gentleman means "unexceptionable," his taste is still more to be marvelled at, since one of the characters in the drama is a blaspheming curate, while the ladies of the piece revive the manners of Cremorne.

"THE COLONEL."—The BAILIE was pained to observe a tendency to "frivol" on the part of Mr William Helms on the occasion of his meeting with his constituents at Paisley last Wednesday. In response to a question anent Skye crofters and the franchise the honourable gentlemen jerked out, "Why, cert'nly!" Mr Helms should guard against this tendency, or there's no saying what may be his next bit of theatrical slang.

Bill of Fair—Promises—Bill Gladstone.

Fortiter in Modo.

THE BAILIE has once or twice of late had occasion to comment on the eccentricities of "the Chair" as displayed by various personages under divers circumstances; but his Worship has no hesitation in awarding the chairman's palm to Mr John Bell, who presided at last Tuesday's meeting of the Cardross Parochial Board. A Mr M'William, having incurred the wrath of "the Chair," was "called to order" three successive times in the following terms:—"You are a liar!" "I'll tak' and send yer heed spinnin' oot the windae!" "You, you puppy! You would dare to say such a thing to me!" As Mr M'William's head does *not* appear to have been sent "spinnin' oot the windae," we may conclude that this model chairman reverses the old saw, and goes in for combining the *fortiter in modo* with the *suaviter in re*.

"NO SAE GREEN."

(Scene—Bar of an inn; country bumpkin is imbibing a glass of whisky.)

Landlady (proudly) — That's graun' stuff, Johnny. Naething there but the pure maut.

Country Bumpkin — An' the wauter.

Landlady — Oh ay, I forgot the wauter.

Country Bumpkin (taking another sip) — For-got the wauter! Nae fear o' ye.

SEESTU?

On politics 'tis not for nought
The Paisley bodies craw sae croose,
'Tis theirs to send as "dome o' thought,"
E'en model Holms up for a "Hoose."

"Epithets."

A FEEBLE contribution to the Disestablishment howl appeared in the *Herald* last Wednesday, dated "Paisley," and signed, "Wm. Muir Mackean." Mr Mackean is an enthusiastic Huttontot, who is very indignant because honest and sensible folks call a spade a spade in talking of himself and his co-"Disestablishers." "It is wholly vain," he exclaims, "to suppose they can be conciliated, much less extinguished, by the application of epithets." "Application of epithets" is presumably Mackean-ese for "calling names." Well, suppose Mr Mackean and his friends were themselves to try the effect of ceasing to "apply epithets" to their betters? They cannot look for respectful treatment till they show that they deserve it.

Scottish (K)ights—Their name is legion.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

All U.P.!

THE eccentric ideas entertained by the average U.P. on the subject of what constitutes seemliness and courtesy were admirably illustrated at last meeting of the Glasgow U.P. Presbytery (North). A timely and earnest suggestion by Mr Bryce that, in the interests of decency and peace, the rabid Disestablishment crusade should cease, was characterised by different fathers and brethren as "a joke," "a practical joke," "the drollest motion that ever came before the Presbytery," the outcome of a "treacherous heart," and so forth, in a similar strain. It is satisfactory to find that there are, at least, some U.P. laymen who see through the pseudo-"Doctor" of Paisley and his satellites.

Chirps by a Trades' House Cricket.
THAT the Convener of the trades has withdrawn to his country residence at Kilmardinny.

That the maltmen are to have a conversazione on the 1st prox.

That certain of the dyers are essaying to make bye-laws for their trade.

That the deacon is to make a present of these laws to his craft after they have been adjusted to his satisfaction.

That this is benevolent.

That the deacon might profit by Norval's advice to Glenalvon:—

"Seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your new-sprung power!"

BEYOND HIS REACH.

(Scene—Office in Hope Street.)

First Clerk—Any word of another situation, Tom?

Second Clerk—Yes, Jack; but I must have a higher salary than the one I'm offered.

First Clerk (contemptuously)—Yes; so high that you'll never reach it.

"MA TANTE."—At last Saturday Evening Concert in the City Hall a lady vocalist sang "Out on the Rocks," "Children of the City," and "Auntie." Peter thinks there was a slight mistake about this selection. At all events, when he and other children (!) of the city find themselves "on the rocks" their thoughts turn rather to "uncle" than to auntie.

The Abstainer's "Union"—Hot Tom and W—.

The Rising Son—Mr Herbert Gladstone.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

THE Institute Exhibition continues to attract much attention. Its educative influence—owing to the cosmopolitan nature of the exhibits—is recognised by all who have a genuine interest in art.

One of the foreign pictures that deservedly receives general commendation is Dameron's "Les Fagots." The drawing of the figures is admirable. Laugée's "Widow" is another well composed picture.

The art critic of one of our leading journals seems to proceed on a simple and well-arranged plan. Praise the works of all the artists you know—giving little Dauber eulogisms that Rembrandt hardly merits—and then, to prevent your articles being one monotonous screech of fulsome flattery, depreciate the works of great men who do not live in Scotland, and whose palettes little Dauber is not worthy to clean. Such is the principle that inspires an art critic's remarks.

The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is one of which Scotland has just reason to be proud. It differs from that of the Institute inasmuch as it is an Exhibition of the year's art of Scotland, and more particularly of the year's art of Edinburgh; and as such, it is an exceedingly good show. While the young men claim attention by reason of the distinct advance manifested by their works, the older painters are represented by pictures of mature artistic thought and execution.

The "Phryne" of Sir Frederick Leighton has been disposed of at the end of the vista of rooms, and is seen in the far distance immediately you enter the Galleries.

Hook has contributed a picture of "Net Barking" to the Exhibition, a close study of which must prove of the utmost value to artists and art students. Millais' "Caller Herring," which is also there, is simply lovely. It is one of the finest and simplest of all the beautiful single figure subjects that have left his easel. A tiny "fishwife" is placed to the left of the canvas, looking wistfully seaward—she is seated on the shore. Two herrings lie in her basket. For background she has a hazel bush.

Orchardson is represented by a quaintly beautiful composition. An elegant young woman, with head thrown back, and hand holding up the skirt of a dress of pretty chintz, is the chief object in the picture. She carries some pigeon's food in her lap. A pigeon is perched on one of her hands, and a flock are feeding at her feet. Her figure is relieved against the open door of a barn.

A portrait by Tadema of his daughter will attract attention, on account of the difference of its handling from that of his smaller pictures.

Tom Faed has a fine picture in the Galleries. Tom Graham is represented by his Academy work entitled "The Tire-Woman;" Pettie by his "Eugene Aram," also exhibited last year in the Academy; and Macwhirter by "Ossian's Grave," likewise an Academy picture.

Herdman has sent to the Galleries a grand picture of St. Columba rescuing a captive. The saint is accompanied by several attendants, one of whom carries a wooden cross, while another holds in his hand a knife, with which he has cut the cords with which the captive was bound. The latter, in her gratitude for her release, clasps the knees of her preserver. Mr Herdman has placed the scene of his work at the mouth of a cave, in the interior of which are a group of angry and astonished natives.

Lockhart is represented by one of the most delicate and tenderly coloured pictures he has yet painted. It is a scene from "Gil Blas." MacTaggart has contributed several works to the collection, all of them delightfully fresh and abounding with artistic suggestion. W. D. Mackay, the new member of the Academy, has selected his subjects, as usual, from life out of doors. All his pictures are excellent. One or two small but very good pictures have come from Wingate.

Farquharson and Macgregor, two of the new Associates, are very strong. Lorimer's portraits are full of character and good workmanship. Robert Noble is up to his promise of last year;

and J. C. Noble will satisfy his friends. Departing from his Jacobite subjects, Hole has taken for the time to the delineation of fishing and shore life, and his pictures show him to have acquired a firm and appreciative grasp over this, for him, new class of subject.

The delightful colour, and singularly delicate sentiment, which characterise the contributions of David Murray, constitute them distinct features of the Exhibition. "My Love has gone a-sailing" hardly gets full justice done to it by reason of the manner in which it has been hung, but "The Swan's Retreat," his other more important picture, has happily been more fortunate in this respect.

George Reid has sent a monastic picture to the Exhibition. This is entitled "The last sleep of Savonarola." A brother, attired in black, and whose cowl covers his head and face, giving the entire picture a strange, weird look, supports a second monk, who is stretched on the floor of a cell, and whose features wear the set, stiffened look of death. This is a picture of the very essence of romanticism, as is also Mr Reid's landscape of gloomy hills, with a dark lochan in the middle distance, and a foreground whereon some crows pick a bleaching skeleton. The effect of the scene is accentuated by patches of snow here and there among the hill tops.

Smart is fresher in colour than is his wont, and very happy in subject.

Glasgow—that is, Glasgow art—has fared better than usual this year at the hands of the Royal Scottish Academicians.

Joseph Henderson has sent East a large upright picture of silver firs, as has likewise Robert Greenlees; both works are well placed. James A. Aitken's mist picture shows to excellent advantage in the Galleries; and A. K. Brown, Young, Mackellar, Davidson, Hunt, East, M'Bride, Rattray, Carlaw, Fulton, Black, and Hall Maxwell are all represented, and to good purpose.

What may be termed the farcical side of the Exhibition is supplied by a small picture—a meadow with figures—painted by no less an individual than Mr Baldwin Brown, Professor of Fine Arts to the Edinburgh University. Tell it not in London, nor publish it in the newspapers of Edinburgh, but let it be known that the worst member of our Art Club here shows far more of true art than is to be found in the Professor's amusing contribution. Surely a better illustration of the difference between "professing," and the working reality, has never been seen before.

The Academicians, by the way, were rather stingy in the matter of admission to the "varnishing." Several of our Glasgow artists who had had pictures accepted had the doors closed against them on that day. The example of the Institute and the Royal Academy in acknowledging the right of every exhibitor to admission to the "touching up" might be well followed. And then at the best it is but half a day—surely far too little time to do any serious or important work.

A general meeting of the Art Club, for the election of office-bearers and the transaction of other business, will be held in the club-rooms, Bothwell Circus, on the evening of Thursday next. Sir W. Fettes Douglas will be proposed on the occasion as an honorary member, in room of the late Sir Daniel MacNee. It is interesting to note that the Club has hitherto been somewhat conservative in the matter of electing honorary members. At present the only member of this kind on the roll is William Dennistoun of Capri, who was in some sense the founder of the Club, the initiatory meeting having been held in his house in Old Kilpatrick.

A "conference" will take place in the club-room on Saturday evening, when the subject of "The Glasgow Art Club" will be introduced by James Cowan.

An Old Saw Reset—"Where there's a 'Will' there's a plethora of work chalked out."

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

A Plea for Consistency.

IT is a cause of humiliation to every citizen of Glasgow that our rulers show themselves so irrational and pigheaded in the matter of Sunday trading. The BAILIE'S views on the subject are well known, and he is getting rather tired repeating them, but he will make one more effort to persuade the Lord Provost and his friends to exhibit, at least, a little consistency. If aged and reedy females are to be prosecuted for endeavouring to keep themselves out of the workhouse by vending sweets and ginger-beer on the first day of the week, then, in the name of justice and common-sense, let us apply the same rule to railway directors, to proprietors of newspapers and public works, to livery-stable keepers, and so forth. Let us, in short, go back to the delightful state of things depicted by the Lord Provost at last Council meeting. By doing so we shall render ourselves the laughing-stock of Christendom, but we shall, at all events, be consistent.

"A WEE DRAPPIE O'T."

(Scene—Spur Inn, Cumbernauld; arrival of bicyclist.)

Bicyclist (languidly)—Morning! Don't feel well. What should I have?—Oh! half of pale brandy, my dear.

My Dear (astonished)—Brandy! a hauf a pail? Gae'wa! Oh! (smiling) I suppose ye mean a bucket! [He does.]

OUR "SISTER" ISLE.

"First gem of the sea," much thy "greenness" apart,
Thou land of sham-rock, yet of real stony heart.

Deranging her Epitaphs.

GRANNY has been going in with much strength and originality for "calling names." In her first leader last Tuesday she described Sir William Harcourt as being "even more of an 'old Roman' than he is of an 'ancient Briton,'" and in a similarly prominent place next day she termed Mr Charles Bradlaugh "the Prospero of Northampton." The two epithets are not equally felicitous. It might not be out of place to style the Home Secretary, if not an old Roman, at least an old Rum'un, but if the rejected of St. Stephen's resembles—physically, mentally, and morally—any character in "The Tempest," it is certainly *not* Prospero!

The Court Journal—A lover's diary.

Reared on a Farm—A prancing plough-horse.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchlehall Street.

Of Course!

A CORRESPONDENT of a morning paper writes to point out that "Lord Young made a slight mistake when he spoke of the Glasgow school pass as being the highest in Scotland," and that "the three elementary schools at Dumfries, *which is his Lordship's native town*, show still better results." The italicised words explain Lord Young's reason for omitting to mention Dumfries. He naturally regarded it as a matter of course that the town which had had the honour of giving him birth should rank first in every possible respect, and considered that his hearers should understand it to be so.

A "FORCE"-ABLE HINT.

(Scene—Gallowgate.)

Policeman (to crowd of boys who have found an old box)—Now then, what's this ye've got?

Small Boy (sneeringly)—O it's naething ye can eat.

Face-ing It Out!

THERE is an Episcopal parson at Alloa who declines to pay his poor and school rates. Whether the reverend gentleman's refusal is based on a disbelief in education and charity does not appear; but, at all events, his portrait was sold the other day, by public roup and for the sum of twenty-three shillings sterling, in order to meet the claim. See what it is to be an Episcopal parson! Ordinary mortals have to pay their debts with portraits of her Majesty, but this reverend gentleman's own effigy serves his turn. It would be interesting to know whether he finds his autograph as negotiable as the signatures which adorn the "paper" of the Bank of Scotland!

Playing at Nap is an old game in France. But it is rather risky to palm off a *napoleon* for a *sovereign*. Plon-Plon tried it and got "took up."

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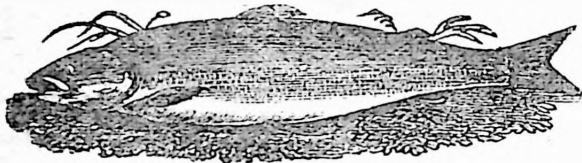
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J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite
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THE GRAND CLIMAX.

THE ENTIRE CITY COMPLETELY PARALYSED.

You will not—it is impossible you could—believe that goods could be sold at such prices even at Wilson's. You must see the lines for yourself. One thing our country patrons must notice is that we will not attend to letter orders for articles under one shilling each during this Sale. The whole of our 21 Departments are packed with Lines that must be out of the House by the 24th. Last day next Saturday, 24th February. Last Week of the greatest and most successful Sale in the annals of the Colosseum. To give, if possible, additional prominence to the Last Week, Mr Wilson's great London purchases of Tuesday last will be included at Sale prices.

GENTLEMEN.—In the Gentlemen's Department we make very special concessions—see Gentlemen's paragraph.

Our First Spring Show opens on Monday, the 26th February, and as our French patterns and London purchases for early Spring have now arrived, we must have space at once. Mr Wilson hopes that his country patrons will be able to visit the Colosseum before next Saturday. A saving of 5s to 17s 6d in the Pound may be effected. Seal Jackets extraordinary—only a few left—these we have numbered No. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and we will throw them away at 7, 12, 15, 18, and 25 Pounds. We could sell them to the makers, who are now busy on next year's stock, for one-half more. You know the ultimatum. Look at articles just delivered. A Lot of Black and Brown Capes, worth 17s 6d, for 7s 11d each; and we now offer the pick of the Langtry Capes, that were from 40s to 80s, for One Pound. Our Fur trimmings and Fur Sets must go at any price at all. Mantles, Ulsters, and Newmarket Coats at prices that we dare not quote. Our remaining pattern Dolmans and Jackets at nominal prices. The Wonderful Half-Guinea Tweed Ulster, full size for Lady, now 2s 11d. One Thousand New Black Cloth Jackets, half regular prices. Misses' Ulsters at still lower prices than quoted last week. Millinery! Millinery!!—Thousands of Lovely Hats and Bonnets at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, and 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. Steel Lace Bonnets, Gold Lace Bonnets, Jet Bonnets—the residue of our Winter Patterns at your own price. All the Latest Styles in Hats and Bonnets at Sale Prices. Misses' Trimmed Hats—Extraordinary Bargains this Week. Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Velveteens, Crapes, and Merinoes at the Lowest Prices ever quoted by any Glasgow house. See our Wonderful Black and Coloured Satins; the 2s Satins of the ordinary trade, our price till end of Sale is 11½d. This is lower than the maker's price to-day. See our Black Satins at 1s 11d and 2s 11d; worth at least double.

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.—It would be impossible by any language we could express to convey an idea of the wonderful value we offer in this Department. Fancy Wings, Birds, and Aigrets, at low, low prices. Pion-Pions in all colours, from ½d to 1s each.

NOW FOR THE HATS.—A fearful Week! Our New White Goods are here. The Colours must go. All our Beaver Hats at 2s 11d; these were 7s 6d and 8s 6d. All our Plush and Velvet Hats and Bonnets must go. Our Fur Hats must go, so note the prices:—A good Seal Hat for 11½d, and the pick of very best Seals, regardless of price marked, will now be 9s 11d; this is terrible. The 1s 6d Mohair Princess Bonnet now for 3½d; not more than 60,000 now in Stock. The 6s 11d Fine French Felt Princess Bonnet now for 2½d. One Ton of fine Buckram Hat Shapes—the 6l and 1s Qualities of other Shopkeepers—our price is One Penny each. The 2s Cord Canton New Princess Bonnet just to hand; we sell them at 6½d. We sell Chip Hats, Satin Hats, and Straw Hats at prices that no other House dare touch. Walter Wilson & Co. STAND ALONE and Unrivalled. See the Windows. Infant's Christening Hats and Hoods; Rare Bargains in this Department. All slightly soiled goods thrown out to be sold at any price.

CURTAINS, CURTAINS, CURTAINS.—The Largest Stock in Town. The best Value ever offered. 2000 Pairs Real Guipure d'Art Lace Curtains, 7s 11d (only fancy—7s 11d for a pair of Real Guipure Curtains, it is marvellous), 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 15s 6d, 21s, 25s, 40s, 60s, 80s, and 100s—competition impossible.

AYRSHIRE and NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, 1s 3½d to 40s per pair. Country Patrons on sending P.O.O., can have Curtains sent them at any desired price, rail paid. Swiss Curtains, Madras Curtains, Curtains of all kinds. Wilson's are undoubtedly the Best Curtain People in the kingdom.

CRETONNES, CRETONNES, CRETONNES.—New Designs at 2d, 4½d, 6½d, 8½d, 10½d, 11½d, and 1s 4d per yard—immense assortment in all prices.

GENTLEMEN.—To thoroughly introduce our German Felt Hat, we offer all Shapes at 6s 11d for This Week Only. These will never be offered again at this price. Special Value in Dress Hats at 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. Felt Hats, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d—well worth double.

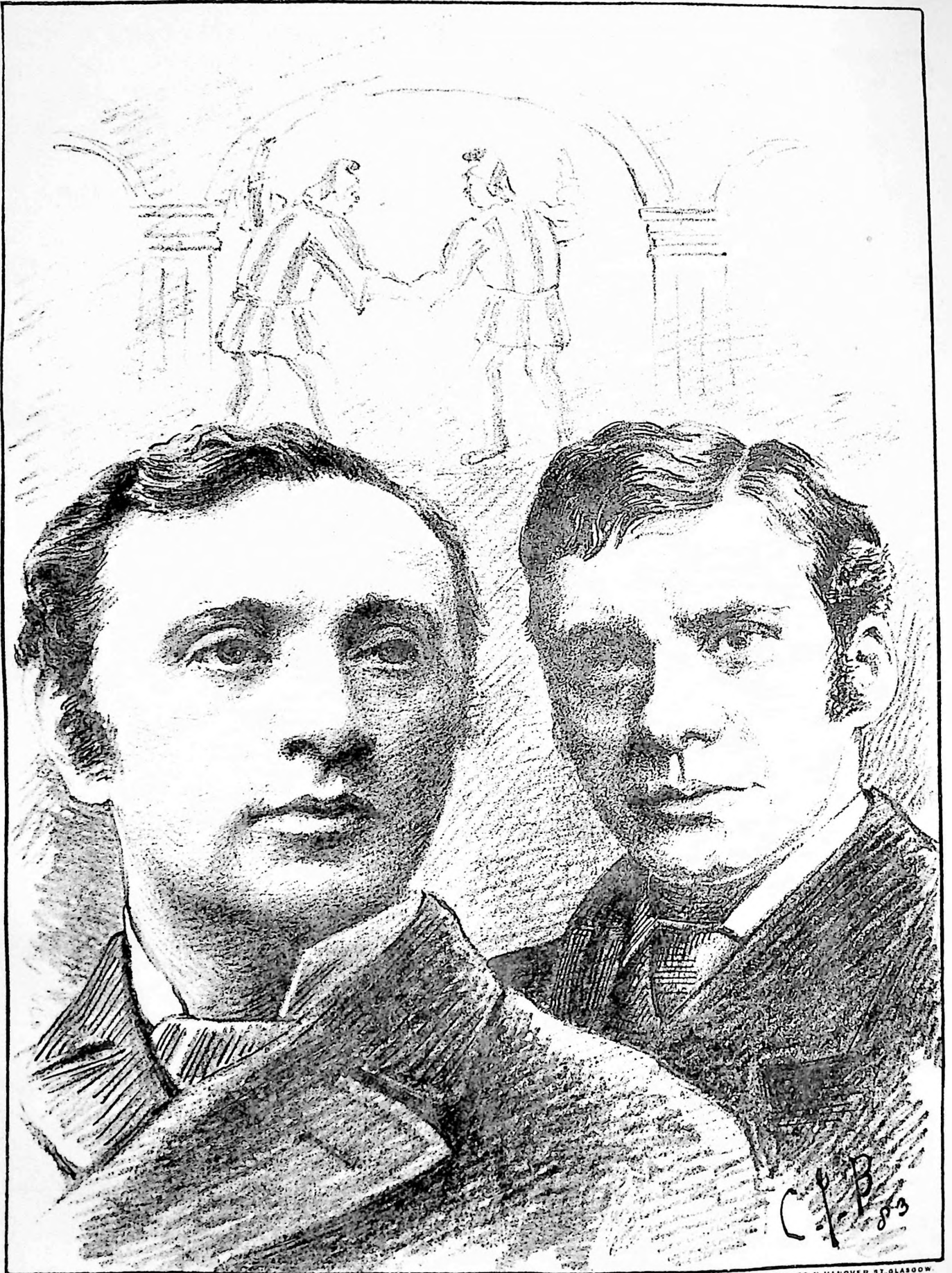
SPECIAL LINES IN GENTLEMEN'S UMBRELLAS and HOSIERY.—25 Doz. Dent's Town-Made Norfolk Gloves, newest Spring Colours, sizes 7½ to 9, for This Special Week only 1s 11d per pair; worth 3s 6d. 25 Doz Dent's Lined Gloves, assorted kinds, now all 1s 11d per pair. 50 Doz. Men's Knitted Sanquhar Gloves pick for 11½d; our prices were from 1s 6d to 3s 6d per pair. 100 Doz Men's Braces, pick for 11½d per pair. The Pick of all our Gent's Scarfs for 1s 3d. All this till Saturday, 24th February, only.

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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 541. Glasgow, Wednesday, February 28th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 541.

THIS week the BAILIE illustrates his pages with the portraits of two merry men. CHARLES GROVES and GEORGE WILLIAM ANSON are each of them fellows of infinite jest. Low comedians both, they have made the world happier by their lively humour and pleasant fun. Mr GROVES is the better known in Glasgow of the pair, but in the earlier portion of his career Mr ANSON was for a couple of seasons at the Theatre Royal, and since then he has played one or two starring engagements here—appearing now at the Royal and now at the Gaiety. In London, where he has been for something like ten years, Mr ANSON has a well-merited reputation. His *Scum Goodman*, for instance, his *Bunter*, and the part he played in “The Old Love and the New,” were each of them performances of rare merit. He is likewise celebrated for his impersonations of *Achille Talma Dufard* and *Grimaldi*, in “The First Night” and the “Life of an Actress” respectively. One of Mr ANSON’S enterprises which had not to do with acting, although it belonged more or less to the stage, was the opening of a Dramatic Fine Art Gallery, three years ago, in New Bond Street, London. The works exhibited included oil pictures and drawings by actors, portraits of famous actors, and scenes and groupings from celebrated plays. A large degree of attention was attracted by the Exhibition, not only in theatrical circles, but among the general public as well. As regards Mr GROVES, again, he may be said to have been literally cradled on the stage. When ten months old he was “brought on” as the baby of a farce, and all through infancy and boyhood his services were constantly utilised for children’s parts, although it was not till ’58, and he had attained the mature age of

fifteen, that he first, as he says himself, tasted the sweets of salary. Mr GROVES seems equally at home in comedy, in burlesque, and in broad farce. His *Mould* in “Not Such a Fool as He Looks,” his *Calino* in “Nemesis,” and his village lawyer in “The Goose with the Golden Eggs,” are in their several ways quite unsurpassed. This bright, clever pair are appearing, during the present week, at the Gaiety Theatre, playing together in “The Comedy of Errors.” The recent representations of “The Comedy” at the Royalty Theatre, by Mr Edward Compton, have rendered us familiar, comparatively speaking, with a piece of broad humour, of which even habitual play-goers were beginning to lose sight. The play, or rather farce, is regarded as the second in number of Shakespeare’s works. It bears about it the spirit of youth. There are plenty of absurdities in it, to be sure, its main idea is a wild improbability, but for all that its buoyancy of tone, its ludicrous repetition of incident, and the general bustle and fun which prevail throughout its various scenes, are one and all of them characteristic of the work of a young man. The version of the comedy presented at the Gaiety is similar to that which is at present running at the London Strand Theatre. This is in three acts, and its business is arranged in such a manner that the mirth is never allowed to flag even for a moment. There is a good deal of the *Dromios* in it, of course, rather more, indeed, having regard to the other characters, than was meant by Shakespeare. But what will you have? Every Shakesperian play, even “Hamlet” itself, is more or less “adapted” when placed on the stage. And “The Comedy of Errors,” which mainly depends upon incident for its effect, probably suffers less from its adaptation than the majority of the Master’s works. As for the *Dromios*, the BAILIE, it need hardly be said, wishes them all success

during their stay at Mr Heslop's house. Merry men both, their performance is eminently suited to wile away an hour in a manner that will not only be enjoyable at the time, but will leave pleasant memories behind it.

—♦—
Crushing!

THE Home-Secretary was very severe on the Court of Session the other day. In the course of his reply to a question put by Mr Barclay, he remarked that it had been recently decided by the Supreme Court in Scotland, "that a hole made by a rabbit is not a rabbit-hole, and that it is essential to a hole that it should have a top." It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court in Scotland has a due consciousness of having been sat upon.

—♦—
A FACT—"OF COURSE."

(Professional beggar calls on shopkeeper, tells a mournful tale, and ends by soliciting a copper.)
Hard-hearted Shopkeeper (who has an Irish brogue, looking dubiously at the P. B., and suspecting that he is given to drink)—Be off out o' this! You're afther collectin' subscriptions for a public-house!

—♦—
SING-SONG.

To mak' a tune, or write a sang,
O' a' the toons I've been amang,
There's nane like Paisley shows the skill
O' 'Arry Smith an' Daunie Hill.

A TROPE.—A Mr James King, writing to the *Herald*, advises his fellow-miners to "watch that they be not, in Lanark at least, trammelled by the tropes of parties outside the trade." "Trammelled by tropes" is good—"very excellent good." Perhaps, by the way, Mr King will be good enough to explain how the process of trammelling by tropes is performed.

"E. C."—The prospectus of "the 'E. C.' Powder Company," formed for the manufacture of a new explosive, is announced. His Worship is authorised to contradict the report that the promoters of the company are Messrs Rainy & Hutton, and that the powder is to be used for the purpose of blowing up the establishment.

"Patria Carey (Cara), Carior Libertas—"Out of this nettle Danger, to pluck the flower Safety."
—*1st Henry IV.*

An Irish Sell—Kilmainham.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

28th February.

"Ver, begin."

BLOW your last blast and exit, Twenty-eight;
We weary, weary for the gentle Spring,
That flowers will bring,
And hedgerows green, and birds that ma'e
And merry sing.

We dare not laugh beneath those leaden skies;
But when cold, biting March his course hath run,
The gladdening sun
Will to our lips the song uprise
Or sparkling pun.

And we will spring, a youngling once again,
Now bent and battered with the winter's wind,
The blasts that blind,
The icy sleet and dogged rain,
All too unkind.

And we will laugh the joyous laugh of youth,
That knows no care beyond the passing hour,
Whose witching power
Hides from them all the future's ruth—
Youth's blessed dower.

Thus Spring will come and make, new-make, us all,
And we will lithe and blythe be as the time,
The year's sweet prime,
And tune our hearts right musical
To linked rhyme.

And we will hum our hymn of thankfulness
As earnest as the bee o'er floweret sunny
In search of honey,
And—if not chid by dark distress—
Perchance be funny.

—♦—
SUB-MARINE.

(Scene—Argyle Street, not far from Buchanan Street; a canvas tent is erected on pavement, covering the operations of the men repairing underground telegraph.)

Country Visitor (to Celtic policeman, pointing at the same time to canvas tent)—What's the meanin' o' that thing there?

Celtic Policeman—Oh, it's the Post Office folk mendin' the submarine telegraph below Argyle Street.

[Exit country visitor satisfied with the information.]

—♦—

CHEAP "RELIGION."—A Sunday trader writes to the papers to "ask the religious to save us (the Sunday traders) from requiring to give so much change on Sunday. Coppers for a sixpence or two threepenny pieces, or two halfpence for a penny, cause us more trouble than many would imagine." As a sly dig at those of "the religious" who like to be "religious" on the cheap—a painfully numerous class—this is "no sae bad."

The Consolidation of the Trusts—The telephone.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky, 18s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

On 'Change.

MONEY is cheap, not only in London, which rules Great Britain, but also in all the great Continental centres. Its market value is lower abroad than at home, so much so that capital has come from Paris for temporary investment here. This would appear to point to a further reduction of the Bank rate at no very distant date, unless some unforeseen event should happen. Money will be wanted for America, but that contingency is not likely to affect the market for some time yet. In the meanwhile, there is a large amount of capital seeking investment, and several ordinary trade channels are either partially or wholly closed. At all events, they are insufficiently wide to take off the supply, and hence additional outlets are sought to be provided by the establishing of fresh joint stock companies.

Assam asks money for two purposes. The Assam Railways and Trading Company Limited will issue 5 per cent. debentures at par to the extent of £150,000, repayable in any case at par, but at 107½ in the event of Government exercising its right of purchase. This seems a solid investment, and well secured, but it is more suited for the tea merchants and planters of London and Calcutta than for Scottish capitalists. The enterprise is important to everyone interested in Assam, which promises to be the largest tea-producing country in the world. The second undertaking is a company to grow the teas and supply them to the shareholders on what appears to be a principle of co-operation. This is a paltry kind of expedient to secure favour on behalf of the company. Good tea will sell without resorting to such a device, and the prosperity of the tea plantations in Darjeeling and Cachar indicates that any prudently conducted company would probably meet with success. A barrister and "a modern Major-General," however, scarcely answer the idea of the directors who ought to form the board.

Companies for the manufacture of explosives are multiplying, as if the ultimate improvement of the human race off the face of the earth were a desirable object. Nobel's, the most successful concern of its kind in this neighbourhood, is to have a rival in a company, presided over by Lord Brabourne. The new undertaking will deal mainly with gunpowder for military and sporting purposes. Some one ought to apply dynamite for the purpose of relieving vessels frozen up in ice blocks. At the present moment there are millions of capital lying practically useless, and vessels, like horses, are idly eating their heads off, because nobody can cut or blast a passage through the ice that encumbers the St. Lawrence, the Baltic, and the Black Sea. Were the ice effectually opened in the spring, it is improbable that it would freeze together again, and the navigation might be resumed a month earlier than is usually the case.

The Clippens Oil Company did not gain much by appealing the patent case to the House of Lords. The law lords in London endorsed the opinion of the law lords in Edinburgh that the Clippens Company had infringed the patent protecting the Henderson retort, and the legal opinion is pronounced to be sound by all the oil experts with whom I am acquainted. All that has been gained by the appeal was to arouse a good deal of disagreeable feeling, and land the Clippens Company in heavy costs. It is singular that the directors should have been obstinate enough to push the matter so far when the end was obvious.

Some inquisitive persons are speculating upon the identity of one particular individual who was lately an anxious seller of Midlothian oil shares. So desirous was he to sell that he employed two brokers. Those gentlemen, whose orders were imperative, offered the shares against each others at successive reductions of an eighth each time, till they got the price down about £1. They did not know that they were acting for the same man. The secret did not leak out until the shares, which were largely taken up last settlement, came to be transferred.

Insurance companies make large profits out of their dealings with the more careful and credulous section of humanity. Their accounts show this, and the Insurance Blue Book is a permanent record of the yearly earnings. If the profits were not made the various companies could not keep up the splendid establishments they are so fond of rearing. When they are getting so

much they ought to be generous, but I do not always find that they are. The case of Charley versus the Scottish Union Insurance Company, which ended in Leeds on Thursday last, is an instance in point. The plaintiff owned a mill which was burnt, and he claimed £20,000. The Company contested the claim on the ground that the fire was wilful on the part of Mr Charley. In the face of this serious charge the plaintiff gained his case. The court, therefore, must have held the plaintiff uniltless of wilful fire-raising, and this makes it awkward for the Company. Unless the Company had good grounds for believing that the allegation could be substantiated it ought not to have disputed the claim. Mr Charley, on the other hand, was bound to bring the action, not only to make good his claim and get his money, but also to clear his character. Those two points gained, it would almost seem that he has a further claim for damages on the ground of libel. A company has no right to blacken its client's fame upon mere slender suspicion.

The ways of Insurance Companies are marvellously intricate. Two concerns, let us say, are not getting on very well, and their shares are possibly at a discount. They agree to amalgamate, and both instantly go to a premium. Take another example. One company finds a portion of its business unremunerative and hands the same over to its neighbour. Both improve in public estimation, as if a change of any kind were certain to be a benefit. Railways do the opposite. They raise prices by splitting the stocks into two, and calling one "preferred" and the other "deferred." The principle is different but the end seems to be the same. It involves the desire to make 2 and 2 add up 5.

SCRUTATOR.

SALIC LAW.

(Scene—History class.)

Teacher—What is a sovereign?

Pupil—A pound, sir.

Teacher—Does it never mean anything else?

Pupil—Yes, sir, a king.

Teacher—And is a queen not a sovereign?

Another Pupil—No, sir, half a sovereign.

STATUS OF STATUES.

In statu quo ante: Statue? quo' niece,
O' statues they're scanty who would them increase,
Their number and weight, by such as "the Duke,"
That down from a height, on an arch o'er a gate,
To seek a new site the Londoners took.
["Height" rhymes not with "weight," nor "weight" rhymes
with "height,"
And yet, as it spells, it seems as it might.]

APROPOS DE BOTTES.—A well-known firm advertise for "a thoroughly competent man to manage a large retail shoe shop opening." Is it the shoe, the shop, or the opening that is large and retail? Also, might not a "large retail shoe" be more briefly and simply described as a wholesale shoe?

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—It is a vulgar error in belief that Sint Pathric banished from Ireland *all* the varmint, but none that Mr Forster is to pose as a model for a colossal statue of Hercules strangling the Hydra.

A Cab Stand—Paying a friend's hire home.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Mr Kyrle Bellew, who appears to-night at the Royalty, is not unknown in this city. He was a leading member of the Marie Litton Company at the Theatre Royal, playing such parts as *Orlando*, *Sir George Airy*, and *Young Marlow*. Gallant of bearing and impassioned of style, Mr Bellew is the "Stage lover," *par excellence*, of the day. His career has been a chequered one. A sailor, a gold-digger, a "lecturer" for a panorama, a newspaper reporter, and an actor, he has seen and learned more of the works and ways of the world than most men of his age.

The play in which Mr Bellew appears is, of course, "Romeo and Juliet," and "Romeo and Juliet" as produced by Mr Irving at the London Lyceum on the 8th of last March. This production, as the play-going world knows, was one of altogether unequalled importance. The beauty of the scenery, the richness of the appointments, the variety and picturesqueness of the stage groupings, were such as the present generation had not previously known.

All Mr Irving's scenery, and his dresses and other accessories, have been brought to Glasgow by Mr Bellew; indeed the drama, as represented here, will be a *replica* of the Lyceum performance.

Mr Knapp's programme, as unfolded in his speech on Thursday night, is one of the most satisfactory he has yet presented to his patrons. Not only has he secured, once more, the favour of a visit from Mr Irving and Mr Toole respectively, but he has likewise made engagements with such distinguished artistes as Mr Barry Sullivan, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Mr Edward Terry. He has also arranged for a short season of Italian Opera, and for the re-appearance—a fact he omitted to mention on Thursday—of the Carl Rosa Company. The aristocratic amateurs, led by Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young, is a further feature of his programme which has created much interest in local circles.

To-night begins the last six nights of the present run of Mr G. R. Sim's "Lights o' London" at the Grand Theatre. The piece is one to thrill you from the roots of the hair to the tips of the fingers. In some sense it is a single part piece, inasmuch as the interest is mainly concentrated round the figure of *Harold Armitage*. Happily for the general effect at the Grand, this character has every justice done to it by Mr Leonard Boyne. Indeed, for strong, shall I say melodramatic (?) acting, I don't know where to look for Mr Boyne's equal, among our younger players at least. And not only does Mr Boyne sustain the leading part in the "Lights o' London," but he undertakes the general direction of the play as well. How difficult is this double task, what mental worry, what tear and wear of brain and nerve it involves, only actors and stage-managers can know.

The costermonger scene, by-the-by, with which the last act of the "Lights" opens, was arranged from, or at least had its origin in Frank Barnard's "Saturday night at the east-end of London," a picture which was originally exhibited at the Royal Academy, and which was sent to the Glasgow Institute a year or two ago. Amazingly clever as Mr Barnard's work is, it failed, however, to find a purchaser either at the Academy or the Institute. This, it seems, was recently made known to Mr Sims, who immediately "went for it," becoming the happy possessor at the original price of £500.

"Forced from Home," the new piece at the South Side Theatre, was originally played at the now defunct Duke's Theatre, Holborn. It is the work of Mr W. G. Wills, the author of "The Man o' Airlie" and "Charles I."

The entertainments at the Gaiety this week will include, in addition to "The Comedy of Errors," the farce of "A Model of A Wife," in which Mr Anson is provided with a "broken English" part, a style of acting in which he is quite unrivalled among contemporary actors, and "The Goose and the Golden Eggs," with Mr Groves, of course, in the *role* of *Mr Turby*. The other members of "The Comedy of Errors" Company

include Misses Maude Brennan, Mabel Pate, and Florence Harrington, and Messrs Gresham, Melford, Fenwicke, and Harding.

"They say" that the fashionable event of the season in Glasgow will be the New Club Ball, which will be held in St. Andrew's Halls on Friday, the 19th of March. Upwards of 500 invitations have been issued by the committee to the "society" of the West of Scotland.

The large deputation of members of Town Council, belonging to what is called the "impoverished City Improvement Trust," left the city on Friday in a saloon carriage specially brought from London for their use by the Caledonian Railway. It, the saloon, which was luxuriously fitted up—its appointments including, among other things, handsome draught and chess boards—is to be at the service of the members of the deputation, and accompany them to the various English towns they may chance to visit.

Not much progress is being made with the negotiation for the removal of St. George's Church from Buchanan Street to St. George's Road. It is, however, definitely fixed that the steeple, so universally admired, is to be demolished, as being suitable for neither the projected new church nor for the insurance company. This act of vandalism ought surely to call down the wrath of our men of artistic light and leading. The minister of the parish of St. George's-in-the-Fields is quite indignant, I understand, at the proposal to erect the parent church almost alongside his own. This new-born zeal of the Presbytery for the large population in the district of St. George's Road is rather curious, especially as the district was left for so many years to the care of the dissenters. The new church and site, if agreed to by the Town Council, will cost £21,000, and this will leave £9000 to be banked for ecclesiastical purposes.

There are six sheriffs for Glasgow, all with handsome remunerations, but only one—Sheriff Balfour—was to be found in "the Buildings" on Saturday. A number of litigants appeared to have their disputes settled, but as Sheriff Balfour had his own work to attend to, and was unable to devote any time to the work of his neighbours, they had to go away, to return at a more convenient season.

I understand that the directors of the Botanic Gardens have made an application to the Corporation for more money. The £25,000 recently lent by the Fathers of the City is, I believe, all spent in extensive improvements in the Gardens. In the operations connected with this outlay of public money, every other purpose would seem to have been considered quite subordinate to one purpose, viz., the providing of the best possible conditions, regardless of expense, for the University Professor of Botany conducting his University classes. "They say" that the new request of the directors to the Corporation is to advance about £15,000 more money, in order that additional ground may be acquired, and a handsome suite of buildings for the University Botany classes erected. It is intended that the buildings shall consist of a lecture room, laboratory, herbonium, museum—indeed everything that can be suggested for the comfortable and successful treating of Botany as part of the University curriculum. Happy University! Rich city which can invest such large sums for the advancement of a minor science, and unselfishly leave the fees to the teachers!

The vacant site at the corner of Bedford Row and Main Street, Gorbals, is about to be covered with public baths, a swimming pond, and wash-houses, all, I understand, after the same style as those erected in other parts of the city.

Dr Moxey (Leo Ross) gives a series of readings in Stockwell Free Church, East Howard Street, on Friday evening first. The present is Dr Moxey's first public appearance since 1879, but I understand that there is a strong probability of his ere long resuming the calling of a public reader.

At last Friday's meeting of Hutcheson's Hospital, Councillor M'Laren proved that, before voting, the comprehension of a disputed question was not necessary. A vote was being taken on an amendment by Treasurer Walls to a certain clause in the Endowment Scheme, when the Councillor made his appearance. Before he had his seat chosen, his name was called, when, with an amazing promptitude, he responded "Ballie Walls." The Patrons laughed and his neighbour then explained to him the point at issue.

On Friday night the North St. Andrew's Hall was filled by a delighted company of ladies and gentlemen, the friends and guests of the Deutscher Verein, who entertained them with another of their pleasant dramatic and musical performances. The farces *Nimrod* and *Monsieur Hercule*, and the musical joke *Herr Nudelmuller und seine Tochter* formed a happily chosen programme. A good level of histrionic power was shown all round, point after point being scored artistically; and not a few of the ladies and gentlemen displayed character acting that would grace even professional boards. In the dance that followed, as well as in the plays and playing, the *Heimliche* in the national character proclaimed itself quite unmistakably.

This is the antepenultimate—to use a little word of the dominies—at Hengler's. The season has been a long and brilliant one, and is to be wound up in grand style on Wednesday evening, when Mr F. C. Hengler makes a first appeal to his friends in these parts. "Fred" deserves well of the public. Among the novelties will be Mr Carriot's covey of trained pigeons, which so greatly charmed the Princess of Wales in Mr Hengler's London cirque last Wednesday; and take note, BAILIE, that Miss Agnes Sprake (Mrs Frederick Charles Hengler) will be in the saddle once again, and with her old high-flier "Moscow" will "negotiate" timber as in days of yore. Fred is sure to have a bumper. The West Nile Street company open in "Canny Newcassel" on Saturday, and the London corps make tracks for Norwich.

The military and athletic sports, under the auspices of the 1st L.R.V. Athletic Club, will be held on Saturday, 21st April, at Burnbank Grounds.

Shakespeare in Season.

ON IRELAND.

"IRELAND for the Irish"—"Ship them all to Ireland." 2 *Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 1.

Parnell—"Plague of your policy! deputy for Ireland." *Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2.

The Dublin "Invincibles"—"What a brood of traitors have we here." 2 *Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 1.

Home Rulers to the Lord-Lieutenant—"We are shame-proof, my Lord." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., sc. 2.

Kilmainham Jail—"Now ready for the rebels which stand out in Ireland." *Richard II.*, act i., sc. 4.

"Number One"—"The ringleader and head of all this rout hath practised dangerously against our State." 2 *Henry VI.*, act ii., sc. 1.

Marwood and the "Invincibles"—"Thou shalt have the hanging of the villains, and so become a rare hangman." 1 *Henry IV.*, act i., sc. 2.

Trevelyan on Parnell—"From Ireland come I with my strength and reap the harvest which that rascal sowed." 2 *Henry VI.*, act ii., sc. 1.

The "Reverend" Sheridan—"How holily he worked in all his business, and with what zeal; for now he has cracked the League." *Henry VIII.*, act ii., sc. 1.

"Father" Sheridan—"What is he? Master, a mercatante, or a pedant, I know not what; but formal in apparel, in gait, and countenance, surely like a Father." *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii., sc. 2.

Sir Stafford and the Kilmainham Compact—"We are convented upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts inclinable to honour and advance the theme of our assembly." *Coriolanus*, act ii., sc. 2.

Forster on Parnell's Connivance at Outrage—"These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them. Heaven will one day open eyes that so long have slept upon this bold bad man. I knew him and I know him." *Henry VIII.*, act ii., sc. 2.

The Assassination Circle—"This is the very top, the height, the crest, or crest unto the crest of murder's arm. This is the bloodiest shame, the wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, that ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage, presented to the tears of soft remorse. It is a damned and a bloody work." *King John*, act iv., sc. 3.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

Belles of the Ball—"We are advertised by our loving friends." 3 *Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 3.

The Free Breakfast Table—"I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends." *Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 1.

Holiday of the "Grand Old Man"—"Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean." *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v., sc. 1.

The House and Bradlaugh—"The Commons hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, wish him ten fathoms deep." *Henry VIII.*, act ii., sc. 2.

Powell's Bijou—"It is the prince of palfreys; it is a beast for Perseus. It is a most absolute and excellent horse." *Henry V.*, act iii., sc. 7.

H.R.H.'s recent Trip—"Not long ago your Highness sped to France. What was the speech among the Londoners concerning the French journey?" *Henry VIII.*, act i., sc. 2.

Secretary of the Fine Art Institute—"A thousand paintings I can show. Painting is welcome; these pencil'd figures are even such as they give out." *Timon of Athens*, act i., sc. 1.

A Prime Minister—"The gentleman is learned and a most rare speaker; to nature none more bound; his training such that he may furnish and instruct great teachers and never seek for aid out of himself." *Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 2.

Quavers.

THE Choral Union concerts seem to have been well managed, a liberal policy having been adopted in regard both to the strength of the orchestra, and the musical standing of the vocal soloists, though, not unfrequently, it must be said, was the character of the vocal solo appearances at the instrumental concerts was barely worthy of the rest of the programme.

The orchestra was not always, if ever, entirely up to the intended strength of seventy. With a few more above that nominal number it would be equal to the fullest demands possible upon its powers of interpretation. A slight improvement too might possibly be made on the *personnel* of the band, capitally as they all worked altogether, and excellent as was much of the individual playing.

The conversation and ball of the Union on the Monday evening after their last concert was a brilliant affair. Colonel Mathieson made a genial and judicious chairman at the supper table, his references to the services of M. Buziau, Mr Manns, and Mr Macbeth, being received with the heartiest applause.

The fair composer of "Tannahill's Well" (writing from Dublin), asks us to point out instances wherein her song was not "according to rule" which we wrote in a brief review of it lately it was often not, though pleasing music generally. At the same time the author points out that there are several engraver's errors in the composition, which (as is no doubt implied), may have been taken for infractions of rule. One at least, of these errors, is so unlike a misprint in its elaborateness that we were justified in regarding it at least as a "disregard of rule," though we are bound to add that apart from some one or two other engraver's slips (now understood to be so) taste rather than rule should have been the question generally. Piano writing is, however, so free now-a-days that we must accept, we suppose, as within rule what strictly is a "disregard of rule."

The concert given by the Overnewton Musical Association, on the Tuesday of last week (its first public appearance) was promisingly successful. Mr J. T. Smith is the conductor of the new society.

M. Buziau's two chamber concerts were sufficiently well attended to justify the hope that this class of musical entertainment is gaining a footing among us.

The Glasgow Select Choir gave a concert in St. Andrew's Hall on Saturday evening. Through some mishap in the arrangements, the soprano and alto parts were not up to their usual strength, and the singing was naturally not so bright in character as is customary, but it was otherwise effective enough. The programme consisted for the most part of revived favourites, such as J. G. Calcott's "The lark now leaves," and "The Troubadour," one of our very earliest modern part-songs. A really very good song for contralto, "The Song of the Shirt" (Hood's), music by Behrend, was heard for the first time, Miss Fyffe interpreting it with much effect. Mr J. Allan conducted, as usual. Dr Peace played some organ solos.

We have pleasure in directing attention to Mr William Moodie's Monday evening singing class, which he intends resuming for the season on the 12th March, in the Assembly Rooms, Bath Street, as before. This class is for singing from the old notation, but on the sol-fa principle, or moveable *doh*, a principle as old at least as the notation itself, and the only natural one, though ignored by some theorists.

Mr J. F. Dunn, whose occasional solo violin playing during the season was so much admired, announces a violin and pianoforte recital for Tuesday, 13th March, in the Queen's Rooms, when he is to be assisted by Madame Ritter-Bondy on the pianoforte, with Mr J. Fleming, vocalist, and Mr Allan Macbeth accompanying.

A "Kyrle" Society — The "Romeo and Juliet" Company.

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

"Offhand."

PROFESSOR GEORGE G. RAMSAY lately made, "offhand," as he says, a statement with reference to the High School masters which was both offensive and untrue. He now writes to the papers to express his "regret" for having committed this gross impropriety. If Mr Ramsay would refrain in future from indulging in "offhand" statements he would not subject himself to the humiliation of making public apologies, and would considerably enhance his reputation for accuracy, courtesy, and fairness. *Verb. sap.*, Professor! Does your Latinity go the length of interpreting that?

WHEEL-MATCHED.

(Scene—A side street; two acquaintances meet.)

1st A.—Bless me, George! whaur are ye gaun?

2nd A.—Tae Tam Morrison's waddin'.

1st A.—Tam Morrison's waddin'! Wha is he gettin'?

2nd A.—A sony cook.

1st A.—An' she, pair body, is gettin' a big guse.

THE VICE-PRECEDENT.

"That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey!"
So Parnell wrote. The "virtue" where to-day,
Save as a hermit, screened from public view,
Or seen o'er-shadow'd by a cruel crew.
Who'd scheme in darkness that broad daylight may
See vice triumphant, virtue vice's prey.

CONSIDERATE.—"A young lady" advertises that she "wishes to have an hour's practising on the piano twice a week, in vicinity of Buchanan Street." It is at least considerate of this young lady to intimate thus publicly her designs upon the peace and quiet of the lieges. For his own part, the BAILIE has not the slightest objection to her practising either in the vicinity of Buchanan Street or anywhere else, so long as she is careful to keep out of earshot of Number 80 Gordon Street.

A GREAT NAME. — Mr Onesiphorus Bruce Tyndall Birrell, of Edinburgh, advertises that he has terminated his connection with a former partner, and that he will in future carry on business by himself. No doubt Mr Onesiphorus Bruce Tyndall Birrell knows best, but most men would be glad of a partner to aid them in supporting the responsibility of that awful name.

An Ear-ly Telephone—The "ear" of Dionysius.

18-CARAT GOLD ALBERTS, Hall Marked, #4 per Oz.
—JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS, 90 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT last week was a quiet week.
 That there wasn't a meeting of Council.
 That the School Board hadn't a breeze.
 That even the Presbyteries had a brilliant flash of silence.
 That the nearest approach to a demonstration took place at the soiree of the Cleansing Department.
 That the chairman described the Lord Provost as one crying in the wilderness.
 That this was rather rough on the City and its Chief Magistrate.
 That the chairman was a "young" man and was unaccustomed to cookie fights.
 That a renewal of the Caledonian Railway strike is threatened.
 That the only men to agitate will be those who have not secured their old positions.
 That a shipbuilders' dispute is likewise looming in the distance.
 That the joiners didn't come off with flying colours in their recent struggle.
 That the shipwrights base their demand on the prosperity of the Clyde trade.
 That nothing kills trade so readily as a strike.
 That the humour of the week was supplied at the Circuit Court.
 That Lord Deas is a grand old man.
 That he is a terror to careless counsel and prevaricating witnesses.
 That his hints are kindly meant though sharply said.
 That the chairman of the Shipowners' Association thinks the trade requires a stronger representation in Parliament.
 That Provost Browne of Crosshill endorses the statement.
 That this looks like another candidate at next General Election.
 That Glasgow will have a lot of Provosts a "puing and wooing at her."
 That the shipping trade wants a strong man.
 That the strong man is John Burns.
 That Sheriff Mair is like a certain proverbial bird.
 That the Airdrie magnates are once more about to take up the cudgels.
 That the magistrates are hardly so "black" as they are painted.
 That mair will be heard of Saturday's speech.
 That the Councillors want to improve the cars.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow,

Valuable "Sympathy."

THE Michael Davitt branch of the Irish National Land League," which honours us by existing in our midst, has been good enough to pass resolutions "sympathising with the Skye crofters in their arrest, and expressing the hope that subscription lists will be opened in populous centres to provide funds for their defence." The Michael Davitt branch of the Irish National Land League may be respectfully recommended to mind its own business. There are special reasons why the Land Leaguers would act wisely in "keeping a calm sough" at the present moment, but, these reasons apart, they might find sufficient employment in encouraging Irish treason without extending their precious "sympathy" to Scottish lawlessness.

"NOSEY."

(Scene—Kilmarnock Station.)

Swell (to paper boy, with very red, prominent nose)—Aw, my lad, I'm sure you nose a lot.

Paper Boy—Aye, an' if ye want tae knows as muckle as me ye should buy the "knews," only a bawbee tae you, sir.

[*Swell* dives into an open carriage and lights a cigar.]

"SELECT."—The proprietor of a billiard-room, advertising for a partner, describes his business as "good and select." A "select" billiard-room is something of a novelty, but, if certain regulations approved by our virtuous Town Councillors find their way into the Lord-Advocate's Police Bill, the billiard-room business in Glasgow is likely to become very "select" indeed.

NOT EASILY FOUND.—Somebody advertises for "two old whisky vats," which "must be thoroughly sound and very clean." That requirement is rather a poser. There are any number of old whisky vats walking about the streets, but it would be difficult to predicate either soundness or cleanliness in the case of any one of them.

VERY ODD.—A local draper advertises ribbons in "odd æsthetic colours." They are doubtless intended to be worn by odder æsthetics.

On the (W)hole—It is more easy to "defy augery" than to escape a "bore."

Oriental Art—The Tobago Street Exhibition.

Wingate Words—The new poems.

SPRING 1883.

THIS DAY, AT THE
COLOSSEUM,
JAMAICA STREET,

WE MAKE OUR FIRST SHOW OF
NOVELTIES FOR SPRING

IN MILLINERY, MANTLES,
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
RIBBONS, LACES,
ORNAMENTS, BEADS.

STRAW HATS AND BONNETS,
INFANTS' HATS AND HOODS,
BOYS' STRAW HATS,
FRILLINGS AND GOSSAMERS,
INFANTS' PELISSES AND ROBES,
GLOVES AND PARASOLS,

NEW FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS,
NEW SPRING AND SUMMER
FELT AND DRESS HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

SEE OUR WINDOWS!

SEE OUR WINDOWS!

SEE OUR WINDOWS!

During the next Three Weeks we offer such Extraordinary Bargains in all Departments that will make the whole of our Establishment a Scene of Bustle and Excitement from Morn till Night.

Ladies, see the New Styles we now Show.

Gentlemen, see the Novelties we Show.

This Season will be the Season of all Seasons. We will offer Value that will make the City ring.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

ALWAYS FIRST, NEVER SECOND,

THE LEADING HOUSE IN SCOTLAND,

THE COLOSSEUM.

DINNERS—(FISH)—SUPPERS.

The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an Elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

"O L D M O S E S"
SCOTCH WHISKY.

To be had only from the Proprietors,
J. & J. STEEL, COWCADDENS.

EARLY LAMB.—A Regular Supply at
JAMES BUTTERS,

519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
Purveyor of Marriage Dinners and Evening Parties.
8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

JAMES HENDERSON,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
GLASGOW.

THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, Estab'd. 1852.

Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,

PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.

REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

S T. M U N G O C A F E

58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR
PURVEYORS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
CHAS. SHORTHILL, PROPRIETOR.

FLOORCLOTH AND LINOLEUM.

M. NAIRN & CO'S

CELEBRATED FLOORCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS are Sold by all Carpet Warehousemen and Upholsterers. FLOORCLOTH 8 yards wide, and LINOLEUM, 4 yards wide, without a seam.

Wholesale Warehouses in London, Manchester, Paris, and at GLASGOW.

N.B.—Beware of Imitations. See the Trade Mark—Three Scotch Thistles stamped on the back of Patterns and Goods.

LONDON.
THE BALMORAL HOTEL.
(SCOTCH HOUSE.)

229 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Central for Business and Pleasure.

BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTENDANCE, 4s 6d.
No Extras.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid
Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and
Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE.
Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra,
from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums
instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hun-
dreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by
post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can
be had Genuine only from*

M. F. THOMPSON, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MITCHELL & CO.'S
OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167
St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

WHISKY,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES,
3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and
20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

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FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY,

SEWILL,
WATCH AND CHRONOMETER MANUFACTURERS,
CLUTHA BUILDINGS, 126 BROOMIELAW,
Corner of York Street.
Please Note, only Address in Scotland.

FINEST GENUINE OLD

D. C. L.
DUBLIN

WHISKY,
PHŒNIX PARK DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.

The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS:—These
Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from
impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider
that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this
Company is to be met with."

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LIMITED,
153 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements
for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS.
14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1883.

THE rate for the prevention and suppression of juvenile delinquency, to which the BAILIE recently referred, is a matter which perhaps it would be well for the ratepayers to know a little more about. The BAILIE for one desires to know something more of its history and early beginnings. He always likes to pay his honest dues, as his father the deacon did before him, but he doesn't care about paying 1d a pound without knowing exactly what need there is for doing so. In this instance he knows how the money is levied—and has some dim apprehension of how it has been spent, or, as some say, squandered—but what he is not very clear about is the need for the rate being levied at all. Why should Glasgow be saddled with such a rate? is a question which has occurred more than once to the BAILIE'S mind. Is there another town or city in the kingdom saddled in like manner? The BAILIE understands there is not, and that the Act under which the rate is levied is an altogether exceptional bit of legislation. If that is so, then the BAILIE is curious to know how our Reformatory and Industrial Schools were maintained or aided before the Act was passed. It has only been in operation for some four or five years; but how did all the schools now in charge of the Board get on for years before the Board had an existence? The BAILIE remembers some of these schools, and always understood they wanted for none of "the necessaries of life," including an annual visit to the circus; the puzzle, therefore, with him is why they cannot continue to be maintained as they used to be. Private benevolence in the form of subscriptions, donations, and legacies, did much then, he supposes, and evidently was quite sufficient for their wants. Was it that this had dried up that a rate was imposed? In every other part of the country Reformatory and Industrial Schools are aided by private benevolence—which the BAILIE ventures to think is the better and the good old way. He would, he confesses, freely give his guinea for a charitable object when he would grudge his sixpence if exacted as a rate. What benefits have happened since the rate was made a sheet anchor of the schools, and the Board was formed to look after it and them—which were not enjoyed in the days when private benevolence was the sheet anchor,

when there was no Board, and each institution had its own separate set of managers? Is the game worth the candle? The BAILIE will perhaps have something more to say on this subject when the accounts of the Board are published; meanwhile, he is curious to know why the rate can't be done without as it was for many years, and the Reformatory and Industrial schools in Glasgow be aided as they are aided everywhere else—that is, by private benevolence. Mr CONNALL or Mr JACKSON may have an opinion worth knowing.

Sauchiehall Street Sweet(he)arts.

'TIS sweet at night, when business cares are o'er,
Along the street of Sauchiehall to "swell"
Untill ta'en captive by the open door
Of where "the Arts" have deign'd *pro tem.* to dwell.

'Tis sweet to see (be seen), to criticise,
Your friends to praise, their *motif*, point-of-view,
Chiaro-scuro, breadth, the reason-whys
They colour'd this way, and they that way drew.

'Tis sweeter still, if you have foes, to find
Them void of taste, art-feeling, knowledge, skill,
In their perspective false, in colour blind,
In all awaiting, save, of course—the will.

Yet sweeter still, if you yourself are one
Whose fortune 'tis to have upon the line
A bit of canvas, and you think there's none
Can hold a candle near your light divine.

Yet even sweeter 'tis to hear it prais'd
By those whose pleasure 'tis to purchase pictures—
The pleasure greater, could the price be rais'd
When in their list you've found they've wisely "ticked" yours.

A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

(Scene—Office in city; new clerk enters principal's room to take letter down to dictation.)

Principal (dictating)—We duly received your favour of the 7th curt., and are satisfied —

New Clerk—I beg pardon, sir.

Principal—And are assured —

New Clerk—I think, sir, you said —

Principal (in stentorian tones)—I'll do the thinking if you'll do the inking.

[Knight of the pen resumes his "inking" crestfallen.]

"£ S. D."—A boy in North Wales is reported to have discovered, while searching for copper, several pieces of gold. Asinus says this is the reverse of his experience. Often, "next morning," has he searched his pockets, hoping to light upon a piece or two of silver—to say nothing of gold—and has been rewarded by finding nothing but copper!

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

True "Local Option."

AT what is described as "the fifth of the ninth series of conversaciones in connection with the Scottish Temperance League," held in the Queen's Rooms the other night, a Mr John Wilson, who presided, remarked that "it behoved temperance reformers to continue their agitation until the people had the right and the opportunity of saying whether they wanted to have public-houses in their midst." How often must the sane portion of the community point out to these so-called temperance reformers that the people already possess, and have always possessed, such a right and opportunity? If they don't want public-houses "in their midst" let them show it by staying away from them, and the publicans will very soon shut up shop.

ONE FOR THE "BOBBIES." (Scene—Police Court.)

Bailie (to frequenter of court, charged with having been drunk and disorderly)—Well, my man, what has brought you here again?

Prisoner—Two policemen.

Bailie—Drunk as usual.

Prisoner—Yes, your honour, both [of them. (Loud laughter in court.)

Bailie (pompously)—Such expressions of feeling are most unseemly in a court of justice.

A Civil Question.

THE BAILIE has once more to request his daily contemporaries to inform him why they insist on styling members of the public "civilians" when they wish to distinguish them from members of the police-force. It is highly desirable that it should be understood by the police themselves, as well as by their friends, the reporters, that the police-force is essentially a civil one—though its members are frequently uncivil.

Wether or Know—Asinus asks (he's always asking), When Byron wrote "Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday," meant he the Cataline (cattle line) of butcher business?

To the Arch-traitor, Last Week's "Man you Know"—To thine own self be false, thou canst not then be true to any man.

'Twas Mine, 'Tis His—At least one of the traitors believes in doing his punishment viCareyously.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Megilp.

THE attendance at the Institute Galleries continues very satisfactory, and the Exhibition appears to be gaining in popularity. Its varied character and the number of figure subjects it contains make it attractive to all classes.

One of the more important of last week's sales in the Institute was that of the solemn and effective "Highland Funeral" of James Guthrie. Its purchaser was a well-known northern collector.

At the meeting on Thursday of the Art Club, A. K. Brown was elected President for the coming year, and Tom Hunt Vice-President, while Messrs James Cowan and Charles M'Ewen were continued in their offices of Treasurer and Secretary. The members of committee who were appointed at the same time were Messrs Robert Greenlees, J. D. Taylor, P. M'Gregor Wilson, David Fulton, and William Pratt.

Mr Brown is not only a distinguished landscape painter, but is also a man of wide views and much force of character. Under his direction the Club is certain to lose nothing of *prestige* or position.

The lease of the present club-rooms in Bothwell Circus has been renewed for other two years.

A meeting of the Scottish Water Colour Society is to be held in the Windsor Hotel, Edinburgh, on Thursday, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Annual Exhibition. At a former meeting, the Council of the Society were instructed to negotiate with the Council of the Fine Art Institute for the three octagon rooms of the Institute for two months, and it is the reply of the latter Council which is to be taken into consideration on Thursday. Let us hope that, in any further dealings that may take place between the two bodies, the representatives of the Institute will deal as liberally as possible with the S. S. W. C. P. The Water Colour Society confers a distinct advantage on Glasgow by holding its exhibitions here, and all, therefore, interested in matters pertaining to art, must hope that it may receive every possible aid and encouragement among us.

Quite a sensation has been created in artistic circles in Edinburgh by the resignation by Mr Anderson, the architect, of his connection with the Royal Scottish Academy. The cause of this proceeding is not, "they say," far to seek. Probably Mr Anderson regarded his connection with the Academy, *as an Associate*, as of no very great importance, and this feeling, it is said, is quite reciprocated, by at least a majority of the Academicians.

This retirement of Mr Anderson, together with the elevation of Mr M'Kay to the rank of an Academician, and the death of Mungo Burton towards the close of last year, create three vacancies in the ranks of the Associates which must be filled up at the annual meeting of the Academy on the second Wednesday of November.

To celebrate their election as Associates of the Royal Academy, Messrs R. W. Macbeth and E. J. Gregory gave a dinner on the 14th February to a few of their old friends, and these in return entertained the new A.R.A.'s at the Criterion last Saturday. Both affairs were an unqualified success.

Both elections have given great satisfaction to the younger artists in London, and to all who are still standing—not "disconsolate" only expectant—outside the gates of the painters' earthly heaven. They are regarded as a just and happy recognition of genius and perseverance that have laboured and succeeded without a helping hand from the cliques of either art or fashion.

Mr Brerly's water colours of the Armada, at present on view at M'Clure's, are noteworthy as being very pure examples of what all water colours used to be. They practically contain no body colour. David Law has finished his reproduction in etching of one of the drawings; the other requires some finishing touches to the sky. They are both admirable examples of etching—conscientious, spirited, and full of atmosphere.

The annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution will take place in Willis's Rooms on Saturday, 19th May,

under the presidency of Sir Stafford Northcote. In order to secure a good ingathering of subscriptions the Committee are doing their best to get up a strong list of stewards. The objects of the Institution appeal to all artists. No one is above the reach of calamity or beyond the chance of one day needing a helping hand.

Iconoclastes.

A CORRESPONDENT of a morning paper, defending himself in his capacity of Sunday trader, brings an astounding charge against those ecclesiastical dignitaries, great and small, whom we have been taught all our lives to regard with awe and reverence. "As ministers, elders, managers, and beadles, are very like others in this respect, I have," says our iconoclast, "had requests from them for pipes, tobacco, and matches, so that they might have a quiet smoke during the interval." This is awful! Thus is one disillusionised! To think of the saintly minister, the pious elder, the grave manager, and the dignified beadle devoting to "a quiet smoke"—with, perhaps, the addition of a quiet glass—the period with which we are wont to associate very different occupations! What next!

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

(Scene—History class; boy reading: "Edward I. crushed the independence of Wales.")

Teacher—How did he crush it?

Boy—In his hands, sir.

Teacher—Where did he get it?

Boy—He bought it.

A POW(D)ERFUL REMARK.—The correspondent of a contemporary says, apropos of the lawlessness in Skye:—"The factors," remarked to me one perfervid Celt, 'have ground the people to powder, and now there is prepared material for an explosion, in which they will themselves be overwhelmed.'" This sounds alarming; but it does not necessarily follow that the powder is gun-powder. It rather resembles the Celt's own favourite "sneeshin"—pungent, but not dangerous.

OCCASIONAL PATRONAGE.—The *Herald* describes Mr John Bright as an "occasional patron of poets." This patronage is doubtless very kind and condescending on the part of Mr John Bright, but perhaps the poets could contrive to exist if it were even more "occasional" than it is.

Irish Hue and Cry—Look out for "Number One!"

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sau nichall Street.

In Re Vestiaria.

A FIRM of Argyle Street tailors solemnly admonish the public as to the fatal folly of patronising any establishment but theirs, remarking of anyone who goes elsewhere for his "toggerly" that "perhaps, after spending a greater sum in the aggregate than his wisely economical friend, he has not even the satisfaction of being dressed." Quite so; but there are certain individuals whose aspirations are, from a sartorial point of view, so narrow and unworthy that they have no ambition to be "dressed." They are basely content if they are merely clothed.

What the Greenock Folk are Saying.

THAT Royal Mail stage-coaching to Glasgow on Sundays is going to be introduced—after many days.

That the "Sunday-breaking" steamer is to be run off the river, and Caledonian dividends and shares are to fall.

That the Post-Office, as usual, is slow, and knows nothing about it.

That the posting-master is slower, and knows less.

That it is a brilliant *Wooden* idea.

That there are wet customers and dry wits in the Police Court.

That a black eye is no sign of ill usage.

That, in spite of the Assessor, a "common black eye" is less than no sign.

That doctors differ but that there is nothing like an Auld horse for a hard road.

"Salvationism" and Insanity.

IT was stated on behalf of a youthful bigamist, haled before Sheriff Spens the other day, that he "seemed to be on the borderland of insanity," one evidence of this state of mind being the fact that "in the evenings he went to "Salvation Army" meetings"—whereupon the Sheriff dismissed him from the bar. His Lordship seems to have been justified in so doing in the present instance; but it would not always be safe to accept "Salvationism" as a proof of insanity. In the case of the "Generals," "Captains," and so forth, who find it more pleasant and profitable to "Salvationise" than to work, it is rather a proof of artfulness. "Some people has plenty brains and no money," &c.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

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MESSRS G. W. ANSON AND CHARLES GROVES,
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Mr GEORGE HARDING, | Mr JAMES AITKEN,
Mr E. P. POLSON, | Mr JOHN MITCHELL.

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A MODEL OF A WIFE.

Pygmalion BonnetoiMr G. W. ANSON.

To be followed by

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To Conclude with

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From the Royal Agricultural Hall, and the Royal Victoria Palace, London, after an unprecedentedly successful Season of Four Months and 300 representations, and just concluded the most successful season ever known in Newcastle, at the Grand Circus, giving 56 Representations to nearly 100,000 persons; the unanimous verdict of the Press and Public being that this Diorama stands unequalled.

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NOTICE!—In bringing this Entertainment to Newsome's Circus, Messrs POOLE think they have made a good selection, the place being better adapted for this class of exhibition than any other in Glasgow. A grand stage has been erected over the gallery end of the building, and the ring boarded and seated. The First and Second Seats are those in the middle distance, and being elevated, visitors will get an unequalled view of the Diorama; the ring and side elevations will form the Third Seats, whilst the Promenade at the back of the boxes will be devoted to the 6d. patrons. The entire audience will be able to see and hear properly. The immense size of the Circus will allow the elaborate and complicated machinery to be expanded to its utmost extent—thus the whole exhibition will be presented in its entirety. It is the largest of its class that has ever visited this city, and for the first time in the annals of Panoramic Exhibitions the Provincial public will have brought to them an entertainment the most novel, charming, and perfect in all details ever presented to a Metropolitan audience.

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“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 542. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 7th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 542.

WILLIAM LUDOVIC MAIR, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire at Airdrie, was denied by nature the right of entry to the Temple of Fame by the front door, but he is struggling hard to get in by the back one. Happiness, according to Byron, was born a twin; so was the Sheriff. The Paisley Dromios were so much alike that even their mother could not tell the t'other from which, a circumstance which tradition says was occasionally taken advantage of by Master William to his brother's patrimonial loss in the form of jelly-pieces. A restless, ardent, and sharp-witted, but rather forward and talkative boy, WILLIAM MAIR left Paisley and its schools with the ambition of becoming a man of light and leading in the profession of the law, but with as little idea of ever finding himself located in Airdrie as in Timbuctoo. At Edinburgh University Mr MAIR was not distinguished either for accurate scholarship, wide general reading, or deep study of legal principles. It was in debating societies that he found a congenial sphere for the exercise of his powers, and there the frequency with which he got on his feet, together with the lack of the higher qualities of literary elegance and relevant and cogent argumentation in his speeches, gained for him the reputation of being somewhat of a collegiate obstructive. In 1854, Mr MAIR was admitted an advocate, and proceeded to pace the floor of the Parliament House with the ardour and high hope which spring eternal in the breast of legal fledglings. It has been said, that success at the bar may be attained in three ways—by friendly influence, writing a good law book, or a miracle. From the first the Man you Know had not much to expect, he did not try the second, and the last did not happen, even in a modified form,

until, three years ago, Lord Advocate Watson, to the chagrin of the briefless Tory expectants of official preferment, pitchforked him into a Sheriff-Substituteship, just as the late Administration was going out of office. The grounds of the choice are a mystery: even Lord Watson may now marvel how he made it. Not that Sheriff MAIR'S success at the bar had been less than many who have found a haven in the like office. Reputation as well as success, as a lawyer, depends largely on who are one's friends, and Mr MAIR never got within that exclusive set who have in their gift the bulk of the business in the Parliament House. Without their aid more than a moderate practice is not to be looked for, and cases must often be accepted which are largely based on hope. In the Criminal and Ecclesiastical, as well as in the Civil Courts, Mr MAIR had plenty of opportunities of airing his characteristic eloquence. No Roman orator ever tackled fact or principle with greater energy and determination to carry with him the judge or jury, and though the result might not be a chastely elegant and severely logical speech great pleaders, like really sound lawyers, are uncommon now-a-days. In examining witnesses, as in speaking, Mr MAIR'S manner was his own; the liveliness of the encounter occasionally causing an amount of heat on both sides to which most lawyers are unaccustomed, loss of temper and perspiration not being covered by their fees. His style probably suited the not too serenely judicial tone of the Church Courts, where justice is said to be sometimes blindfolded with cloth of the clerical colour, and at the last vacancy he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Procurator of the Church of Scotland. The Man you Know was some fifty years of age when the kindly and timely tide landed him in Airdrie, alas, now declared by him to be a polluted place, a benighted part, the black country! His

previous ignorance of Airdrie is only surpassed by the length of time he has taken to make the portentous discovery which he has now formally announced. Three years ago Airdrie was an Arcadia; he was warmly welcomed to it. His long experience, it was thought, had made him sage; he was resolved on approving himself a good judge, as well as a moral, sensible, and well-bred man. Result, a sad failure. Self-confidence and the assumption of no end of airs have disgusted Airdrie with its sheriff. This it first made known to him, in anonymous post-cards and other forms of annoyance. He struck out wildly, and of course hit the wrong person. Then he made for the Provost and had to make an humble apology. Finally, he got a fall from a Glasgow law-agent, and thereby exposed his inability to tell a drunk man when he sees one. Sheriff MAIR'S dignity of carriage has long been famed, but people are not to blame for not believing that he is as tall as Hercules, or his chest as imposing as a regimental big drum. "In doubt, do and say nothing" is his protection against any lack of tact, discretion, and circumspection of language. Patience and an elementary idea of judicial propriety would increase his usefulness as a judge, and save him from such a damaging disclosure as was made before Lord Craighill the other day. Elijah was permitted the use of irony in testifying against the prophets of Baal, but Lord-Advocate Balfour is likely to teach Sheriff MAIR that even he cannot be allowed to use fusty jokes in giving vent to his spleen against the magistrates of Airdrie. In days when he was a kindly, cheery fellow, the Sheriff affected stories which were broadly humorous, though sometimes wanting in point—as told by him. A more inappropriate speech was probably never delivered at a social gathering than the one he made to the Edinburgh Renfrewshire Association, and its only effect can be to impair his influence as a judge, to render his relations with the inhabitants—magisterial or otherwise—of his jurisdiction most unpleasant, and to lower him in the estimation of every one, save perhaps, his friendly fishwoman, when she is vending flounders.

"The Hidden Hand" (by *Punch*)—Evidently the one *behind* the curtains.

Remedy for Ireland—Remove the Ire, and let the Land alone.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET,

"The Theatre as it Is."

"That that is, is."—*Twelfth Night*.

COME, who dares say the drama's on the wane,
With Shakespeare's plays
Mounted right royally at theatres twain?—

Nay, go thy ways,

The drama's flourishing amain.

All praise be theirs, the merit and the gain,

Who have the taste

To let the drama's Master have his reign,

Nor idly waste

Their powers on trash their name to stain.

Once it was mooted Shakespeare ruin spelt.

But Lyceum crowds

Have with that saying mercilessly dealt—

'Tis gone, like clouds

That when the sun shines feebly melt.

O thou couldst ever thus our ears engage,

And our hearts move,

With this, "the two hours' traffic of your stage,"

Where sweet, sad love

Brought peace eterne where strife did wage.

And we will laugh, till both sides feel the stitch,

At these twins twain—

"Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which;"

Such mirth is pain,

Never was farce so broad and rich.

"More, more," (with Jacques,) "I pry'thee, more!"

And while you play,

We trust you've other sterling things in store,

And every day,

May crowds be waiting at your door.

—♦♦♦—
"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."

(Scene—Govan car.)

Harry—Weel, Peter, how are you the day?

Peter—I am very weel; thank you for speering.

Harry—Did you win your case in the court this forenin'?

Peter—Fegs no, bit if the shirra had ta'en the same view o' the case as me, I wid' a won it.

—♦♦♦—
TOO TWO-TWO.

Asinus in Buchanan Street once met two comic coves,
As like as pins, the Dromio twins—they Anson were and Groves;
And unto Groves Asinus said, as he his hand had shaken,
Are you not Anson now instead, perchance yourself mistaken?

—♦♦♦—
A "SUPERIOR" CHANCE.—Somebody advertises in a morning paper "board (superior) in private establishment for one or two elderly gentlemen mentally afflicted or otherwise." That "otherwise" is rather vague; but the intimation seems to offer an excellent opportunity of getting decently rid of a few of the incubi—"incubi" is good!—who afflict our Councils and public boards.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky 8s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

On 'Change.

A REDUCTION of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was on Thursday made in the Bank rate, which accordingly stands at 3 per cent. The reasons for the change, and the certainty of its occurring immediately, were printed in this column a week ago. The daily papers, as usual, gravely intimated that the directors of the Bank of England made the alteration "at their weekly meeting," as if the assembling of those gentlemen were a hebdomadal arrangement. The money market is thus very easy, and it seems likely to continue in that state for a time. This condition of finance is not an unmixed blessing, for at the moment it indicates a shrinkage in business.

There is apparently an abundance of capital floating about in the neighbourhood of Clippens. Part of it has been unprofitably invested in law expenses which yield no return. I am informed, however, that the Clippens Oil Company will not directly suffer much by the costs of the case lately appealed to the House of Lords and lost there. It is said that legal action was pushed at the instance of one member of the board who will act as a kind of "buffer" between the company and harm. In that case I should almost feel inclined to express sorrow for the "buffer," because, if the Clippens Company has been infringing upon an inventor's patent, the question of damages may possibly fall to be considered.

When a man owns land, how far down into the earth do his rights extend? Further, how far up into the air do his rights extend? Neither question would have been of much importance but for the march of civilisation and invention. Different reasons have been given recently, and the Richmond Street case, settled last week, will probably have its counterpart at some future time. The ownership of the surface would seem to have a right to the atmosphere, but he sometimes alienates his title to the minerals. In the Richmond Street case the owner retained all his rights, and it was decided that the railway company, which sought to tunnel 25 feet below his property, must first purchase the surface. This question will occur continually in the extension of the railway system, particularly when the lines intersect large cities. If a man's rights extend indefinitely downwards, might they not also extend upwards as well? Telegraph and telephone engineers run their wires over my land without hindrance, provided they do not touch the property. The owners of city property may perhaps desire to know how closely the wires can approach. I know a man who experienced the inestimable delight of owning a top flat in the Trongate. The tenement became insecure, and the authorities ordered its demolition. It was taken down accordingly, and not a brick remained to indicate where the rickety old building had stood. My friend retained his right to a top flat, somewhere *in nubibus*, if he could only find other men to lay the foundation and build intermediate storeys. The difficulty was met by the authorities stepping in and acquiring the solum by buying up all the rights, but, in the meantime, a telegraph system has been established through the air, in the very place his house would have occupied had he been able to build it. The question raised by the Richmond Street case is thus larger than it appears.

Exaggerated rumours have gone about regarding difficulties on the Stock Exchange last week, but the reports are entirely destitute of foundation. The default of Mr A. H. Robertson is a matter of no particular consequence, for the liabilities are comparatively small. It would have been better had prompt publicity been given to this fact, but the daily papers do not appear to possess the requisite means of information.

Anything superlatively unpleasant that occurred was altogether outside the Stock Exchange. Several gentlemen who had been speculating for a fall in North British were conspicuous by their absence when the dividend came out at 5 per cent. They evidently did not like the tactics which had brought out such a favourable result. The dividend "came as a boon and a blessing to men" who had bought, but not to those who sold and had no stock to deliver. There is surprising recuperative power in those people, and they will all flock back again, like the swallows, when the cold blast blows over

As a rule, it is not prudent policy to knock a going business on the head, when it has temporarily become unprofitable, just at the very moment that a return of prosperity may be looked for. Creditors destroy the producing power of the concern by so doing, and often land themselves in unexpected and disastrous expenses. Something of this kind seems to be going on in the case of an old calico-printing and dyeing firm which succumbed a few weeks ago. It appears to me that it would be much better to take 8s in the pound, even without absolute security, than to risk getting less by pushing matters to an unfortunate conclusion. That portion of the business which was profitable could go on, under supervision or otherwise as might be agreed on, and orders would not stray into unwonted channels. To make a forced realisation would simply imply that the property must be sold at what it might fetch, and the prospect of benefit would consequently become more remote.

There is no truth in the rumour that the ironbrokers have been placed under restraint and in charge of an attendant from Gartnavel. None of them have recently manifested any pronounced symptoms of lunacy, beyond, perhaps, an occasional strong expression of disgust at the low price of warrants. The report in question has doubtless arisen from the circumstance that the ironbrokers have appointed an officer, in a uniform with gorgeous orange facings, to watch over the interests of the Association, but this "slave of the ring," though said to hail from a philanthropic institution of the kind suggested, is not engaged professionally as a commissioner *de lunatico inquirendo*.

SCRUTATOR.

"CHE—CHE—CHE."

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Hurlford; the shopman is fond of cats; enter stammering collier.)

Collier—Weel, Dauvit, could you gae me a pun' o' your best che—che—che—ese?

Shopman (interrupting him)—Noo na, ye needna ca' the cats furrit. I'm no gaun tae sell them by the pun'. [Collier vanishes.]

A QUESTION.—Discussing the capacity of the tramway cars at last meeting of Council, Mr Alphabet Smith was pleased to inquire, "Would these cars hold, say, ten Bailie Wilsons a-side?" His Worship will leave his brother-Bailie to answer this question while he asks another—"How long would a tramway car hold Mr Alphabet Smith if he took to making such impertinent remarks about his fellow-passengers?"

MUST BE "SCREWED"!—A Johnstone firm dilate in their advertisement upon "the steadfast, certain - holding, never - failing screw." "'Steadfast'! 'Never-failing'!" remarks young Roscius Fitzaltamont, of "the Profession," who is familiar with the meaning of "No Treasury," "I only wish *my* 'screw' were steadfast and never-failing!"

The Cell for the Selfish—Those who are safety out in vaults and prisons.—*King John*. [Verb. sap.]

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—Are you in want of a sensation, do you wish to get your eyes dazed with colour, and your ears with sound, then go up to the Grand Theatre some night this week. They are playing "Pluck" there, and "Pluck"—why, "Pluck" is—well, to put it plainly, "Pluck" is a screamer. If a railway collision; if the perpetration of a murder—which is heard by a fellow who is locked up in a safe he had previously been endeavouring to rob; if the sacking of a bank that had stopped payment; if the half-killing of an unoffending Jew; and lastly, if the burning of a house, in full front on the stage, be not theatrical sensations, then—then there's no meaning in words. The hero of "Pluck," as it will be produced at the Grand Theatre to-night, will be Jack Springfield, or otherwise Mr Herbert Standing; the villain will be Mr A. C. Lilly; and the heroine Miss Fanny Enson.

—o—
"Taken from Life" will be represented this evening and during the week at the South-Side Theatre. The leading part will be taken by Mr W. H. Hallatt, a gentleman who was long stage manager to Mr Barry Sullivan, and who, in spite of a certain mannerism, is really a capital actor. The play contains numerous strong situations, and what is always a "fetching" feature in a theatrical performance, a real live horse is introduced on the stage in the penultimate act.

—o—
The "Life of an Actress," with Mr Anson as *Grimaldi* and Mr Groves as *Wapshot*, now precedes "The Comedy of Errors" at the Gaiety. Mr Groves, by the way, goes to the London Royalty, when it is opened by Miss Kate Santley, as leading low comedian, while Mr Anson opens at the new Novelty Theatre, London, as *Gaspa d*, in "The Bells of Corneville." Later in the season Mr Anson joins Mr Bruce at the London Prince's Theatre, an edifice which is at present being built.

"Odette," a play which will be produced at the Gaiety this night week for the first time in Scotland, is an English translation of one of the later dramas of M. Victorien Sardou. It deals with the question of divorce, but while it had abundant point in France, where divorce is not permitted, much of this point is necessarily lost in England, the law relating to the subject being quite different in the two countries. *Odette* is the guilty wife of *Lord Henry Traverie*, and one of the main features of the plot is the obstacle which her evil reputation offers to the marriage of her daughter. The piece was first played in its English dress at the London Haymarket in the April of last year, the heroine being sustained by Madame Modjeska; at the Gaiety the part will be played by Miss Bella Pateman, who supported Mr Edwin Booth during his recent visit to this city.

—o—
The houses at the Royalty all last week were simply "prodigious!" Every night the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. This success must be gratifying in the last degree to Mr Knapp, and not only to Mr Knapp, but to Mr MacMahon and Mr Bellew as well.

The *Romco* of Mr Bellew is "enough," as *Mercutio* would say, to come to particulars regarding the performance. It is instinct with colour, it has all the passion and the directness of the Italian nature, and especially, and above everything, it possesses the audience with a feeling of power.

On Friday Mr Bellew plays *Ruy Blas* for his benefit, the version of Victor Hugo's great drama being one prepared by Mr Hugh Moss, the *Apothecary* of "Romeo and Juliet." How many of the playgoers of to-day recollect Fechter in this part, at the T. R., Dunlop Street, in the autumn of 1865.

Miss, or rather Mrs Fanny Reid, is quite an enthusiast in her profession. That she has a future is established beyond a doubt by her performances at the Royalty. She had only acted at a Gaiety *matinee*, and played in amateur theatricals, previous to her appearance as *Juliet* on the Monday of last week. So eager is she to succeed, that she displays as much fire and emotion at rehearsal as she does during the performance proper at night. Her tour with the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet" is

undertaken, not for fee or honorarium, but in order that she may acquire experience as an actress.

The *Mercutio*, like the *Juliet* of Mr MacMahon's company, is an amateur, and, like her, he belongs to what is technically known as "good society." He plays well, amazingly well, indeed, looking, that is, to the measure of experience he has had of the stage and stage affairs. To my mind, however, he is yet flying at too high game in attempting the impersonation of the brilliant, gallant swordsman, whose wit is as sharp as his rapier, and who meets death itself with a jest on his lips.

Mr Thorpe, besides, like other fashionable amateurs, is prone to err on the side of self-conceit. When he has learned more, as well of life as of art, he will grow out of the mincing, missy ways he at present affects, both on and off the stage.

Miss Bateman opens at the Royalty on Monday next; she will be followed, in a fortnight, by "The Guv'nor;" and this, again, on Monday, the 26th instant, by Miss Emily Duncan, who has not appeared in Glasgow for a number of years, and who will produce "Comrades"—the piece now running at the London Court Theatre, and a new burlesque entitled "The Miller and his Men."

—o—
Mr Foster's frequent use of the word "arson" has shown that there is a difference of opinion with respect to its meaning. A gentleman well-known on 'Change, and hitherto regarded as quite harmless, if not actually amiable, constituted himself a downright nuisance to other day by the exhibition of his superior intelligence on the subject of *ardeo*, *arsum*, and *incendiarium*. It is whispered that his information was derived from a second-hand dictionary purchased at microscopic cost from a dealer in the bazaar. It was observed that, long before his erudite discourse had come to a close, the lecturer was vouchsafed a wide berth from the frequenters of the terrestrial paradise in Exchange Square.

—o—
The Central Police Court, on Friday and Saturday, wore a cheerful aspect, one altogether foreign to its nature—the consequence of Bailie Wilson occupying the coveted bench. As everybody knows, the Stipendiary is unable to crack a joke, even were he willing; while the Bailie, on the other hand, couldn't help perpetrating one now and then, however much he endeavoured to resist it. Hence the policemen, dull and stony under the rigid formality of Mr Gemmel, enjoyed immensely the entertainment from the bench. The laughter was quite beyond moderation when "his Honour" inquired of an unwashed individual "if he were a Christian minstrel?" when he requested a constable, who stood behind a garrulous, obstreperous prisoner, to "give him a cuff on the ear if he doesn't hold his tongue!" and when he inquired of a mother who had been assaulted by her son: "why didn't you get a hammer to him!" The Bailie is as great a favourite at the Central as he is everywhere else.

—o—
The bachelors of the Western Club give a ball in St. Andrew's Halls on the 3rd April. "They say" that it is to be gone about in a style of unusual magnificence.

—o—
Owing, I understand, to the indisposition of the owner, the "Lizette" schooner is now in the market. Her skipper, Will Jamieson, better known as the former master of the "Fiery Cross," is therefore open to an engagement. Any yachtsman in want of a sailing master might do much worse than engage him right off.

—o—
It appears as if the Lord Provost had succeeded in stamping out the motion of Magistrate Watson, declining to elect a representative elder to the General Assembly. His Lordship's proposal was "to fix a day for electing," and as a day has been fixed for electing, elect, as it seems to me, the Council must.

—o—
Newsome's Circus, which is erected on Corporation ground, has, I understand, been leased for a number of years to the Salvation Army.

Tall, strait, florid, blooming like a June rose, and red haired—poets call it auburn—she marched up Queen Street the other day, as self possessed as a duchess. Dressed in rustic garb, guileless of crinolette, with a hat which nature had condescended to grace with a feather; there was a regal dignity in her step which Society damosels would have emulated in vain.

In her right hand she carried a huge, many-coloured carpet portmanteau—fat at the base and graduating in leanness up to the clasp; in her left was a black-brown gingham of robust constitution. She stopped at the bronze statue of the Iron Duke, gazed with her soft, blue eyes into his hard features, and scrutinised the miniature battles which adorn the truncated base on which the statue rests. Then she turned towards the pillared entrance of the Exchange and reconnoitred the steps. There was hesitation in her glance—but only for a moment.

Like a royal amazon, she ascended, made the folding oaken doors yield with a magic touch, passed through the corridor, and walked unabashed up the centre of the Exchange, where muscular merchants were congregated. It was afternoon, and the Iron Ring was engrossed in its own "inner circle." She approached it.

There was an instant fall in prices and a cessation of business, bulls stared, bears were paralysed. One rubicund gentleman whose fortunes hung in the balance, grew purple and wroth; in the same moment he spake:—

"My good woman, what do you want here?"

The maiden queried in reply, "Is't away?"

"Is what away—you don't deal in pigs?"

"Pigs;" quo she; "when I'm at hame I dale in pigs—I feed them—is't away?"

Up came the official—"You're off the line, young woman."

"Off the line—it's the line I want on tae—look, there's ma return-ticket for Dimfaurlan."

There was a chorus of laughter, and in the midst of it was heard the official voice, explaining—"Hout-tout, ma lassie; this is no' the station; this is the Rialto."

She put her ticket in her pocket; her cheeks outvied her hair in their ruddy hue; and she marched out again, stately and queenly, the cynosure of all admiring eyes. Outside, an intelligent policeman pointed her the way to the Queen Street railway station.

Inverness was roused out of its quietude the other night by a visit from Mr Lambeth and his choir. A very large audience showed its appreciation in a thoroughly Highland fashion. It had been arranged that the choir should leave by the night train for the south immediately after the concert, and the inhabitants of the pretty northern capital found this out. The consequence was that several hundreds of them went from the concert room to the railway station to see the last of their visitors. The train moved off amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd. Mr Lambeth's bald head bobbing up and down at a carriage window in pleased acknowledgment of the Highland honours conferred upon him.

Popple's diorama of the world (probably the best of the kind travelling) opens in Newsome's Circus to-night. It is brought up to date by a series of vivid illustrations of the recent "military operations" in Egypt.

The Mudhook Yacht Club hold their third "function" for the season, on Thursday, in "F. & F.'s." Of course "the Admiral" will preside at the mess.

I learn that M. Buziau's chamber concerts yielded the magnificent surplus of 6s 1d. This was on the mere working, without reckoning hotel charges or fees to the executants. Taking these necessary items into account, there must have been a considerable loss on the undertaking.

On Saturday, I saw in George Square, Mr Young, of the new Municipal Buildings. From the appearance of the ground there is now a sewer sign of progress.

The Free Presbytery accomplished a feat last week in the expedition with which it disposed of the business which fell to be transacted. Usually the monthly meetings drag their weary length along for three or four hours, and members wax eloquent on quite a variety of topics, even the humble subject of a new handle for a church door having been known to lead to a lengthened discussion. When the clerk, therefore, after half-an-hour's sitting last Wednesday, stated that all the business he knew of had been completed, the reverend fathers burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the unlooked-for termination of the sederunt, and cleared out with all possible celerity.

It is no secret that Sheriff Mair's antipathy to Airdrie dates from his dispute with Provost Black. Apropos of the present squabble, his lordship may be reminded that Sheriff Lees, Sheriff Birnie and Sheriff Balfour, who successively occupied the berth at Airdrie, were all highly popular and much respected in the town, and all respected the town's-people in return. I wonder, by-the-bye, if Sheriff Mair includes in the "black society" he anathematises, Mr W. A. Brown, our procurator-fiscal, who recently took up his abode at Rochsoles House?

The annual soiree of Captain M'Call's "praw, praw lats" takes place next week, under the presidency of the literary Ex-magistrate Dunlop. They, "the lats," will be addressed, in addition to Councillor Dunlop, by Councillors Jackson and Laing.

The Old Deacon's Club of the Incorporation of Bakers eat their annual dinner on Thursday, 16th inst. Out of courtesy to the Lord Provost, who is an ex-deacon of the Incorporation, and a member of the Club, invitations have been issued to the city magistrates. The dinner takes place in ex-deacon Forrester's, Gordon Street.

The Glasgow School Board is to be shorn of one of its ornaments (?) for a season, in the person of Father Murphy, who starts for Rome to-day to endeavour to procure from His Holiness a re-instatement in office. The rev. father has been but an indifferent attender at the meetings of the School Board, and when he did put in an appearance, curiously enough he always got planted beside that redoubtable defender of the faith, Harry Alfred.

Lord Provost Ure and Councillors Osborne and Morrison left for London on Friday evening to interview the Lord Advocate regarding the Police Bill. The other Council deputa-tion, viz, Bailie Hamilton, and Councillors Campbell and Dunlop, have just returned home. Councillor Reid was unable to make one of the latter party; Councillor Jamieson went with them for three days.

WHO'S WAS THE VOICE?—In the Town Council discussion, last week, on the dining of the Royal Burghs Convention, Councillor Gray is reported to have said that "he did not think they required any more Town Council dinners. Those they had during the year were quite enough." A member here interrupted him with the interjection—"Speak for yourself." O discreet Reporters, whose was the voice?

AN "ASSURANCE" COMPANY.—That which would take down Saint George's Church. But "to make assurance doubly sure," we hope these won't be granted poo'r.

The Battle of Sheriff-Mair—Twixt the paid and unpaid magistracy of Airdrie.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT another freedom of the City is to be given away in a gold box.

That it is a "Bright" idea.

That at least there will be nothing Brummagem about the box.

That at last meeting of Council everybody bullied the "chair."

That even the gold chains broke loose.

That his Lordship is an upholder o' the "Auld Kirk."

That a majority of the Council would dis-establish everything.

That the sending of a representative to the General Assembly has always been a standing joke.

That our clergy can usually do their own speaking.

That the Royal Burghs Convention is about to pay us a visit.

That the members are to have a "burst" at the public expense.

That the gatherings of the Convention are of just as much importance as those of any young men's debating club.

That usually the young men are satisfied with debating.

That the fogies of the Convention like to dine as well as debate.

That in point of fact the whole thing means that a pack of old fogies are to be dined and "drunk" at the public expense.

That the threatened strike on the Clyde has been averted.

That this reflects credit on both masters and men.

That Bankruptcy Court revelations are as strange as fiction.

That what is stranger than either, is where all the money has gone.

That bankrupts seldom suffer in the long-run.

That, in a bankruptcy farce, it is much better to play the part of the bankrupt than of the creditor.

That the Barony is to be mended.

That it ought to be razed.

LESS THAN "KINDLY."—In the Court of Teinds last week it was mentioned that certain heritors who opposed an "augmentation" were "known as the 'kindly tenants' of Lochmaben." It is said that the parish minister is won't to inquire, with considerable emphasis, "What's in a name?"

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

A Curious Study.

MR WALTER MACFARLANE may be congratulated upon furnishing, for the benefit of the student of human nature in its lower developments, a typical instance of Radical bad-breeding, crassitude, ignorance, and presumption. His speech at last week's meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association proved his possession of these attributes in the greatest perfection, and the applause elicited by his extraordinary mis-statements and pseudo-arguments showed how admirably he and his audience were fitted to one another. Persons of education and refinement naturally shrink even from contact with the class represented by Mr Walter Macfarlane; but the BAILIE can guarantee that a conscientious study of it will be repaid by results as curious and interesting as those accruing from the pursuit of any branch of natural history.

MARCH DUST.

March has come in like a lamb,
Forests and shrubberies sprout;
The lamb may have grown to a ram
Ere th' order is gi'en to March out
March may go out like a lion,
Forests and shrubberies flower;
The lion its howling may die on
Ere April with sunshine and shower.

SCHOOL NEAR CRIEFF.

Schoolmaster—Alex. Morrison, two times 3?

A. M.—Four, sir.

Schoolmaster—You'll never get through the world, boy.

A. M.—I dinna want; I'll gang roon' aboot.

POLITICS AND GENIALITY.—Mr Callan, M.P., was good enough the other day to describe our good friend the member for Dumbartonshire as "genial," adding, "He is a Conservative, which perhaps explains why he is so genial." Mr Callan is about right, for once, and perhaps if he were to try a prolonged course of Conservatism himself, even *he* might possibly develop a modicum of geniality.

WANTED, A CAPITALIST—TO "FARM."—This is from the *Herald*:—"United States.—Gentleman's son, going to Farm, desires to accompany Capitalist." Very likely; but unfortunately for this scion of gentility, there is a "kinder" scarcity of capitalists with a yearning to be accompanied—or "farmed."

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

Good News for Guards.

IT has been suggested by the Magistrates' Committee that the tramway-guards should be furnished with notice-boards, whereby to intimate when their cars are full. This proposed addition to the guards' present impedimenta in the way of punch, tickets, money-bag, &c., professes to be in their interest. If they take to it kindly, the BAILIE begs to suggest that they be further supplied with umbrellas or sunshades for outside passengers, rugs and hot-water bottles, or fans and ice for inside passengers, an assortment of toys for the delectation of juvenile passengers, together with thermometers, barometers, pedometers, pantometers, and any other "pretty little tiny kickshaws" that may from time to time occur to the magistrates, the directors, or the officials themselves.

A FOREIGN DIFFICULTY AT OBAN.

Foreign Tourist (to native porter)—Has de steamer from Staffa come in yet?

Native Porter—No, sir, she's in already.

[Foreign tourist thinks he understands the situation, and after waiting for an hour discovers that the steamer had previously arrived.]

Policy or Policiees?

YOUR modern Radical is 'an amooosin' cuss. Speaking at last week's meeting of the G. L. A., Sir William Collins referred, amid enthusiastic applause, to "the Irish policy so ably vindicated by the Home Secretary, Mr Forster, Mr Chamberlain, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland." If Sir William Collins can reconcile the Irish policy of Mr Forster with the Irish policy (?) of Mr Chamberlain, he is a much smarter man than the BAILIE, or anybody else ever took him to be. Suppose we read 'policies,' Sir William?

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.—At the dinner given on board the steamer "Fulda," during her trial-trip last Tuesday, Mr Bryce Douglas, of Messrs Elder & Co., who presided, took occasion to remark that the secret of his firm's success "was that every part and article about ship and machinery was of the very best material, that the highest skilled labour was employed, and that Mr Shepherd and *himself* were responsible for the design." Observe the modesty of true genius, as indicated by the word in italics!

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

St. George(s) and the Dragon. AT Thursday's meeting of the Town Council the removal of St. George's Church was under discussion. A proposal was made to abandon the negotiations for the removal of the church, but on a division the Churches' Committee were authorised to continue the negotiations.

—Daily Paper.

I am not old as steeples go,
Compared with Tron a chick am I,
When from my perch I look below
I see *men* older pass me by.

But pass they ne'er without a pause,
To crane their necks my form to trace,
With glance that, silent, speaks applause
In mounting from my feet to face.

My father's name was Andrew Stark
(I'm proud of my descent, i' faith)
Three brothers had I but, pray, mark
My eldest met a sudden death.

He was struck down some years ago,
"Hunter's Museum" was his name,
Noblest and best though first to go,
Still, life can "Jail" and "Pochhouse" claim.

In sooth these young 'uns are all right
They cannot well be done without,
My situation is not quite
So safe, oh citizens speak out!

RACING INTELLIGENCE.

Tom (a little indisposed) — Wha'sch yer bett'n?

Harry (sober)—Twenty-five to one. Blue ribbon offered.

Tom—And (hic) t-t-taken!

Praise from Sir Hubert —!

MR G. W. ANSON was a prood, prood man last Tuesday morning. One of those miraculous "critics" of ours felt himself justified in saying that "Mr Anson at once made it evident that he had taken a good deal of pains in getting up his part" in the "Comedy of Errors." This ought to encourage other young beginners, like G. W., to take pains in getting up *their* parts, and perhaps some day the critic may soar to heights of laudation even more enthusiastic. Praise from Sir Hubert! And such praise!

SULTRY.—The *Herald* says that Mr Gladstone has come back "full of the warm South." Now, the Premier has always been what slangy folks call a "warm member," but if he's been piling on redhot fuel at Cannes it will be impossible to come within a mile of him with impunity!

The Real T.T.—The temperate tippler.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

THE COMING SEASON.
EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS DURING MARCH.

Our 21 Departments compete with each other in showing Useful and Attractive Lines. Now is the time to secure Bargains. We offer Lines that positively surpass anything that has been done before. New Styles in Millinery Hats and Bonnets. London Patterns, French Patterns, Rare Novelties.

WALTER WILSON & Co., are *always* first in Scotland in introducing Novelties as they are brought out in London and Paris.

WALTER WILSON & Co., show the choicest gems of Artistic Millinery.

WALTER WILSON & Co. charge one-half the ordinary retail shopkeeper's prices. See our New Hats and Bonnets at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 16s 6d, and 21s. Thousands of Hats and Bonnets from 8s 6d to 100s.

MOURNING MILLINERY.—A Very Large Assortment of High-Class Mourning Millinery always on hand. Widows Bonnets, Caps, Veils, &c.

See the value we offer during March in Silks, Satins, Cashmeres, Merinoes, Velvets, Velveteens, Brocades, Stays, Underclothing, &c., &c.

Gentlemen respectfully invited to inspect our stocks. We show the finest goods manufactured.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

The Great Sale of Salvage at the Millionatia is now in full swing. Fearful Bargains in every department. See windows.

"O L D M O S E S"

SCOTCH WHISKY.

To be had only from the Proprietors,
J. & J. STEEL, COWCADDENS.

EARLY LAMB.—A Regular Supply at
JAMES BUTTERS,
519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL
 Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,
 Purveyor of Marriage Dinners and Evening Parties.
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 TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
145 ARGYLE STREET,
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THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, Estab'd. 1852.
 Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—
ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.
 Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months.
JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,
 PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.
REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

LONDON.

THE BALMORAL HOTEL.

(SCOTCH HOUSE.)

229 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Central for Business and Pleasure.

BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTENDANCE, 4s 6d
 No Extras.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,
 Are now Selling the same at
 25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.
 Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

FLOORCLOTH AND LINOLEUM.
M. NAIRN & CO'S

CELEBRATED FLOORCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS are Sold by all Carpet Warehousemen and Upholsterers. FLOORCLOTH 8 yards wide, and LINOLEUM, 4 yards wide, without a seam. Wholesale Warehouses in London, Manchester, Paris, and at
GLASGOW.

N.B.—Beware of Imitations. See the Trade Mark—Three Scotch Thistles stamped on the back of Patterns and Goods.

NEW SPRING TWEEDS
FOR
THE CELEBRATED 15/6 TROUSERS.

The Unparalleled Demand for the "Desideratum" Trousers has compelled us to make ampler provision than ever for the Spring Season's Trade. We are now showing the Largest Range of High-Class Scotch and West of England Tweeds that can be seen in any Tailoring Establishment in the Kingdom, and which for value surpasses anything we have hitherto offered.

It has been our determination from the first that the "Desideratum" Trousers should maintain the very foremost place for quality, style, and value; and having accomplished this, we have also excelled in the quantity sold. Gentlemen favouring us with their Orders may rely on seeing all the newest prevailing styles procurable in the market, and on our losing no opportunity of improving, where that is possible, the superior value we already give.

FORSYTH,
MAKER OF THE
DESIDERATUM TROUSERS,
13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST.

FRESH WATER FISHING TACKLE,
Wholesale and Retail.

SALMON FLIES, BEST SPLIT WING TROUT FLIES;
Made-up FLY CASTS for River and Loch Fishing.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Tackle Boxes, Phantoms, Bait Tackle, Baskets, Bags, Waders, Live and Artificial Bails, &c.

Flies tied to Pattern on the Premises.

WM. ROBERTSON (From Kelso on Tweed),
CENTRAL ARCADE, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

DINNERS—(FISH)—SUPPERS.

The PROPRIETOR of OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, has, at request of numerous Patrons, fitted up an Elegant DINING and SUPPER SALOON, with Ladies Room and Lavatory attached. FISH DINNERS and SUPPERS Finest Quality and at Lowest Remunerative Price. All Fish in Season—Fresh and in Prime Condition.

OYSTER ROOMS, 92 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
J. FERGUSSON, MANAGER.

"ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH GIN,"

THE BEST AND PUREST SPIRIT, ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSIL OIL AND SACCHARINE MATTER.

MESSRS COATES & CO, The Black Friars' Distillery, (ESTABLISHED 1793), *Distillers of the Original Plymouth Gin*,
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58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.
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CHAS. SHORTHILL, PROPRIETOR.

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Corner of York Street,
Please Note, only Address in Scotland.

A. F. SHARP & CO., Advertising Agents,
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GLASGOW.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,
Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

M. F. THOMPSON, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

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OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

W H I S K Y,
From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,
47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY,

FINEST GENUINE OLD

D. C. L.
DUBLIN

W H I S K Y,
PHŒNIX PARK DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.

The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS—These Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this Company is to be met with."

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LIMITED,
153 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1883.

DID the BAILIE'S readers notice that quietly worded but seriously startling statement as to Mr Quarrier's Homes in Canada, in one of the editorials of Wednesday's *Herald*? Granny was at her best, and judicial as my Lord Justice Clerk. The statement had all the air of official (and offended) authority; and was clearly meant as a public indictment of the vaunted emigration scheme of a few complacent philanthropists. Facts, stubborn facts, gathered in the colony by some who went there to see for themselves, were the ground of the *Herald's* indictment. Opinions will differ as to minor points, but in the main the case is, it is to be feared, only too true.

We all know how Mr Quarrier quavers of his "dear children" (as if nobody cared for the poor things but he); and what pleasing pictures he draws of the homes to which his "dear little ones" are going in the new country! It comes, therefore, with something of a shock to be told that the children sent out to Canada "dree" about as dismal a "weird" as they could under the worst circumstances have been called upon to endure in the mother country. The BAILIE is bound to say when he read this that he felt his bile rise a little, and all the more so that the poor creatures and their friends at home have been led to think that there was neither sin nor sorrow save in auld Scotland. Fie, fie on the system which allows this state of matters to prevail. Whose fault is it, Mr Quarrier, that such things are? As it seems to the Magistrate, the bairns would be much better at home, much better in such institutions as the Maryhill and Mossbank Industrial Schools, and of course the Orphan Homes of Scotland at the Brig o' Weir.

THALIA AND MELPOMENE "SEEING THE PLAYERS WELL BESTOW'D."

In Irving, and with him now Kyrle Bellew,
The stage has a couple of capital Romeos,
And Anson and Groves, such a comical two,
The stage give the very perfection of Dromios.

The Lord Rector.

IT is intimated that Mr Bright will be installed as Lord Rector on Thursday, the 22nd of March. With characteristic courtesy the Right Honourable Quaker has postponed this ceremony till within a few months of the expiration of his term of office. As the Liberal students will soon be called upon to select a successor, suppose they choose that pattern of nobility and manhood the Most Noble the Marquis of Blandford? Your Radical is as ready to grovel before a title as your Yankee, and the members of the Glasgow Liberal Association have already set the example of publicly doing honour to the lordly wife-beater in question.

CUTTING!—In the reports of the launch of H.M.S. "Phaeton," at Govan the other day, it is mentioned that Mrs So-and-so "cut away and named the vessel"—which seems a peculiar arrangement. If the lady was bent upon "cutting away," why not name the vessel first, and then "cut away"? In any case, the reporters might have hit upon some more appropriate and respectful phrase to express the fair one's retirement from the scene.

A Mediaeval Plea for Temperance.
AT the capital exhibition now open in Edinburgh, under the auspices of the Royal School of Art Needlework, there is on view a piece of mediaeval tapestry, bearing among other devices a medallion inscribed with the words, "Paul saying to Timothe tak a lytl vyn to comfort stomouke." Orthography was certainly not the fair designer's strong point, but, you see, she was invented before School-Boards. She was evidently sound on the temperance question, however, and, if the present owners of the tapestry could be induced to part with it, it might advantageously be purchased by the City of Glasgow, and hung in the Council Chamber, for the benefit of aqueous members of the Collins and Torrens order.

Information(?) for the People.

EX-BAILIE LAING presided last week at the first annual soiree of the Second Hebrew Congregation in Glasgow, and, after carefully explaining that he was not a Jew himself, proceeded to inflict upon his hearers a long-winded account of themselves and their race from the beginning of time. What strange infatuation is it that impels the chairman of such a social gathering—whether it be one of Jews or joiners, candlestick-makers or Christians—to "read up" painfully for the occasion, and then to discharge upon the unoffending tea-swillers and cookie-punishers a flood of facts and figures with which they are infinitely better acquainted than he is himself?

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

The nearer the kirk, the farther frae grace,
Like those who the Kirk o' Saint George would displace.

QUIET RAPIDITY.—Mr Stiggins Tartuffe, junior, who hankers after "life," yet desires to keep up appearances, writes to say that he often sees horses advertised as being both "fast" and "quiet," and he is anxious to know whether *he* could not achieve some such combination of attributes. In reply, the BAILIE can only say that the nearest approach of which he knows is to mount the blue ribbon, and dissipate "on the strict Q.T."

MORE LIKE IT.—Some astronomical geniuses have been, it appears, "mistaking the 'Crab' nebula in Taurus for a comet." "Crab"? Was it not rather "very like a whale"?

A Long Poole, a Strong Poole, and a Poole Altogether—The Panorama.

Proud Paupers.

IT rejoiced the BAILIE'S heart to notice that the most downright and effective replies to the impudent demands of the Irish cadgers in the House of Commons the other day came from Scotch representatives. Sir John Hay called a spade a spade, after his wont; nor was the right honourable member for the Hawick Burghs mealy-mouthed in protesting against the bread of honest toilers on this side of the water being taken from them to be given to sturdy beggars on that. The talk about Irish starvation is sentimental rubbish. In Ireland the workhouse is open, just as it is in England and Scotland, and if Irish paupers are "too proud"—save the mark!—to enter it, they are, as their friends the Yankees say, "just too proud for anything," and are certainly a great deal too proud to live.

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY.

(The new parish minister has just questioned, rebuked, and exhorted Ma'colm, a well-known itinerant.)

Ma'colm (solus, dryly)—Thankye. Ma blin ee's as little noticed as yours. Nae doot I'm gey an' auld gettin', but I'm faur frae doited. I mebbe hinna a riff o' ma ain, but I'm deil a hair the waur o't. I daunner aboot amang the neebor's hooses, syne but, syne ben—aye gangin', aye gettin'; an' gin I feel kinna wabbit oot I tak' a bit clyte doon a wee on a freen's chyr. Leevin' or deein' I'm faur frae feart—ither folk's faur frichteter fur me—an' I'm as little fashious as I'm feart. An' I'm a gran' tholer, fur whin I dee I ken ma pock'll kick up nae rippets; ony-way, I'll hae as muckle's the wale o' ye without birzin', and that's—the breedth o' ma back!

CAPITAL!—In one of those advertisements which appear so plentifully in the morning papers, aimed, actually if not ostensibly, at owners of "plenty money and no brains," the suggested investment is described as a "capital" one. Of course they all are—investments of capital, that is.

Selfishness on the part of the Dublin Police—Looking after No. 1.

Sighs—and Size—Hymen and Biggar, and a breach of promise.

The Legal Land League—Three miles.

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

Quavers.

THE Rutherglen Choral Society gave a private concert on Friday evening in the Town Hall. Mr L. N. Parker's "Silvia" was performed, occupying the better part of the evening. The cantata (first performed by the Partick Society) is melodious, and ear-catching without being common, and indeed it is well planned both as to symmetry and variety, while altogether worthy to be considered a companion piece for Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen." The libretto, too (by Mr Seward Mariner), is very much superior to Chorley's share in the popular but now pretty hackneyed last named can'tata. "Silvia" received very fair justice by the Society in the eastern burgh. The tone of the tenor and soprano was particularly good. The parts of "Silvia," "The Poet," and "Sybil" were satisfactorily rendered; and that of the "Huntsman" fairly so. A small orchestra, including a horn, even a drum, and led by Mr Robb, played the accompaniments with a considerable measure of success, certainly realizing the "figures" and giving the tone-colouring with an amount of clearness and effect not very practicable in any other way. Mr W. Macintyre conducted.

The concert by the West-End Choral Society last week, which included a welcome revival of Locke's music to Macbeth, showed that fair progress was being made under Mr Gallie's instruction. Miss Gretchen Johnson and Mr Duncan rendered valuable assistance in the solos, while also taking part in Bennett's "God is a Spirit," which was so well sung as to receive a re-demand.

Rehearsals will be resumed by our active premier musica society on 7th instant. It has been decided to practise Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," a first-rate selection. Now is the time, we learn, for application for membership.

On Thursday evening last, "Belshazzar's Feast" was music cally related, in simple style rather, in Port-Dundas Parish Church; and on Thursday (to-morrow), "Alexander's Feast," as told by Dryden and Handel, is to be represented by the South-Side Choral Society—a coincidence in its way. The former work, however, is of a class hardly worthy of study in a city of the musical standing and experience of Glasgow, and something of a higher kind should now be essayed by the industrious church choir in the neighbourhood of the canal.

Madame Sophie Menter gives a pianoforte recital on Monday evening next, in the Queen's Rooms. The brilliant if somewhat erratic pianiste will doubtless attract a crowded audience.

Bauldie's "Treatment."

BAULDIE—whose unsuccessful attempt at "ambulance drill" the BAILIE recorded t'other week—noticed that after a medical lecture which was recently delivered to the Western Amateur Swimming Club, two of the members were "treated as requiring resuscitation"—an expression which he understood to be a polite euphemism for being "stood a gill." Undeterred by former experience, our friend repaired hopefully to the premises of the club, and requested to be treated as if he required resuscitation—which he thought he did. He was treated instead as if he required kicking out—which he didn't think he did.

Wether Wisdom—March, that came in like a lamb, may go out as a ram.

A Lunatic—The man i' th' moon.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sau hiehall Street.

Megilp.

MR COLE'S band at the Saturday afternoon promenades of the Institute attracts a large audience. Its popularity is increasing every week. The music is certainly excellent, and music appears to have greater charms than pictures have for the Glasgow public. The evening attendances at the Galleries continues to be very good, and this is as it should be. Art is not for the few rich, but for the many, whether they are rich or poor.

The total value of the priced pictures in the Institute amounts to about £35,000, and the prices range from £1260—the sum asked for Le Page's "Mendicant"—to the humble figure of £1 15s. Surely the length of every purse may be suited here. As in most fine art exhibitions great differences are noticeable in the prices of pictures which, to ordinary intelligence, seem of identical, or nearly identical value. Take for instance No. 218 in the large gallery—which is a picture 4 ft. in length, and the price of which is £12—and compare it with No. 146 in the same room—which is a picture 4 inches square, and which is charged £26 5s.

The greatest discrepancy in price is observed in the foreign pictures—witness No. 383 (Dupre), 646 (Daubigny), and 647 (Diaz). The catalogue value of these is respectively £160, £100, and £100, and their size is about 1 foot square. In the same room as the Dupre is another French picture, about 3 ft. long, which is priced in the catalogue at £77s! Doesn't this seem as if there were something in a name, Shakespeare notwithstanding?

The present is one of the busiest months of the year among art societies. In London the doors of the Dudley Gallery are opened with an exhibition of water colours, and the spring exhibition of the Society of British artists is placed on view; the annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is opened in Dublin; the Bristol Academy opens its thirty-sixth annual exhibition; and the eighteenth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Artists is held in Birmingham.

W. Q. Orchardson is engaged on one of the largest pictures he has yet painted. It is eight feet in length, and contains some 17 figures. The subject is a scene in the life of Molière. Another member of the London Scottish who will be represented in the Academy by a canvas of important size is John Pettie. MacWhirter's chief Burlington House pictures are "The Village of Corrie," and "A Highland Sermon."

Rumour has it that a good deal of mutual astonishment took place over R. R. Anderson's resignation of the Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy. The Council were astonished when they received the resignation, but Mr Anderson was even more astonished at the alacrity with which it was accepted. It was his "profession," the latter urged, that had been slighted when he was passed over in the election of a member of the Academy to fill the place of Sir Daniel Macnee, and the slight was all the greater, inasmuch as he had been passed over at two previous elections. Every member of the Council understood and appreciated Mr Anderson's professional distinction, but as the position he took up was altogether untenable, his resignation was accepted at once, and with complete unanimity.

Intending candidates for the Associateship of the R.S.A. ought to remember that they must give in their names to the Academy officials during the course of the present month. As was stated in this column a week ago, three vacancies in the Associateship must be filled up on the 14th of next November.

The autumn exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters will be held in the two octagon rooms, and the sculpture room, of the Fine Art Institute. It will open on the 15th of October and remain on view till the middle of December.

It is anticipated that the exhibition will be a very fine one.

"A Goodie Goodie Man—Dr Scott of Edinburgh.

Councillor Martin's Motto—"Let every herrin hing bi its ain heid."

Trumping his Lead.

AT the Council the other day, Mr Osborne amusingly asserted himself as a "travelled Thane"—or, at all events, Town Councillor. "Bailie Wilson," said he, "had referred to the Parisian system of intimating when a car was full. Had Bailie Wilson travelled in some of the larger towns of America he would have found that a car was never full so long as there was room for a passenger to go inside or hang on behind." In other words, "If *you've* been in Paris, *I've* been in America. So there!"

Gallantry v. "Convenience."

MR OSBORNE remarked at the Council board the other day that it was "a great convenience to allow a lady to stand in the passage of a car till a seat is found for her," and the sentiment was received with an approving "Hear, hear." Fie, fie, Patres Conscripti! where's your gallantry? It may be "a great convenience" to allow a lady to stand, but it is not great politeness. Even more tremendous personages than Town-Councillors have been known to "go outside to oblige a lady."

Another Gas(s) Explosion—That by the portrait of Mr Gladstone in the leaves of the tree, he never felled.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Cave Tonsorem" in type, and will appear shortly.

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

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

Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),

The Great Adelphi Success,

TAKEN FROM LIFE,

By HENRY PETTIT, Joint Author of "Pluck," "The World," etc

MONDAY FIRST, 12TH MARCH, FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,

Mr JAMES BUCHANAN AND COMPANY

In CHARLES READE'S Celebrated Drama,

D R I N K.

Box Office at Messrs R. J. & R. Adam's Music Warehouse, 81 and 83 Buchanan Street.

Q U E E N ' S R O O M S .

PATERSON, SONS & CO. beg to announce that the
CELEBRATED PIANIST,

MADAME

S O P H I E M E N T E R ,

WILL GIVE A

PIANOFORTE RECITAL

ON

MONDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1883.

Tickets—Reserved Seats, 5s; Area and Balcony, 2s 6d; Back Seats, 1s—at Paterson, Sons & Co.'s, 152 Buchanan Street.

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Under the Direction of Mr JAMES MACMAHON.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo, Mr KYRLE BELLEW.

FRIDAY, 9TH MARCH,

BENEFIT OF MR KYRLE BELLEW,

Production of a New Romantic Play, Entitled

RUY BLAS.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's, or Theatre, from 11 till 3.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

MONDAY, 12TH MARCH,

MISS BATEMAN IN

LEAH AND MARY WARNER.

GLASGOW SOUTH-SIDE CHORAL SOCIETY.

CHORAL CONCERT.

HANDEL'S "ALEXANDER'S FEAST."

CITY HALL, THURSDAY, 8TH MARCH, 1883.

PRINCIPALS—

MADAME JARRATT.

MR C. W. FREDERICKS.

MR D. HARRISON.

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conductor, Mr JAMES M'KEAN.

Leader of Orchestra, Mr W. H. COLE.

Tickets, 4s, 3s, 2s, and 1s, to be had from Messrs R. J. & R. Adams and principal music-sellers.

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RIEVERE'S FASCINATING BALLET,

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From the Royal Agricultural Hall, and the Royal Victoria Palace, London, after an unprecedentedly successful Season of Four Months and 300 Representations, and just concluded the most Successful Season ever known in Newcastle, at the Grand Circus, giving 56 Representations to nearly 100,000 persons; the unanimous verdict of the Press and Public being that this Diorama stands unequalled.

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CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, 10TH MARCH, 1883.

ANOTHER GRAND EXTRA COMPANY.

Miss CLARA SAMUEL, Soprano.

Miss MARIAN M'KENZIE, Contralto.

Miss MARIE SCHUMANN, Violinist.

Mr HENRY PIERCY, Tenor.

Signor FOLI, Bass,

Signor BISACCIA, Pianist.

On this Occasion Shilling Seats in Front Area, Reserved Seats in Side Galleries 5s. Other Parts of Hall Usual Prices.

Admission—3d, 6d, and 1s; Reserved Seats on Side Galleries, 3s. Tickets at 58 Bath Street. Doors Open at 7; Concert at 7-45.

JAMES AIRLIE, Secy.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr JOHN HESLOP,

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF

G. W. ANSON AND CHARLES GROVES.

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30,

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

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The *Two Dromios*, G. W. ANSON and CHARLES GROVES.
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 OF BEST QUALITY, IN NEW AND RICH DESIGNS,
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 CHINA TEA, BREAKFAST, and DESSERT SERVICES,
 Artistically Painted with Birds, Flowers, and Ferns;
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Executed by the best Artists in Staffordshire.

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On View Mornings of Sale.

Purchasers may have their Lots carefully Packed and For-
 warded by experienced Packers.

MUSIC—STAFF NOTATION.
 MONDAY EVENING SINGING CLASS.

MR WILLIAM MOODIE begs to announce
 that he will Open the above in ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
 138 BATH STREET, on MONDAY, 12th MARCH, at 8 P.M.

Tickets (including 1s Text-Book)—Gentlemen, 4s; Ladies,
 2s 6d; Boys (Alto), 2s each.

Tickets and Books may be had from GALLIE, 99 Buchanan
 Street.

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 TO THE QUEEN.



CHRONOMETER
 MAKERS
 TO THE
 ADMIRALTY.

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MILLINERY COMPANY is now offered at Great
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 Stock, as is well known, is one of the finest in the City, and
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 their Ships and Yachts with Sheets, Blankets, Towels,
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DRESSMAKERS have found out where to Buy their Cottons,
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MR STEPHENS has just Supplied a Large New English
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SIGNORINA MARIA — writes from Trieste:—"I am
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Ladies will find Mr Stephens Sells the Goods he has specially
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 of Better Quality, and Cheaper than they can procure elsewhere.
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seconds and seconds, Keyless Chronographic Watch; maker makes to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince of Wales; appropriate for medical, professional, or sporting gentlemen; a bargain.—Pawnbroking Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

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Well Ventilated and Dry Stores for Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.

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KERR'S NEURALGIC CONE.—A valuable

preparation for the cure of Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Earache, Tic-Doloureux, &c., by outward use. One application giving immediate relief. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker, CHAS. KERR, Chemist, Dundee. Price, 1s 6d; by post, 1s 8d.

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GREAT SALE OF FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS, &c.,

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FIRM OF

JOHN MACKAY & SON,
FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS, UPHOLSTERERS, AND HOUSE, SHIP, AND OFFICE
FURNISHERS,

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The Reductions in Prices will be as follows:— $7\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Discount off all Purchases if Half the Amount be paid for at the time of Purchase or a Few Days thereafter, and the Balance on Delivery of Goods; and 10 per Cent. when the *whole* Amount is paid when the Goods are Bought.

Every Article in the Warehouse being Marked in Plain Figures at the Lowest possible Ready-Money Prices, it has been thought advisable to adopt this course instead of the "Present and Former Price" System, so as to admit of Customers, when looking at the Goods, to judge for themselves the advantages to be derived by making their Purchases at this Bona-Fide Sale.

The well-known character of J. M. & Son's Manufactures renders it almost unnecessary to say anything regarding the quality of the Goods sought to be disposed of during this Sale. It will be sufficient to mention that nothing has been bought or made for the purpose of making this Sale attractive beyond the requirements for the Ordinary Family Customer Trade; consequently, they have every confidence in soliciting Inspection of the Immense Stocks exhibited in the Five Large Floors of their Extensive and Well-Lighted Warehouse, feeling assured that large Orders will result therefrom.

PURCHASES STORED FREE TILL REQUIRED, IN DRY ROOMS IN CONNECTION WITH WAREHOUSE, AT J. M. & SON'S RISK, AND DELIVERED IN GOOD CONDITION, AND FITTED UP IN THE CITY AND ITS SUBURBS WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE.

The Stock of Bed-room Suites, with Wardrobes, from £6 10s to £84, *is perhaps one of the largest to be seen anywhere.*

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The Stock of Drawing-room Cabinets from £3 to £50, Drawing-room Tables from 10s 6d to £8, Occasional and Fancy Chairs, from 22s 6d to 90, Davenportes from 42s to £6, Music Stands from 35s to £7 10s, Whatnots and other Drawing-room Knickknacks 14s 6d to 60s—*is very replete and in good taste.*

The Stock of Hat Trees and Lobby Tables from 22s to £11 10s, Book Cases, Office Desks, Stools, and Chairs *is well-assorted at present.*

Kitchen Chairs, 4s 6d to 9s 6d. Kitchen Tables, 9s 6d to 20s. Toilet Ware, 13s 6d to £5 per double set.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR NETT CASH, AT NEARLY HALF-PRICE.

15 Oak and Mahogany Dining-room and Parlour Suites—Real Morocco and Roan Skins—Stuffed all Hair and partly Hair and Fibre, will be cleared out at £13 10s, £16 15s, £21, £23 10s, £28, and £32.

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A Few Mahogany Haircloth Suites of 9 Pieces, reduced to £9 10s, £15, and £20.

**** SOME OF THESE SPECIAL BARGAIN LOTS ARE A LITTLE SOILED IN THE COVERINGS, BUT THEY ARE ALL WELL WORTH THE ATTENTION OF PARTIES REQUIRING TO FURNISH COAST OR COUNTRY HOUSES.**

THIS IMPORTANT SALE will continue during MARCH, or until the Sum of

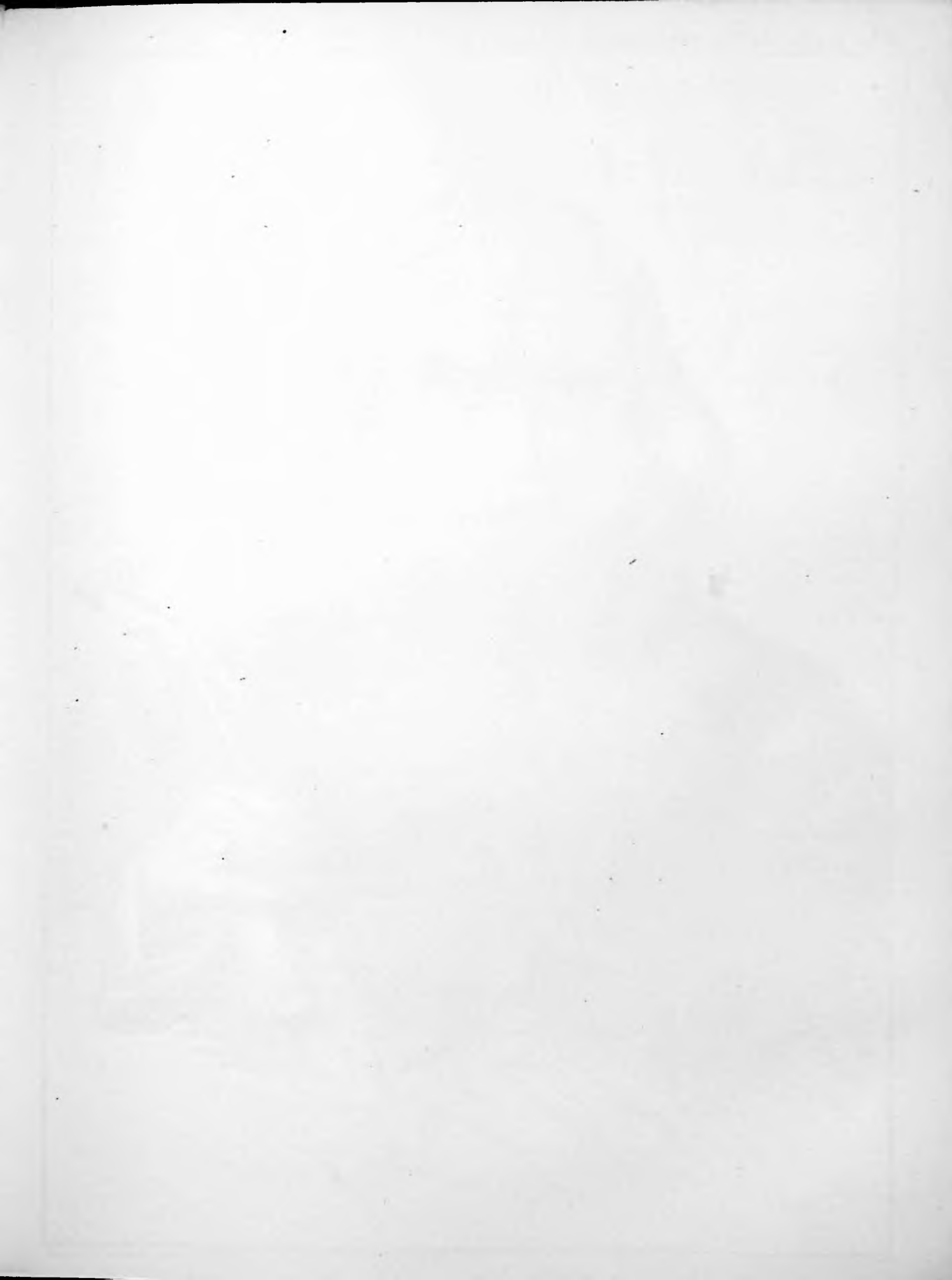
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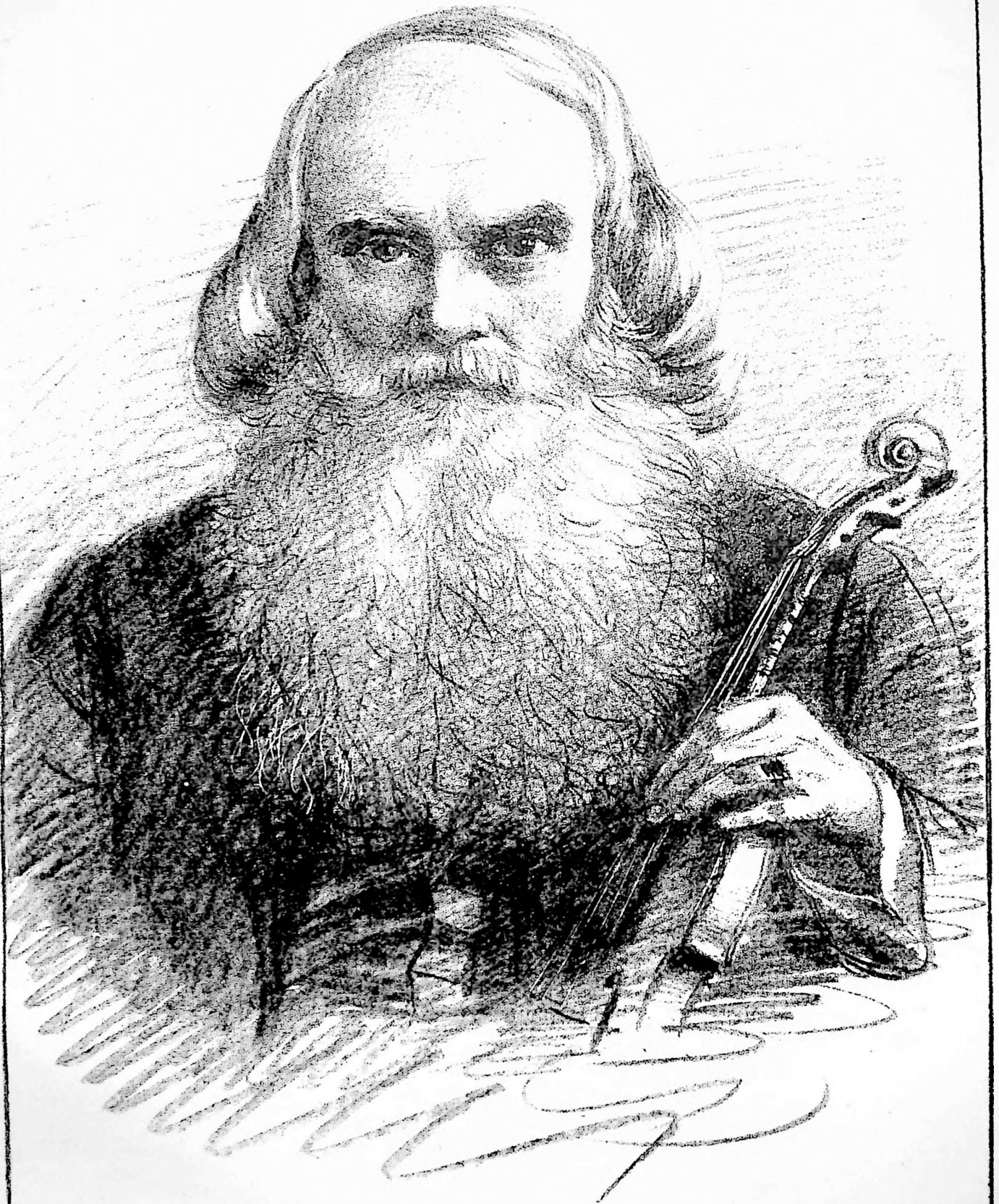
Has been realized out of the present Stock, which, from the manifest inducements offered, may be achieved sooner, and thus enable the New Firm to complete arrangements for the future conduct of the Business, so as the approaching Season's regular trade may not be interfered with.

Hours of Business during the Sale will be from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and on Saturdays from 9 till 4.

THE NEW HOUSE-FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT,

JOHN MACKAY & SON,
28 JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 543. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 14th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 543.

ABOUT half a century ago, more or less, and perhaps rather less than more, a youth came from Forfarshire to push his fortunes in the West. Whether he possessed only the traditional half-crown does not appear. The probability is that he had more than the proverbial sum at his disposal, for he was the son of a substantial manufacturer in the county which has devoted so much of its abundant energy to the making of linen. The Man you Know, or rather, to be strictly accurate, the JOHN A. MANN you know, was in early life scientific and artistic, and he has remained so ever since. His first exploit as a boy was to paint several scenes for a travelling theatrical-manager who happened to visit Glasgow, and his tentative effort in that direction, coming under the notice of another manager, led to the lad's going to Edinburgh as a scenic-artist. It also led to his being encouraged by Sir Francis Grant, when the late President of the Royal Academy was a budding painter at Kilgraston. Being of an enterprising disposition, and associated with theatres, our friend naturally directed his attention to acting, and it is said that on more than one occasion he gained some credit by his appearances behind the footlights. Among his associates in those early days was J. H. Anderson, afterwards known as the “Wizard of the North,” who was property-man in one of the companies with which the Man you Know was connected. Anderson took the youth to the Strand Theatre in London in 1840, and brought him back to Glasgow when the City Theatre, associated with the early operatic essays of Mr J. Sims Reeves, was built, opposite the jail, at the foot of the Saltmarket. While occupied in painting scenery, and fitting up the stages of

Covent Garden and other theatres for Anderson's conjuring tricks, JOHN A. MANN devoted his leisure moments to the study of the violin, and in fact he played that instrument in the orchestra of the Strand Theatre, in London. His enquiring turn of mind caused him to study the anatomy of the violin, on the lines laid down by the families of Amati, Guarnerius, and Stradivarius, and so greatly was he absorbed in this new pursuit that he finally directed his attention exclusively to it. Beginning business in a very quiet way in Steel Street, off the Saltmarket, he subsequently removed to larger premises in the Trongate, then he migrated to Argyle Street, and afterwards to Bath Street, finally settling down in Miller Street, just fronting the historic building which closed its doors twenty-five years ago, on the failure of the Western Bank. Of all men in the city he is the best known and most widely esteemed among fiddlers. Not one of the fraternity can go into his establishment without taking special care lest he should set his heel upon some cherished Cremona. There is hardly a string quartet player in Glasgow who has not, at some period of his life, had dealings with the scientific violin-fancier in Miller Street. Others, less privileged to gain admittance behind the scenes of artistic life, may see his counterfeit presentment in oil, by Robert Cree Crawford, at the current exhibition of the Institute of the Fine Arts. There is no gainsaying the fact that he is as good a subject for that description of treatment as he is for the pencil of the artist who now conveys his likeness to a still wider constituency, through the introduction of the BAILIE.

NOTHING NEW.—Mrs Smith (reading circulating library catalogue)—“Florence Marryat's ‘Facing the Footlights.’” Smith—Is she? Nothing new, is it?

The Kirk's Alarm.

THE Barony Kirk I long have thought
About as rude and rotten a bit o'
Design in building as we've got;
Its beams, it seems now turn out ditto.

Yet this need not excite our wonder
The Kirk is auld; 'When built?' I glad am
To steer you past all chance of blunder
Then, note, its Architect was *Adam* *

But should the biggin' be brought low
Both wailings low and railings loud
Shall rise, yet not for Kirk's o'erthrow
But, monument of great Macleod!

Such sorrow to our doors can't come,
So long as empty stands the coffer,
Yet, *by St. George*, it may, if some
Insurance Co. but make an offer!

* Robert Adam, architect, 1798.

Mark That!

THE manager of the Merchants' Club, in Cochran Street, has been advertising for a "smart boy" as billiard-marker. In view of the recent passage-of-arms between Messrs M'Call and Martin, Peter hopes that the members of the club have succeeded in securing the services of a boy "smart" enough to resist the blandishments of inquisitive Cooncillors—one, in fact, who will make a "point" of not "break"-ing confidence, but will earn the "screw" he "pockets" honourably, and will de-"side"-edly ar-"rest" and "balk" on the "spot" any attempt to "pool" information out of him by a "string" of "cue"-rious questions—one who—(Stop, stop, Peter! You're going over the "mark.")

HEY DONAL; HOW DONAL:—Is this why it has not been prosecuted, the proposal to present a sword-of-honour to General Alison—really there were no Highlanders in Egypt? At least a monthly magazine, edited by a Highlander, a Glasgow clergyman, speaks of "Old England [only] in the brilliant Egyptian campaign," and of "the high character, both in conduct and courage, that our soldiers and sailors attached to our English name in the East." The Highlanders are no where!

The Blue-Ribbon Army—The backers of the Varsity boatmen.

The Salvation Army—Our Salvage Corps.

The True Society of "The Black Hand."—The "Black Squad."

A Sermon on Stone—The Ingram Street front of the old Municipal Buildings.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 St. VINCENT STREET.

Delinquent Dominies

YOUR master under the School-Board must occasionally possess a rather elastic conscience. Here is a case in point:—For some time past certain of the pedagogic brotherhood over the country have conspired together, and to some purpose too, to circumvent H.M. inspector's on their annual visits, especially in the most trying of the Three R's—Arithmetic. And a feature of the little plot is that the scholars are induced to aid and abet in it. They are charged to make a note of the "counts" on their several test-cards and to hand these over to their masters when the examination is over. If the pupils are well coached it is possible for the teachers to get hold of every sum set on the inspectors' cards, although no two of these may have been alike. The next move is for the master who has just got over the annual ordeal to send on what he has gleaned to some brother dominie whose school falls to be examined later on by the same inspector. The teacher thus favoured goes and docs likewise, and thus an unsuspecting inspector is forestalled all the year round and Government grants are earned accordingly.

THE HYLAND LEAGUE

"Four hundred pounds!"—he'd pay the figge
Than make *per* Hymen Hyland Biggar.

Businesslike "Regret."

IN the course of a leader on Infirmary affairs last week the *Herald* spoke of "the resignation of his office of manager by Mr William M'Ewen, which we were regretfully enabled to announce on Saturday." "Regretfully enabled to announce" is admirable. The ingenious manner in which the Old Lady of Buchanan Street contrives to combine with her expression of sorrow a gentle puff of her own journalistic enterprise, irresistibly reminds the reader of the heartbroken dame who appended to her notice of her husband's demise a modest intimation that the business was still carried on by the widow!

The Princess of Wales's Feathers.—The tail feathers spared to the pigeons.

Saint George's Cross—And no wonder if he knows what's threatened to his steeple.

"Bill"-ing and Cooing—Mr Anderson and the doves.

The Man of the "World"—Mr Poole.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

On 'Change.

A CONTINGENCY has arisen which I lately pointed out as being one of the possibilities of the money market. Gold has been withdrawn from the Bank of England and the wise-aces of the market have set themselves diligently to discover a reason, and advise the public accordingly. Some of them have attributed the efflux of gold to operations carried on by a mysterious band of financial desperadoes in New York. Those bandits are charged with wilfully disturbing our monetary relations that they may, by deranging the market, obtain profit for themselves. Antediluvian theorists may argue thus if they choose, but they will not succeed in convincing practical men. The movements of bullion and specie in the United States, and towards that country, from Europe, are perfectly natural and intelligible. Gold is at present travelling westwards from New York, moved by a natural law which would require too much space for explanation here, and the void must be filled up by supplies from London and Paris where the metal is relatively cheaper. No mere theorist can upset the circumstance that a banker, like a merchant, will supply his wants from the most advantageous source, and it happens to suit this country just now that America should have the money unused here. The possibility of an American demand, as soon as the bank-rate fell in London, was mentioned in this column some weeks ago. It has come, and need not excite either surprise or uneasiness. Our relations with other countries are now so close, through the operation of steam and electricity, that each affects its neighbour in a manner not formerly conceivable, but the capital flows where it is wanted, and will flow back again when its purpose shall have been served. All that is required is to keep a watch upon the market and the old lady in Threadneedle Street will attend to that.

International trade, which is an important factor in the fluctuations of the money-market, may be gauged by the statistics published last week. They are not so unsatisfactory as might have been expected, though the business in yarns and textile manufactures shows an ominous decrease. Mineral and machinery exports keep well up, and the country is able to pay a respectable and increased sum for food products from abroad.

Marbella shares, after going almost out of sight for a time, have come to the front again in a queer fashion. They no longer fill the place they occupied when the hero of the Maria de C. and the Hercules of Finance fought like cats at the Board meetings, but the Company has a potent champion in Mr Joseph C. Wakefield. At the annual meeting, held in London last week, it was stated that the old mine would prove a veritable El Dorado if the prices current in 1872 came into existence. In that view, as is pointed out to me by an obliging correspondent, Monkland shares themselves would be dirt-cheap. Mr Wakefield told the meeting that he had lately inspected the mine, and that there was no fault to find with the property. He mentioned this on a former occasion, and I do not know whether he now refers to his first or some subsequent visit to the sunny slopes of Southern Spain. In any case, whether his visits were one, two, or a dozen, Mr Wakefield was a calico-printer and not a mining-engineer. Being learned in dyes and cotton-cloth his opinion ought, of course, to be final in the matter of mines and iron ore.

A correspondent points out that the present value of the dormant mine, together with the two years' unexpired lease of the Heredias mine, would amount to about £125,000, and he suggests the formation of a new company with smaller capital. The object of the new company would be to build a railway and shipping pier for its own use, and arrange with the Messrs Heredias for a long lease or purchase of the mine, which has proved really to be something better than the dormant quarry on the shores of the Mediterranean.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the geography of Marbella to determine whether a fresh railway and pier would be necessary. I possess elaborate plans of a railway and pier which were once fondly believed to answer every purpose of the Company. The pier was an unlucky structure. It was always

being washed away, or knocked over by some vessel which drifted against it, then Truthful Tommy and the Hercules of Finance used to rush in, where angels would fear to tread, and claim damages from the owners of the offending craft through the expensive medium of a law court. I do not know whether the legal proceedings paid the Company, but I remember that a good deal of money was thrown about in pressing the case.

Tramway shares are attracting more attention, and as directors and managers gain greater experience this class of investment will probably acquire additional prominence. If the directors of the Glasgow company could see their way to arrange about the lease, or show that adequate provision is being made against its expiry, the shares would stand higher than they do. In one respect, I find that the Glasgow company occupies an exceptionally strong position. The horses are valued at £33 per head, which is the lowest figure put upon them anywhere save in Liverpool. The horses of the London Street Tramways Company are valued as high as £41 11s 6d per head, and the other British companies take their valuations as follows:—North Metropolitan, £41 5s; Dublin United, £38; Edinburgh, £37; Hull, £36; London Tramways Company, £34; Glasgow, £33; and Liverpool, £31. There may be a difference in the quality of the animals, but with me it is a mere question of accounting which tells in favour of Mr Robert Young and his colleagues.

SCRUTATOR.

"Intelligence."

GRANNY'S wonderful art critic describes a certain picture as representing "A Bachelor"—and, from his intelligent face, a Paisley one." Whence this thusness? Wherefore this desperate attempt to drag in, head and shoulders, an outrageous compliment to Seestu "intelligence"? Can it be that our critical friend, hopeless of appreciation, or even an audience, in Glasgow, thus makes a frantic effort to propitiate the "bodies?" Stranger things have been!

PROS AND CONS.

A man of mark was William Stark,
"Saint George's" he design'd;
And there are those, who—men of prose,
Are to its beauties blind.

NO CHARITY.—Sheriff Balfour was called upon last Wednesday to answer the question, "Is a Parochial-Board a charity?" Not being prepared with a reply to this conundrum on the spot, the learned gentleman took the matter to avizandum; but, had the same query been put to the BAILIE, he would at once have responded, "In the majority of cases, decidedly *not*—either to rate-payers or paupers!"

"Out Brief Candle"—The Kilmainham scandal.

"The Ides of March."—Inside bide, or outside slide.

Dead for a Doo-cot—A Hurlingham pigeon.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "Pluck" of Messrs Pettit and Harris—which is still running at the Grand Theatre—is certainly far from being the best melodrama I have seen, but its shortcomings are in great measure made up by the excellent manner in which it is acted. What between Miss Enson's trained and artistic style, the earnestness and "go" of Mr Standing, Mr Lilly's restrained force, and the humour of Mr Edmund Lyons, to say nothing of Mr James Elmore and Mr Harry Parker, the representation of the piece is completely up to the standard of the London stage. Indeed, all the players I have mentioned are London players, and London players, moreover, of position and repute.

—o—

Miss Bateman, who opens to-night at the Royalty Theatre, has long been well-known in this city. Something like eighteen years must have gone by since she first played *Leah* at the T. R., Dunlop Street. What "houses" she drew in those old days. How we all used to shiver at the curse of the *Jewess*; the display of pocket handkerchiefs which took place over her interview with the child of her former lover was a sight to remember. Other two parts which this accomplished lady undertook in Dunlop Street were those of *Bianca* and *Pauline*, while at the T. R., Cowcaddens, she introduced us for the first time to *Mary Warner*, and likewise appeared in Mr W. H. Wills's adaptation of "Medea." Her newest part, which she has produced on two separate occasions at the Royalty, is that of the heroine of "His Wife," a striking drama by Mr H. A. Jones, one of the authors of "The Silver King."

"Leah" will be played to-night and to-morrow, and Wednesday and Friday nights, while "Mary Warner" is announced for Thursday and Saturday.

Mr Lytton Sothorn, who may be recollected as the leading member of the company who appeared in "Where's the Cat," comes to the Royalty three weeks hence to play *Dundreary* and *David Garrick*. As most people know, Mr Sothorn, who is a clever, self-possessed little gentleman, is the Lord Dundreary's eldest son.

There was surely one overlook in the notices given in the daily prints of the production, at the Royalty, of "Romeo and Juliet." At all events I saw no mention of the excellent manner in which the music of Sir Julius Benedict was played by the band, under the direction of Mr Thomas Smyth. The Benedict music was one of the features of the piece as represented at the Lyceum, and it was one of the features of the representation at the Royalty as well.

"They say," by-the-by, that the original cost of the silken curtain used between the scenes of "Romeo and Juliet," was £600.

—o—

I gave, last week, a description of the plot of "Odette," which will be produced this evening at the Gaiety, for the first time in Scotland. Miss Bella Pateman, who assumes the leading part—the role which was created in London by Modjeska—while next to unknown in Scotland, is very popular on the London stage. She first appeared there some half-a-dozen years ago. Previous to her *début* in the metropolis, she had gained considerable reputation in America. Her manner, which is somewhat hard, is just suited for *Odette*, and she will therefore be seen to much greater advantage in M. Sardou's play than in the parts she sustained during her former engagement at the Gaiety, when she supported Mr Edwin Booth.

Mr Heslop, of the Gaiety, has, in consequence of its great success, determined to run his pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast" at Carlisle for another six nights, beginning this evening.

—o—

The "Drink" of Charles Reade is announced by Mr Beryl for this evening at the Royal Princess's, with Mr Jas. Buchanan in the role of *Coupeau*. "Drink" has always been a sure draw at the South-side Theatre. The laundry scene, the fall of *Coupeau* from the house-top, and especially the closing hours of the drunkard's life, are effects which appeal with special force to a popular audience.

The "Guv'nor" company, which includes Mrs T. W. Robertson (Miss Cora Stuart), Mrs J. F. Young, and Misses Darncomb and Rayburn, with Messrs J. F. Young, Dalton, Waring, and T. W. Robertson, not forgetting "Mr Angus M'Murray," appeared, by special command, before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, on the 8th of January. The occasion was the 19th birthday of Prince Albert Victor.

—o—

The coming visit of the Convention of Royal Burghs to Glasgow will cost the city between £400 and £500, and as long as the Corporation is connected with this "perambulating body of amateur legislators" fully one-seventh of the whole expenses of each Convention, or from £70 to £80 per annum, is saddled upon our ratepayers, the Convention having passed an "Act" assessing each Burgh represented at the Convention according to its—the Burgh's—rental. The rental of Glasgow is fully one-seventh of that of all the other Burghs put together, but its representative and voting influence at each Convention is identical with the representative and voting influence of Renfrew or Rutherglen.

I learn that the Lord-Provost is to dine the members of the Convention on the second day of their meeting—the Town-Council dinner taking place on the evening of the first day. Won't the Provost of Pittenweem be proud, proud over the attention paid him in the second city.

—o—

So great was the success of his pupils' fancy dress ball last year in the Queen's Rooms, that Mr R. S. Thomson has this year been obliged to engage the large St. Andrews' Hall to enable him to meet the call of friends for cards of admission. Whispers of what is coming foreshadow an even finer display of dancing and dresses than that which took place twelve months ago. The date is the 21st inst., on which night, BAILIE, take my advice and be in your place, if you would bask in the sunshine of childhood at its brightest; and be sure to take Mattie with you, and she'll entertain you for the next month with her account of the silks and laces and airs and graces of the little dames and their cavaliers.

—o—

The Glasgow School Board has a very capacious maw. It continues to swallow up all sorts and conditions of schools, whether attached to the Auld Kirk, the Free Kirk, or to no kirk at all. The latest gulped down is Free St. Matthew's School, Anderston. Here endeth the last lesson. With this School transferred to the Brod, the F. C. Presbytery of these parts has now not a single day school remaining on their once formidable list.

—o—

Her Majesty's Theatre, London, is to re-open on Easter Monday for an "all the year round" season of comic opera, and in the course of an address to the public the new manager, Mr F. C. Leader, says, "We shall, I trust, be diverting, but not irreverent; grand, but not gaudy; mirthful, but not meretricious; decorous but never depressing." How's that for high?

—o—

A couple of hours could hardly be more agreeably whiled away than by "doing" the world and its passing show as presented by the Messrs Poole in the Ingram Street Circus. The panorama is wonderfully fine and its dioramic and mechanical effects are yet more wonderful. The hundred odd views are from the brush of many deft hands, comprising "bits" from such eminent limners as Telbin, Calcott, Beverly, Grieve, Absalom, and old Gompertz. Some idea of the extent of these canvas paintings may be had in the fact that each separate picture covers above four hundred square feet, and the cumulative weight of the series is said to be over four tons. One canvas in particular has special interest to old stagers like you and me, BAILIE. I refer to that yclept "The Crypt of the Holy Sepulchre," in which there are three distinct dioramic effects. This is the original one of the name, and has been on the road for over thirty years. I remember well my first introduction to it as one of a crowd of penny-a-head school children in the old Princes Theatre, where Hengler's now stands.

As the question of sending a representative to the General Assembly is before the Town Council, it may be interesting to mention that one-half of our local legislators belong to the Free and U.P. Churches, and one-fourth to the Established, while the other fourth differ very widely as to the particular shade of their ecclesiastical beliefs.

This subject of "representative elder" is one on which there is a good deal of ignorance. He must be a *bona fide* acting elder in the Established Church—there are some half-a-dozen Bailies and Councillors who are so qualified—and his principal duty is to take the chair at a dinner given by him, in conjunction with the seven laymen sent to the Assembly from the local presbytery. The dinner is given to the clerical representatives of the Presbytery, the leading members of the Assembly, and the friends of both. As a rule the company numbers a little over a hundred, and the expense is divided among the eight, its cost to each being about twelve pounds.

The Right Hon. John Bright will visit the Lord-Provost, at Helensburgh, when he—the Right Hon. one—comes to Glasgow to deliver his rectorial address, and receive the freedom of the city.

Not much more is likely to be heard anent the removal of St. George's Church. The only offer to purchase, which the Churches Committee had before them, was declared by that body, on the 28th of last December, to be "inadequate, and requiring to be increased." Surely at this point any body of business men would have let the matter rest. The Churches Committee, however, or rather ex-Bailie Dunlop, as such, fussed about so much, that ultimately the Session of St George's was brought into the field. Then the Presbytery was tempted with a possible profit of £10,000 on the sale of the Church—which sum was to become a fund for Ecclesiastical buildings, and lastly, everybody who had a piece of saleable ground in the parish was enrolled in the movement to compass the removal of the Church. Luckily all this wire-pulling and nose-leading has come to nothing, and the ex-Bailie, is composing a penitential report recommending that matters remain as they were before the reception by his Committee of the "inadequate" offer, which was rejected as soon as it was received.

I am glad to learn, my Magistrate, that the "Murchiston Donation Fund" has been conferred on our old and genial friend the curator of the Hunterlan, for his fossiliferous researches amongst a class of jawbreakers which would injure your lingual arrangements to pronounce. The learned council of the London Geological Society could not have honoured a more unobtrusive or conscientious worker in the geological field than plain John Young, F.G.S., of the University Museum. Mr Young is the first recipient of this prize or award in the West of Scotland.

Among the "numbers" introduced into one scene by M. Saint Saens, the composer of "Henry VIII.," the new opera just produced in Paris, are an "Entrée des Clans," an "Idylle Ecosaise," and a "Pas des Highlanders" (*sic*). This by way of "local colouring" at the Court of England in the sixteenth century! We Scots, however, may perhaps forgive the rather grotesque incongruity for the sake of the compliment—such as it is—paid to our national school of music.

Signor Foli has long been one of the most popular of Glasgow favourites, and the immense crowd which turned out to the City Hall concert on Saturday evening last must have satisfied Mr Airlie that the engagement of the eminent basso was more than appreciated. To his ability as a vocalist the Signor evidently adds that of a humourist, for in reply on Saturday to an enthusiastic encore he sang the famous German song, "In Cellar Cool," which from first to last extols the pleasure experienced in "drinking, drinking." Audience as well as artiste relished the joke immensely, as along with the well-merited applause there was intermixed a considerable degree of merriment.

A round-robin is being signed by the members of the Town-Council requesting Mr Ure to accept a second term of the office of Lord-Provost, either for the usual three years or for a shorter period. I believe the movement took its present shape as the result of a meeting held last week, at which the magistrates were well represented, and all the possible Provosts were present. The main reasons urged in favour of the proposal, are that several important public undertakings, in which his Lordship takes a leading interest, will only just be getting fairly underweigh when his period of office comes to an end. Among the said undertakings are the new Municipal Buildings; the new Art Gallery, Museum, and School of Art Buildings scheme; the large extension of the Clyde Trust Docks; and the adjusting of the new Police-Bill for Scotland to the requirements of our own City.

Perhaps no ball given in Glasgow for the last halfdozen years, the two Calico Balls excepted, caused such curiosity among the invited as did the New Club ball of last Friday. With a membership in which middle-aged and aged men predominate, and each member being limited to three cards, one naturally expected, on Friday, to see a room filled with matrons and grey-beards; and it was therefore a source of surprise to everybody on entering the hall to find the company very much like that which attends other fashionable assemblies.

Pretty faces and fine figures were present in great number, and as the evening proceeded every one declared the ball a wonderful success. The dresses of the fairer portion of the company were fine on the whole, and in many cases distinctly beautiful, while here and there the eye lighted on one of an original build—suggestive even of a fancy costume.

I have seldom, in a Glasgow ball-room at anyrate, seen such magnificent hand bouquets as those carried by some of the ladies.

A chief characteristic of the ball was the heartiness apparent everywhere. There was no stiffness; everything, from the outset, went as "merry as a marriage bell." When the members of the New Club give another such entertainment may I be there to see.

Mr J. Lumsden Oatts, since his appointment as law agent for the milk fraternity of Glasgow, is apparently determined, so far as in him lies, to overthrow the existing laws for the detection of adulteration. A lawyer must always make some show of fighting for the side on which he is hired; Mr Oatts, however, physically weak, and legally shrewd, has taken up the cause of his clients in downright earnest. Defeated, time after time on one point, he has always resorted to another. At first he contented himself with discovering flaws in indictments, then, growing bolder, he questioned the powers of the local authority, and now, he has ventured to challenge the accuracy of the analysts.

At the annual meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, which is to be held in London this week, the Clyde men are not to be so well to the front as they have been on one or two former occasions; but, all the same, Clyde "notions" are to be ventilated by means of two papers, at least. I observe that Mr J. H. Biles, naval architect to Jas. & Geo. Thomson, Clydebank, is to discourse on "The advantages of increased proportion of beam to length in steamships;" and that Mr James Hamilton, of Robert Napier & Sons, is to discuss the question of "The speed and form of steamships considered in relation to length of voyage."

You will be pleased to learn, BAILIE, that as the years roll on, your old friend, Mr Charles Reade, loses no tittle of his characteristic and touching modesty. Thus doth the bashful Charles timidly woo the public to witness the last representations of his peculiar Reade-ing of the Laureate's "Dora" at the London Adelphi:—"All who can appreciate 'the true,' and 'the beautiful,' and 'the simple' in art should see this exquisite idyll, with its music and its unrivalled scenery, before it is withdrawn!"

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the last meeting of Council was the briefest on record.

That the business was gone through shortly and sharply.

That our Jeems endeavoured to blow a Gale.

That he contrived to get the storm up to half a Gale.

That he found a goodly number of supporters.

That even the Lord Provost coincided to some extent with the views of Jeems.

That a judicious but unmeaning compromise was the result.

That an experienced peacemaker might be found.

That our senior Member used to be the keenest sportsman in Glasgow.

That he has even brought down "bulls" and "bears" in his time.

That he has a fellow-feeling for "pigeons."

That the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens have had an "extraordinary meeting."

That the dead horse has been flogged out of all seeming.

That the Gardens could absorb as much money as an unproductive coal mine

That it would be a pity to see the Gardens abolished.

That the bad smells in the West-End Park are caused by the pot ale in the sewers.

That the sanitary authorities are at last moving in the matter, and posing as the discoverers of the fact.

That the sanitary authorities are forgetting the little circumstance of Dr John Storer having drawn their attention to this matter fifteen months ago.

That the Maltmen have patronised their pensioners to a *conversazione* and—"tea."

That the Dyers have entertained their deacon to a dose of "bitter."

That the impressive chairman of the Royal Infirmary has given up his situation.

That the medicals are sticking together like leeches.

THE WORST OF IT.—"Of course," says Granny in a recent leader, "we cannot part with Mr Gladstone to our Gallic friends." Neither we can, worse luck!

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer. 113 Union Street Glasgow

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 23 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Misplaced Tenderness

SOME time ago the BAILIE denounced the misplaced mercy—to view the matter in its most favourable aspect—which, in newspaper reports of prosecutions against shopkeepers for using unjust weights and measures, suppresses the names of these mean and contemptible swindlers. This protest had temporarily the desired effect; but his Worship is sorry to see that the reporters have again taken to describing such offenders anonymously as "a butcher," "a provision-dealer," "two coal-dealers," and so on. In the same paper in which these robbers of the poor are thus tenderly dealt with appears a report of certain School Board prosecutions, and in the latter case the names and addresses of the poverty-stricken delinquents—who are the very class chiefly victimised by the fraudulent and favoured tradesmen—are given in full. There is something a good deal worse than inconsistency here.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

(Scene—Office not a hundred miles from Royal Exchange Square; one of our leading merchants is engaging a new boy for his office.)

L. Merchant—Well, my boy, what salary do you expect to get to begin with—I as a rule give £10.

Boy—Please, sir, salary is of very little object to me, if you will only give me the petty-cash to take charge of.

(The boy was not engaged.)

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS!"—In the course of the flying visit with which he is about to honour us Mr John Bright, after deigning to address the students and accept the freedom of the city, will further condescend to meet that awe-inspiring body, the "Executive" of the Liberal Association, but he will not, we are told, "publicly address a political gathering." Well, that's so much to be thankful for, at all events!

"IN BUCKRAM."—The latest edition of the "Essays of Shirley" is advertised as being 'bound in buckram;' but it must not be inferred from this that Mr Skelton is, in the Fallstaffian sense, a "man in buckram," or that the opponents whom he overthrows with his chivalrous lance are "men in buckram" either!

Never too Late to Mend—Mr Bright as Lord-Rector.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old 'Blended Whisky. 8s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Quavers.

THE Caledonian Railway Musical Society made, on the whole, a very creditable appearance at their concert of last Wednesday evening. The society is light rather, and some of the selections as Pinsuti's "Stradella," for instance, were too much for them. But in the part-music, which was more in keeping with the strength of the society, they were as a rule very successful. Abt's "There Sings a Bird" showed considerable command of expression. Mr Moodie, who conducted, has on the whole every reason to be pleased with his pupils, who are on a surer road for choral distinction in their study of unaccompanied part-singing than are the many other societies supported always by instrumental accompaniment.

A choral setting of Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song" by William Hay struck us as good in design, while it seems musicianlike.

The performance of "Alexander's Feast" on Thursday evening last, by the South-Side Choral Society, came off with considerable success, the one drawback being the comparatively small attendance on the part of the public. The chorus sang with vigour and fair precision, the chief defect being want of tone in the treble and alto. The ode is, however, of hardly sufficient interest to occupy an entire evening, and some of the numbers are wearisome. But the music is at times wonderfully modern, while the vocal part-writing remains, as always in Handel, unapproached, and a model for all time, as it were. Where could any progressions be found to equal those of "Happy, happy pair" for smoothness and purity? Excerpts such as this and "The Many Rend the Skies" will always be welcome. Madame Jarratt, and Messrs Frederics and Harrison proved themselves competent artists in the rendering of the solos, care and conscientiousness specially marking their efforts. Mr Cole had a capital orchestra for the accompaniments. It is quite a pleasure to observe how the number of really good players is increasing in Glasgow. Mr M'Kean conducted with vivacity and point.

A performance of Haydn's First Mass was given by the Girvan Musical Society a few evenings ago. There were 80 voices. A small but effective orchestra accompanied. The singing was, as a rule, very good. Mr M'Nabb conducted.

Messrs Morley & Co. have purchased from Mr David Baptie, Glasgow, his Handbook of Musical Biography, a work of thirty years' labour, and containing upwards of 2500 brief notices of composers, singers, instrumentalists, &c., of former and present times. Mr Baptie's book will not unlikely form part of Messrs. Morley's educational series, and so become available for musical students, to whom such a work of reference is very valuable. The last Handbook of anything like the kind seems to have been one published in 1824, and was probably the work of Dr. Busby, an industrious composer and author.

Received also (from Messrs. Muir Wood & Co) "The Shady Side of the Way," song with chorus, words and music by Mr Arthur Westley, rather "taking" in its way.

OATHS—AND OATHS.—In the House of Commons last week Mr Anderson presented a petition "from certain inhabitants of Glasgow, to abolish the Oath." If certain inhabitants of Glasgow were to abolish their own conversational oaths before seeking to abolish the Parliamentary one, it would be a good deal more to the purpose.

A Silver Wedding—That of the two half-crowns."

Honey, from 10d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

"Name!"

THE West of Scotland Protestant Association recently advertised a list of preachers who were to hold forth at different places on a given day, and in it occurred the following:—"Strachur Free Church—Rev. W. Lauder's Assistant." Surely that assistant possesses a name, with or without a handle to it? If so, it seems a little rough on the young man to set him down in this anonymous fashion. To talk of him simply as the "Rev. W. Lauder's Assistant" is to call up most incongruous and unhallowed associations with such public characters as "Bill Broozier's Novice" or—to be up to date—"Jem Mace's Big 'Un!"

A SIGHT.

New Boy (rushing into governor's room)—I say, mister, there's a man wants to see you through the telephone!

[Collapse of employer.]

"RYE" IMAGINATION.—Apropos of the juvenile transportation to Canada system, a lady of the name of Rye, hailing from Peckham, London—she is, of course, a Peckham Rye—writes to the *Herald* to say that "it does not take a very vivid imagination" to picture Mr William Quarrier in the guise of an angel. Well, an imagination capable of such a fact as that, may possibly not be considered vivid in the neighbourhood of Peckham, but it would most undoubtedly take a first prize for vividness in Glasgow.

OOR GEORDIE AN'THE DOOS.—The shrewdest thrust in the pigeon-shooting debate in the House of Commons last week was delivered by Sir Herbert Maxwell, who suggested, in reference to Mr George Anderson's admission that he had been a pigeon-shooter and was still an angler, that "now he was getting older he was inclined to 'compound for' sports 'he was inclined to, by damning those he had no mind to.'" Think of that, George, the next time you hook a salmon—or miss a pla(i)ce.

"Number 1"—Old Adam.

CAUTION.—Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY Pen."
—*Oban Times*.

For fine writing try the Commercial Pen, and

The Hindoo Pens, Nos. 1, 2, 3,
6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers'.

Patentees—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 33 to 38 BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH. (Est. 1770.) PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

NEW SPRING TWEEDS

FOR
THE CELEBRATED 15/6 TROUSERS.

The Unparalleled Demand for the "Desideratum" Trousers has compelled us to make ampler provision than ever for the Spring Season's Trade. We are now showing the Largest Range of High-Class Scotch and West of England Tweeds that can be seen in any Tailoring Establishment in the Kingdom, and which for value surpasses anything we have hitherto offered.

It has been our determination from the first that the "Desideratum" Trousers should maintain the very foremost place for quality, style, and value; and having accomplished this, we have also excelled in the quantity sold. Gentlemen favouring us with their Orders may rely on seeing all the newest prevailing styles procurable in the market, and on our losing no opportunity of improving, where that is possible, the superior value we already give.

FORSYTH,

MAKER OF THE
DESIDERATUM TROUSERS,
13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST.

FRESH WATER FISHING TACKLE,

Wholesale and Retail.

SALMON FLIES, BEST SPLIT WING TROUT FLIES;
Made-up FLY CASTS for River and Loch Fishing.

Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Tackle Boxes, Phantoms, Bait Tackle, Baskets, Bags, Waders, Live and Artificial Bails, &c.

Flies tied to Pattern on the Premises.

WM. ROBERTSON (From Kelso on Tweed),
CENTRAL ARCADE, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

Inaction of the Liver, Constipation, Heartburn, Acid Risings, Flatulence, Giddiness, Headache, and all Stomach and Liver Derangements, use THOMPSON'S PODOPHYLLUM ESSENCE. Bottles, 1s, 1s 6d, and 2s 6d each; by post, one Stamp extra, from 17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

TOOTHACHE OR NEURALGIA in the Gums instantly cured with THOMPSON'S TOOTHACHE SPECIFIC. Hundreds of people have testified to its efficacy. Phials, 1s each; by post, one Stamp extra. *The above Celebrated Preparations can be had Genuine only from*

M. F. THOMPSON, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

W H I S K Y,

From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,

47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY,

MR WILSON HAS RETURNED

After spending the whole week buying Novelties and Special Lines in the great manufacturing and fashionable centres of Europe.

The enormous Purchases made by Mr Wilson and Assistant Buyers are daily arriving. Every morning Fresh Lines will be laid on our counters, and Mr Wilson feels sure that his labours will meet with the success they deserve.

THIS DAY.—Another Monster Delivery of the new Gold and Silver Buttons at One Penny per Dozen.

THIS DAY.—Nearly ONE TON of Beaded Crowns and Laces at Prices that completely crush all would-be opponents, The *Wonderful Solid Beaded Crown*; the 2s 6d article for 6½d each, or 6s 4½d per Dozen. The Great 3s Garland Crown, only 6½d; also Piles of Beaded Crowns and Laces, from 1d to 10s each, in Jet, Gold, Steel, Grenat, Navy, Brown, Tabac, Myrtle, and other new shades in Beads.

THIS DAY.—Enormous Display of Fancy Beaded Garlands, 6½d, 1s 3d, and 1s 11½d; the regular Wholesale Prices are more than double. Dress and Mantle Makers secure a share of this line without delay.

THIS DAY.—Thousands of Grosses Violets and Primroses; fine quality; our price is Sixpence per Gross. The same goods were sold by drapers at Sixpence per Dozen. Hundreds of New Wreaths, from 2½d to 21s each.

THIS DAY.—Extraordinary Lines in Dolmans, Four-in-Hand Mantles, and in Jackets of all kinds. Newmarket Coats, rare lines.

WALTER WILSON & CO.

THE COMING SEASON.

EXTRAORDINARY

PREPARATIONS

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

MARCH, 1883.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS DURING MARCH.

Our 21 Departments compete with each other in showing Useful and Attractive Lines. Now is the time to secure Bargains. We offer lines that positively surpass anything that has been done before. New Styles in Millinery Hats and Bonnets. London Patterns, French Patterns, Rare Novelties.

WALTER WILSON & Co. are *always* first in Scotland in introducing Novelties as they are brought out in London and Paris.

WALTER WILSON & Co. show the choicest gems of Artistic Millinery.

WALTER WILSON & Co. charge one-half the ordinary retail shopkeepers' prices.

See our New Hats and Bonnets at 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 16s 6d, and 21s. Thousands of Hats and Bonnets from 8s 6d to 100s.

MOURNING MILLINERY.—A Very Large Assortment of High-Class Mourning Millinery always on hand. Widows' Bonnets, Caps, Veils, &c.

See the Value we offer during March in Silks, Satins, Cashmeres, Merinoes, Velvets, Velvetceens, Brocades, Stays, Underclothing, &c., &c.

NEW STYLES IN MILLINERY, MANTLES, &c.

GENTLEMEN. SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

See our New Styles in Felt Hats. The very Latest London Styles now showing. You should see our very stylish Dress Hats; broad brims, curly brims, plain brims. Our Felts are 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. Our Satin Hats are 7s 11d, 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. Gentlemen's Gloves, Hosiery, and Umbrellas.

Gentlemen respectfully invited to inspect our stocks. We show the finest goods manufactured.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA SEREET.

The Great Sale of Salvage at the Millionaria is now in full swing. Fearful Bargains in every department. See Windows.

LONDON.

THE BALMORAL HOTEL

(SCOTCH HOUSE.)

229 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Central for Business and Pleasure.

BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTENDANCE, 4s 6d
No Extras.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

109 UNION STREET,

Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

Note Address—109 UNION STREET.

FLOORCLOTH AND LINOLEUM.

M. NAIRN & CO'S

CELEBRATED FLOORCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS are Sold by all Carpet Warehousemen and Upholsterers. FLOORCLOTH 8 yards wide, and LINOLEUM, 4 yards wide, without a seam.

Wholesale Warehouses in London, Manchester, Paris, and at GLASGOW.

N.B.—Beware of Imitations. See the Trade Mark—Three Scotch Thistles stamped on the back of Patterns and Goods.

S T. M U N G O C A F E

58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.

REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR

PURVEYORS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.

CHAS. SHORTHILL, PROPRIETOR.

EARLY LAMB.—A Regular Supply at JAMES BUTTERS,

519 CHARING CROSS,
SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,

Purveyor of Marriage Dinners and Evening Parties.

8 CHARING CROSS, GLASGOW.

JAMES HENDERSON,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

145 ARGYLE STREET,
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THE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, *Estab'd. 1852.*

Trade Inquiries, Recovery of Debts, Gazette, &c.—

ALEX. C. RUTHERFORD, Secy., 145 Queen Street, Glasgow.

"O L D M O S E S"

SCOTCH WHISKY.

To be had only from the Proprietors,

J. & J. STEEL, COWCADDENS.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,
PORT, SHERRY, GINGER.

Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.

REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

"TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY."
EXANTALINE never fails to cure Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain or the slightest inconvenience during use. Price 1s, or by Post for 1s 1d—from the Only Maker, CHARLES B. FLINT, Chemist, Byars Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.

SEWILL,
WATCH AND CHRONOMETER MANUFACTURERS,
CLUTHA BUILDINGS, 126 BROOMIELAW,
Corner of York Street.
Please Note, only Address in Scotland.

FINEST GENUINE OLD

D. C. L.
DUBLIN

W H I S K Y,

PHENIX PARK DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.

The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS—These Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this Company is to be met with."

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LIMITED,
153 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14th, 1883.

THE pressing question in municipal affairs has to do with the Lord Provostship of the city. Who is to be elected to the Chief Magistracy next November, is one of the matters eagerly canvassed in every quarter where members of Council meet. Everybody is familiar with the qualities which should distinguish the Lord Provost of the Second City of the Empire. He ought to command the respect of the Council; to be the owner of a leading social position; and to be willing, as well as able, to spend and be spent in the service of the community. His literary ability, besides, should be more than respectable, and, if not an orator, he should at least be a fluent and effective speaker. How many of our present Councillors possess these several qualifications? There are, as we all know, various aspirants to the position, every one of whom, however, is ludicrously unfitted to occupy it. The likely men, on the other hand, are either too shy to urge their claims, or are prevented by business engagements from putting themselves forward as candidates. Under the circumstances, therefore, the proposal that Lord Provost URE should be asked to undertake another three years' term of office seems an eminently feasible one. The BAILIE, to be sure,

has had frequent occasion to differ from his Lordship. To the mind of the Magistrate, Mr URE frequently displays an unwarranted hotness of temper, and a determination to press matters against the feelings and desires of the Council. With all this he has proved an excellent Chief Magistrate. He has magnified the reputation of Glasgow. During his term of office he has developed qualities of head and heart which have endeared him to the citizens at large. Should he lend a favourable ear to the request which is about to be preferred by the Council, his appointment for another three years will be received with acclamation by every section of the community.

A Plea for Dives.

AT a meeting of one of the U.P. Presbyteries the other day, the Rev. Mr Thomson remarked, apropos of "the great evil of non-church-going," that "non-church-going was not confined to the poor. There were people in the West-End riding in their carriages and living in splendid houses who did not go to church," and, "for his part, he did not see why the rich section should be excluded from visitation." Neither does the BAILIE, and, though Mr Thomson's suggestion was rather coldly received by his co-Presbyters, his Worship hopes that before long poor Dives will be privileged to become the object of evangelical effort as well as the more favoured Lazarus. The former's spiritual condition has been too long neglected—especially by the U.P.'s.

THE RED LETTER DAY.

The BAILIE'S "bill," by shop or pavement spread,
In letters red most readily is read,
When there is given, to "blush to find it fame,"
For "Man you Know" a sage or statesman's name.

"GENERAL" AND "PARTICULAR."—A morning paper talks of the "general fitness" of the members of the School Board for their work. If by the assertion that our educational rulers are generally fitted for their work it is meant to imply that they are particularly unfitted for it, then the BAILIE thoroughly agrees with that morning paper.

"Box"-ing Day.—Good-Friday. "The better day the better deed" for Bright, and box, and speech, and feed.

A "Blue" Look-Out.—From Putney to Mortlake on Thursday.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

"Such Names Mingle!"

THE impudence of these Cockneys is something stupendous. In its account of the "Silver Wedding" festivities at Berlin last week the London *Daily Telegraph* had the "cheek" to say, "Even Caracas, Tientsin, and Glasgow have sent gifts." Fancy the fellow's effrontery! The Second City to be treated in that scurvy fashion! My conscience! (*N.B.*—The BAILIE will admit, in strict confidence between you and him, dear reader, that he cannot at this moment charge his memory with the precise latitude and longitude of Caracas and Tientsin—especially the former; but he knows that they are "furrin parts," as little deserving to be mentioned in the same breath with Glasgow as a farthing rush-light with the sun.)

Supererogatory Self-Restraint.

BAILIE WILSON complains that, though he was present during the sittings of the recent Circuit Court, "his mouth was shut." This was, no doubt, very trying, but the worthy Bailie may be pleased to learn that there is no necessity for his submitting to a similar hardship on the next occasion of the kind. Though debarred, it is true, from offering his valuable advice to the Bench, there is nothing whatever to prevent him from relieving his feelings by—yawning!

WHO IS IT?—In the course of a leader on Hutcheson's Hospital question, the *Herald* says it would be "no joke, but a very severe (*sic*) matter for the governing body, if the School-Board should, by way of retaliation, hand over to them the only member whose absence from their own deliberations is, we are sure, prayed for without ceasing." Who can possibly be meant? Surely not Rub —? No, no; it cannot be!

BRIDGES AND ASSES.—In one of his latest announcements the eccentric incumbent of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel describes himself as "Dr Gordon (Pons Asinorum)." Some folks have begun to think that there's a good deal more of the "asinorum" than the "pons" in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's.

A Movable Feast—Poole's panoramic "spread" of canvas.

Another Movable Feast — Mitzy "Gorgonzola."

"Taken from Life"—A bust in marble.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

THE Institute Rooms are now lighted in the evenings by the electric light. The light is supplied by the Railway and Electric Appliances Company (Limited). The large gallery is well illuminated, but the light in the smaller rooms might be more brilliant. The steadiness and colour of the light seem remarkably good, and it is a great improvement over gas in so far as regards keeping the air of the rooms cool and pure.

The sales are still slow. Mr Cole's band continues to attract on Saturdays a large and appreciative audience.

Dumbarntshire was favoured with a few artistic swallows during the past week, showing, though they did not make a summer, that the time of nature's awakening is approaching. Messrs Walton and Rattray, were working in the neighbourhood of Helensburgh, and in Helensburgh itself, on Saturday, there was quite a turnout of "invincibles," including among others James Guthrie, P. M'Gregor Wilson, J. G. Whyte, and A. K. Brown.

Last Tuesday evening, in Dumbarnt, J. G. Whyte read an able paper on "The limit of finish in Art" before the members of the Dumbarntshire Art Club. There was a large attendance, and the admirable way in which the subject was handled drew forth many appreciative remarks. Mr Whyte referred to the "Mendicant" of Le Page, in the Institute, as being the finest example of technical work ever exhibited in Scotland, and he also cited M'Taggart's painting as an example of "finish," in relation to an artist's "first impression" of a subject.

The first exhibition of water colours, held under the auspices of the newly formed "Dudley Gallery Art Society," the president of which is His Grace the Duke of Argyll, was opened on Monday in London. Among the contributors are John Smart, Waller Paton, R. W. Allan, and Miss Kate Macaulay.

Messrs Gray's "Illustrated Catalogue" of the Exhibition of the Institute, which has newly been published, is much handier in size than were its predecessors. Its illustrations are 107 in number, and are excellent of their kind.

Among the matters which artistic readers ought to bear in mind is that to-day and to-morrow three weeks—the 2nd and 3rd prox.—are the sending-in days for the Royal Academy Exhibition. The Press day for the Academy is Thursday, the 3rd of May, the private view takes place on the following day, Friday, the banquet is held on Saturday, and the public are admitted on the Monday at 10 o'clock, and every-day thereafter—Sundays of course excepted—at 8 a.m. up till, and including, Monday the 6th of August.

To-day and to-morrow three weeks—Monday and Tuesday, the 2nd and 3rd of April—are likewise the sending-in days for the Spring Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water colours. This is the first Exhibition of the Institute which will be held in the new galleries in Piccadilly. It will be an open Exhibition, the works exhibited being selected from those sent in, in the same manner as is followed in our own Fine Art Institute. But this is not the only new departure proposed by the I.P.W.C. Eager to encourage their peculiar species of art, the members intend to found a School of Water Colour Painting, and of drawing in black and white, and to give free instruction after the fashion of the Royal Academy School, to all candidates who can pass a certain examination.

A DERANGEMENT OF EPITAPHS.

(Scene—A Public Institution.)

Visitor (to hall-porter, an old pensioner)—Indeed, you served in the Crimea, did you?

Pensioner—Yiss, an' it's meself was near gettin' the Victoria Cross.

Visitor—What for?

Pensioner,—Fur extinguishtin' meself in the field.

Mans "Humanity to Cats.
A HUMANE correspondent of a daily contemporary suggested the other day that our bold constabulary should be instructed to take into custody, with a view to subsequent destruction, any strayed cats which they may encounter on their beats. There can be little doubt that Tonalt would enter *con amore* upon a crusade against his feline rivals in the affections of Mistress Cook; but a humaner correspondent now suggests a "better way." The cats, on being apprehended, are not to be destroyed, but are to be escorted respectfully to a "home," specially constructed for their reception. Quite so; and when we have established and endowed hotels for the rats and mice as well we shall be about the humanest people going.

HOW'S THAT?

(Scene—Highland village; tea traveller calls upon Crofter, who has started a grocery business.

Tea Traveller—I have a very superior *Kaisow* to offer you, and very cheap too, at —

Crofter—Aye, aye, shuperior or no shuperior, she's not so green as you'll take her for. Man, she could sell her lots o' kye and sows, aye, and sheeps too, whatefer—no, no, she's lost in that business already, and she must try the grocery.

"WHERE HAS SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME?"—"G. A. S.," in writing of the Thorsvalden Byron statue, makes mention of "Thomas Campbell, a distinguished Englishman." About the name "Campbell" there is a decided Scottishness, and there was a distinguished Thomas Campbell, a native of Glasgow, and whose statue in its relationship with Westminster Abbey was more fortunate than was that of the noble author of "Beppo" and "Don Juan." It is beside this Campbell statue that the Burns' bust is to be placed.

"A Study of "Bacon." — The difference between the "swinish philosophy" and the *Novum Organum*.

Pretty Poll.—No linguist uses more "Pol(ly)" syllables than does a parrot.

Friar Lawrence to Juliet (new Reiding).—Come to my cell then, did they do't to you?

Holding as'twere the Mirror up to Nature.—Either Dromio to the other.

A "Rosetti" Picture—That of Rosin, the beau.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, Sauchiehall Street.

ROYALTY THEATRE,

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

TO-NIGHT, MISS BATEMAN AS *LEAH*.

TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY) 13TH MARCH, AT 7-30,

MISS BATEMAN

Will Appear in her Great Creation

LEAH.

TO CONCLUDE WITH A FARCE.

Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre, from 11 till 3.

ROYALTY THEATRE

MONDAY, 19TH MARCH,

T. W. ROBERTSON AND H. BRUCE'S COMEDY
COMPANY,
THE GUV'NOR.**THE GAIETY.**

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr JOHN HESLOP.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE EMINENT ARTISTE,

MISS BELLA PATEMAN,

AND COMPANY,

By Arrangement with Mr and Mrs BANCROFT,

In the latest Haymarket Success,

ODETTE.A New Play written by VICTORIEN SARDOU, Author of
"Diplomacy," "Peril," &c.

Prices as usual.

To Avoid Disappointment, Book Seats at the Box Office, or
at Paterson, Sons & Co.'s, Musicsellers Buchanan Street**GRAND THEATRE,**

COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.

Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

EVERY EVENING AT 7-30.

SATURDAY AT 7.

Enormous success, and Last Twelve Nights, of

AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Esq.'s,
CELEBRATED DRURY LANE COMPANY

IN

P L U C K !

On Saturday the Magnificent Theatre was Crammed from
Floor to Ceiling. See opinions of the Glasgow Legitimate Press—
Herald, Times, Mail, News, Citizen, and Bailie.

Business Manager (for Mr Augustus Harris), Mr J. H. DOYNE.

Box Office Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street, from
10 till 5. Prices from 6d to £3 3s.Extra-Price Door in Stewart Street Open Half-an-hour Earlier
than the other Doors.

Free List Suspended, Press Excepted.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH SIDE, GLASGOW.

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

Every Evening this Week at 7-30 (Saturday at 7),

MR JAMES BUCHANAN AND COMPANY

In CHARLES READE'S Great Adelphi Drama,

DRINK.

NEW SCENERY AND EFFECTS.

Box Office at Messrs R. J. & R. Adam's Music Warehouse, 81
and 83 Buchanan Street.

MONDAY FIRST, 12TH MARCH,

MR FRED. GOULD'S COMPANY

In HENRY PETTIT'S Drama,

THE BLACK FLAG.

A GREAT, GLORIOUS, AND GENUINE SUCCESS.
Acknowledged by all to be the Largest, Best, most Magnificent,
most Truthful, and thoroughly Reliable Diorama Ever Seen.**NEWSOME'S CIRCUS,**

INGRAM STREET, GLASGOW,

EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

POOLE'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA AND DIORAMA,
THE WORLD AND EVENTS IN EGYPT.The *MAIL* says:—"Recalling the Dioramas that have
visited the city in what seems now to be a remote past, we cannot
call to mind any one that could compare favourably with Messrs
Poole's Panorama of the World."The *NEWS* says:—"General Roberts's Entry into Cabul.—
This scene alone surpasses, we believe, anything hitherto accom-
plished in the matter of Dioramic effect, and we venture to
predict that Messrs Poole's efforts to cater for the Glasgow public
will be crowned with success, as they deserve."The *HERALD* says:—"The scenery, which is, generally
speaking, of a very artistic character, consists of nearly a hundred
separate views. Altogether the entertainment is a good one,
and deserves to meet with as much success in Glasgow as it has
done elsewhere."The *CITIZEN* says:—"The Bombardment of Alexandria.—
This representation was watched with intense interest, and called
forth loud plaudits. From beginning to end the entertainment
was a success."The *EVENING TIMES* says:—"This form of entertain-
ment is very popular in Glasgow, and last night the house was
crowded. The Panorama is well worth visiting, and crowded
houses may be safely predicted during its stay in Glasgow."The *EVENING NEWS* says:—"The success of a Pano-
rama depends to a great extent on the finish which is given to
every detail; and, judged by this criterion, Messrs Poole's
entertainment may be regarded as of the highest excellence."The *BAILIE* says:—"A long Poole, a strong Poole, and a
Poole altogether."Enlivened Throughout by the Services of a
FIRST-CLASS CONCERT COMPANY,
BRASS AND STRING BANDS.

GRAND FASHIONABLE DAY PERFORMANCES

(Equal in all respects to the Night Representations)

On WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3.

Admission—3s, 2s, 1s, and 6d. Plan and Tickets at Adams's,
83 Buchanan Street.

Manager.....Mr C. W. POOLE.

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES,

Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.

Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.

SYLPHIDE TRIO

(From the Gaiety Pantomime).

Mr TOM MACLAGAN,

In his Metropolitan Successes;

And other STARS of EMINENCE TO-NIGHT.

CLYDE TRAINING SHIP
CUMBERLAND.The ANNUAL MEETING of SUBSCRIBERS to the
Institution and Friends will take place within the Merchants'
Hall, No. 1 West George Street here, on Thursday, 15th March
instant, at Two o'clock Afternoon.

All Interested are requested to attend.

JOHN BURNS, Esq. of Castle Wemyss, in the Chair.

R. D. DOUGLAS, Secretary.

Glasgow, 7th March, 1883.

A. F. SHARP & CO., Advertising Agents,
14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE,
GLASGOW.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD., HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.
THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, for the Year ending 31st Dec, 1882.

The Directors have much pleasure in presenting their Report and Accounts for the year 1882. The reduction in the rate of expenditure in both branches has been continued during the year. The invested Funds of the Company, including the paid-up Capital, now exceeds Three Millions, viz, Ordinary Branch, £928,176; Industrial Branch, £2,119,223.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The New Business of this Branch for the year consists of 7,067 Policies, assuring the sum of £865,148, and producing a new Annual Premium Income of £32,777. The Claims of the year amount to £73,621, representing 455 Deaths and 24 Endowment Assurances matured. The Annual Premium Income at the end of the year is £164,949, being an increase of £22,216 over the year 1881. The Investments of the year have been made principally in Consols, Mortgages upon Freehold Property in London, and Reversions. The rate of Expenditure of the Branch is less than Ten and a half per cent. on the Premium Income.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums actually received during the year in this Branch are £2,126,022, 3s 11d, as compared with the sum of £1,849,494 18s 5d received during 1881, being an increase of Premium Receipts of £276,527 5s 6d. The Claims of the year amount to £773,813, and the total amount of Claims paid in this Branch is £4,559,925. The Investments of the year have been made in New Three per Cents., Loans upon Rates, and Freehold Ground Rents. The Total Expenses of this Branch, as compared with those of the previous year, show a reduction in the rate of Expenditure of nearly Two and a half per cent. on the Premium Income. The Company is now represented in every part of the United Kingdom, and the charges for extension expenses no longer appear in the Accounts.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANIES ACT, 1870.—FOURTH SCHEDULE.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED (ORDINARY BRANCH),
ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1882.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
Life Assurance Fund,	£927,658	6 8	Mortgages on property within United Kingdom	£354,405	7 4
Sickness and Assurance Fund,	518	0 8	Loans on Municipal and other Rates, ...	27,773	9 1
	£928,176	7 4	Loans on the Company's Policies, ...	33,475	8 3
Claims under Life Policies admitted, ...	7,524	8 10	Investments:—In British Government Securities		
			(£125,000 Consols),	120,299	11 4
			Indian and Colonial ditto,	70,943	11 9
			Foreign ditto,	12,781	11 6
			Railway and other Debentures and Deb. Stocks,	60,895	9 8
			Ditto Shares (Preference and Ordinary), ...	20,577	2 7
			House Property,	89,500	0 0
			Reversions,	68,357	1 0
			Agents' Balances,	7,555	12 1
			Outstanding Premiums,	2,153	7 9
			Ditto Interest and Rents,	8,420	6 8
			Deposits at three months' notice,	44,000	0 0
			Cash:—On current account, £14,462	17 2	
			In hand,	100 0 0	14,562 17 2
	£935 700 16 2			£935 700 16 2	

BALANCE SHEET OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED (INDUSTRIAL BRANCH),
ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1882.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
Shareholders' Capital,	£80,028	0 0	Mortgages on Property within United Kingdom,	£53,833	15 0
Life Assurance Fund,	1,939,195	3 8	Loans on Municipal and other Rates, ...	528,581	13 2
Contingency Fund,	100,000	0 0	City of London Corporation Bonds, ...	49,875	0 0
	£2,119,223	3 8	Investments:—In British Government Securities		
Claims under Life Policies admitted, ...	22,274	11 3	(£300,000 New 3 per Cents.)	293,524	15 0
			Railway and other Debentures and Deb. Stocks	67,691	3 9
			Ditto Shares (Preference and Ordinary), ...	8,513	3 8
			Freehold Ground Rents,	589,241	2 9
			House Property,	213,000	0 0
			Scotch Feu Duties,	8,043	2 1
			Freehold Estates,	85,279	12 10
			Reversions,	44,537	5 11
			Furniture and Fittings,	23,000	0 0
			Loans upon personal Security,	7,403	0 7
			Agents' Balances,	7,982	14 10
			Outstanding Premiums,	88,463	9 9
			Outstanding Interest and Rents,	21,678	19 9
			Cash in hands of Superintendents,	25,415	8 5
			Cash:—On current account, £25,133	7 5	
			In hand,	250 0 0	25,383 7 5
	£2,141,497 14 11			£2,141,497 14 11	

THOS. C. DEWEY, }
 WILLIAM HUGHES, } *Managers.*
 W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

EDGAR HORNE, *Chairman.*
 HENRY HARBEN, }
 THOS. REID, } *Directors.*

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 ,, with Richly Engraved Cases, - - 14 10 0

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seconds and seconds, Keyless Chronographic Watch; maker makes to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince of Wales; appropriate for medical, professional, or sporting gentlemen; a bargain.—Pawnbroking Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

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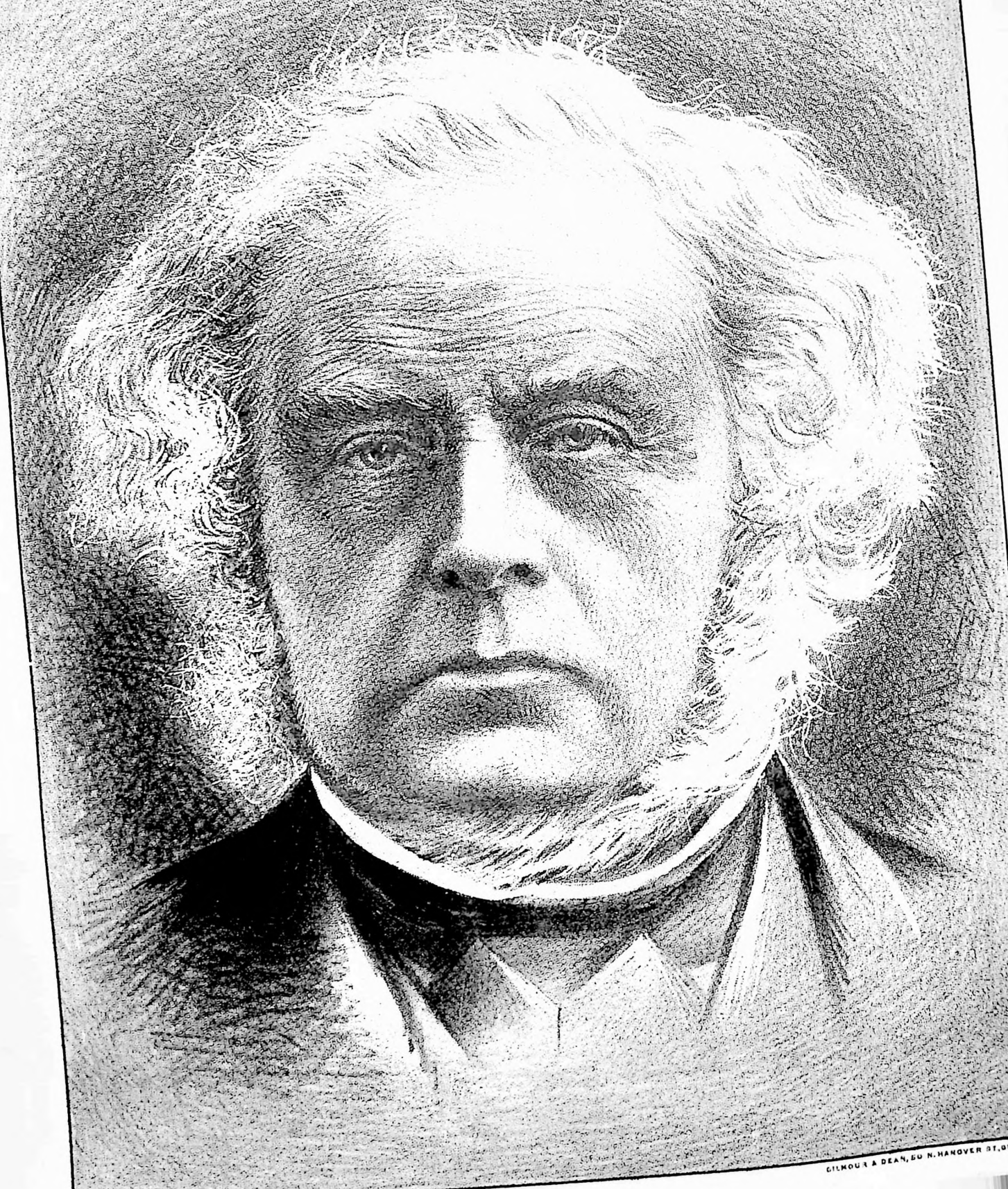
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The Bailie.

“MY CONSCIENCE!”

No. 544. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 21st, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 544.

TOWN and gown in a University seat are not always like-minded; they are sometimes bitterly antagonistic, both as regards principles and men; they are oftentimes out of sympathy with each other's ends and aims. This week, however, the constituencies of Glasgow and Gilmorehill will vie with each other in doing honour to the Tribune of the People, JOHN BRIGHT, orator and statesman, privy councillor and manufacturer—the one by conferring on him the freedom of the City, and the other by installing him as its Lord Rector. That he is an eminently worthy recipient of both honours is unquestionable. Could the Burgess Roll of a city having such vast commercial interests have a more fit name added to it than that of the survivor of the two great Free Trade leaders? Could the University of Adam Smith, the apostle of Political Economy, have a more fit successor to Burke and Brougham, Peel and Palmerston, Macaulay and Disraeli? It is curious that Disraeli and the Man you Know should have been the only presidents of our University Court in recent times who have not had an academic training. The foundation of JOHN BRIGHT'S pure idiomatic style is not to be found in a collegian's scholarship; neither the Isis nor the Cam can claim any right to him; their then subjects and methods of study would probably not have been congenial to one whose faith made it a duty ne'er to be decoyed by fashion's brightest arts, if, perchance, he had found himself among “the wealthy curled darlings” who then filled these ancient universities. At the age of fifteen JOHN BRIGHT passed from school to the factory and counting-house, and thenceforth sought his self-culture, not in mathematics or the dead languages, but in a diligent

and extensive study of English Literature, with whose masterpieces, and the nervous and beautiful English of the Scriptures, he possesses a familiarity which is rare even in our best scholars. Political life claimed him as early as 1831, when only twenty, he took part in the Reform Bill agitation; and until he joined the Anti-Corn Law League, seven years later, his public appearances were chiefly in connection with the educational and other questions which agitated the Rochdale of that day. He gave no signs then that, in the near future, he would become one of those “whose resistless eloquence wielded at will that fierce democratic,” or indeed become famous in any way. Mr BRIGHT has never been a bookish theorist, and he has concerned himself as little with Aristotle's and Plato's speculations on the best form of government, or the French writers' views on the Natural State, as with the abstract rules of rhetoric. What he has cared for, and what he has advocated vehemently, have been great causes—the common good, in place of a pinchbeck patriotism, of selfish, local, or class aims. He has been the best modern exponent of the principles and spirit of his Puritan political forefathers, because he has been so deeply imbued with them. The strength of his convictions, his unrivalled power of lucid exposition, and the impetuous vigour with which he advocated the reforms and upheld the principles with which his name is associated, enraged those whose interests he was assailing, arrayed the educated and moneyed classes against him, and caused others besides the timid to apprehend all sorts of dangers from his proceedings. In his best life-work Mr BRIGHT had an illustrious fellow-labourer, colleague, and friend in Richard Cobden; and in political history there is nothing more touching than the devoted friendship which they bore to one another through many years of joint political action. Like Nestor and

Ulysses, according to Homer, they were always of one mind, emulous of leading England in the right. They were not the first to join in the Free Trade movement, but they became foremost before the public, and it was largely owing to their determination and patience, their sound appreciation of principle and mastery of detail, shown with untiring energy in countless eloquent and sympathetic appeals to the common sense of the nation, that the greatest movement ever carried by constitutional agitation was brought to a successful issue. At the outset Mr BRIGHT is said to have been remarkable for the absence of that peculiar faculty of adaptation to his audience which is now so noticeable a feature in his oratory. The after splendour of his eloquence, fervid, copious, manly, and stirring every hearer, was the natural outcome of his passionate enthusiasm of humanity. His earnestness often made him impatient of the reasoning by which the self-interest of those whose interests were being attacked sought to repel his onslaughts, and he was deeply moved by hatred of the aristocracy and landlords. "He was carried along," says John Morley, "by vehement political anger, and deeper than that, there glowed a wrath as stern as that of an ancient prophet." In such a fierce struggle it was, perhaps, inevitable that Mr BRIGHT should be taxed with acrimony and superfluous bitterness of speech. His work has been mainly to attack, not defend, and little in it has been of a conciliatory kind; but since the Fourth Party have begun to play at the game of politics the next generation may possibly have occasion to wonder what can have been thought too strong language thirty or forty years ago. During the two score years which have elapsed since Mr BRIGHT entered Parliament, he has until recently been one of the chief speakers, on the Liberal side, on all the leading political questions of the day, and has sat twice in the Cabinet under Mr Gladstone, of whom he is a devoted follower and admirer. In St Stephen's, and out of it, the clearness of his diction, the skill with which he arranges his arguments, the vigour of his style, and the persuasiveness of his reasoning have caused him to be acknowledged as the first orator of the age. His voice is clear and singularly resonant and sympathetic, and capable of expressing every shade of feeling and sentiment. He unites all the resources of passion with a power of graphic plainness, homeliness of allusion, and a fine vein of comic and satiric humour. Mr BRIGHT'S career has been charac-

terised by unswerving fidelity to the principles with which he entered public life, and by the perfect candour and sincerity with which he expresses his political convictions, and the spirited tenacity with which he has braved public opinion and upheld unpopular causes, even though he should thereby offend or alienate his friends. One such act gained him the lasting friendship of the American people. Such courage, honesty, and readiness to make sacrifices excludes the idea of dissimulation. In his day Mr BRIGHT has done a great work. His principles, once unpopular and discredited, have unconsciously come to be tacitly received and acted upon by thousands who would repudiate their formal acceptance. The dislike and dread with which he was once regarded have almost completely passed away, and the more the coarse strife and blind passion of the battle have faded, and the finer and more tender attributes of the man been brought into greater prominence, the more has he gained a greater place in the affections and admiration of the whole English-speaking race, as having been a good servant of the Commonwealth. As a Tory, the BAILIE has the honour to differ from Mr BRIGHT'S theory of the public good, and is not unmindful of the rude handling which he has occasionally given some of his political friends, but he nevertheless offers him a right hearty welcome, and hopes to enjoy many further examples of the old fire and grace of his eloquence, with its added wisdom of foresight and moderation.

THE SEASONS ALTER.—*Midsummer-Night's Dream.*
 "Now is the *Winter* of our discontent,"
 In days repaid that whilom Spring had lent,
 Days Winter borrow'd—and, their sunshine spent,
 Left cold and shivery—now untimely sent,
 That Spring *too late* may of its loan repent.

PAYING HIM IN HIS OWN COIN.
 (Scene—A Drawing-Room Conversation turns on Phrenology.)
Young Gentleman (to red-haired young lady)
 —Have you had your head read?
Red-haired Young Lady—My head is always re(a)d.

CAUTION. — Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens.
 "They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY Pen."
 —*Oban Times.*
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 The Hindoo Pens, Nos. 1, 2, 3,
 6d and 1s per Box, at all Stationers'.
 Patentees — MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 33 to 38 BLAIR
 STREET, EDINBURGH. (Est. 1770.) PENMAKERS TO HER
 MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

On 'Change.

NOTHING has occurred to ruffle the surface of the money market, and the scared financiers who let their bills go out to swell the general disturbance are now rather sorry they spoke. All they did was to send the open market-rate up, and, since they left off worrying, the figure has placidly fallen back to its previous level.

On the head of this, an Edinburgh broker has given an almost pessimist view of Scottish bank stock. His ideas are based upon the fact that the stock of two banks actually fell £3. The reduction does not appear to me to be of the slightest consequence. Such things occur continually, as, for example, when a holder dies and his trustees or executors are compelled to realise the stock. A fall, to be ominous, ought to be general, as it became after the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, when credit, for a time was very rudely shaken.

Sir James Falshaw was jubilant the other day when he addressed his fellow shareholders at the North British Railway meeting. He had reason to stand a little higher than usual, but it would have been more edifying had he given some information respecting the supposed approaching consolidation of the Edinburgh and Glasgow stock.

The Caledonian Railway report is eminently rosy. The traffic receipts are higher and the working-expenses are lower. That is what every one desires to see in a railway account. The working expenses of the canal, however, exceed those of last year to the extent of more than 2 per cent. Further explanation upon this head ought to be accorded to those interested. The filling of the vacancy at the board may provoke comment. The Earl of Breadalbane is an excellent gentleman, no doubt, but his qualifications as a railway director are nebulous. Perhaps he was elected as a counterpoise to the fussy dictatorship of Mr Bolton.

For some days back the country has been inundated with the prospectus of the Swan Land and Cattle Company, Limited. No expense has been spared, and the document is immensely diffused. The company, in fact, has been pressed upon the public with a force and persistency which I have rarely seen equalled. The capital is £600,000, in £10 shares, and the object of the company is to acquire and work three ranches in Wyoming. To manage this large undertaking, carried on 5000 miles away, there is a board of seven directors, only one of them having any practical knowledge of farming and cattle-raising. Mr Swan, I presume, belongs to a numerous family of Swans who have acquired some reputation in the cattle business, but it would be more prudent were he fortified by a board acquainted with live stock and grazing. He is the vendor, and the conditions seem greatly in his favour. They also favour Mr James Wilson, another director, who appears to be the chief promoter of the scheme. Mr Swan is to receive £2000 a year for five years as manager in America, and Mr Wilson is to receive £6000 for taking a trip to Wyoming for the purpose of inspecting the property. Then the cattle are valued at 25 dollars per head, without distinction of age, and the amount payable to the vendor is thus run up to the alarming total of £526,000. It is difficult to see how profits can be earned to provide dividends on so large a sum as it will be necessary to call up. This aspect of the scheme recalls an ancient song to the effect that there are in this hemisphere "more geese than swans, more fools than wise."

The Diamond Field Collieries Company, Limited, is a good name for a concern started to work coalpits. This company is in South Africa, and it is said there are diamonds in the property. Hence the name. Black diamonds, I suppose.

A correspondent informs me that the Clippens Co. will not lose anything by the appeal to the House of Lords. That is what I stated. I remarked that the company was provided with a buffer, which kept the shareholders safe, "like feather bed 'twixt castle wall and heavy brunt of cannon ball." My sorrow was expended on the buffer.

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the communications of M., Argyllshire; F., Straiton; D., Edinburgh; and F. W., Chicago.

SCRUTATOR.

For Thursday.

"Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune
So it make noise enough."—*As You Like It.*

HERE'S to our good Lord Rector,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to our good Lord Rector,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to our good Lord Rector,
Who will read us now a lecture,
And we'll listen as becometh cap and gown,

Cap and gown.
Psalm of Gilmore-Gilmorehi-i-ill,
Psalm of Gilmore-Gilmorehi-i-ill,
Psalm of Gilmore-Gilmore-
Boys, shout still more, still more,
Psalm of Gilmore-Gilmorehill.

Here's to our good old Princi-
Principal, Principal;
Here's to our good old Princi-
Principal, Principal;
Here's to our good old Princi-
With style as pure's De Quincey,
Our true trump Caird invincible—vincible
Vincible.

Psalm of, etc.
Here's to each good Professor,
Drink it down; drink it down
Here's to each good Professor,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to each good Professor
Whom we'll never more distress or
Cause to speak with angry look or frown,
Look or frown.

Psalm of, etc.,
Here's to our courteous Senate,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to our courteous Senate;
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to our courteous Senate
Who were forced to break their teret
When they saw us gaily marching through the town,
Through the town.

Psalm of, etc.
Here's to each good young student,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to each good young student,
Drink it down; drink it down;
Here's to each good young student
Who lives a life full prudent
And acts as square's the trencher on his crown,
On his crown.

Psalm of, etc.

THE WISDOM OF "THE EAST."—In speaking of "the condition of the Barony Church," Dr Lang referred to "the great memories and traditions" connected with the building. Among them is the situation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral, and, because of this, the situation of the statue of its most distinguished minister.

The song Mr Biggar *doesn't* sing—My heart's in the "Hyland's."

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Monday Gossip.

MY DEAR BAILIE,—We are promised, on Monday next, by Mr Charles, something of an event in local theatricals. This is nothing less than the production at the Grand Theatre, and for the first time on any stage, of a new comedy by George R. Sims and Sydney Grundy. It (the new comedy) will be called "The Glass of Fashion," and will be of what is termed the "society" class.

Mr Sims, I needn't hint to your readers, my Magistrate, is one of the most talked of dramatists of the day. He is realistic—well, to a fault. And it isn't only his plays that are realistic. Such poems as "Fallen by the Way," "One Winter Night," "A Matron's Story," and "Told to a Missionary," are altogether unique in the language. Mr Sims has been called the English Zola, and this term is true so far as his grasp of detail and directness of statement are concerned. There is nothing, however, in his work of the Zola of "Nana;" he is realistic—powerful if you will, but there is a depth of horror in "Nana" to which he never descends. All Mr Sim's successes—he is rising seven-and-thirty, by the way—date from the production of "Crutch and Toothpick" at the London Royalty, some four years ago. Since then he has written half-a-dozen pieces of the "Mother-in-Law" and "The Gay City" style; his comedy of "The Halfway House" has been produced; and he has set the Thames, and eke the Clyde on fire, with "The Lights o' London" and "The Romany Rye."

As regards Mr Sydney Grundy, the second author of "The Glass of Fashion," it may be interesting to note that his father was at one time Lord-Mayor of Manchester, and that he, himself, is a London barrister who doesn't practise at the bar. He has written and adapted various dramatic pieces, the most successful of which is "Mammon," a play which, as it is "taken from the French," comes under the category of "adaptations."

The "Glass of Fashion" will be played by a company under the direction of Mr J. L. Shine, and including, among its members, Mr Harry Fischer, Mr Harry Martell, Mr Wilfrid Shine, and Miss Grace Huntley.

"Pluck" runs at the Grand for to-night and the following five nights.

—o—

Messrs Robertson and Bruce announce that the present is their farewell tour with Robert Reece's comedy of "The Guv'nor." As I intimated, a week ago, they appear this evening at the Royalty, and remain at Mr Knapp's house for the remainder of the week. On Monday, the 28th of July, what time Mr Toole goes on a provincial tour, Messrs R. & B. open his theatre in King William Street, Strand, London, with a season of Robertson comedies, the first of which will be "M. P."

When "Comrades" is produced at the Royalty next Monday, the parts of *Captain Dareleigh* and *Lady Constance* will be supported by Mr and Mrs F. H. Macklin. Mr Etienne Girardot, that clever young actor of old men, will also be of the cast.

"They say" that the forthcoming visit of Mr Barry Sullivan to the Royalty Theatre will be his farewell engagement in this city. Mr Sullivan has been upwards of forty years on the stage.

—o—

Mr Beryl reproduces "The Black Flag" of Henry Pettitt, this evening and during the week, at the South-Side theatre. The company engaged in its representation is under the direction of Mr Fred. Gould. Its leading members are Miss Stemberge—a lady who possesses, by right of her father, a claim on the attention of Glasgow play-goers—Miss Ada Roby, and Miss Millie De Vere, and Messrs Robert Nelson and Fred. Hall.

For this day fortnight, the appearance is underlined, at the Royal Princess's, of Miss Adeline Stanhope, who will be supported by Mr Nelson Wheatcroft.

—o—

"Camille," which is announced for performance, this evening, at the Gaiety, is an adaptation, by Matilda Heron, a once well-known American actress, of "La Dame aux Camelias." The merits and shortcomings of M. Dumas' famous play are sufficiently familiar to render all discussion concerning it less than

needless. It was originally produced at the Paris Vaudeville in 1850, Madame Doche being the *Marguerite* and Charles Fechter the *Armand*. In recent years "La Dame aux Camelias" has been brought into fashion by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and has also been adopted of late by Madame Modjeska as one of her stock pieces.

The *Camille* at the Gaiety will, of course, be Miss Bella Pateman. Miss Pateman is essentially a strong actress. In certain of the later passages of "Odette" she seemed to me to have caught a good deal of Madame Bernhardt's style. I have no doubt that her performance of this evening will be quite equal, as well to her own reputation as to the traditions of the part she is to sustain.

Miss Pateman brings a strong company along with her. Not to speak of Mr Pateman, who is an able and experienced player, there are Miss Kate Neville and Miss Lily Gilmore, excellent actresses both; Mr Percy Compton, Mr J. Chippendale, and Mr Charles Cartwright. The last-named gentleman—who is the "leading man" of the company—is no stranger to Glasgow. He was here with Jennie Lee on her original visit, he was here with Mr Irving, and he was here with Charles Kelly—first in a "Pair o' Wings," and afterwards in "Far from the Madding Crowd." How unaffected and unconventional is Mr Cartwright's manner, and with what ease he can rise to the necessities of any situation, all those who saw him last week at the Gaiety are aware. He comes back to Glasgow next autumn, bringing with him the London version of "Moths," the chief parts in which will be played by Miss Helen Mathews and himself.

—o—

The whisper goes that at least one-third of the members of Council are likely to be absentees from the coming municipal banquet to the members of the Corporation of Royal Burghs. Councillors Gray, Jackson, Morrison, and the others who spoke against the dinner, will of course stay away, and it is expected that those who voted against it, or at least declined to vote for it, will be equally consistent and self-denying. The banquet takes place in the City Hall; and the last time a Corporation dinner was given there the invitations sent out were eight hundred in number!

—o—

A circular has just been issued to the members of the Town-Council, which seems a strange commentary on a good deal of the talk at election meetings anent the growing improvement in our governing bodies, all of which is due to our friend the "working-man" having his prejudices constantly consulted and appealed to. The circular is to the effect that, "As applications of members of the Town-Council for permission to stay at the Royal Cottage, Loch Katrine, for eight or ten days during Summer, are now more numerous than in former years," all Councillors on the hunt after cheap Summer lodgings are to apply to "Mr Gale, the engineer, on or before the 1st April next, so that the time to be allowed to each applicant may be balloted for if necessary." Wouldn't it be funny if Mr Gale were to regard this new post of country-lodging-purveyor-for-Councillors, to be, so far as his duties as engineer are concerned, "outside work," and if he were further—in a friendly way of course—to suggest to each applicant that, so far as minding "number one" is concerned, "you're another?"

—o—

Those good fellows, the Germans of the city, as represented by the German Club, celebrate the 86th birth-day of Kaiser William by dining together in "F. & F.'s" on Thursday. Friend Guildford, I understand, is rising to the occasion, and with the menu he will set before the company, not forgetting the good Rhine wine and the lager beer, they are sure to be "so sholly as never vas."

—o—

I understand that the offer of £27,000 (not £30,000 as formerly reported) for St. George's Church—made by the Standard Insurance Company—has been declined by the Churches Committee, the feeling of the Committee being that anything less than £35,000 could not be looked at.

Considerable interest is being taken in literary and book-circles over the sale of the library of the late Mr W. H. Logan. This begins in Edinburgh to-morrow, and it will continue until Monday the 25th, making in all a six-day's sale. Mr Logan, like the late Dr John Buchanan of Glasgow, had a many-sided nature. Both combined in practical life the unromantic occupation of banking with antiquarian research. Mr Logan was the friend of David Laing and Mr Maidment, and assisted the latter in editing the "Dramatists of the Restoration," while on his own account he wrote many dramatic pieces for Mr R. H. Wyndham of Edinburgh, and edited an interesting collection which goes by the name of "The Pedlar's Pack of Songs and Ballads," illustrated by notes and reminiscences. He also issued one work entitled "The Scottish Banker," and another on "The Law and Practice of Bills of Exchange." Ultimately Mr Logan became joint lessee of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, first with Mr Howard, and afterwards with Mr Heslop of the Glasgow Gaiety.

It was believed that such a man in the course of a busy life must have gathered about him many curiosities, and the sale-catalogue now before the public fully justifies the belief. No fewer than 1952 items are catalogued, every one of which possesses some point of lesser or greater interest. Native and foreign dramatists and poets are very completely represented, as is also Scottish general literature—especially that species of literature which Sir Walter Scott called the "Bibliothèque Bleue." I learn that several Edinburgh booksellers have received very liberal orders from Glasgow buyers, while others are eagerly anticipating the treat of visiting the sale and going over the books for themselves. The most valuable items, I haven't the least doubt, will come to Glasgow, which already far outstrips Edinburgh in the matter of private collections of literary curiosities.

—o—

Deacon-Convener Reid entertains the members of the Trades' House at Kilmardiny this week. Three separate dinners are required to go over the crowd.

—o—

In addition to what has already been brought to light anent the Royal Infirmary squabble, I am informed that Mr M'Ewen, who has acquired, it seems, some skill in the science of surgery, used to freely catechise the "young men" of the House, with the view of ascertaining the extent of their knowledge, on any and every occasion that presented itself. The unfortunate "meds," thinking they were being led into a trap, at last refused to answer any more questions; and this constitutes one of Mr M'Ewen's grievances.

Another evidence of Mr M'Ewen's pragmatism was his getting up of a committee to inquire into the case of the man whose unfortunate death bulks largely in the dispute, after the Procurator-Fiscal had satisfied himself that no blame was attached to any one. The inquiry was attended by Mr Lamond the Secretary, and a shorthand writer. The doctors demanded some explanation as to the presence of the latter, as being an innovation on such occasions, but got no satisfactory reply from Mr M'Ewen.

Then as to the nurses, I am told that Mr M'E. gave them instructions that on no account whatever were they to leave their respective wards. The "young men" complained of this restriction to the house surgeon, and pointed out instances where it was absolutely necessary for assistance to be procured from other wards, upon which the house surgeon, who had never been consulted on the matter, took the responsibility of ignoring the great man's orders by giving them liberty to work as they had done before.

The letters to students and nurses, I am also told, flowed to the Infirmary in abundance, and the effect of these was to keep the Institution in a state of constant hot water.

There are many other little incidents worthy of being quoted, but these will suffice to show with what delight the news of Mr M'Ewen's resignation as chairman of the House Committee was received at the Royal Infirmary.

Poole's Panorama is already a first favourite among the sights of the city. I hear that the enormous spread of canvas is to be further added to on Monday next, when a brand new painting by the veteran Gompertz, the inventor of dioramic effects, is to be unrolled for the first time. This will show the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir at daybreak with a sudden change illustrating the attack by the Highland Brigade. What a versatile cicerone Mr G. A. Foote is, to be sure; whether as regards his lecture, his buffo songs, his character sketches, or his mimetic marvels, he is quite a host in himself. Mr Foote has but lately doffed the sock and buskin in exchange for the panoramic footlights. He may be remembered as supporting Edward Terry at our Royalty in "Weak Woman" and "New Brooms" and scoring a success therein as *Tootle* and the miserly old *Appleton Crab*.

—o—

The bachelors of the Junior Club give a ball in St. Andrew's Hall on the eleventh of next month. Q.

How was that for High.

THE other day a number of bold, bad boys got "took up" for being found—of all places in the world—in the steeple of a Congregational church, busily employed in throwing dice, playing at pitch-and-toss, and other uncanonical games. Another instance this of the truth of the old adage in which the distance from grace is said to be in inverse ratio to one's proximity to the church.

—o—

A PRETTY DERANGEMENT.—Of a verity of Touchstone, "the truest poetry is the most feigning." The poet says that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and it is the "thing of beauty"—Saint George's steeple—that is tempted to be taken down, and the thing of ugliness—the Barony Kirk—that is attempted to be kept up. Such are the ups and downs of "As you like it!"

Extremes Meet—So far as the "inaugural" address is concerned, the beginning and the end of a term of Lord-Rectorship.

What the opponents of Mr Anderson's anti-pigeon-slaughter bill thought of the matter—That it was Much-ado(o) about Nothing.

"Pease" at any Price—For the Rectorial Address.

The Tories Firm, whoe'er are Flighty—Mid-Cheshire is "the cheese" and mighty.

A "Spoke" of the Common-wheel—John Bright.

A "Blue" Look-out—Prospecting the boat-race.

A "Bright" Look-out—A students' "row."

"Blue" Ruin—Having betted on Cambridge.

A Common Comedy—"Owe-debt."

"Not for Joe"—Miss Hyland.

James Kaye and the Lessons' Question.

THERE was a great noise, BAILIE, a while ago, about "cramming" in skuils, an' there was letters written tae the papers about it an' a' thegither.

Being a member o' the Skuil Brod, of course I couldna but see there wis need for an enquiry, an' I wis going tae throw mysel' intae the fray and be the champion o' the doon-trodden rate-payers, wha, in thae days o' philanthropy hae their noses kept gey sair tae the grindstane. But I happened tae speak tae a freen o' mine wha is a Toon-Cooncillor, an' he says—"Mr Kaye, dinna you interfere, let them fecht awa' among themsel's. If ye interfere it wid only lower your dignity. I'm sure ye nicht see that! When the Toon Council is abused for the bad gas, or the bungling o' the municipal-building plans, or putting an extra penny on the polis tax, they never fash their thoom. Never condescend, Mr Kaye, tae bandy words or argue wi' your inferiors, an' they'll think a' the mair o' ye."

Bailie, I thocht it wisna bad advice, an' besides, it was a heep easier tae say naething about it, an' so I held my tongue, an' it blew bye.

Hooever, the ither nicht, it cropped up again. In my capacity o' elder, I wis paying a visit tae a worthy bricklayer in Stra'bungo, an' him an' me had a crack about the blawing up o' the gasometer. His wife was darning stockings at the time, an' a' the bairns were roon the table learning their lessons.

"Ye see, Mr Kaye, if it wis an escape"—

"Faither, wis Robinson Crusoe a black man?"

"No, no, lassie, he belanged tae Fife. Weel Mr Kaye, as I was saying, if it wis an escape—"

"Father, who discovered the Fiji Islands?"

"I don't know—do you, Mr Kaye?"

"Of course," says I, "it was Christopher Columbus. Weel, Mr M'Callum, as ye were saying, if it wis an escape—"

"Aye, Mr Kaye, if it wis an escape, ye see—"

Oh, Father, hoo d'ye divide six by fourteen, an' five remains?"

"Gracious me," says Mr M'Callum, "will ye let Mr Kaye an' me alane—work it oot yersel'. Weel, Mr Kaye, as I was saying, if it wis an escape, ye see—"

"Father, could Adam talk Gaelic?"

"Great criffstens," says Mr M'Callum, wiping his broo, "Mr Kaye, d'ye hear this?—ye are a member o' the Skuil Brod, an' yet ye look on

calmly at me being martyred slowly at my ain fireside—the only minute I get to mysel', an' this is the way I am tormented. Ever since this Government grant began, the bairns are driving me wild wi' their questions—thae letters tae the papers stopped it for a wee, but noo, it's as bad as ever; indeed, this wee while it's goin' ower the score a' thegither. Can ye dae naething, Mr Kaye?"

"I can," says I, "put on your hat an' come awa' an' see Mr Robison, the head skuilmaster."

So awa we gaed an' were ushered in. Mr Robison had a party o' twa or three freens, an' wis busy telling a story when suddenly I turns roon an' says: "Mr Robison, if a herring an' a hauf cost three bawbees, hoo much wid eeleven cost?"

They a' thocht it wis a bit joke o' mine, an' laughed, an' were polite enough no to say they had heard the guess before, so Mr Robison jist resumed his story, but at the meenit when he wis getting tae an interesting bit I cries oot—

"Mr Robison, could you see as faur through a milestane as ony ither body?"

Mr Robison didna look vera pleased like, but he laughed an' starts wi' his story again. I let him go on a wee an' then I says—

"D'ye ken hoo mony beans mak' five?"

At this Mr Robison looks at me an' says:—

"I doot, Mr Kaye, ye've been tasting before ye cam' in, an' I'm surprised at ye; recollect," he goes on wi' dignity, "that although I'm a skuilmaster an' in a manner your servant, recollect that that's only during working hours; noo I'm free, an' ye've no richt tae come here an' ask sich questions.

"Mr Robison," says I, "dinna get angry—keep calm—I'm only gieing ye a bit taste o' what ye prescribe tae ither. Here's my freen Mr M'Callum, d'ye think he shouldna hae a wee while o' leisure as weel as you? I doot ye're inconsistent, Mr Robison; ye sit doon at your ain fireside at your ease, but ye sen' hame your scholars wi' their lessons unexplained, an' expect their fathers an' mothers tae explain this, that, an' the ither thing. My freen wis telling me he works frae six tae six, gets one day's holiday at the Fasts, an' a week at the Fair, wi' a hauf holiday on Saturdays; an' ye work frae ten tae fower, get fower days at each o' the Fasts, a week at New Year, an' twa months in the summer; forbye a hale holiday every Saturday, an' yet ye expect him tae begin at nicht when he's tired tae explain tae his bairns what he pays you for doing. No, no, Mr Robison, ye have a

gran berth o't; ye hae better pay than a minister, or a sheriff, or a professor in the college. Shakspeare says, "the labourer is worthy of his hire." We dinna grudge ye your pay, but really ye mustna throw your work on ither folks' shooters. An' noo, Mr Robison, we've got the unpleasant part o' the programme ower, we'll brew a wee drap mair toddy an' ye'll begin your story again. Your guid health, gentlemen a'. Noo, Mr Robison, gang on. I think ye had got tae the bit about the ghost beginning tae play 'The Campbells are coming' on the Jews harp."

Weel, BAILIE, tae mak' a lang story short, I convened a meeting o' the skuilmasters under us, an' showed them hoo unfair it wis tae send the bairns hame wi' their lessons unexplained, an' hae them bothering their hard-worked fathers wha, worthy men, sometimes kent less about the subject than the bairns themsel's, an' being sensible folk, they saw it; an' noo in the Govan parish, landward division, there's nae sich thing as badgered fathers or "crammed" bairns.

JAMES KAYE.

"Free" and Easy.

LOOKED at from the ecclesiastical point of view, the latest return on Scottish education may be made to point a somewhat significant moral. The churches have at length been brought to see the folly of any further competition with the State in the matter of secular instruction. The time is not far off, when with the sole exception of the irreconcilable R. C.'s, day-schools will be for ever abandoned as feeders for any church. The denominational system is being fast played out. The Free Church folks, clearly discerning the signs of the times, are parting with their schools in all directions. To them this inevitable parting is "such sweet sorrow." In Glasgow there is not a school in connection with this body, and in all Scotland, including their stronghold the Highlands and Islands, they have only thirty-two remaining. These they will be only too glad to "convey" to any Brod without money and without price. The Episcopalians have yet seventy-seven schools on their hands, and with which, for obvious reasons, they are loth to cut the connection. However, after being educated up to the parting point, they will doubtless be as free and easy as to severing this link with the past as the most thorough-going of the Frees themselves. *Verb sap*—that is to the Auld Kirk—should be enough.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Megilp.

THE Council of the Institute, desirous of meeting the wishes of many gentlemen who are closely engaged during business hours, have arranged for keeping the Exhibition open for one hour longer in the afternoon. It will close now at 6 o'clock instead of 5, and open again as before, from 7 to 10 evening. The Council show themselves so anxious to consult the convenience of the public, and promote practically art interests in Glasgow, that it will be a very great pity indeed if their efforts are not recognised as they ought to be.

The galleries, it should be mentioned, are most comfortably heated during the day, and are a very pleasant lounge in this present cold weather.

"Sidney Carton," by Fred. Barnard, is marked *sold*, and this is as it should be. Barnard, whose reputation has been mainly gained by his black and white work, is making steady progress as an oil-painter. His technical skill, and his cool, pleasant colours, are both worthy of high praise, and, be it noted further to his credit, his figures—whether humorous or pathetic—are never lay figures with costumes hung on them. They have life and action.

It is whispered that Marcus Stone will be the new member of the Royal Academy. Mr Stone is a son of the late Frank Stone, A.R.A., the friend of Charles Dickens, Forster, and the rest of the once celebrated Guild of Literature and Art. He, that is Marcus Stone, was born in 1840, and was elected an A.R.A. in 1877. One of his pictures of last year, which bore the title of "Il y en a toujours un autre," was bought by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist whose illustrations to Herrick ran through the last dozen numbers of *Harper's Magazine*, has settled down in this country, and was elected, a week ago, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

It is said that R. W. Allan is about to exchange a life of single for one of married happiness. The bride is one of the sisters Montalba, the well known water-colour painters.

The chief art-book of the present year will be "The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci," which are about to be published for the first time, from autograph manuscripts, the editor and translator being Jean Paul Richter—who was one of the candidates, by-the-by, for the Fine Art Chair in Edinburgh University. It will be in two volumes, and will be published by subscription, its price being eight guineas. Among the subscribers in the West of Scotland are Francis Powell, President of the Scottish Water Colour Society, and Andrew Maxwell, Honorary Secretary to the Glasgow Fine Art Institute.

Here is a hint for those engaged in the work of collecting. Messrs Christie announce the approaching sale of certain of the fine art possessions of Thomas Woolner, the well-known sculptor, and among these, as of special interest, is a "complete set of the Royal Academy catalogues." Of what value would not be a set of the Royal Scottish Academy or of the Fine Art Institute catalogues? Those who cannot form these might set about collecting the catalogues of the Scottish Society of Water Colour Painters.

What the 'Shaws Folk are Saying.

THAT the burgh was illuminated last week.
That the blaze startled "the powers that be."
That the said powers were unequal to the occasion.
That the blaze was not the only scene that night.
That the Baker gave "ta' force" a warming.
That he was nearly "run in" for his pains.
That the blaze removed an old land mark.
That the town was greatly in want of a public hall.
That it is worse off now than ever.

Honey, from 10³d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

THIS DAY. THIS DAY.
GRAND SPRING SHOW

AT THE COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA ST.

WALTER WILSON & CO., announce the GREAT OPENING SHOW of their Fourteenth Spring Season. Mr Wilson did not post Circulars from Paris this season, and ventures to hope that his friends and Clients will receive this the only intimation of

THE GREAT SHOW,
THE GREAT EVENT, THE PRINCIPAL EXPOSITION.
1883. SPRING. 1883.

To make this Season the Season of all Seasons we have strained every nerve, we have spared no effort, we have ransacked every probable Market for Good and Cheap Lines, and we think we have got them. Mr Wilson, Mr Binnie, and our Assistant Buyers have returned from the great and Fashionable Markets of Europe, and our enormous Purchases are now arriving from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, Luton, Dunstable, St Albans, Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and other manufacturing towns visited during the past three weeks by our staff. The whole forming the Richest and Largest Collection of Novelties in Fancy Drapery ever introduced into Scotland by any single Firm.

We are almost safe in saying that every Novelty of note adopted in London or Paris may be seen in the *recherche* Stocks we now submit to the Public of Glasgow. Mr Wilson again finds it necessary to state that his only Establishments are the Colosseum and Millionaria, and that he is not directly or indirectly connected with any other concerns in the kingdom. The Public will please note that the Colosseum is at No. 62 Jamaica Street.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENTS, the Largest in the Country, THIS DAY contain the Creme de la Creme of French Bonnets, Patterns by the First Modistes of the whole World, Patterns from every Milliner of note; also, Original Designs by our own Staff.

Hundreds of New Styles in Hats and Bonnets, for Misses, Young Ladies, Married Ladies, Elderly Ladies. Hats and Bonnets, in all the new materials, in all the new shades, and in all the new shapes. Children's Hats and Bonnets, rare novelties and extraordinary selection. Our Stock of Misses' Hats and Bonnets is almost unlimited in variety. New Styles in Dress Caps and Head-dresses. Old Ladies' Caps with ears. New Bows for the hair. Fancy Caps, &c. Mourning Millinery—Our Stock of medium and better class Hats and Bonnets is simply marvellous. Widows' Bonnets, Caps, Veils, Lappets, and every article suitable for deep mourning.

Ladies are invited to walk through our Millinery Saloons during the Show Week, whether they do or do not intend purchasing.

BOYS' STRAW HATS.—Extraordinary variety, and many decided Novelties.

Tons upon tons of New Patterns in Sateen, Satin, and Fancy Pinafores and Tea Aprons. The 2s Tea Apron, "The Garden Party," for 6^d: the greatest variety in the Kingdom. Holland Aprons, &c. Space does not permit details of the great lines we offer in Stays, Underclothing, Print Wrappers, Dressing Gowns, Baby Linen, Lace Curtains, Skirts, &c., &c. We may mention, however, that our price for the full size, extra quality German Skirt is 8^d, and we sell the new Dress Improvers at 5^d. The largest Stock of Improvers and C'ettes in Scotland; prices, 5^d to 21s. New lines in Gloves, Handbags, Umbrellas, Parasols, Albums, and Fancy Goods.

GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, GLOVES, and UMBRELLAS, at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,
COLOSSEUM, JAMAICA STREET.

THE "ACME" SHIRT.

GENTLEMEN who desiderate a Perfect Fit in the matter of Dress will find in the "ACME" SHIRT exactly what they want. Its superior merits, alike as regards Model of Shape, Fit, and Finish, have placed it in the very foremost position, which it is our intention to maintain, inasmuch as our arrangements and facilities for the manufacture of this single Article of Dress are in every respect more complete and extensive than those of any similar Establishment in the Kingdom. No better evidence than the "ACME" SHIRT has given universal satisfaction could be furnished than the fact that, although it has only been before the Public for little more than ten years, there is scarcely a part of the civilised world from which we have not received Orders for this well-known Garment.

FORSYTH,

RENFIELD STREET.

"ALBERT SELECT CHOIR."

LAST GRAND CONCERT OF THE SEASON
In the TRADES' HALL, GLASSFORD STREET,
On MONDAY EVENING, 26th MARCH, 1883.
A Number of Entirely New and Original Pieces will be given.

PROGRAMME—

"Now by day's retiring lamp,"	"Strike the Lyre,"
"O Mistress Mine,"	"Down in a Flowery Vale,"
"I fear no foe,"	"The Blind Girl to her Harp,"
"Excelsior,"	"The Belfry Tower,"
"The Sea hath its Pearls,"	"Ay Waukin' O,"
"The Distant Shore,"	"Ollvia,"
"Summer Winds,"	"Zephyr taking thy repose,"
"Old May Day,"	"Come Live with Me,"
"POLACCA BRILLANTE,"	"BARCAROLLE,"
"O Memory,"	"Avenging and Bright,"
"A Song of the Seasons,"	"Now Tramp,"

Conductor,.....Mr JOHN LILLIE.
Accompanist,.....Master PHILIP E. HALSTEAD.
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The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21st, 1883.

WHILE the BAILIE adheres to the opinion expressed in these columns last week as to the advisability of Lord Provost URE accepting another term of office, be it for one year or for three years, he wishes to point out to-day that it would be somewhat undignified for our Town Councillors to bring too great pressure to bear on his Lordship for the purpose of inducing him to alter his decision of Friday. No notion must get abroad that the chief-magistrateship of the city is going a-begging. In the event of Mr URE continuing to decline the post there are ample materials in the Council out of which to choose his successor. Bailie WILSON, for instance, would acquit himself in the chair with marked ability, and would certainly be the jolliest Lord Provost we have had for many a day. Then there is Preceptor MATHIESON, who possesses a thorough acquaintance with city business; is a ready and able speaker; and when called on to preside over any meeting does so with conspicuous grace, dignity, and

fairness. The name of Mr RENNY WATSON has likewise been spoken of with much favour for the office. Mr RENNY WATSON, to be sure, has not as yet been able to give much time to municipal matters. He could easily qualify himself, however, between now and November for the position, and we may rest assured that it would in no way suffer in his hands. With such people to select from the Council need not be at any loss in the matter of appointing a Lord-Provost, should Mr URE not see his way to accede to the request which has been made to him.

Another Irish Grievance.

"The Court refused the application for a new trial in the Biggar case."—*Daily Paper.*

THERE was once an old maid from Kilkenny
Whose chances to wed were'nt many,
Till she managed to figure
In Paris—with Biggar,
And flirt in the church of St. Denis.
The Member for Cavan was kind,
He'd stand her whate'r she'd a mind,
From a chain "most intense"
To a kiss "in suspense,"
And a ring his engagement to bind.
She gave him her heart—and her foot
(Il balsait sa pied, sur toute)
She suggests that he marries;
He says "No"—and leaves Paris
And imagines he's done something cute.
But his absence her love could'nt quench;
She resolves on revenge "like the French,"
And adopts litigation
Without mitigation
And wins!—in the Court of Queen's Bench.

What the Govan Folks are Saying.

THAT our "Educational" representatives have had another exhibition.
That the exhibition was more painful than edifying.
That the Bishop is more than a match for his detractors.
That the "doctor" is "catchie," but he failed to make the Bishop say "the working men of Govan" were a rabble.
That the "doctor's" little game is nearly played out.
That it is doubtful if, in the end, the game will be worth the candle.
That the question of "the survival of the fittest" between the Captain and the Council has entered on a new phase.
That it is nearing the beginning of the end.

Why are the flats of a granary like "continued" tales? Because they are cereal storeys.
(Oh! oh! serial stories, the Animile guesses)

Still Life—Dewing it, on the quiet, in a smuggler's bothy.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickie, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street. Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the "second term of office" for the Lord Provost proposal has met with approval at all hands.

That the only Councillor who failed to subscribe his name to the petition was Mr James Martin.

That oor Jeems doesn't believe in subscriptions.

That the Glasgow gas explosions have found counterparts in London.

That our £200 reward did'nt throw much light on the matter.

That it is to be hoped the larger Government reward will be more successful.

That the local authorities are determined to stamp out the foot and mouth disease.

That three convictions in one day show how thoroughly in earnest they are.

That prevention is better than cure.

That the bobbies have had their annual soiree.

That it was a gathering of "praw, praw lats."

That ex-Bailie Dunlop presided.

That he had'nt the support of a single magistrate on the occasion.

That all the same Jeems Martin and Johnny Neil were present.

That so was Sheriff Mair.

That the Sheriff didn't make a speech.

That he has registered a vow to speak nae mair at soirees.

That the Chairman pleased his audience immensely.

That he quoted poetry by the yard.

That he drew tears from the fairer portion of his audience.

That he made W. R. W. smile.

That March came in like a lamb.

That it is bidding fair to go out like a lion.

That this is winter fairly.

THE RULE OF THREE.

The Council's present Chief secure:
A three years' reign again in-Ure,
A reign that's earnest, able, pure.

A Fluttering in the Dovecots—Giving thanks to George.

A Cold Snap—Bolting hokey-pokey.

Buy an "A. C. T." Liner Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Quavers.

MUSICAL meetings are very numerous at present in Glasgow and neighbourhood.

Last Thursday the choir of Laurieston Parish Church gave a concert of sacred and secular selections, not marked by much freshness of choice, at least in the graver part of the programme, but interesting as a whole. Mr James Pattinson officiated at the organ, and Mr Davidson, organist of the church, conducted.

On the previous evening the Maxwell Musical Society, of which Mr H. G. Gillespie is conductor, had their annual demonstration in the Maxwell Hall, Pollok Street. The principal piece of music, at least the longest, was Bakers' "Burning Ship," but the miscellaneous selections far surpassed it in merit, Zingarelli's "Laudate" for tenor and chorus being a conspicuous example. The soprano solo with chorus "Lovely Appear," from Gounod's "Redemption," was included, and "by special permission," as seems odd, rather. The society is quickly advancing in skill and taste. The church, by the way, is without an appointed organist at present. The musical services have not been of the first order for some time back.

The choir of Victoria Free Church gave a concert on Friday evening last, submitting an excellent programme of sacred and secular music. Among the numbers in the former were Macfarren's "Great and Marvellous," melodious as well as scholarly, and Kent's old-fashioned but welcome duet anthem, "Hear my Prayer," very tastefully sung equally by the solo voices and chorus. In the secular part were Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," Sullivan's "O Hush Thee," and Barnby's "Sweet and Low"—one of the earliest successes in modern part-songs, and one or two other favourites apt to be forgotten. We were much pleased with the singing as a whole. The choir seems to be very carefully trained; attack, character of tone, enunciation, and phrasing being all eminently satisfactory. Calcott's hymn, "When the Weary Seeking Rest," with a refrain from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," was not given, however, with quite the amount of expression desirable, especially as a model for congregational singing. It was hardly sufficiently removed from the metronomic style which marks, and must for some time yet mark, congregational singing in the Free Church. Mr R. E. Reid, the clever and promising leader of the psalmody, conducted, and Mr G. J. Hopper accompanied with his usual quiet good taste.

Musical societies and cricket clubs do not often come together under notice. Airdrie has the distinction of connecting the two institutions, a concert having been given lately by the local select choir in aid of the funds of the cricket club of the town. The programme, almost a monstre one for length, was of a highly popular character, Archer's "Kate Dalrymple," Moodie's "Willie Wastle," Plerson's "Ye Mariners of England," Hume's "Maggie Lauder," and numerous others of a lively character finding a place with, of course, a proportion of the quieter element. Mr A. Henry is the conductor of the society. The spread of "Select Choirs," so-named, is at least a gratifying proof of desire for refinement and taste.

Kilmalcolm Society came again before the residents on Friday evening last with what, in view of the comparative newness of the place in a residential sense, was a remarkably high-class selection. Mendelssohn's "Lauda Zion" occupied the first part, and in the second were part songs by Smar; and Macirone, and choral arrangements by Leslie and Lambeth, opera choruses and songs, and a duet for piano and harmonium from Beethoven. Mr W. Paterson Cross was the experienced conductor of the society. Miss Ross played the accompaniments.

The choir of Lyon Street Free Church made a very creditable display on Friday evening, under the baton of Mr Peter M'Lintock. The Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, so called, and Hatton's "Like as a father," were among their best efforts in the sacred selections, while Danby's "Æolian Lyre," and Pin-suti's song, "The Bugler," were the most successful in the secular part. Mr J. F. W. Reid contributed a piano solo—Chopin's scherzo in B flat minor—playing in masterly style. Mr William Maver accompanied the choir.

The Glasgow Select Choir appeared in the City Hall on Saturday evening with their Irish programme, and before a very large audience. The choir were at their best, and the concert was most enjoyable in its melodiousness, genuineness of character, and variety. Encores were numerous.

The choir, we remind our readers, and especially those who are adherents of the Free Church, give, in accordance with a requisition, a special service of sacred song, chiefly from the new hymn-book, in St. Andrew's Hall, on Monday, 26th inst.

This week the following concerts, among others, take place:—a piano recital and chamber concert, on 19th, under the auspices of the Pollokshields Association, by Miss Lippman, pianist to the Society; a concert by the Albion Choir, on 19th, the society connected with the Parish Church of St. George's-in-the-Fields, conducted by Mr Gilbert Jamieson; one by the St. Columba English Choir, under Mr W. Carter, on 20th; one by the Cambuslang "Select Choir" on same evening, the conductor of which is Mr H. W. Sinclair; the oratorio, "Judas Maccabæus," by the Glasgow Musical Union, on 20th; also a concert of sacred and secular music on 22nd, in connection with Wellington Street U. P. Church Piccadilly Street Mission, to be led by Mr T. K. Scott.

The children's "Messiah" performance is announced for Saturday afternoon, 7th April, Mr F. Sharp being the conductor, as formerly.

"Sketches of Great Composers" was the title of an interesting lecture given by Mr Joshua Ives in Anderston Parish Church on Wednesday evening last. Selections from the works of the composers embraced in the lecture were sung by the church choir in a finished manner—Misses Paton and Fyfe being especially happy in their rendering of the solos. Mr Jas. Pattinson, Mus. Bac., gave some organ solos, and accompanied the choir. There was a large audience.

Golfing "Motion."

MR MOTION has been elected secretary of the Glasgow Golf Club. The appointment indicates much coming activity, for henceforward there will always be motion in it. A saving of trouble will also be effected in the management. The secretary must always carry his own motion, whoever should propose an amendment, and so long as there is motion the club will get along.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—With the students of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge it is a *row*: with those of that of Glasgow a "row." To borrow from Douglas Jerrold, there is a difference of skulls.

The Varying Seasons—Sometimes in early autumn we are favoured with what is called "the Indian Summer;" are we now having a counterpart in an after-winter?

What is the proper course to take with hens for the propagation of their species? Egg them on, of course, replies Bauldy curtly.

The "Revolution" for Outrageists—The treadmill.

A "Blue"-Book—Of bets on *the* boat-race.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky. 8s per gallon, 3s per bottle. I. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street, Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

“Mangling Done Here.”
FOR “having kicked a woman brutally on the breast, and also for having bitten a piece out of the thumb of the woman’s husband,” a merry Milesian was at Greenock, last week, sentenced to pay the miserably inadequate penalty of £2 for the double event! In such a case the quality of the presiding Bailie’s mercy was the reverse of being twice blessed.

The Battle of the Catechism is the oft-repeated phrase of Granny in referring to the burning “question” that has flared up in the Govan School-Board. But as the wretched rumpus hangs on the point whether the “carritch” in its entirety should not be inflicted in an earlier standard than Five, the Magistrate thinks that “The Battle of the Standard” would be equally apt.

Another “Freedom” on the Stocks is—The fourth of Provost Ure’s “gold boxes.”

ROYALTY THEATRE,

Lessee and Manager,.....Mr E. L. KNAPP.
FAREWELL PERFORMANCES,
 By Messrs T. W. ROBERTSON and H. BRUCE’S
CELEBRATED COMEDY COMPANY,
TO-NIGHT (TUESDAY) 20TH MARCH, AT 7-30,
THE GUV’NOR.
 Box Plan Open at Muir Wood’s and Theatre, from 11 till 3.

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ON MONDAY, 26TH MARCH,
 The PROGRAMME will consist of A. STEPHEN, Esq., Lord Dean chiefly of
 of Guild, in the Chair.

Selections from the
FREE CHURCH
“HYMN BOOK WITH TUNES,”
SCRIPTURE SENTENCES, &c.
 Tickets, 1s; Reserved Seats in Balconies, 2s.—To be had from the Musicsellers, Church Officers, &c.
 Doors Open at 7; Service at 8 o’clock.
 Ticket-Holders should be in their Seats by 7-45.

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MONDAY, 26TH MARCH, 1883.

Production, for the First Time on any Stage, of an Original Society Comedy, in Four Acts, written expressly for Mr J. L. Shine, by GEO. R. SIMS (Author of “Lights o’ London,” &c.) and SIDNEY GRUNDY, Entitled “THE GLASS OF FASHION.” Followed by the Enormously Successful Burlesque Extravaganza, “THE NEW DON JUAN JU(A)NIOR.” with Full Band, Chorus, Ballet &c. Reappearance of the great Pantomime Favourite, MR HARRY FISCHER.

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JOHN STREET, BRIDGETON,

TUESDAY EVENING, 27TH MARCH, 1883.

A. R. GAUL’S Cantata,

“THE HOLY CITY,”

(Composed for Birmingham Festival, 1882).

AND SELECTIONS.

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 Prices as usual.
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M R S T E P H E N S has just Supplied a Large New English
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 Pieces of 50 Yards each, same as pattern enclosed."
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 CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 24th MARCH, 1883.
 GREAT SCOTCH ENTERTAINMENT.
 SIR WALTER SCOTT'S
G U Y M A N N E R I N G ,
 IN SCENE AND CHARACTER,
 WITH ALL THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC.
 CHARACTERS—

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Flora,	Miss FANNY WRIGHT.
Mrs M'Candlish,	Miss J. THOMSON.
Henry Bertram,	Mr W. H. DARLING.
Dandie Dinmont,	Mr J. HOUSTON.
Gabriel,	Mr THOMAS WALKER.
Baillie Mucklethrift,	Mr W. CRAWFORD.
Julia Mannering,	Miss HAMILTON.
Meg Merrilees,	Miss J. THOMSON.
Colonel Mannering,	Mr T. WALKER.
Glossin,	Mr ALF. WILSON.
Hatteraick,	Mr W. CRAWFORD.
Sebastian,	Mr WILSON.
Dominie Sampson,	Mr G. WEMYSS HERDE.
	Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

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 Landscape by Hulk, Sen.; "Cornfield," by W. R. Stone; "In
 the Woods," by Griffin; "Ducal Palace, Venice," by Major-
 General St. Clair Mulholland, the Royal Academy exhibitor,
 S. L.; "The Apple Blossom," valued at 400 Guineas; a
 splendid example by Howard, "Whitby," also several Continen-
 tal Views, including his Exhibition Picture; two charming
 Landscapes by Edgar Longstaff: (the Gold Medallist); "On
 the Wharfe," and "On the Ribble," marine subjects, by Watt
 and Wilson; a grand gallery picture by Mortimer, entitled
 "Saved;" another Landscape by that popular artist W. R.
 Stone, whose pictures are increasing in value every day;
 together with fine examples of the following artists, who are
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In the Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, on Thursday, 29th March.

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Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 19th March, 1883

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seconds and seconds, Keyless Chronographic Watch; maker makes to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince of Wales; appropriate for medical, professional, or sporting gentlemen; a bargain.—Pawnbroking Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

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ALTERATIONS COMPLETED.

MACKINTOSH & FLEMING, 104 ARGYLE STREET, have completed the extensive alterations that have been in progress for the past two months. The well-known premises, 104 Argyle Street, have been considerably enlarged and improved. For more than thirty years the Firm of Mackintosh & Fleming has been famed for selling none other than a First-Class Article, and being convinced that permanent success in business can only be maintained by giving a good article at the lowest price, they hope this year to augment their well earned reputation by selling the same thoroughly good, reliable, First-Class Article at the lowest possible price.

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TROUSERS, 16/; SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, 60/

BOYS' CLOTHING, ready for Immediate Use.

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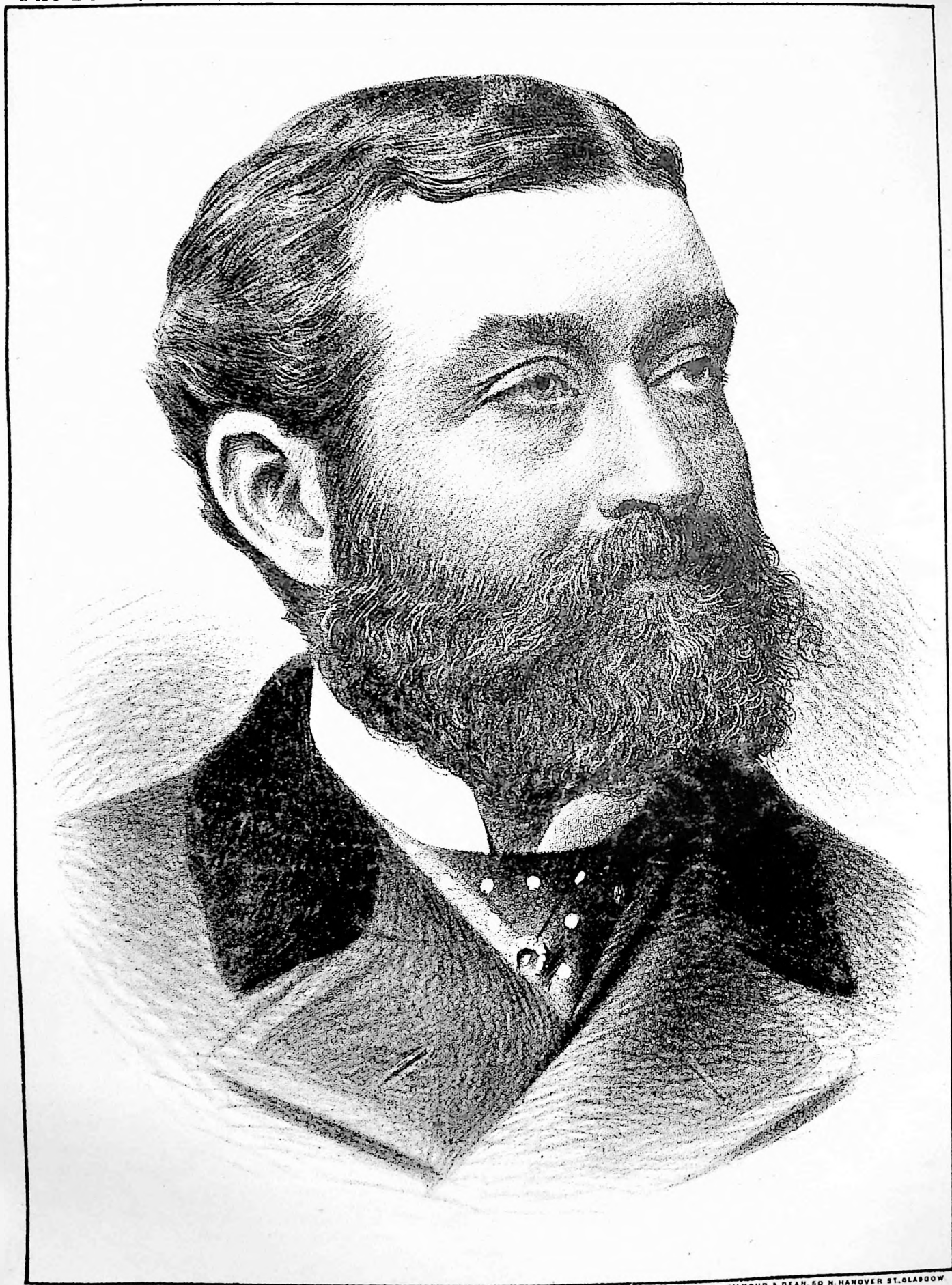
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The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 545. Glasgow, Wednesday, March 28th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 545.

ALL things considered, Mr GEORGE R. SIMS may probably be regarded as the foremost dramatist of the day. He has not written a title of the work achieved by Mr Byron, he has not gained anything like the celebrity of Mr Boucicault, but he in some sense occupies the place taken by the latter when the "Colleen Bawn" was originally produced at the Adelphi, and his "Crutch and Toothpick" is quite as amusing in its way as was "Our Boys." The dramas of Mr SIMS are well-known in this city. We have followed the fortunes of *Jack Hearn* and *Harold Armitage* with eager, open-mouthed attention; "The Half-way House" was a success as well here as in London; while as for "Crutch and Toothpick," the "Course-akin Brothers," and "The Gay City," each was more provocative of laughter than its neighbours. On Monday evening a new play by this accomplished gentleman was produced at the Grand Theatre, and the event has been made the occasion, by the BAILIE, of presenting his portrait to the public of Glasgow. Mr SIMS, it may be said at once, is a Londoner of the Londoners, or in other words a Cockney of the Cockneys. He delights in the great city; he is familiar with the works and ways of its inhabitants; everything he writes has London for its scene of central and entralling interest. There is no need to-day to go over a list of his plays. These date from the production of "Crutch and Toothpick," four years ago—previous to this date he was one of the great unacted—but within the short space of four years he has succeeded in scoring some eight or ten brilliant successes, some of which belong to one, and some to another walk of the drama. And our friend is a journalist as well as a writer of plays. Indeed,

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he belonged to journalism long before he attempted work for the theatre, and notwithstanding the good fortune which has attended his dramas, a journalist he continues to this day. Born in 1847, and educated partly in London, and partly at Bonn and Paris, Mr SIMS entered business life at the age of twenty-one as a clerk in a mercantile house in the City. At the same time he turned his attention to literature, and for years contrived to combine his city labours with what are usually known as literary pursuits; working busily at the one during the day, and scribbling away, just as busily, at the other at night. The story of Mr SIMS'S connection with *Fun* is still recollected in certain circles. When he left that paper, in company with its editor, Mr Sampson, most people thought that his career was at an end, but so far from this being so the event has proved of the most fortunate character, both for Mr Sampson and Mr SIMS. The *Referee* was started immediately afterwards, and it was in the columns of the *Referee* that the Man you Know first became celebrated. His "Dagonet" contributions, indeed, are possessed of a telling, incisive force, which rendered, and still render them, quite unique in London journalism. And it was in the *Referee*, and above the "Dagonet" signature, that he published the brilliant series of verses which have been since re-issued as "The Ballads of Babylon," as "The Dagonet Ballads," and as "The Lifeboat and other poems." But the *Referee* is not the only journal with which Mr SIMS is connected. He has contributed scores and scores of short stories to the *Weekly Despatch*, some of which have been republished under the suggestive titles of "The Three Brass Balls," "The Social Kaleidoscope," and "The Theatre of Life." Any notice of Mr SIMS would be incomplete without some allusion to the motive which underlies all his serious work. This is to plead for the poor; to

describe, in telling and appropriate words, the love and self-sacrifice which enoble lives spent in squalid alleys and filthy lanes; to discover, so far as in him lies, the soul of goodness which ever dwells in things evil. He delights above all things to mix among the people, to study them in their hours of work and their hours of play. Now and again during summer he will be found in Epping Forest among a crowd of Whitechapel children whom he has treated to a day's excursion, making them happy with a good dinner and a romp in the grass. Like all successful men Mr SIMS is a hard worker. Every day brings its appointed task; it even seems a question whether he could be idle if he tried. At present he is busy over a sensational play for the London Adelphi, which is being written in conjunction with Mr Henry Pettitt; and "The Merry Duchess," which is an "original comic opera," is advertised from his pen by Miss Kate Santley. Let us hope that, together with "The Glass of Fashion," the trio will make three successes which will rival those of "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," and "The Member for Slocum."

♦♦♦♦♦
METEOROLOGICAL.

(Scene—Fishing village on East Coast.)

1st Fisherman—Sic terrible wather this, ma boat haesna been oot for a month. I'll no stan't ony langer.

2nd do.—Whisht, whisht, Sauners, ye ken we have nae controul ower the wather. We're tell't that the win' blaweth whaur it listeth. Ye're a' wrang, a' wrang.

1st do.—A'm no sae wrang as ye think. Div ye no see that ever since thae Yankee gentry began tinkerin' wi' the wather, and sendin' ower word aboot storm after storm, there's been nae end tae them. I'll no stan't ony langer.

2nd do.—Whut'll ye dae?

1st do.—I'll pertest to Mr Gladstone tae pit the nippers on them, and when he tak's a dealin' wi' them they'll not continu't ony langer. At least if Beaconsfield had been livin' he wud sune 'a frichtit them.

♦♦♦♦♦
AN OLD SAW RESET.—"When Gael meets Gael then comes the tug of war." (*Vide* the altercation between Dr Mackenzie and the Rev. John M'Leod at the meeting of the Govan Parish School Board lately.)

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

The Spider and the Fly.

NEW VERSION.

"No Salary.—Lady (well educated) would take charge of Widower's Home where girl kept. Fond of children. Musical. Could assist with lessons. Excellent references."—*Advt.*

"MAY I walk into your parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly, "Full charge I'll take of house and bairns, and ask no salary. Well-educated am I, and can twang the gay guitar, Or sing to you, and excellent my references are.

"Of children I am very fond, particularly when They're motherless; and widowers, beyond all other men, I dote upon. So, pretty Fly, the day you will not rue When I assume the sceptre o'er your house, your chicks, and you!"

Thus spake the smiling Spider to the artful little Fly, Who laid his finger on his nose, and wank'd his wicked eye.

"No, thank you, Mrs Spider, though it's truly very kind Of you to freely undertake my house and bairns to mind.

"They say when once a Spider walks into a parlour, she Will never more walk out again, but takes root like a tree. I've no ambition just as yet to rest upon the shelf, But rather would be master still of house, and bairns, and self.

"Besides, it does not strike me, ma'am, as business-like or fair, In view of those accomplishments and references rare, To pay to their possessor not a cent of salary. So I fear that I must get you to excuse me," said the Fly.

* Past tense of "wink." *Vide* Mindley Lurray.

♦♦♦♦♦
"What, Never?"

SPEAKING at a bazaar in Edinburgh the other day, Captain Kennedy, of H.M.S. "Lord Warden," said that "he had never met with a single case of drunkenness in the army or navy in his many visits round the whole coast of Scotland." The BAILIE yields to no man in his admiration for the many excellent qualities of our soldiers and sailors, nor would he dream of casting an imputation upon Captain Kennedy's veracity, but he cannot help asking that gallant officer if, when he smells a case of naval or military intoxication in the air, he never turns his back, in order to avoid "meeting" it.

♦♦♦♦♦
HARMONY VERSUS THOROUGH BASS.

(Scene—Suburban hall; rehearsal of amateur orchestral society.)

Conductor (in anguish to double bass)—Ma conscience, that's no "B flat."

Double Bass (cheerily)—Weel, it's no far aff it. [Tableau.]

♦♦♦♦♦
A Very "Hot 'Gospeller'" (according to Granny)—The periodical circulated by the Very Reverend the Dean of Argyll and the Isles.

The "Odd" Man Out—"Jeems" (*vide* the requisition to the Lord Provost).

♦♦♦♦♦
FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

On 'Change.

STAGNATION in almost everything but iron shipbuilding has been the prevailing characteristic of business during the past week. The Easter holidays, becoming more and more observed in Scotland as the world grows older, are partly accountable for the slackness. They set men thinking that, as there was no particular encouragement to go into anything, they might just as well stop out, and they have remained out accordingly. Easter coming so early this year creates a balance against Scotland, for another close day, which does not exist in England, will fall due on 5th April. East wind has helped to aggravate the Easter dulness. It wafts vessels outward, but does not bring them in, and the harbour is unusually empty. Coalmasters, who are always afflicted with a grievance of some sort, use strong language about the wind, but it remorselessly cuts into them all the same, and so there is insufficient shipping to take off the supplies. Those gentlemen are at present between the coal waggons and the deep sea, to adapt an aged saw to present purposes.

If general business be slack, there is no lack of fresh schemes to absorb idle capital. Promoters are as plentiful as the proverbial blackberry. They are more numerous than blackberries at this season. Among the companies on the stocks, and said to be ready for launching, is the New Cicapra and Mercedes Gold Mining Co., Limited, with quarter of a million capital in the usual seductive form of £1 shares. The property is in Venezuelan Guayana. Remembering the unpaid interest on the external debt of Venezuela, and the constant commotions in the Republic since its formation in 1830, I am inclined to doubt whether many capitalists will risk their cash in a disturbed country so far from home.

More letters have reached me regarding the Clippens Oil Co., most of them, I feel bound to say, expressing confidence in that undertaking. The writers are feverishly desirous that I should be certified of the Company's having no damages or costs to pay in connection with the case lately decided in the House of Lords. My readers, many of whom I find to be pungent critics of my views, will kindly bear in mind that I expressly mentioned the fact of there being a "buffer" between Clippens and costs. Everybody knows who the "buffer" is, and I am therefore betraying no confidence when I mention Mr James Scott as the useful agency in question. With the merits of the dispute about the patent I have at present nothing to do. The case was conclusively settled in the House of Lords. I looked at the matter from a commercial point of view. I stated, and I believe I was the first if not the only one who did so, that Messrs Henderson & Kennedy, having won their case against the Clippens Co., would probably consider themselves entitled to recover damages for the use or abuse of their patent. What these damages may amount to, I cannot of course say. I understand that there were 192 retorts of the pirated patent working at Clippens and Pentland. The damages would depend upon the length of time they had been used. Supposing that they were in operation for even a limited period, and taking the price at 4s as given in the Clippens report, the Company might possibly have realised £20,000 or £25,000 out of the invention they had illegally appropriated. If the Company made that out of a patent belonging to another, it stands to reason that the other has a claim, and the Company, or the "buffer" of the Company, may have to meet it.

Sweden is blessed with at least one gentleman who can load a steamer and write the English language with propriety. He is desirous that these qualifications should obtain publicity, and I therefore have much pleasure in introducing him as Mr C. M. Röstlund of Söderhamn. His circular recommending himself, which he has kindly forwarded to me, is a model of elegance and modesty. According to himself he must be the only really sober man in Söderhamn, which from his account, cannot be truthfully called Soberhaven. A steamer entering that delightful harbour, I am informed, is "formally overflowed" by a crowd of adventurers, shipbrokers, pilots, "customofficers," "stewed ores," and "more others." They are, it seems,

"drunkards and good for nothing fellows, who spend the most part of the working-time on the ale-houses, or are on board drunk and unable to work." The shipbrokers I could understand, and even the "customofficers" came down to the level of my capacity after a little reflection, but the "stewed ores," and "more others" were a terrible conundrum. I thought of Marbella, and how delighted the shareholders would be if their hard Spanish ore could be stewed or boiled down to a consistency fitting it for use in ordinary furnaces. Presently it occurred to me that the expression "stewed ores," which occurs five times, and therefore cannot be a misprint, was intended to represent the much maligned "stevedore" of Swedish ports. When I can pick up a damaged Clan Liner cheap I intend to employ Mr Röstlund, who asks me to "telegraphize" before the arrival of the vessel, and winds up by saluting me "with great consideration." He has not given much consideration to the feelings of his neighbours, the Swedish "adventurers," who must feel highly gratified at the magnificent character he has given them.

SCRUTATOR.

VALUE RECEIVED.

(Scene—City Dentist's; Mrs M'Ilquham from the country has had her firmest grinder whipped out in one second.

Mrs M'I.—Hoo muckle's tae pay?

Dentist—Half-a-crown, mum.

Mrs M'I.—Hauf-a-crown! Ye don't mean it! The last ane I got oot was drawn by Jamie Tamson, the blacksmith, an' he hauled me three times roun' the smiddy an' jist charged me a shillin'! [Dentist gives discount]

A Mystery.

THOSE advertisers! Just listen to this, if you please:—"Pony wanted for its keep for a few months by a gentleman in the country about 13 hands. Well taken care of." Life is too short for the solution of such conundra—as the inventor of "omnibi" puts it; but one *would* be glad to know whether it is the gentleman, or the country, or what, that is—or has—"about 13 hands;" likewise, to what the "well taken care of" applies—the hands, the country, the gentleman, the months, the keep, the pony, or which?

DRY FEEDING. — The pastor of a certain Bridgeton congregation advertised the other day that his next evening's discourse would be devoted to "Feeding on Ashes." That's a sort of provender of which a good many congregations have considerable experience in various localities more pretentious than Bridgeton.

"The Gathering of the Clans"—The police soiree.

Ventilators—"Informers."

Honey, from 10½d per lb. The best place to buy Honey is at CAMPBELL'S, the City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 ST. VINCENT STREET.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE,—The "original comedy" of "Comrades," which is to be played to-night at the Royalty Theatre, is the work of Mr Brandon Thomas, a young actor who plays small parts at the St James's Theatre, and who accompanied the Kendals during their two last visits to Glasgow. He has been assisted in his work by Mr B. C. Stephenson, the writer of the St. James's comedy entitled "Impulse." "Comrades" possesses various striking situations, and one or two passages in which a good deal of pathos is developed. It deals, so far as its motive is concerned, with what is termed, on the French stage, the *filis naturel* question.

—o—

The new comedy, "The Glass of Fashion," by Messrs Sims and Grundy, the production of which at the Grand Theatre I mentioned last week, takes its title from a Society newspaper, whose editor succeeds in setting several people by the ears, and likewise gets into one or two scrapes himself. It is tersely and brightly written, and contains numerous clever character sketches, and various very effective situations. Among the company who will take part in its performance is Mr Owen Dove, who may be remembered for the part he sustained in "Flats," when that screaming farce was played, some months ago, on the Royalty stage. The role assigned to Mr Dove in "The Glass of Fashion" is not unlike that he played in "Flats." Mr Harry Fischer is the *Editor* of the cast.

Mr J. L. Shine, under whose direction "The Glass of Fashion" is to be produced, made his *debut* on the stage at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, in the October of '75. Subsequent to this he was for a short time a member of the stock companies of the Glasgow Prince of Wales Theatre, the Greenock Theatre Royal, and the Princesses, Manchester, at which latter house he was publicly complimented by Mr Phelps for his performance of *Lord Sands* in "Henry VIII." Another part in which he made a hit was *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, which he played to the *Viola* of Adelaide Neilson. Subsequently he played *Jacky* in "Never too Late to Mend," for 300 nights; went on our stage as principal comedian, first with Miss Jenny Lee, and afterwards with Miss Selina Dolan; and then joined Mr Hollingshead's company at the London Gaiety. In the autumn of 1881, he was engaged by Miss Kate Lawler to act in "The Member for Slocum," and exactly twelve months ago, at the Easter of '82, he organised a company of his own, for the performance of "The Member" and "Don Juan, Junior."

Mr Gilbert Tate occupies the post of general manager for Mr Shine.

—o—

Mr Beryl is continuing to run "The Black Flag" for another six nights at the Royal Princess's Theatre. Next Monday, Miss Adeline Stanhope will make her *debut* on the "boards" of the Princess's.

—o—

A very clever company has been organised for the performance at the Gaiety, to-night and during the week, of Lecocq's "Le Grand Casimir." It includes Misses Lizzie Mulholland and Constance Moxon, and Messrs "Wally" Fisher, Fred Newham, Fred Ferrani, and Edmund Lyons, together with that famous old stager, John Rouse. When "Le Grand Casimir" goes, it is to be followed, at Mr Heslop's house, by a production of "Guy Mannering."

—o—

How little some of our accepted educationists really know about education! Fancy a prominent member of our School Board one day last week venturing to place Garnethill School on the same level as that genuine secondary school, Hutcheson's Hospital. Could the force of folly further go?

—o—

How are the mighty fallen. I understand that one of the chiefs of the men in the great strike over the Caledonian Railway system having failed to secure his old position in the Company's service, was last week sworn in as a probationary constable by the city authorities, at the Central Police-office, Albion Street.

There were two Johns in the City Hall on Friday—the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P., and the Hon. John Ure, Lord Provost—and both were glorified, though in different degrees. John the great was more at home than on the previous day when installed as Lord Rector. He seemed easier in the frock-coat than under the toga; the municipal atmosphere was more congenial than the classic air of the University.

As for John the less—our gifted chief magistrate—he has developed into a species of junior Demosthenes. This is the fifth illustrious stranger on whom he has bestowed the Burgess ticket. He was cool and dignified on Friday, and read his essay with excellent effect.

Sir Wm. Collins, who sat on his left, between Messrs Holms and Marjoribanks, M.P.'s, listened pensively to the various speeches, and, ever eager to do good, turned his blue ribbon towards the assemblage, thereby showing that he was not as other men.

As for the other Bailies and Councillors they clustered round the chair beaming and inspired—a galaxy of stars—each with a dream of by-and-by rising into the first magnitude. Far away behind were the ex bailies and ex-councillors—lights gradually waning in the public gaze.

Lord Rosebery was as popular as ever and shone with steady radiance to the left of the chair—stouter and more serious than he was when single and less rich.

On the right was Principal Caird, a marked man in every way, and somewhat out of his element in that uncultured crowd.

One more orator was present in the person of the Town Clerk. Dr Marwick is doomed, in his official capacity, to be a listener, and very often to sad twadd'e, but on this occasion his was the privilege to speak. He was "called upon" to read the "resolution" of the Council agreeing to confer the "freedom" on Mr Bright, and he read it with as much dignity, as much solemn gravity as was employed of old by Bailie Dunlop when imposing a penalty of "sixty days" on some Police Court offender.

—o—

I am told that the Helensburgh Commissioners were anxious to dine with J. B. on Friday night, but didn't get through the gates of Cairndhu.

Three representatives of the press went up to Mr Tennant's house in West George Street on Friday to ask about the departure of Mr Bright. Two of them went in, the third remained outside. A policeman loitering around the door kept an eagle eye on the outside representative—just to see, of course, whether he would drop any dynamite down the area?

—o—

To many persons it is a conundrum how certain individuals manage to smuggle themselves into the reporters' seats on important occasions. The latest offender under this head is the senior pastor of a U.P. congregation in one of our southern suburbs. I use the term offender advisedly, because, when remonstrated with for inconveniencing the reporters at the City Hall last Friday, he replied by saying he was going to take notes. "Even ministers they have been kened."

—o—

The enormous expense entailed on the holder of the position of Lord Provost is, I understand, the subject of much present discussion in what is termed the "inner circle." We need not, therefore, be surprised if a term of one, instead of three years, should ere long be publicly mooted in more than one influential quarter; and with the example of the great English towns and cities—beginning with London—before us, the proposal seems a very feasible one.

Many of our wealthy merchants, on the other hand, seem to forget that the position, if discharged in a fairly creditable manner, while entailing considerable expenditure, carries with it now-a-days an almost certain knighthood, together with the city and county attentions that follow in the wake of a knighthood.

—o—

Hengler's Cirque is not to remain much longer tenantless. Sam Hague, who has been "there" before, is to put in an appearance at an early date with one of his troupes of burnt-cork minstrels.

The magisterial mind is at present much exercised by the question of ambulance drill for the police, and the magisterial time much occupied in inspecting model splints, bandages, &c., as the outcome of it all, besides giving some intelligent and useful help in cases of accident, each of our Auchrays and Dugalds will go forth from the Central armed not only with a baton to break heads, when necessary in self-defence, but with skill and bandages to at once blind up the heads they have broken—a sight which the oldest and most hopeful member of the Peace Society dared hardly dream of ever beholding. Various of the shrewder observers of this movement are prophesying that after attending a complete course of lectures, and a curriculum of, say three years' experience, following thereon, the enterprising and provident members of "ta force" who now leave it to start public-houses, will then leave it to open "doctor's shops."

Last week's Board of Trade inquiry was startling and interesting, but not funny. Mr Rothery, Wreck Commissioner, doesn't flinch. When the local justices preside no end of humour crops up in the course of their proceedings. On one occasion, for instance, a learned J.P. asked the Captain of an ill-fated ship why in the name of wonder he had not consulted his chart for the fog bank in which his vessel went astray; a second J.P. fell sound asleep under the soporific address of a legal agent; while a third, a Solon who deals in sweeties, had the modesty to dissent from the finding of the nautical assessors. If Mr Rothery will persist in coming to Glasgow the community will grow poorer in jokes.

W. A. Brown, our stalwart procurator fiscal, is eccentric in appearance, action, and speech. He indicates his peculiarities even in his libels—not libellous utterance against respectable humanity, but formal indictments against blackguardism. At last court, for instance, he charged a man with stealing "two odd ladies' boots" and "a boy's odd shoe." Mr B. you are surely very ungallant to designate the ladies "odd" and let the boy go free. Please give us an explanation.

What about the stone for the New Municipal Buildings? Have the Committee employed to report on it fallen asleep? Till the report is ready no progress can be made in the issuing of the schedules. This stone question is the more important—looking to the fact mentioned by Dr. Wallace, the City Analyst, that every 500 tons of solid masonry, when newly erected, contains 25 tons, or 5600 gallons of water, all of which evaporates towards the interior as readily as the outer air.

Mr Poole of panoramic popularity is no respecter of Fast-days. On Thursday the 5th prox.—the day set apart for humiliation and humbug—he will have both a morning and evening entertainment. He will respect scruples, so far, however, as to cut out the nigger and comic business for this day only; in its place he will substitute the Mendelssohn Quartette Party with some sacred selections.

It seems that it is ex-Bailie Dunlop we have to thank for the Convention of Burghs meeting to be held next week in our city. And not content with being the author of the conclave, the literary ex-magistrate has been busy arranging who are to be its members—has been urging, in short, the several burghs to appoint certain members of our Council who are safe men. Among others, he requested the Corporation of Jedburgh to appoint Bailie Dickson as one of its representatives. Unfortunately, however, the members of the Town Council of Jed. "didn't see it," and declined the honour suggested by their western brother with a good deal of Border bluntness.

The Lord Provost's contemplated Police Bill proposed to deal with one important question which suffers by delay. This is the licensing of Register Offices for Servants. Much dissatisfaction exists with the manner of conducting some of these establishments. The employers are far from pleased with the offices on the one hand; and the servants find them expensive, and frequently untrustworthy on the other.

If there be any truth in the report that the price of the *Cornhill Magazine* is about to be reduced to sixpence, I trust that the change is not prophetic of a proportionate reduction in quality. Perhaps I should say a permanent reduction in quality, since of late years there have been sad lapses from the standard of excellence fixed nearly a quarter of a century ago by William Makepeace Thackeray. Most of us remember the extraordinary enthusiasm evoked by the first appearance of the magazine, and the unprecedented circulation which it attained at a bound. Since then it has numbered among its contributors nearly every English master of fiction of this generation, living or dead, from Thackeray himself—which of us did not glory in "Philip," and sigh over the shattered promise of "Denis Duval?"—to Mr Hardy and Mr Black; its essays have been a series of literary cameos; and its gallery of illustrations has afforded a profitable field for the student of modern English art.

Of all the multitudinous latter-day periodicals "Cornhill" is still the only one of which men speak as they speak of "Blackwood," and as they used to speak of "Fraser." It is a national possession, and, that being so, we are justified in appealing to its conductors to guard their trust aright.

"Your ship's in two off Holyhead," was the telegram received t'other day by a well-known Glasgow shipowner. The horror of the intimation was somewhat modified for our friend, when a message came down from the post office, half-an hour later, to the effect that the word "two" was wrongly spelled, and should have read "tow."

Those of your readers who have perused—and probably been disappointed by—Mr William Black's latest novel, may have speculated as to the meaning of the dedication. I understand that it is intended as a tribute to the memory of William Barry, a young Irish *littérateur* who, before he was cut off in his prime, was an intimate friend of Mr Black, and from whom the character of Fitzgerald in "Shandon Belles" is supposed to have been, to some extent, drawn.

I understand that Professor Jebb's translation—which is in prose—of Sophocles, is rapidly approaching completion. Some ten years ago he published the "Electra" and the "Ajax," and these are largely esteemed by students of literature. When completed the Professor's version of the "mellow glory of the Attic Stage" will take its place beside the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Mr Andrew Lang and his scholarly coadjutors.

Messrs Robert M'Tear & Co. announce an important sale of modern pictures in the Royal Exchange Sale-rooms, on Thursday next. The collection includes large and characteristic examples of Israels, Pettie's "Serenader," and works by Corot, Daubigny, De Haas, Rosa Bonheur, Weber, and Schlesinger. The pictures will be on view to-morrow (Tuesday) and Wednesday. Q.

CUTTING THE GORDIAN KNOT.

(Conversation turns on the Clergy with the general conclusion that the ministry is a good job, the only drawback being that, in the event of a clergyman dying, his family might not be provided for.)

Thomas—What would be done in that case?
James (youngest member of the family, and possessing views on the subject of woman's rights)—Jist mak' the wife preach.

Bound to make a "Shine"—The Glass of Fashion.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky. 8s per gallon, 3s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street.

Quavers.

TO-NIGHT, the 27th, A. K. Gaul's cantata, "The Holy City," is to be reproduced by the choir connected with Greenhead U.P. Church. The solos are to be taken by Mrs Inglis, Miss Ferguson, and Messrs Howell and Keith. There will be a combined accompaniment of harmonium and piano—Mr Cornwall and Mr White—which arrangement will tell particularly well in this work. Mr A. D. Inglis conducts.

The choir of Campbell U.P. Church will give a performance of the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," on Tuesday, 3rd proximo. Mr W. Schofield, the organist of the church, will conduct, Mr T. Berry officiating at the instrument. To sing only a section of an oratorio is unusual, but reasonable enough, and certainly an improvement on the giving of extracts. On the same evening, the Uddingstone Society will produce Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen."

The annual service of sacred music by the choir of Trinity Congregational Church takes place on Friday evening the 30th inst. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" (music broad and yet refined and comparatively fresh) will be sung; likewise extracts from Costa, Schubert, and Handel. Mr James Greig will conduct as usual, and Mr T. Berry will accompany, and play some organ solos.

The performance of "Judas Maccabæus," on Tuesday last, by the Glasgow Musical Union, in the charge of Mr J. W. Tosh, was a fairly creditable one for so young a society. Mrs Williams, Miss Alice Young, and Messrs Muir and Duncan, took the solos—the air for contralto, "Father of heaven," by the second named lady, being encored. Little more can be said in the meantime as regards the chorus. To be effective and useful for oratorio, its strength should be considerably increased.

On Thursday evening, the "Greenock Jubilee Choir"—an odd title rather, though musical in sound, if vague in meaning—gave a concert of sacred music. The selection was in good taste, and included one or two compositions—such as Bach's "I wrestle and pray"—which are comparatively unfamiliar. Mr Moffat conducted.

The chamber concert by Mdlle. Lippmann, on Monday evening last, is chiefly to be noticed, at this distance of time, for the reason that the taste for this class of music seems really to be growing. Mdlle. Lippmann (more congruously Fraulein Lippmann, we should think) is a really clever, skilful, and sympathetic pianist, if as yet, and not unnaturally so, a little unequal. Mozart, with his romance and feeling, was more successful in the player's hands than Scarlatti, with his cold evenness. The violin and 'cello parts in the concerted music were fairly satisfactory; the former instrument, however, being often faulty in intonation, especially in solo. The vocal solos and quartetts lent agreeable and appropriate variety.

"Judas Maccabæus" seems a great favourite with choral societies, doubtless from its tunefulness and comparative simplicity. A very good performance of the warlike oratorio was given by the Vale of Leven Choral Society on Thursday evening, in Alexandria Public Hall, the choristers showing that not alone in the game of football is the Vale to be considered eminent. The attack on musical points was decided and vigorous; the volume of tone was ample, fresh, and round; and but for the occasional faults of pronunciation, which we would recommend the able conductor—Mr Love—to see to, the choral part of the work would have left little or nothing to be desired. The pronunciation of *oo*, for example, as if it were the French *eu*, is a sad and frequent blemish in our western choral societies.

The Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society, under Mr W. M. Miller, announce a concert for the Fast night, which falls on the 5th proximo. Selections are to be given from "Samson" and "St. Paul."

Glasgow's Motto Last Week—Honour Bright

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

George on His High Horse.

MR GEORGE ANDERSON'S success in enlisting Royalties and Senates on the side of himself and the doves—sweet and suggestive association!—has rendered him a little "cocky," or, perhaps, we should say "blue-rocky." In the House of Commons last week he sternly rebuked the Lord Advocate for allowing official information to leak out in an irregular manner, and when the erring functionary pleaded meekly that "he had not seen," "he had no idea," "he was not aware," George was down upon him like several cartloads of bricks. The reply, he said, "was not sufficient," and the Lord Advocate must "take steps" to be a better boy for the future. "I shall take steps," murmured poor Mr Balfour still more meekly, and shrivelled up under the haughty glare of—the future Minister for Scotland!

LEST MEN SUSPECT YOUR TALE UNTRUE, KEEP BOBADILITY FROM VIEW.

First, read with abhorrence the story of Florence,
Then, with abatement of zeal in her statement,
Next, is the diction of fact, or of fiction?

"Off the Plumb."

A RATHER startling statement was made by one of the witnesses in the Govan School Board case last week. Asked why he had not drawn attention to the fact, which he had noticed, that the columns of the fated shed were "off the plumb," Mr Thomas Richmond replied that "if he had done so he would have been just laughed at, because everybody going along the streets of Glasgow saw hundreds of buildings standing in that way." If that be the case—though the BAILIE confesses that the circumstance has not come under his observation in the course of his "rambles round Glasgow"—then, the sooner those hundreds of buildings are looked after the better, that's all.

MARCH WEATHER.

Mr Campbell—Cold weather, Donald!

Donald—Yiss, yiss, Mr Cam'ell. But she's not so pad nor as long forbye as when I wass a lad, when there was six weeks of it and more in March whateffer!

The prevailing high winds on Sunday last were as might have been forecasted—altogether Easter-ly.

A "Bright" Display—The students' torch-light procession.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Bright week passed off successfully. That the students behaved themselves better than clergymen at a Presbytery meeting.

That Lord Provost Ure has had another opportunity of delivering a biographical and historical address.

That Lord Rosebery will be the next burgess.

That his installation will take place when he is appointed Minister for Scotland.

That Mr Tennant, M.P., thinks the double event is in the near future.

That, seeing his relations with the Premier, he ought to know the Cabinet secrets.

That some people contrived to make capital out of Mr Bright's visit.

That an ex-Lord Provost and the irrepressible Hon. Secretary were all over the shop.

That they succeeded in presenting an address.

That they also succeeded in extracting a speech from the Lord Rector.

That the address was enclosed in a case of the finest turkey-red morocco.

That the "case was made by Messrs Wm. Collins, Sons, & Co., Limited, Herriot Hill Works, the chairman of which is Sir William Collins."

That there is nothing like getting a good advertisement on the cheap.

That the Infirmary students gave a concert last week.

That "Ha, ha, the Ewen o't" was not one of the concerted selections.

That we are told "perfect harmony prevailed."

That it is a long time since perfect harmony prevailed in the same institution.

That the Delinquency Board are sorely exercised over the imprisonment of children.

That something like a scene took place at last meeting.

That the public are paying for a couple of homes wherein to house the juvenile criminal.

That these are the prison and the reformatory.

That the latter seems to be a failure.

USE AND PROFIT.—The Paisley police found a little matter of sixteen bottles of whisky and fifty of beer in a labourer's house the other day, and accused him of shebeening, when he protested that he kept the liquor for his own use. Of course he did! And not only for his own use, but for his own profit as well!

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

The Philanthropic "Missing Link." IN his long-deferred letter of quasi-explanation to the *Herald* Mr William Quarrier describes himself as "the missing link of the philanthropy of Scotland." This frank admission should rejoice the shade of Darwin, and the BAILIE compliments William upon his courageous candour. His Worship has had his suspicions, but politeness has forbidden their expression. Now, however, that Mr Quarrier has confessed himself to be the long-lost half-brother of humanity, we can shake hands all round and have a fresh deal.

"Fetching."

THE BAILIE is much too old a bird to be caught, as a rule, by the flaunting prospectuses of new limited liability companies, dangled cunningly before the eyes of readers of the morning papers; but even the Magisterial caution is not invulnerable. What say you to a gold-mining company, recommended by the Venezuelan Minister to the Court of St. James's, who is, "forbye," a Marquis, and who dates his puff, "37 Rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris?" "Beneficence Street!" That does it! What, ho, Secretary! Write for a thousand shares—quick, ere it be too late!

SUCH NAMES MINGLE.—The first signature appended to the Liberal Association's address to Mr Bright is that of William Collins, *Knt.* "Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself." So said Master Poin of another signature, and—tell it not in Gath!—that signature was John Falstaff, knight. "O day and (k)night! but this is wondrous strange!"

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.—It would be interesting to know whether last week's industrious advertisers of their desire to sell "Tickets for Bright's speech" were among the young gentlemen who protested so vigorously, and with so much virtuous indignation, against the Senate's threatened invasion of their "rights."

PROPER, BUT UNDIGNIFIED.—In the course of a leader last week the *Herald* remarked that "the proper answer" to a certain observation would be, "And what for no?" Strictly proper, old lady, but hardly befitting the dignity of "leading type," eh?

A Bright Lookout for the Ten(n)ants.—Towards the Lord-Rector's visit.

Lent.—Returned.

Dixie's Land—The Fishery.

NEW SPRING TWEEDS

FOR
THE CELEBRATED 15/6 TROUSERS.

The Unparalleled Demand for the "Desideratum" Trousers has compelled us to make ampler provision than ever for the Spring Season's Trade. We are now showing the Largest Range of High-Class Scotch and West of England Tweeds that can be seen in any Tailoring Establishment in the Kingdom, and which for value surpasses anything we have hitherto offered.

It has been our determination from the first that the "Desideratum" Trousers should maintain the very foremost place for quality, style, and value; and having accomplished this, we have also excelled in the quantity sold. Gentlemen favouring us with their orders may rely on seeing all the newest prevailing styles procurable in the market, and on our losing no opportunity of improving, where that is possible, the superior value we already give.

FORSYTH,

MAKER OF THE
DESIDERATUM TROUSERS,
13 AND 17 RENFIELD ST.

FRESH WATER FISHING TACKLE,

Wholesale and Retail.

SALMON FLIES, BEST SPLIT WING TROUT FLIES;
Made-up FLY CASTS for River and Loch Fishing.Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Tackle Boxes, Phantoms, Bait
Tackle, Baskets, Bags, Waders, Live and Artificial Bails, &c.*Flies tied o Pattern on the Premises.*WM. ROBERTSON (From Kelso on Tweed),
CENTRAL ARCADE, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

MITCHELL & CO.'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best
in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors'
Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167
St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

W H I S K Y,

From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES,
3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and
20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

J. H. DEWAR,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANT,47 ROSE STREET, GARNETHILL (Corner of Buccleuch St.),
190 ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (Opposite West Princes Street).
Sole Proprietor of the Famed GLENGYLE WHISKY.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.

Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced
during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

FINEST GENUINE OLD

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DUBLINW H I S K Y,
PHENIX PARK DISTILLERY, DUBLIN.

The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS—These
Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from
impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider
that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this
Company is to be met with."

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THE BALMORAL HOTEL

(SCOTCH HOUSE.)

229 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Central for Business and Pleasure.

BEDROOM, BREAKFAST, and ATTENDANCE, 4s 6d
No Extras.

FAMILY BOOT SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Pur-
chased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the
Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS
in Premises

109 UNION STREET,

Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

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CELEBRATED FLOORCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS are Sold
by all Carpet Warehousemen and Upholsterers. FLOORCLOTH
8 yards wide, and LINOLEUM, 4 yards wide, without a seam.

Wholesale Warehouses in London, Manchester, Paris, and at
GLASGOW.*N.B.—Beware of Imitations. See the Trade Mark—Three
Scotch Thistles stamped on the back of Patterns and Goods.*

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58 MITCHELL ST. & 57 BUCHANAN ST.

REFRESHMENT AND LUNCHEON BAR

PURVEYORS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.
CHAS. SHORTHILL, PROPRIETOR.

EARLY LAMB.—A Regular Supply at

JAMES BUTTERS,

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SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

WILLIAM M'DOUGALL

Baker, Cook, and Confectioner,

Purveyor of Marriage Dinners and Evening Parties.

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JAMES HENDERSON,

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

145 ARGYLE STREET,

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HOY'S RESTAURANT,

252 SAUCHIEHALL ST., near Corporation Galleries.

Breakfasts, Luncheons, Dinners, Teas.—Ladies' Room.

Purveyor of Marriage, Dinner, and Evening Parties.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,

PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise

and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from
Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.

REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

"TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY."

EXANTALINE never fails to cure Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain or the slightest inconvenience during use. Price 1s, or by Post for 1s 1d.—from the Only Maker, CHARLES B. FLINT, Chemist, Byars Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28th, 1883.

THE proposal pressed upon Lord Provost **URE**, that he would consent to serve the community for other three years, or even one or two years, as Lord Provost, has, after full consideration, not met with his favourable judgment. Perhaps by the time this is published, the decision of his Lordship may have been officially announced; at anyrate, for the past few days it has been an open secret in fairly well-informed circles. In coming to the conclusion he has arrived at, his Lordship would seem to have been guided by that sterling good sense, the exercise of which has done so much to encourage the strong and general desire for his further services. Putting aside the self-sacrifice involved in acceding to the requisition—which would not weigh much, if anything, with one of Mr **URE**'S tried public spirit—he perhaps saw that there would be as many difficulties in November, 1884, as in November, 1883, in finding a fitting occupant for the Provost's chair, and that the many important services he has rendered the community might be obscured, and the memory of their value shortened, if he established a precedent which might work as inconveniently in the future as it would have wrought in the near past, had there been the justification of such a precedent to point to.

OTIUM, COME DIG.

At last the Municipal Buildings commenc'd are,
They're digging the "found," and the boundaries fenc'd are,
Excepting the Chapel now nothing's remaining
Of any old houses; and should it be raining
Whenever there's laid that chief stone, the "foundation,"
(Of speeches, processions, and feasts, the occasion)
By, say the Lord-Provost, or whatever fella,
The Chapel may serve as a broad spread umbrella.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—That Mr Bright addressed the students as Lord-Rector, and *not* as an agent of the Peace-at-any-price-Society; and that in the City Hall he said so much about the "Corn" Laws in compliment to the Lord-Provost.

The man for the "Glass of Fashion"—Mr J. L. Shine.

Faux Pas or Fore Paws.

WHEN Granny made that terrific onslaught upon Dr Morton the other day, the old lady remarked that the rash M.D. had let the cat out of the bag. The foolish doctor retorted by threatening, boisterously, that the whole cat was not out, but only its fore paws, as if some horrible force existed in the hidden hind legs. Whether he meant that the concealed dynamite was stored in the four paws does not appear, but there is an absolute certainty that the imprudent medico, and the Horse of Knowledge to boot, in thus executing a separate *pas seul* for the amusement of irreverent Philistines, have each made a *faux pas*.

The Professor in "Dixie's" Land.

AT the Educational Endowments meeting last week Professor Ramsay got on his hind legs and said he "had had no intention of speaking." It is a pity the Professor did not carry out that intention, since Mr Cuthbertson's home truths had the effect of unchaining his imagination, and causing him to indulge in—well, the proper word will be found in the *Dixie-onyary*. Old students will be able to pick out the proper term for themselves when the *BAILIE* mentions that Mr Ramsay denied point-blank that elementary classes are taught in the University.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Mr John Campbell, a Fifeshire engineer in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, has, says a morning paper, just had the rank of "Bey" conferred upon him. The good folks of the "kingdom" will hardly recognise their old friend, when he comes to see them, as "Campbell Bey." So—happy thought!—suppose he takes, for the nonce, the title of "Firth of Tay!"

"THE PLIMSOLL MARK."—In the course of its review of "Poems and Songs," by the *BAILIE*'S friend Mr Wingate, a contemporary remarked last Thursday that "he would be bold who might dare to put the Plimsoll mark on the Scotch argosy." Is this a polite way of saying that it's difficult to decide when a Scot has "had plenty?"

LITERARY ITEM.—*On dit* that a well-known literary lady of title is about to publish a new work. It will be a sequel to "In the Land of Misfortune," and will be entitled either, "In the Land of Imagination," or, more shortly, "Dixie's Land."

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Our Police Chiefs—3.

CHANCE fills human vocations in the strangest way. To see Mr Baker ununiformed, no stranger would imagine him a policeman and the Superintendent of the Eastern division. With his calm countenance and serenity of manner he looks more like a Methodist minister—one accustomed to handle the Bible rather than the baton. The police court is the favourite department of his office. He is at home there, and finds a regal delight in the reading of legal indictments and listening to the solemn intonation of his own voice. Not a syllable is out of order, not a word mispronounced. The Bench admires and envies, witnesses feel themselves under the power of a Demosthenes, and unhackneyed prisoners stare in astonishment at their eloquent arraigner. A long libel, full of obscure phraseology and serpentine intertwinements is the Captain's luxury. He revels in it. It gives him scope for a display of his elocutionary graces. More of a reader is he than a debater. He has a contempt for—or a way of looking down on—the subtleties of pettifoggers—if not for the untechnical knowledge of a Bailie. He will urge a point with precision and firmness, but if the view is not adopted the Superintendent throws aside his document with a sublime indifference, and the faintest smile of pity for magisterial ignorance. Sometimes—but only when the spirit moves him—he will attempt a joke, but he does not insist on its appreciation. He is an Englishman, or rather a reputed Englishman, residing among an uncouth race where the "surgical operation" on the head is necessary for the reception of wut. Therefore, when the mood of humour is on him while acting as fiscal, he only hints a *jeu d'esprit* in case his Honour be a practical, unspiritual mortal. Mr Baker is the personification of conscientiousness. His grand aim in life is to perform his duty thoroughly. His faculties fitted him for a higher sphere, but the fates made him a constable. Thrown into this rugged region he gave attention to the details of his work and got promotion. A razor is no implement to cut blocks with, and a nature finer than the common is not the material for a burly Bobby. It therefore required an effort on the part of Mr Baker to satisfy the demands of his post—not from the want of abilities but from the possession of some culture. He wears a wig of the blackest—which adds fierceness to his aspect; into the slight wrinkles of his forehead he has ingrained severity; kindled is every

latent spark of fire in his eye; strengthened is his voice with chest tones; and straightened and stretched to the utmost is his square-set figure. He is a picture of uncompromising dignity. His officials cannot grow familiar. The ordinary constable stands abashed before him as he makes the regulation obeisance. By dint of perseverance Superintendent Baker fills his office to a nicety, and has gained respect among his fellows as an able chief. Inside and outside, the details of his work are at his fingers ends. He knows to a tittle the clerical drudgery, and with every public-house—in a licensing connection—and every man in his district he is well acquainted. It is a rowdy part of the city and its roughs are difficult to quell, but neither Orange nor Ribbon man dares presume too much on the leniency of Captain Baker. Occasional riots have served to reveal his capacity and his power. Never did he shirk the risk of stones and missiles from a mad mob. Yet with all his apparent heroism you can fancy him of tender soul—one who, when the robe of office is laid past, could don *deshabille* and slippers and amuse himself with "Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses." He is one of the Wise men of the East, and that dense district would be poorly respectable without the light of his countenance.

FROM THE WELL OF UNDEFINED "SAXON."—When the Lord Rector said "that one touch of nature makes the whole earth kin," there was a cry of "quite right." If our "friend" was quoting the "Troilus and Cressida" of Shakspeare, he was not "right" but wrong, the whole "world" not "earth" being what the wise Greek was speaking of.

ONE WAY OF "PUTTING" IT.—The members of a certain Glasgow athletic club dined together the other evening, we are told, "in true golfing style." His Worship is unable to say what is exactly implied by dining in a "golfing" style, but it sounds uncommonly suggestive. Let's hope none of the diners got—"golfed"!

A Woman with a "Flo" of Soul—Lady Dixie.

A Double Event—Lady Day and Easter Day falling on the same Sunday.

Two Grand Old Men you Know.—John A. Mann and John-ny Bright.

"The Glass of Fashion"—"Dooch-an-dhorris."

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

Megilp.

THERE is no falling-off in the number of visitors to the Institute Galleries, and this is very gratifying, as evidence of the popularity of the Exhibition. The sales seem still to be dull.

Nine thousand pictures have this year been sent to the Salon. The sculpture is yet to arrive.

A conference—the last one of the season—was held in the Art Club on Saturday evening. The chief speaker was Robert Greenlees, the President of the Club, and an interesting and instructive discussion followed his opening remarks. Next Thursday evening is fixed for the monthly conversazione, which, just as Saturday's conference wound up the conferences, will wind up the conversaciones of the present spring.

The coming London exhibitions are the prevailing topics of conversation in our local studios. Hitherto the Academy has been the May collection in the metropolis to which Glasgow artists have mainly contributed, but this year numbers of them propose to send to the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours as well.

David Murray's "Grass Cutters at Lochwinnoch," with its splendid evening sky, and long lengths of level lake, on either side of which are thickly wooded, undulating banks, goes to the Grosvenor Gallery. One of the more telling points of this remarkable picture—the finest yet painted by Mr Murray—is the skill displayed by the artist in placing the spectator so that he shall stand with his back, so to speak, to the sunset, and shall yet face the Alp-like masses of rosy cloud which hang low and large in the firmament. "Spring at Tillietudlem"—spring with its tenderness, its sunshine, and its wealth of blossoming trees—is Mr Murray's Academy picture.

A solemn, suggestive landscape has been painted by A. K. Brown for Burlington House. In the foreground is a flat, reedy shore, on which browse one or two sheep. A length of sea occupies the middle distance; then a wooded promontory; and beyond a range of hills. The sky overhead is heavy with cumulus cloud, which grows menacing and thunderous as it nears the horizon. Never before has Mr Brown displayed so much boldness in subject, or such breadth and solidity of treatment, as in this impressive work. "In the Shadow of the Ben," an upright canvas with an effect of early morning light, is a second picture intended by Mr Brown for the Academy, while he proposes sending a large Clyde landscape to the Water Colour Institute.

Two finely contrasted pictures have been painted for the Academy by William Young. These are "Grange Village, Borrowdale," and "The Head of Loch Carron." Both are picturesque scenes, but while the one is redolent of the grace and beauty and completeness which constantly pervade a Cumberland landscape, the other has the air of distance and romance we insensibly associate with the Ross-shire highlands. "Pooley Bridge, Ullswater," and the "Head of Windermere," are the subjects of Mr Young's Institute drawings.

Alexander Davidson has sent "Old Letters," one of his most successful water colour works, to the Institute; his Academy contributions will probably be a "Puritan in the House of a Cavalier"—a single figure, instinct with character and painted with great care; and a delicate and tender picture, which has a "Scottish Lassie" for its subject.

One of Wellwood Rattray's Academy pictures is a bright, crisp study of woodland, made during the present spring at Roseneath; and another is a large and striking landscape, a combination of lake and woodland and mountain. It is just possible that he may likewise send to London a country scene with figures, which contains a fine effect of daylight.

A large seaside picture with figures, capitally composed, and painted with much strength and vigour, will be sent to the Academy by Andrew Black. Its subject is kelp-gathering on the west coast of Ireland.

The rumour aent the coming artistic wedding, mentioned in this column last week, is, it seems, quite unfounded. As is only proper, therefore, this contradiction of the story is accompanied with every apology to the painter whose name was alluded to in connection with it.

Jute and "Tick."

A DUNDEE clerk has twice made his bow to Sheriff Cheyne, and nonchalantly owned to indebtedness to "butchers, poulterers, fish-mongers, greengrocers, bakers, dairymen, confectioners, druggists, umbrella-makers, music-sellers, ironmongers, china-merchants, coal-merchants, cab-proprietors, booksellers, news-agents, photographers, jewellers, fancy-goods merchants, Dundee Laundry Company, &c." Observe the " &c. " ! This commercial directory prompts little Snobkins, who occupies a stool in the establishment of Messrs Chutney, Rupee, & Co., East India merchants, Vicegerent Street, to remark that Dundee must be the headquarters of confidence as well as jute. "In Glasgow," he adds feelingly, "a fellow has to move heaven and earth in order to get a pair of new 'bags' on tick!"

A Sporting Offer.

UNDER the heading, "Matrimony," some fellow advertises in the *Herald* his desire to "correspond with Christian Lady of 22 with means." Whereanent Peter, in his usual vein of ribaldry, offers to bet ten to one that, if the "means" were only "good enough," this scrupulous advertiser would be willing to sink the Christianity and the youth, and go in for a Hindoo Begum of sixty! (Note.—Between the reader and the BAILIE, his Worship would feel inclined to lay even longer odds—if, instead of being a sedate and moral Magistrate, he were a frivolous, unregenerate "sporting character.")

"VARIUM ET MUTABILE—!"—Somebody advertises in a morning contemporary for a "female twister." The attention of young Romeo Toots was called to this demand, and that blightedest of beings laughed sardonically. "A 'female twister?'" quoth he. "A feminine serpent? Go seek Mary Jane M'Jilt, and you will behold the article in all its tortuous and deceptive perfection!"

Frost Bitten—The would-be Councillor in the "hornet's nest."

CAUTION. — Beware of the PARTY offering imitations of MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S Pens.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The PICKWICK, the OWL, and the WAVERLEY Pen."
—*Oban Times*,

For fine writing try the Commercial Pen, and
The Hindoo Pens, Nos. 1, 2, 3,
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Quarrying Parnassus.

MR WILLIAM QUARRIER does not often "drop into poetry," but, when he does, it is to some purpose. *Ecce signum.* Talking of the bold, bad men who confess to a weakness for balance-sheets, he says witheringly, "In fact, they are so in love with officialism they want"—here followeth the poetry—

"An official to teach them how to eat,
An official to watch them when they sleep,
An official to comfort them if they sigh,
An official to bury them when they die."

There's a shaky rhyme in that first couplet, William, my boy; but for a maiden effort, the stanza will pass. Try again, and send the result to the *Nineteenth Century*. That's the sort of thing they like there,

ALARMING EFFECTS OF "CONVERSION."

At a recent "Salvation Army" meeting in St. Andrew's Halls it was announced that "twenty converted bandsmen would play, sing, and speak." "Converted," quotha! The "Salvation" bandsmen are a sufficient nuisance, in all conscience, when they confine themselves to "playing," but if the effect of "conversion" is to set them "singing" and "speaking" too—well, in that case, the BAILIE would rather have 'em unconverted, thank you!

The Triple Alliance—Fenianism, Socialism, and Nihilism.

The Legion of Honour—Honest business men.
Easter Week.—Nor'-easter strong.

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Day admission, 9 to 6, 1s; Evening, 7 to 10, 6d.

SEASON TICKETS Now Ready—

Family, £1 1s; Single, 7s 6d.

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THIRD ANNUAL CONCERT

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Under the Patronage and in the Presence of the VERY REV. THE PRINCIPAL AND PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

IN THE LOWER HALL OF THE MUSEUM,
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 28TH MARCH, 1883.

Selections from

"ANTIGONE" and "CEDIPUS."—*Mendelssohn.*

CHORUS OF 70 VOICES.

ORCHESTRA OF 30 PERFORMERS.

Leader—Mr W. H. COLE.

Conductor—Mr MONTAGUE SMITH.

Tickets—Reserved and Numbered, 5s; Reserved, 3s; Unreserved, 1s—at Messrs Muir Wood & Co, 42 Buchanan Street

THE GLASS OF FASHION.
GRAND THEATRE,
COWCADDENS, FACING NEW CITY ROAD.
Responsible Manager and Director.....Mr THOS. W. CHARLES.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION.	FIRST TIME OF A NEW SOCIETY COMEDY, By GEO. R. SIMS and SYDNEY GRUNDY. MR J. L. SHINE	THE GLASS OF FASHION.
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As *John Macadam* in "The Glass of Fashion," and *Pedrillo* in "The New Don Juan, Ju(a)nior."

The Popular Comedian, MR J. L. SHINE,
Supported by his Comedy and Burlesque Company.

TO-NIGHT AT 7-30; SATURDAYS AT 7.

Production, for the First Time on any Stage, of an Original
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By Geo. R. Sims and Sydney Grundy.

To Conclude with the New Eastern Extravaganza, by
Robert Reece and Edward Righton, Entitled

THE NEW DON JUAN, JU(A)NIOR

Box Office Open at Donaldson's, 91 St. Vincent Street, from
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Extra-Price Door in Stewart Street Open Half-an-hour Earlier
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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
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FIRST PRODUCTION IN THE PROVINCES,

After Successes at Vienna, Paris, and London, of

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The Opera will be preceded at 7-30 by a Favourite Comedietta.
Prices as usual.

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ST. ANDREW'S HALL,

THURSDAY EVENING (FAST NIGHT), 5th APRIL, 1883.

GRAND ORATORIO CONCERT.

Selections from HANDEL'S

"SAMSON" and MENDELSSOHN'S "ST. PAUL."

PRINCIPALS:

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FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

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For the First Time in the Provinces, the New and Original
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Together with a New and Original Burlesque,
THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
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Box Plan Open at Muir Wood's and Theatre, from 11 till 3.
MONDAY, 2nd APRIL, 1883, Engagement of Mr LYTTON
SOTHERN, who will appear as LORD DUNDREARY
and DAVID GARRICK.

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CONCERTS.**

SATURDAY, 31st MARCH. 1883.

To encourage Proficiency in Solo Singing by Amateurs—
SECOND GREAT GOLD MEDAL COMPETITION OF
SOLO VOCALISTS.

EIGHT COMPETITORS, selected by the Judges at the
Test Competition of 6th January last, as of special excellence.
Each Competitor is required to sing a Sacred Solo, an English
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Mr T. S. STEVENSON, Edinburgh, Tenor.
Mr WM. MONTEATH, Tillicoultry, Tenor.
Mr JOHN PERKINS, Edinburgh, Tenor.
Mr W. L. COCKBURN, Fraserburgh, Baritone.
Mr PETER S. DODDS, Leith, Baritone.
Mr GEORGE SPRAGGAN, Glasgow, Bass.
Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

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SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S CANTATA,
THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA,
and MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The Rev. JOHN BRAND will preside.

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Conductor,.....Mr FRANK SHARP.
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ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. have received instructions to Sell the above, by Auction, in the Royal Exchange Sale-Room, North Court, St. Vincent Place, on Thursday, 29th March, at One o'clock.

On Private View (by invitation) To-day (Tuesday, 27th March), and on Public View on Wednesday, 28th March.

Catalogues (price 6d) may be had on application to the Auctioneers.

Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 27th March, 1883.

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Prices, 7d per Gill, 3s per Bottle, or 18s per Gallon.

Can only be had from the Proprietor—

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GREAT MILLINERY SALE.

THE HIGH-CLASS STOCK of the PARIS

MILLINERY COMPANY is now offered at Great Reductions, owing to the Business being Discontinued, presenting a very favourable opportunity to Purchasers. The Stock, as is well known, is one of the finest in the City, and must be Realised within the next Two Months, as the Premises are Let.

103 ST. VINCENT STREET.

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TO THE QUEEN.



CHRONOMETER
MAKERS
TO THE
ADMIRALTY.

JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS,
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Have completed arrangements for the manufacture and supply of First-class Gold Keyless Lever Watches, at the following prices:—

Open Face, Gold Dial, Plain Cases, . . .	£13 10 0
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" with Richly Engraved Cases, . . .	14 10 0
Hunting Cases, Plain, £16 10s; Engraved, £17 10s.	

These Watches are guaranteed to be entirely English make of the best quality, and to be accurate Time-keepers.

The recognised advantages of the Keyless work on high priced watches induced them to attempt the production of a good Keyless Watch at a Low Price, and having succeeded, we can with entire confidence recommend those now offered.

Priced Catalogue of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Silver and Electro-Plated Goods, Free by Post on application.

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New Edition, Price 15s, Elegantly Bound,

KYLE'S SCOTTISH LYRIC GEMS,
CONTAINING 225 SCOTCH SONGS.

Words and Music, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by
T. S. GLEADHILL.

"This volume is worth a hundred of the books of music which contain songs of the present day."—*Scotsman*.

JOSEPH FERRIE,

Music Publisher, 4 Bath Street; and all Book and Musicsellers.

AT PAWNBROKING and FURNITURE

SALE ROOMS, 309 ARGYLE STREET, (Corner of Robertson Street), GREAT CLEARING SALE, previous to acquiring Additional Premises and Alterations, of the well-known Varied and Valuable Stock of Second-hand Goods; Watches, from 15s to £90 sterling; Silks, Satins, Seal Jackets, Cutlery, Spoons, Men and Women's Wearing Apparel, Chests, Drawers, Wardrobes, &c, and the Stock too varied to detail. The Largest Establishment of the kind in Great Britain.—Come and see the contents of the 12 Windows, Corner of Robertson Street, 30 Argyle Street.

CENTRIFUGAL Gold Hunting, Centre

Seconds and Seconds, Keyless Independent Watch; the centripally rebounding seconds, and superior workmanship of this watch combined, the paucity of the number made, renders it invaluable to the sportsman, marine, or professional gentleman; a bargain. Pawnbroking Sale-Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

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seconds and seconds, Keyless Chronographic Watch; maker makes to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince of Wales; appropriate for medical, professional, or sporting gentlemen; a bargain.—Pawnbroking Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

BLACK Cloth Suits, Black Cord Suits, and

250 Tweed Suits at half price of usual charges in new shops. The goods are new, by special arrangement, at Pawnbroking and Furniture Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street.

HUNTER & SON, Auctioneers, Property,

Land, and Business Agents, having a fair Inquiry for Heritable Property and Businesses for Sale, Parties having the above for Disposal and entrusting them with the Sale thereof will tend to their own interest.—74 Robertson Street.

GLASS AND CHINA.—M'DOUGALL &

SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Minton's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Doulton Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatti's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kiln which we have recently erected in our Workshop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paintings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,
Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

WILLIAM HUME,

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THE NEW CLEANSING AND PURIFYING FLUID,

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For General Laundry, Household, and other Purposes.

May be had of all Grocers, &c.

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TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c.

J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of CHORAL MUSIC, embracing all the Standard and Newest ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS, Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.

Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.

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WEST-END FURNITURE BRANCH AND STORES—
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Well Ventilated and Dry Stores or Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates. Head Office—Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place.

KERR'S NEURALGIC CONE.—A valuable

preparation for the cure of Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Earache, Tic-Doloureux, &c., by outward use. One application giving immediate relief. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker, CHAS. KERR, Chemist, Dundee. Price, 1s 6d; by post, 1s 8d.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.

RALSTON & SONS,

141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141

AND

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

MARCH! MARCH! MARCH!

THE LAST WEEK OF MARCH, 1883.

A SPECIAL AND EXTRAORDINARY WEEK OF BARGAINS.

THIS DAY, AND TILL MARCH 31,

WE OFFER GOODS AT PRICES NO OTHER HOUSE DARE ATTEMPT.

SPECIAL TO GENTLEMEN.

Gentlemen's Dress Hats, 7s 11d, 9s 11d, 12s 6d, 14s 6d, and 17s 6d. Gentlemen's Felt Hats, 4s 6d, 5s 6d, 7s, and 8s 6d. We are now showing the very latest styles for the coming summer; our assortment is simply magnificent. Mr Binnie is determined more than ever to merit the extraordinary patronage this Department has received. *It is a positive fact* that fifty per cent. more than our prices is charged by the ordinary Retail Hatters in this city. It is also a positive fact that we are the first in showing the New Styles as they are brought out in London and Paris. No retailer can show one tithe of the styles we offer. Gentlemen's Gloves, Dent's best makes, wholesale prices; Gentlemen's Shirts, Pants, Braces, Scarfs, Umbrellas, &c., &c. Boys' Hats. Boys' Hats. Boys' Straw Hats. The Season now full on; our counters are now loaded with the latest styles in Boys' Straw Hats and Fancy Caps. Our Prices lower than ever in this Department.

LADIES, if you stay within one hundred miles of the Colosseum, it will pay you well to Visit us before the end of the Month.

March came in with us like a LION. We are determined that it will go out like an Elephant. March has been a wonderful month so far at the Colosseum, but the few remaining days we have resolved shall be Phenomenical.

We now offer nearly One Million Primroses and Violets at 5½d per gross. We now offer the fine fly-wheel Pattern in Beaded Crowns for 4½d; these are sold in this city at 2s each. The Garland Crown now for 4½d, and in extra fine quality Beads for 5½d each. The solid Beaded or Moire Pattern Crown for 6½d each; the ordinary shopkeepers sold these for 2s 6d each. Our Stock of Beaded Crowns is the largest in the kingdom. It is absurd folly to think of buying Beaded Crowns elsewhere. We offer till the end of March all sizes of the genuine Dr Warner's Flexible Hip Corsets for 2s 11½d; the Y and N Diagonal Seam Corsets for 4s 11d—no wholesale house dare sell these under 5s 6d per pair to the trade. We now offer 20,000 Pairs of Ladies' Corsets, all the newest shapes and styles, at 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, up to 21s. We now offer the celebrated "Garden Party" Five o'clock Tea Aprons at 6½d; the New Checks at 9½d. Also, 500 different kinds of Ladies' and Misses' Pinafores and Aprons, in New Checks and Prints. Also, Holland, Muslin, and Oatmeal Cloth, plain and embroidered. Dress Aprons in Black and Fancy Silks and Satins, at 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d, and 8s 11d each.

CURTAINS! CURTAINS!! CURTAINS!!!—Real Lace Curtains. We now offer REAL GUIPURE D'ART Lace Curtains, 6 yards long at 7s 11d per pair. The like never known in the Kingdom before. Also, thousands of pairs from 9s 11d to 100s, or one-half less than the ordinary trade prices.

SKIRTS! SKIRTS!! SKIRTS!!!—We now offer the Full-Bodied Ladies' German-Knitted Skirts for 8½d each.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, CHILDREN'S UNDERCLOTHING at Prices that completely defy competition. Ladies' Drawers, Chemises, Night Dresses, Camisoles, Casallettes, etc., etc. Christening Hats and Hoods in all the latest styles. Our Stock is now very complete, and contains many novel lines that are exclusively our own. We sell more Hats and Hoods than all the Drapery Houses in the City combined. Infants' Combs, Brushes, and other Toilet Requisites.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT, the Largest in the Country, THIS DAY contains the Creme de la Creme of French Bonnets, Patterns by the First Modistes of the whole World, Patterns from every Milliner of note; also, Original Designs by our own Staff. Hundreds of New Styles in Hats and Bonnets, for Misses, Young Ladies, Married Ladies, Elderly Ladies. Hats and Bonnets, in all the new materials, in all the new shades, and in all the new shapes. Children's Hats and Bonnets, rare novelties and extraordinary selections. Our Stock of Misses' Hats and Bonnets is almost unlimited in variety. New Styles in Dress Caps and Head-dresses. Old Ladies' Caps with ears. New Bows for the Hair. Fancy Caps, &c.

GARLAND GIMPS.—These Goods never were offered so cheap before—6½d, 8½d, 10½d, 11½d, and 1s 3d. A Rare Line of Gorgeous Colour Garland Gimps to be thrown away at 6½d, 1s 6½d, and 1s 11½d per yard; these are 75 per cent. below regular wholesale prices. Dressmakers, see our New Gimps and Fringes without delay.

BLACK SPANISH LACES.—See our All-Silk Black Spanish Laces, nearly 2-inches wide, for 2½d per yard; this is the best line ever shown in the city; also, a Pile over 2-inch wide at 3d per yard; Piles from 3 to 8 inches wide at 3½d, 4d, 4½d, 5d, and all prices up to 5s 6d per yard. Torchon Laces, One Hundred Pieces, at 1d, 2d, 3d, and 4d per yard.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!!!—New Ribbons in all the fashionable narrow widths, and in the new materials and makes, Egyptian, Ottoman, Satin, Faille, Tinsel, Velvet, etc., etc. Check Plaid, and Tartan Ribbons, from ½ inch to 12 inches wide, in all the newest shadings. Ribbons for every purpose at every price.

MILLIONATIA.

Extraordinary Value in Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Millinery, Skirts, Underclothing, Stays, Straw Hats, Blankets, Flannels, Cottons, &c. See our Windows. See our Windows.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

COLOSSEUM AND MILLIONATIA,

JAMAICA STREET.





The Bailie.

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

No. 546. Glasgow, Wednesday, April 4th, 1883. Price 1d

MEN YOU KNOW—No. 546.

WHY should the Royal Infirmary be a battle-ground for opposing parties? The institution has nothing in common with fighting. Its end and aim is to assuage the pains and bind up the wounds of poor humanity. Only a few years ago, the question of Roman Catholic nurses was made the occasion for a hullabaloo which was adverse, at least temporarily, to the prosperity of the Royal Infirmary. To-day a wondering world has learned that chloroform can be made the subject of a fierce encounter, as well as provide an important influence in the healing art. The great Simpson, it is true, had to fight campaign after campaign before he could secure the introduction of his favourite anæsthetic. Now, however, that it has been introduced, the Faculty have universally acknowledged its virtues. At the same time, chloroform, like every great agency, from dynamite downwards, must needs be used, when it is used, with both caution and skill. In the present instance, nothing is so much to be deplored than what was a matter of pure administration should have been carried outside the precincts of the board room of the Infirmary. Certainly the introduction of the subject to the public by means of an *ex parte* statement in the columns of a contemporary was, to say the least, an unhappy one. And the correspondence that has followed, brimming over with hot language and slanderous innuendo, has been nothing less than appalling to ordinary readers. When doctors disagree, who shall decide? It is not for the BAILIE to say who is right and who is wrong in the quarrel, and he is only anxious that the combatants shall sheathe their swords, shake hands, and promise to be better boys for the future. As for Mr WILLIAM M'EWEN, who has

been the backbone of the Infirmary for a score of years, and probably the most assiduous servant it ever possessed, it may occur to most that he has defended his position with characteristic energy and trenchant power. Mr M'EWEN has certainly no ground to complain that he has been tenderly dealt with by the Faculty in this matter. Although his assailants, however, Professors Leishman and MORTON, have dealt him many blows which can scarcely be said to become either their dignity or their professional repute, he has succeeded, in every case, in giving them back a Roland for their Oliver. But the Marquis of Queensberry's rules have not been very strictly observed in this series of encounters. The old P.R. phrase of "ding-dong" applies to the style of fighting indulged in by the several belligerents. Professor JAMES MORTON, who occupies the Materia Medica chair in Anderson's College, has put himself forward as the champion of the Faculty at the Board of Management of the Royal Infirmary. He is a surgeon who has attained to a large practice among his fellow-townsmen, and is held in high repute among those who may be presumed to be best qualified to judge as to his attainments. In the unhappy strife it might seem to the casual reader as if Dr MORTON had been somewhat unfortunate in the treatment of the cases falling to his charge in the Infirmary. As those who know, however, have long been aware, anything or everything can be proved by statistics, and the BAILIE has reason to know that, in a recent year, in one of the Doctor's wards, no deaths whatever occurred. It is just possible, however, that the Doctor would have acted more in accordance with his position and well-earned reputation, had he refrained from striking out from the shoulder against not only Mr M'EWEN, but "the editor and one of the proprietors of the *Herald* as well", the latter of whom, it may be added, he seems to

have selected as a special object for his wrath. The BAILIE, as he has already hinted, and in this he speaks for the bulk of the intelligent folk of the city, would like the disputants to shake hands and be better boys for the future. The interests of the Royal Infirmary must not be imperilled by the paltry squabbles of people who, however important they are by themselves, and however much they have done for the institution, still owe a higher duty to the public, and that is the making of their personal likes or dislikes subservient to the true interests of their charge.

◆◆◆
A COMPROMISE.

(Scene—Near Braidhurst; a school boy with a bulged-out jacket runs down the road from a festive farm house and passes his father.)

Father—Hullo, Jamie, whaur ye gaun?

Jamie—Gaun for a bottle o' whusky.

Father—Yer what? I thocht ye wis in the Baan' o' Hope?

Jamie—Ay, but am gettin' thrippence for gaun.

[Father, who admires genius, stares proudly after him.]

◆◆◆
CAN'ST WORK I' THE EARTH SO FAST?—*Hamlet*.

To make assurance doubly sewer,
(Th' ass-urance of the BAILIE'S Ass),
The air we breathe to make more pure,
Can nought be done to burn the gas?
Can from the foul and noisome stream
No Foulis charm the latent beam?

◆◆◆
"Fashion."

WHAT constitutes a "fashionable marriage?" According to last week's papers, the union of an army surgeon with the bride of his choice comes under that designation. The average military "pill-box" would be rather amused to hear himself described as a "fashionable" personage; but we live and learn, and if a surgical commission is henceforth to be deemed to carry with it a brevet of "fashion," the distinction may possibly have the effect of lending attractiveness to a not too popular branch of Her Majesty's service.

◆◆◆
THE STING OF IT.—At Birmingham Lord Rosebery made what doubtless he thought a happy hit about the Government being the "bees." It would have been still happier had he pointed out the *drones*.

Bicycles and Tricycles.—SINGER & Co., 39 Gordon Street. Largest makers in the world. All styles, including the "British" Bicycle and "Apollo" Tricycle. Second-hand machines. iding taught. Repairs executed promptly.

April.

HA, blubbering April, art thou here?—

A spoilt child sure thou art;
Thine eye is glistening with the tear,
All trembling is thy heart.

Why weepest thou?—what is't you lack?—

To give is't in our powers?—

Ah no, we've many a fond nick-nack,
But not a lap of flowers!

And did they tell thee ere thou cam'st,
That dappled daisies sweet

And all the flowers that Spring proclaim'st
Would laugh around thy feet?

That hawthorn hedges would be green,
Anon to burst in white—

That violets bonnie would be seen
To nod thee kind invite?

That lark would lilt thee matin song
From skies of cloudless blue?

That thou would'st hear the whole day long
The plaintive bird, "cuckoo?"

That all the happy spring-time sweets
The poets sing ideal

Would greet thee—not the snows and sleet
That chance to be the real.

So April, here thou art—alack!

You have been cozened fairly;

The skies are bleak, the trees are black,
The wind is blowing rarely.

And see, our men have but begun

The bare, brown ground to howk—

Forgive us if we join the fun
And, laughing, whisper, "Gowk!"

◆◆◆
"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

(Scene—A "public" bar.)

Tonal (after quaffing his dram at one gulp)—
Fat's petter tan a gless o' whusky, Pat?

Pat—A tumblerful, bedad.

◆◆◆
An Authoritative Opinion.

IN the course of his evidence given before the Endowed Schools Commission last week, the Rev. Dr. Robertson took occasion to remark that "railway directors are not the wisest individuals." As the reverend doctor is understood to have had considerable and varied experience of railway and other directors, this deliberate expression of opinion deserves to be recorded. Dr. Robertson's estimate of the intellectual capacity of the average shareholder would also be interesting and valuable.

◆◆◆
Who Stole the B'iler?—Can't they keep a tiler, to tile the gate, or door, and lock it, so no one may the b'iler pocket.

The Leg-itimate Drama — "Don Juan, Ju(a)nior."

Huelva Oranges, the best and sweetest imported—cases, 24/6; half-cases, 12/6—at CAMPBELL'S, The City Fruit Warehouse, 18 Gordon Street.

On 'Change.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, the historian of Europe, in his interesting autobiography, published a few weeks ago, tells us that when he settled down at Possil, half a century back, he found Glasgow society divided into three distinct strata. The upper crust consisted of the old Virginia merchants and their descendants. Though sorely troubled by the declaration of independence in America, and the federation of the United States, the tobacco lords still ruled the roast in the Trongate, which was then the centre of commercial civilisation. Next to them came the cotton spinners, who constituted the miocene division of the social system; while the coalmasters, then just struggling into prominence, belonged so much to the carboniferous period, that they might be fitly termed paleozoic. Those three amalgamated as little as if they had been so many divisions of the tertiary strata. As time went on, the cotton men elbowed the Virginia aristocracy off the crown of the causeway, until cotton became master of the situation. Another epoch has arrived, and cotton seems sinking into some unknown depth of Silurian obscurity.

Various reasons have been adduced to account for the fact that cotton spinning is leaving Scotland. On one side it is contended that the machinery is antiquated; on another that wages are too high; while a third party argues that the carriage eats up the profits. A fourth contention is found ready made in the exactions of the insurance offices; and it is asserted that when those cormorants have trebled or quadrupled the rates on cotton mills, they have done what they could to kill the long-suffering geese which laid so many golden eggs.

The closing of the Calton Spinning Company's works last week is ominous. I have generally observed that when a mill is burnt down it is not rebuilt, and the ruins of cotton mills are to be seen all over the country; but here is a mill that is actually closed without being burnt. Whatever the cause may be, it is quite clear that in a short time, if matters continue to go on as at present, there will be no more cotton industry in Glasgow, but a waste howling wilderness in Bridgeton, Calton, and Mile-end.

That may not signify so long as the citizens can turn their hands to something else, and they have always shown great readiness in that way. All of them cannot go into the oil trade and shipbuilding, which appear more active and remunerative than anything else now offering. Talking of oils, I hear that the action against the Clippens Co. for damages, consequent upon the infringement of patent case decided lately in the House of Lords, will be brought for something like what I indicated last week—namely, £20,000 or £25,000.

In another sphere my views have received strong and unexpected confirmation. I have always maintained, as I did in the case of the Indian gold mine infatuation, that the American cattle business was overdone, and that if it were half as good as its promoters represented it to be, the Americans would keep it to themselves. If any one interested will turn to the *Economist* of Saturday last, they will find this view stated with much force, and at greater length than I can possibly afford.

The change in the management of the Cunard Co. appears to have caused surprise in many quarters. My only feeling on the subject is one of astonishment that the alteration was not made sooner. When a dividend declines to 3 per cent., and manifests a tendency to droop still further, it is usually considered advisable to look into the accounts, so as to determine where an economy can be effected which will restore the concern to a paying point.

SCRUTATOR.

The Glass of Fashion, and the Mould of Form—The plate-glass and cast-iron of our present architecture.

Sin-tax (according to the tectotallers)—The revenue derived from alcohol.

MITCHELL'S OLD IRISH WHISKY.—Please note New Address—167 St. VINCENT STREET.

"The Coming Race."

THE following advertisement, clipped from a morning paper, may be regarded by some as a sign of the times:—"Indian Clubs.—Young Lady wishes Lessons. Would give music lessons in return." Here we have the Coming Woman anxious to part with—or, at all events, to impart—her feminine accomplishment, in return for instruction in an exercise usually practised only by the most robust of the ruder sex; and one may behold—in his mind's eye, Horatio—the Edwin of the future sitting down to his "scales," while Angelina lights her pipe, and sallies forth, a bold Volunteer, to "put in" her regulation number of shots at the targets!

AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY.

(Scene—A play-ground, 12.30 p.m.)

Andrew—Hoo mony bools hae ye gotten, Stephen?

Stephen—Seeven,—hoo mony hae you?

Andrew—Nine.

Donald—Ish that a'. A've gotten mair nor twunty.

Andrew—It's easy for you hae'n sae mony whan yer faither's a "bobby."

IN DIXIELAND.

Imagination bodles forth

The forms of things unknown,
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, in the day, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear.—*Thesens.*
Yet all the story of the day told over,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows in something of great constancy:
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.—*Hippolyta.*

"REVIVAL OF TRADE."—Business *must* be looking up! Among the "losts" advertised in the *Herald* one day last week were a purse containing notes and gold, another purse containing notes and cheque, a gold watch and chain, a silver ditto and ditto, a lady's diamond ring, and a gentleman's ditto. "Hard times, come again no more!"

Somebody advertises that he has lost, "between Hillhead and Glasgow, a (*sic*) onyx cameo scarf pin." He seems to have lost the letter "n" on the same occasion.

Floury Oratory—On the Corn Laws. [They have been "thresh'd" out, says *Asinus*.]

"Russe" in Urbe—Miss Stanhope in town.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Dr. M. Dickle, Surgeon Dentist, 91 Sauchiehall Street, Extracts and Inserts Teeth without Pain.

Monday Gossip

MY DEAR BAILIE—Mr Lytton Sothorn, who appears to-night at the Royal, although young as to years—he was born in 1856—is an actor of considerable experience. His *debut* was made when he was sixteen, and he has been on the stage ever since—a considerable portion of the time having been spent in America and Australia. During his stay Mr Sothorn will sustain the two parts with which the celebrity of his father is associated—those of *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick*. He has already appeared in both with much success in Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand.

We are to have, at the Gaiety, eleven nights, beginning this evening, of “Guy Mannering,” with Mr Walter Bentley in the role of *Dandie Diumont*, and Mr Frank Killpack as *Dominie Sampson*. The part of the sturdy Liddesdale farmer is one in which Mr Bentley ought to be admirably suited.

“The Glass of Fashion” will sustain, if it does not greatly increase, the reputation of its authors, Messrs Sims and Grundy. The second act closes with a capital situation, the third act plays well, and the threads of the story are effectively caught up at the close. Mr J. L. Shine has largely added to his reputation by his impersonation of *Macadam*, and the *Prince Borawsky* of Mr Owen Dove is a performance instinct with brightness and colour.

Last Monday all the theatrical novelties took place on the North side of the river, but this evening our Surrey-side theatre is to produce a new piece entitled “La Belle Russe,” in which Miss Adelaide Stanhope, for whom the play has been specially written, will sustain the principal part. Miss Stanhope, it may be remembered, is a daughter-in-law of Mr Barry Sullivan, having married his son, Mr Amory Sullivan.

That Brummagem goak of Chamberlain on Friday last, which, however, caused “much laughter and cheers,” and where Lord Salisbury is dubbed a “desperate homicide,” may be found in *i Henry VI.*, act i., sc. 2.

Three months have come and gone and yet the Juvenile Delinquency Board have not mustered up courage enough to let the ratepayers know how their money has been spent—or squandered as some folks guess—during the past year. Whence the delay?

Those who don't intend going out of town on Thursday should make a note of the fact—mentioned here last week—that Mr Poole gives two special performances on what is usually a *dies non* in the way of amusements. This plucky innovation will, I venture to predict, meet with a wide-spread encouragement. One may go further on the Fast-day and fare worse than by doing “The World” in the East Ingram Street circus.

They say that a name mentioned in Liberal circles in connection with the “third seat” for the city—which will not be declared vacant till the arrival of a General Election—is that of Mr James S. Stoddart, the “Editor, and one of the Proprietors of the *Herald*,” and the author of “Village Life and other poems.”

I am told that the poor old sheriff officers who call the witnesses into court from the side room, down at the Jury Courts, have a hard time of it sometimes on account of the card-playing that goes on among the said witnesses.

I hear that Mr F. T. Barrett, librarian of the Mitchell Library, was one of the victims of the Eglinton Street collision this day week. One of his ankles was severely bruised, and he was confined to bed all week. Probably another week or fortnight may elapse before he will be able to resume his duties.

On Wednesday evening Lord Provost Ure entertained his brother members of the Educational Endowments Commission at dinner, in his house at Cairndhu, Helensburgh.

The feelings of the illustrious pastor of Ladywell were sorely touched at last week's Presbytery meeting. Cleanliness, it would seem, has no place in Rubbart's many virtues, for although the hall in which the rev. body meets, formerly a black, dingy apartment, has recently been furnished up and generally improved, he declared that he “liked the dust of the old room in preference to all these gaudy trappings.” But while willing to forgive the expulsion of dirt, he was in despair over two emblems placed one at each side of the hall. One was the “burning bush,” with the motto *Nec tamen consumebatur*, and the other the Glasgow coat of arms.

He liked the notion of the burning bush, but this wasn't, according to Rubbart, a burning bush. He objected that the flames were white, he demanded a blue sky for the red one of the artist, a more natural tree, and a better arrangement of colours generally.

As for the coat of arms, why it roused him as does a red rag a bull.

“A popish bishop had no right there,” he declared, “the arms were a forgery,” “he knew the man who invented that popish emblem,” “it was a disgrace to have such a figure there,” “it was emblematic of—well—condemnatory doctrines.”

The “burning bush,” I understand, is to be improved to meet Rubbart's æsthetic taste, but the “popish bishop” at the top of the arms is to remain—the brethren possibly thinking that it may assist in working up Ladywell to a proper frenzy when he next chooses to attack the Pope.

What a difficult task the Govan Commissioners will have, to be sure, in selecting a Superintendent in place of Captain Young. I understand that, not taking into account outside applications, there is not an official—up to a certain rank, of course—of any standing in the Glasgow or Govan Police who is not a candidate.

Buckstone, after he took the Haymarket, was once asked why he wrote no new plays. “New plays,” replied Bucky; “why, it takes me all my time to write orders!” In like manner our local Magistrates, Councillors, and other city magnates, are just now so busy writing testimonials that they have hardly time to attend their own business. Should an outsider be selected, strong language will be mingled with strong waters by the home candidates.

The managers of the training-ship “Cumberland” are in no way squeamish as to the manner and extent of the corporal punishment dealt out to the young tars. As to giving “palmies,” they hold that “that's not the way at sea, my boys.” All “corrections,” whether for serious or trifling faults, are administered on—well, say “another place.” The captain is not likely to spoil the child by sparing the leather. He has just given a wholesale order for tawse measuring 36 inches by 1½, for what R. D. D. would term a *posteriori* arguments. There is this to be said in favour of the system, that the “Cumberland” is second to no institution in the kingdom for thoroughly good order and discipline.

From the return just issued by the adjutant of the 1st L.R.V., I find that the regiment, since 1st November last, has added 1279 ft. 1½ in. to its stature. Put in a different form, it has in four months increased 1279 ft. 1½ in. of man. In plainer terms, the regiment has gained 223 recruits, whose united length, were the men laid head to foot in a row along the Great Western Road, would measure close upon a quarter of a mile. Major Sharp has dealt with the subject in a thoroughly official and practical manner, for he has not only given the total length, but he has also cast out the average per company in minute fractions. Thus, A Company, with 92 ft. 3½ in. of man, averages 5 ft. 9½ in. per man, which is a very respectable size indeed. The L Company stands 5 ft. 10½ in. high, while the K Company runs 5 ft. 8½, and the M Company averages 5 ft. 8½, as if these two last were divided off in 64ths, like the shares in a ship. I congratulate the 1st on its quarter of a mile of recruit.

I learn that in all likelihood Bailie Richmond will be the "Representative Elder" sent by the Council to the General Assembly. It is said, however, that Councillor Grierson will also be nominated for the post.

The appearance of a most valuable medical work by a local practitioner comes quite apropos at the present juncture. The subject of "Hospitals, their History, Construction, and Hygiene," is exhaustively treated by J. Francis Sutherland, M.D., surgeon to the New Prison, Barlinnie, and the old "71," and erstwhile one of the resident physicians in the Hertford British Hospital, Paris—that noble gift of Sir Richard Wallace, Bart. Dr Su herland having personally examined into the leading hospitals in England, Scotland, France, and Italy, can therefore speak with authority. In his remarks on our Western Infirmary, he mentions a fact that is not so widely known as it ought to be—that this is the only hospital in Scotland, and one of very few in Britain, which adopts the French use-and-wont of having a hydrotherapeutic establishment as an essential part of its hygeian equipment. The book is printed by Mackenzie, Howard Street, and is enriched with a number of very fine plates.

Where the carcass is there shall the eagles be gathered together. Legion is the word to describe the people who have been—for the purpose of furthering little "schemes"—hunting for funds from the Educational Commission now sitting in Glasgow, and legion is the word to describe the lawyers who "take care" of the multitude of endowments in Glasgow.

The Town Council—or rather its individual members—have occasional bits of not inconsiderable patronage in their gift. One of these is the appointment of measurers when public buildings such as bathes &c., are to be erected.

I hear that while the workmen were engaged cutting the foundation of the new Inland Revenue Buildings at the corner of North Frederick and George Streets they came upon some valuable finds, interesting alike to the antiquary and the geologist. Might it not be well worth the while of our friends of the Archaeological and Geological Societies to watch carefully what is being done on the site of the new Municipal Buildings, and at the borings of the City and District Railway? I rather suspect something good may turn up. Of course some people may think the ground is too high above the level of the old estuary of the Clyde. That is doubtful, for it may be within the recollection of many "old inhabitants" that an ancient British or Celtic canoe was found embedded in the strata underneath the Drygate, at the back of the prison, and that the whole district has in the past given rich additions to antiquarian collections throughout the country in the way of canoes, stone celts, and other relics of ancient Caledonia.

The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council are to walk in procession to-morrow (Tuesday) from the Council Chambers to the meeting-place of the Convention of Royal Burghs. The proceedings should, by right, be opened by a discourse from ex-Bailie Dunlop.

Mr Franz Groenings, conductor of the orchestra in the Princess's Theatre, has received a tangible token of regard from his old friends in Middlesbrough. The presentation took the substantial form of a cheque for £50 and an address expressing the public appreciation of his services as conductor of some half-a-dozen musical societies in the Cleveland district. It is oddly stated in the address that prior to the arrival of Mr Groenings in Middlesbrough "there was no music made in the place," as if music could be run off like pig-iron. Mr Cecil Beryl must be well pleased that Mr Groenings has transferred his furnace from the banks of the Tees to Gorbals, for the conductor has "made music" of a first-rate brand at the pretty house in Main Street.

The Three (Liberal) C's — "Cloture," "Caucus," and "Coercion."

"Glass of Porter!"

IN an advertisement for a porter, who "must be sober and steady," it is added, "One who has been accustomed to cleaning glass preferred." Your porter being a traditionally thirsty animal—having, indeed, had the honour of standing sponsor to a special brew of his own—there should be no difficulty in filling this berth. No difficulty, that is to say, if we may take the emptying of glasses as equivalent to the cleaning of glass; but the reference to sobriety and steadiness seems a little inconsistent with this view.

COUNTRY CUTENESS.

(Scene—Booking-office of a railway-station on the Devon Valley railway.)

Country Maid-Servant—Gae me a third-class return ticket.

Booking-Clerk—Where to, please?

Country Maid-Servant—Never you mind that, gae me my ticket.

Booking-Clerk—But you must say where you're going.

Country Maid-Servant—I want nane o' yer impudence, you've nae business *whar* I'm gaun. Booking-clerk gives in, and quietly books her to the nearest terminus.

HANGING ART—ON THE LINE.

Making three ends to meet, makes up Marwood's chief end; At the end of his rope, end the life of "his friend," At the end of his job; with a finishing touch, Giving scope to the rope, and a drop rather much.

EXPLICIT.

"Claymore" has just arrived at Greenock. Old lady steps aboard, and going up to Callum Mohr, the Chief, addresses him:—"I wass come doon to meet a young lass from Salen. I neffer saw her pefore; but I knew her masser very well, an' I wass parteekler intimate wiss her fasser. Did you'll see the lass?"

PATENT—VERY!—This is how one lively young gentleman expresses himself in the specification list:—"5099—R. Arentz, New Britain, Hertford, Connecticut, U.S.A.: An invention of 'Cosmic,' being the name for gathered energy of that force which in its normal existence eventuates gravitation.—October 26, 1882." Must not this be the special young man who attended at a "feast of languages, and stole the scraps."

A "Well"-to-do Life—That of a "sinker" digging for water.

Fleming's "ARABINE" Marking Ink to be had from all Stationers, Chemists, &c.

Quavers.

LAST week was a heavy one in the matter of concerts. On Monday evening the Albert Select Choir, under Mr J. Lillie, sang in the Trades' Hall. In the first part of the programme the choir did not make their usual good appearance, but in the second half, notably in the "Tramp Chorus," they re-asserted themselves. Master Halstead played the accompaniments and some solos with increasing promise.

The exposition of Free Church Hymnody in St. Andrew's Hall on the same evening, by the Glasgow Select Choir, was an note-worthy event. In every way the demonstration was a great success. Fresh interest was given to the fine compositions of Stainer, Gilbert, Barnby, Dykes, and Sullivan, which are in the Free Church book, and an important step gained towards the realisation of expressive congregational singing, through the perfect "ideal" presented by the choir. The reedy tone of the harmonium never blends well with voices, and so in spite of the judicious playing of Mr Berry the singing, which was unaccompanied was by far the most effective and agreeable to the ear. The choir repeat the greater part of this choice programme on the Fast night, in the City Hall.

On Tuesday evening the Greenhead U.P. Church Choir gave a "rendition" of Gaul's cantata "The Holy City." The choir numbered some sixty voices. The tone was not so good as we had expected and the choir sang often with effort and jerkily. Mr Inglis, by-the-by, might improve his style of beating. It wants grace, rather, and ungraceful conducting begets ungraceful singing. Mr Gaul's music is a little monotonous, perhaps from the reflective character of the subject, but it is often very sweet and melodious, and on the whole the choir did it very fair justice. Mr Luther Hall accompanied a little demonstratively, on the pianoforte, in room of Mr White, and on short notice, and Mr Channon Cornwall produced good effects on the American organ, or whatever the instrument was, with its blinking apparatus in front.

Mr Alfred Heap, the lately appointed organist of Pollokshields Established Church, delivered a lecture on "Ye musicke of merrie Englande" in the hall of the Free Church there, in connection with the Young Men's Literary Institute in the latter congregation. The lecture proved very interesting, showing, too, considerable literary ability. The musical illustrations, vocal and instrumental, were chosen with discrimination and knowledge. Mr Heap was assistant for some time to Dr Bridge, in Manchester Cathedral, and seems a musician of taste.

On Wednesday evening the choir of John Street U.P. Church gave a highly meritorious performance of Sterndale Bennett's "The Woman of Samaria;" "cranky music" as the phrase is so far as the part-writing goes, but very beautiful as need not be said. It is odd how indifferent pianoforte specialists like Bennett are as to voice-writing, their intervals being dropped any how and from any where. The air for contralto, "O Lord thou hast searched me," to distinguish one number of many in chorus and solo was very nicely sung. The Messrs Hall were the accompanists. Mr George Taggart conducted.

On Wednesday night, also, the choir connected with the University gave their annual concert. Somewhat indebted as the choir were to friends outside, the singing was very pleasant, if weak. If the acoustics of the hall (that of the Museum) were better it certainly would have been more effective. Of the choruses from Mendelssohn's Greek cantatas that in *Œdipus* was the best sung, as it was undoubtedly the most interesting. Mr Smith's overture showed refined musicianship. The orchestra was placed on too low a level, however, for effectiveness either in this or in the accompaniments.

A service of sacred music was given on Thursday evening by the choir of Newton Place U.P. Church, Partick. The choir plumes itself in always appearing without extraneous aid. The singing was on the whole satisfactory and effective. A recently published anthem by Dr Bridge, "Seek ye the Lord," and a duet by L. N. Parker, the composer of "Silvia," were included in the programme, which was marked generally by good taste as to selection. Mr J. D. Boyack conducted.

On Friday evening Trinity Church Musical Association gave their annual concert, with the success that always follows careful and conscientious training and attention. The church is fortunate in possessing the always desirable but not common combination of choir-master and organist, which is so much to the advantage, not only of the choir, but of the congregation.

The New Kilpatrick Musical Association, in its third session, gave a concert on Friday evening. The selection was not remarkable for freshness, except perhaps that Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in cool grot," was revived. The society sings with taste, a reflection of which, in another art, was seen in their aesthetically got-up book of the words. Mr J. Thomson, formerly leader of Queen's Park U.P. Church, conducted.

The Bothwell Musical Association had their annual concert on Friday evening. Hofmann's "Fair Melusina" was performed, Mr W. T. Hoeck conducting. A better hall is needed, but the singing was very good.

The Christian Institute branch of the Foundry Boys' Society also gave their annual demonstration on that evening. Abt's "Richard Cœur de Lion" was the principal piece. This society sets an example in the comparatively high character of the music it takes up. Mr A. Myles conducted, and Messrs Finlay and Brown accompanied. Singing excellent.

Mr J. Galbraith, Renfield Street, sends two songs by Mr Allan Macbeth—"The Voice of the Waters," for contralto, and "Only You," for soprano, the poet in each case being G. Clifton Bingham. Both are in the composer's best vein, and effective while conscientiously artistic.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co., London, send a new "Singing Tutor," one of their series of educational works. The Tutor is of interest locally, as being by Mr M'Nabb. "A Manual of Harmony," by Carl Mangold, in Messrs. Morley's series, is comprehensive and able, if peculiar in some of the definitions and theories. A supplement of exercises would be an improvement. A Harmony Manual, however, to combine both harmony and harmonizing, two distinct things, is what is wanted. None of the modern books give this in a compendious form.

HISTORICAL.

Country Party (studying list of subscribers to a church mission, lights on the name of Mr Bruce, Bannockburn. He remarks to a friend:)
—Dear me! Jock, is there some o' thae Bruces about Bannockburn yet?

THE IDES OF MARCH REMEMBER.

A peck of March's dust it's said is worth a peck of gold,
Proverbial wisdom this is held by farmers I've been told;
Auriferous then the March has been, though not by Danaen shower,
For out and out's been wind and drought about "each shining hour."

The month came in like to a lamb, out like a lion went,
The furious mane, the fearful tail, and yet the rage unspent.

When Greek meets Greek—When our man of letters, the M.D., LL.D., *Ed.*, M.P., &c., &c., meets the Postmaster-General.

A "Biler" Explosion—Councillor Martin's latest eruption.

Appropriate Name for a Theatrical "Star"—
(J. L.) Shine.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK—Sold Everywhere.

Roderick Dhu Old Highland Whisky. Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881; Prize Medal, Christchurch, 1882. Wright and Greig.

What the Folks are Saying.

THAT the Education Commission sat in Glasgow last week.

That a variety of people had an opportunity of airing their peculiar views on education.

That a certain Professor of Humanity had several innings.

That he endeavoured to score heavily every time he appeared at the wicket.

That his main efforts went to prove that everybody's views except his own were either antiquated or *wicket*.

That the pastor of St Andrew's supplied much useful information.

That if the Doctor had not been a clergyman he would have made a fortune as a business man.

That all the evidence went to show that too much money has been bequeathed in Glasgow for educational purposes.

That nobody needs to pay for the education of his children who knows how to go about it properly.

That the local dancing masters have scraped their last scrape for the season.

That they are off to fresh fields and pastures new.

That oor Jeems graced the gathering of the hokey-pokey men with his presence.

That he has had long experience in the hokey-pokey business.

That the time was when Jeems denounced "chunks of ice."

That on this occasion he found a good deal to say about the glories of the "ice-cream trade."

That Jeems was supported by his son the Dr. That Cairncraig was a prood, prood man.

That oor Rubbart has come a "cropper" over his latest heresy hunt.

That Rubbart doesn't care for that so long as he's talked about.

That the final cup tie meet took place on Saturday.

That the contest didn't decide the tie.

That the "gate" was an enormous one.

That the two clubs don't often get so much money to divide.

That the football season has been mainly productive of broken limbs and fractured bones.

That football is a splendid source of income to the "Sawbones."

That our two Parliamentary representatives are coming to the front.

That the senior carried his Cruelty Bill.

That Dr Cameron defeated the Government.

A "Little Sell."

THAT remarkable frog, which periodically makes its appearance from the middle of a lump of stone, a block of coal, or a log of wood, turned up again last week at Denny. The correspondent who chronicles this latest apparition of a very old friend remarks that "the stone in which the frog was confined was extremely hard, and the *little cell* appeared as if carved out for its occupant." Indeed! The BAILIE had always been of opinion that these little sells were "carved out" for the benefit of correspondents hard up for material for "copy."

CLOCKWORK?

(Scene—Auction sale-room—small time-piece, well-known to frequenters, is put up for sale.)

1st Knowing-One—Wull it gang?

Auctioneer—Aye, of course it wull, if it's carried.

2nd Knowing-One—It's a great clock that.

Auctioneer—There's mair in its head than in yours onyway.

3rd Knowing-One—Is't well enough, it's gayin white in the face.

Auctioneer—Aye, it's been lying a while.

Collapse of knowing ones, and for the third time this season the clock is knocked down by the same hammer.

The Chief Magistracy.

Age, thou art sham'd,
And Glasgow's lost the breed of noble bloods!
When was there since the great "Reform" a time
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that of her talk'd,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

—C. Cassius, esquire.

To fill Lord Provost Ure's cock'd-hat and gown
May not be easy, yet there's in the town,
At least we hope so, those with grace may wear
His chain of office, sword of justice bear,
His footsteps follow—dignify "the chair."

MORE OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN.—Asinus thinks it strange that the study of "old coins" should be New-mismatics. By the way, any relative of Matthew of that ilk?

Mr Martin on the B'iler—Methought I was, and methought I had.—*Bully Bottom, the weaver.*

A Naughty Biography — "A Bad Boy's Diary."

Storm Beaton—The old Scottish Cardinal.

Buy an "A. C. T." Linen Marker. *It will pay you.* Prices from 1s 6d upwards. The only reliable mode for using Marking Ink. Sole Manufacturer—A. C. THOMSON, India Rubber Stamp Manufacturer, 113 Union Street Glasgow.

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NEWEST STYLES FOR THE SEASON.

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A. & W. PATERSON, 29 GORDON STREET, having Purchased from the Directors of the above Company, for Cash, the Whole Valuable STOCK of BOOTS, SHOES, and SLIPPERS in Premises

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Are now Selling the same at

25 PER CENT. Under Former Prices.

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CELEBRATED FLOORCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS are Sold by all Carpet Warehousemen and Upholsterers. FLOORCLOTH 8 yards wide, and LINOLEUM, 4 yards wide, without a seam.

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N.B.—Beware of Imitations. See the Trade Mark—*Three Scotch Thistles stamped on the back of Patterns and Goods.*

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PURVEYORS FOR DINNER AND SUPPER PARTIES.

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GENTLEMEN who desiderate a Perfect Fit in the matter of Dress will find in the "ACME" SHIRT exactly what they want. Its superior merits, alike as regards Model of Shape, Fit, and Finish, have placed it in the very foremost position, which it is our intention to maintain, inasmuch as our arrangements and facilities for the manufacture of this single Article of Dress are in every respect more complete and extensive than those of any similar Establishment in the Kingdom. No better evidence than the "ACME" SHIRT has given universal satisfaction could be furnished than the fact that, although it has only been before the Public for little more than ten years, there is scarcely a part of the civilised world from which we have not received Orders for this well-known Garment.

FORSYTH,

RENFIELD STREET.

"ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH GIN,"

THE BEST AND PUREST SPIRIT, ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSIL OIL AND SACCHARINE MATTER. MESSRS COATES & CO., The Black Friars' Distillery, ESTABLISHED 1793, *Distillers of the Original Plymouth Gin* MESSRS A. MACLENNAN & CO., 212A ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW, *Wholesale Agents.*

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY."

EXANTALINE never fails to cure Corns, Warts, &c., in a few days, without pain or the slightest inconvenience during use. Price 1s, or by Post for 1s 1d—from the Only Maker, CHARLES B. FLINT, Chemist, Byars Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.

MITCHELL & CO'S

OLD IRISH WHISKY, Belfast, is the Purest and Best in the Market, and received at Melbourne Exhibition Jurors' Highest Award.—Agent for Scotland—DAVID MITCHELL, 167 St. Vincent St., Glasgow. Please note New Address.

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From the most famed HIGHLAND DISTILLERIES, 3 to 10 Years Old, matured in Sherry Wood, 15s, 17s, 18s, and 20s per gallon; 2s 6d, 2s 10d, 3s, and 3s 4d per bottle.

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The DUBLIN CITY ANALYST REPORTS —These Whiskies "prove to be sound, first-class Whiskies, free from impurities, and possessed of an excellent flavour. I consider that no better Whisky than that distilled in 1878 by this Company is to be met with."

THE DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LIMITED,
153 QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW.

RANFURLY HOTEL, BRIDGE OF WEIR.
Every comfort and attention to Visitors. Terms reduced during Winter months. JOHN L. HUNTER, Lessee.

MESSER'S UNFERMENTED WINES,
PORT, SHERRY, GINGER. Tested by the Excise and Dr Wallace, City Analyst, Glasgow, and found Free from Spirit. Sold by all Grocers and Spirit Merchants.
REMOVED to Larger Premises—464 SOUTH YORK ST.

* * The present issue of THE BAILIE completes Volume Twenty-one, a Title-page for which can be had from the Publisher, FREE.

The Bailie.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4th, 1883.

THE new favourite in the running for the post of Lord Provost, when it is vacated next November by Mr URE, is "they say," Ex-Bailie WALLS. How Mr WALLS will fill the position remains to be seen. He is certainly a man of considerable ability and of a very marked force of character. But more is needed than these two qualities, necessary as they are, to make an acceptable Lord Provost. Whether Mr WALLS possesses this "more" is a question that certain folk may be inclined to doubt. His decision, some ten years ago, in the famous "Williamson case," and the manner in which he laid down the law, about the same period, as to what was evidence and what wasn't evidence in a charge of contravening the smoke section of the Glasgow Police Act, were largely criticised at the time. A decade, it should not, however, be forgotten, is a considerable period, and Mr WALLS, we can well believe, may be disposed to view matters in a less cut-and-dry manner in 1883, than he was ten years earlier. Let us hope, at all events, that this will be so, if he be appointed Chief Magistrate seven months hence. No man should be above trying to make himself popular with his neighbours, not even the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

MAGNIFYING HIS OFFICE.

(Scene—Country-Town. Town-crier is ringing his bell)

Officious Visitor — The toon bell's surely crackit.

Town-Crier (addressing visitor) — It's no maasick I gae the folk, it's instruction.

Wines and Spirits, Wholesale Prices. Old Blended Whisky. 18s per gallon, 7s per bottle. J. FLINT 118 W. Regent Street

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

Making Ducks and Drakes of It. SOMEBODY in Bridgeton advertised the other day in the *Citizen* that he wished to sell "9 hens and 1 cock, 6 ducks and 1 drake, all laying." This is hot ice and wondrous strange snow. Who would be without eggs if all the cocks and drakes in the country would only take to laying like the feathered bipeds in Bridgeton? This advertiser is only beaten by another who wants a "person to keep working man's wife in poor health." Why should the working man's wife be intentionally and deliberately kept in poor health, and what had the poor woman done to deserve so terrible a punishment? There is a degree of cold-blooded malice in the proposal which is absolutely appalling. It would be more humane to give her a chance of existence by promoting her to superintend that laying drake.

Slope!

AN anxious inquirer writes to ask if the Ass can inform him whether the "Pacific Slope" of the great American continent can be considered in the light of a "peaceful retreat." Asinus replies that if his correspondent will be good enough to call at Number 80 Gordon Street, and put the question personally, he (the Animile) will be happy, through the instrumentality of a hoof and several flights of stairs, to place the anxious one in a position to realise the difference between a pacific "slope" and a "slope" of another description.

PAT AGAIN.

(Scene—Saint Enoch's Station. Itinerant Paddy leaves his carpet-bag on hydraulic-hoist—stands aside, and then turns to lift it, when he sees it slowly disappearing beyond his reach.)
Paddy—Hoi! Here, murther. Me bag's took the road.

Railway-Porter (bantering)—Get away, sir, no stragglers allowed near here.

Paddy (perfectly discomfited) — Oh! ye villins, but it's yees that's got the handy appliances.

PADDY GIVES TUGALT A WHACKING — TONALT *loquitur*.—She's a ferry coot mind, yis has she Tugalt, to co back and burn all ta Hielans, she has, that there may's never no more come out of them wan as big unhielan cowart as you is, you hielan sheep you is.

"Man was made to mourn," as old M'Grue remarked when he made his son a funeral mute.

The Chairman of the G. L. A. THERE has recently been circulated in Glasgow a little pamphlet purporting to be a report of the fourth annual meeting of the Glasgow Liberal Association, held on Monday, the 26th ult. In this report, the chairman, in laying down office, makes the usual complimentary speech, and, lest an admiring public should fail to obtain and read it, the BAILIE may remark that the chairman was Mr Walter Macfarlane. A very few examples of Mr Macfarlane's composition will make it apparent that that gentleman's style and grammar are not those used in the ordinary intercourse between man and his fellows. Indeed, they have struck even the Ass as quite new. One sentence in particular seems altogether worthy of the Duchess who so much bewildered Alice in "Through the Looking-glass." It runs in this wise:—"What a political retrospect this time last year was compared with the present"! Trade *and* commerce," we are again assured, "will regain *its* normal condition." For the House of Lords the chairman desires "only such alterations as *is* needful." He speaks further down of the "well-appointed schools" of the School Boards and "their thorough education which are creating a culture and intelligence that will in time dominate our Liberal Associations." Mr Macfarlane no doubt feels deeply the want of these qualifications—culture and intelligence—in such Associations, and longs, though with timid hope, for the day when their chairmen shall be educated men.

MY GOWK,

The first of April, all fools' day,
Brings mild and brilliant weather,
May we enjoy it while we may,
When such two days together.

"Succeeding" in Practice.

AN "exceptionally good opportunity" is offered, through the medium of a contemporary's advertising columns, to "a well-qualified medical graduate of some years' standing to succeed a Practice in Glasgow on easy terms." As the well-qualified medical graduate is to succeed the practice—not the practitioner—the said practice is presumably defunct, and, under these circumstances, it is to be feared that well-qualified, or even indifferently qualified, medical graduates will scarcely regard the opportunity in so "exceptionally good" a light as the advertiser.

Northern Cream Whisky—Lauder's, 76 Sauchiehall Street.

"Lords of Convention."

FROM the programme submitted to the "Annual Committee of the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs" at their Edinburgh meeting last week it appears that the forthcoming discussions of the Convention will cover a sufficiently wide field—from juvenile delinquency and private bill legislation to salmon and the causes of fires. Perhaps, however, the most momentous question will be the right of the Chief Magistrate of Elgin to be considered a "Lord of Convention"—in other words, to style himself "Lord Provost." The debate on this point will be looked forward to with intense interest, since, if there is any attempt to deprive Elgin of the said lordly distinction, the matter is not likely to be allowed to rest there. It is known that audacious and profane doubts have been cast ere now upon the L-rd Pr-v-st of Gl-sg-w's claim to his title. We shall see what we shall see.

Rubbart's "Deliverances."

THE Rev. Robert Thomson had what Jonathan calls a high old time last week. Beginning the week by "correcting Mr Bright's historical mistakes in regard to King William and religion in Ireland, &c.," he proceeded on Wednesday to launch at the head of Dr Burns the thunderbolt which he has held in reserve, for that hapless cleric's benefit, during the space of some four months, and wound up by annihilating the Rev. Mr Brownlie, of Kelvinhaugh. According to Rubbart, that reverend gentleman is "an impertinent young fellow," and "an infatuated young man," from whom it is desirable to be "delivered." After these varied exercises it is to be hoped that the minister of Ladywell feels a little better.

Peacocks and Diaries.

SOMEBODY advertises that he has lost a "pocket book, containing a Peacock's Diary," for which he offers a handsome reward. If the loser himself be the peacock—and folks who keep diaries frequently possess some, at least, of the characteristics of that noble bird—it is easy to understand his anxiety to recover the criminatory pages. He does not add that what he has lost is "of no value to anyone except the owner," but there probably would be more justification for the formula in his case than in many instances where it is employed.

Mr WALLACE, Surgeon-Dentist, extracts and inserts Teeth without pain, 22 Dundas St., adjoining N.B. Railway Station.

Megilp.

THE Council of the Institute have made another step in the way of popularising the Exhibition. Tickets in sets of three for evening admission, available at any time during the Exhibition, may now be purchased at the galleries for one shilling. Single admission remains as before—sixpence.

The sales still continue dull. It will be a very great pity indeed if many of the good pictures that are in the Exhibition at moderate prices should go back at the close *unsold*.

An article on "Glasgow" by R. Walker, with illustrations by C. J. Lauder, appears in the *Art Journal* for this month.

A dense crowd assembled at Thursday's Art Club conversation. Those outsiders who had been at no previous gathering of the kind appeared to enjoy themselves, but to the people who were able to contrast the meeting with meetings in the Windsor and Royal Hotels—not to speak of former conversations in Bothwell Street—it was distinctly wanting in interest. The main musical entertainments of the evening were supplied by Messrs Volti and Gleadhill.

If the crowd, however, seemed uninteresting, if it lacked the character which one insensibly associates with an "artists" meeting, the pictures on the walls made up in a large degree for this shortcoming.

Quite a hit was made by Hugh Allan in his "study of a doorway in Rowallan Castle"; C. J. Lauder showed an oil sketch of shipping distinguished by fine drawing and excellent colour; and two "model" pictures, one in water colour by P. M'Gregor Wilson—a study evidently made in the Antwerp Art School, and the other in oil by W. Y. Macgregor, were quite masterly in their way. Mr Macgregor's work, by-the-by, which was dubbed "William Robertson, Esq.," was his first important attempt in portraiture.

Tom M'Ewan's "Among the Prophets," a picture of an old man engaged in the study of a "big ha' bible," was perhaps the finest work he has ever painted.

Three water colour sketches executed by E. A. Walton during the present season at Roseneath, a drove of cattle by Tom Hunt, and a street scene in London by Alexander Davidson, together with "Twickenham Church" and "Craigenputtock Moor" by James Paterson, were other works which lent interest to the collection.

There were likewise on the walls an interesting study of an old man by Walter Hutcheson, one or two sketches by H. J. Dingley, and half-a-dozen photographs of the very beautiful curtain designs—arrangements, all of them, of natural flowers—of Andrew Richmond.

Messrs Armitage, Horsley, and Peter Graham, are the "hangers," this year, for the Royal Academy.

After all it was Frank Holl and not Marcus Stone who was elected a Royal Academician on Thursday. Mr Holl was born in 1845, and his Associateship dates from 1878. In the earlier stages of his career his work was so lachrymose in its character that it gained for him the *soubriquet* of "grave-yard Holl." Of late, however, he has taken to portraiture with extraordinary success. His father, who is a popular line engraver, was created an Associate of the Academy some three months ago.

The large picture by W. Q. Orchardson, mentioned the other week in this column, is now completed and will be one of the chief features of the coming Academy Exhibition. It represents a scene in the life of Voltaire.

Years ago John Pettie painted a little sketch of a couple of fat monks pulling asunder the "merry-thought" of a chicken. The incident, which was a telling one, seems to have struck his fancy, since he has selected it as the subject of an Academy picture. While in the old sketch, however, the competitors for the "big half" of the bone were both monks, in the large picture one is a monk and the other a soldier. In Mr Pettie's second Academy work the chief figures are a group of Italian banditti of the sixteenth century.

Lavery has returned to Paris, to renew his studies there.

"Autumn Haze on the Fife Coast" is the title of a large and beautiful water colour drawing sent by William Carlaw to the London Water Colour Institute. The subject is a red-tiled fishing village beside the sea, and the artist has been eminently successful in his reproduction of the soft, atmospheric feeling peculiar to our eastern, and especially our Fife seaboard.

James Paterson's Academy picture has a modern fashionable interior with figures for its subject. Tom Hunt has sent to Burlington House a moor at sundown over which cattle are being driven, and to the Water Colour Institute an important drawing of cattle standing among sedges, and the "Postal Gossip" which has been seen already in this city.

James Guthrie has sent to Burlington House a large picture, the subject of which offers a marked contrast to his last year's "Highland Funeral." It represents a girl driving a flock of geese along a road in Lincolnshire. The road runs right across the foreground of the work; the long flat of the fen country stretches away in the distance; and overhead is a blue sky, flecked here and there with a white cloud. Mr Guthrie has sought for an effect of sunlight thrown strongly on the objects in his picture, and as the girl and the geese are life-size the *tout ensemble* is a wonderfully strong and striking one.

The Academy picture of Joseph Henderson, which is at present in the London Hogarth Club, illustrates a "bit" of shore life. An itinerant cobbler has pitched his tent beside the sea, and a fisherman brings him a pair of boots to get mended. The subject is an unusual one. It is treated in Mr Henderson's best style. A capitally composed landscape, having for its component parts water, boats, fishermen's houses, and steep, wooded hills, and entitled "Dittisham," is the more important of the two pictures which John Miller has sent to London. His second Academy work is a cleverly-treated evening effect "On the Dart."

The "Little Red Riding Hood"—a picture of great strength of colour—of Alfred East, goes to the Royal Academy, as do likewise two telling figure subjects from the brush of John Lavery.

Following the example set so successfully a few weeks ago by John Smart, R.S.A., William Glover proposes, in the course of the present spring, to hold a public sale of his pictures and drawings.

William M'Taggart, R.S.A., gives a fancy dress ball this week in his house in Hope Street, Edinburgh.

According to the *Journal des Artistes*, Gustave Doré has left several legacies to benevolent societies founded for the benefit of artists, and has ordered that all his unsold works shall be kept under seal for two years, and then sold by public auction. It is reported, however, that there is to be litigation in connection with Doré's last will and testament.

The Three R's—Radicals, Republicans, and Revolutionaries.

Men of Letters—"Comps."

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

Sole Lessee and Manager,.....Mr H. CECIL BERYL.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND
FRIDAY, APRIL 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, AND 6TH.
MISS ADELINE STANHOPE AND COMPANY

In FRED LYSTER'S American Play,
L A B E L E R U S S E.
SATURDAY, APRIL 7TH,
E A S T L Y N N E.

Preceded each Evening by
A L A U G H A B L E F A R C E.
MONDAY FIRST, APRIL 9TH,
MR HENRY VERNON AND COMPANY
In WILKIE COLLINS' Great Drama,
B L A C K A N D W H I T E.

Box Office at Messrs R. J. & R. Adams's Music Warehouse, 81
and 83 Buchanan Street.

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Miss ELIZ. HUNTER, Miss J. HINSHELWOOD, Mrs CHRIS. WILLIAMS, Mr J. D. HENDERSON, Miss C. D. HAMILTON, From London.

Mr A. FINLAYSON, Mr W. CRAWFORD, Mr W. H. LANNAGAN, Mr RICHIE THOM.

Miss M. W. FYFFE, Also MR JOHN DOBSON, of the "Irving Dramatic Club," Who will give his Impersonations of Celebrated Artists.

Mr F. W. BRIDGMAN, Pianist.

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NIGHTLY AT 8.

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GREAT CONCERT COMPANY AND BANDS. Prices—3s, 2s, and 1s; Promenade, 6d.

Tickets, and Plan at Adams's, 83 Buchanan Street.

JAMES M'EWAN, RESTAURATEUR, 26 & 28 MAIN STREET, ANDERSTON.

BREAKFASTS DINNERS, TEAS. French Papers Daily.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS ON GLASGOW FAST DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL, 1883.

By Express Trains, with Through Carriages, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street Station) at 8 15 a.m. Returning from Dundee (West) at 6-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes Street) at 6-45 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— 1st Cl. 3rd Cl. To PERTH, 7s. 3s 6d. To DUNDEE, 10s. 5s.

Passengers may return the following day by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

TO OBAN, By Excursion Train leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m. Returning from Oban at 5-0 p.m. same day. The Train will call at Strathyre, Lochearnhead, Killin, Luib, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Dalnally, Lochawe, Taynult, and Connel Ferry, both going and returning.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 10s. | Third Class ... 5s.

Passengers may return the following day, by any of the Ordinary Trains, by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the Booking Office before returning.

TO EDINBURGH, NEWHAVEN, AND LEITH, Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 8-15 a.m., Bridge Street at 8 18, and Eglinton Street at 8 21 a.m. Returning from Leith at 6-30 p.m., Newhaven at 6-33, and Edinburgh (Prince's Street Station) at 7-0 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 5s 6d. | Third Class ... 2s 6d.

Passengers may return the following day, by any of the Ordinary Trains by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

Passengers for Newhaven or Leith may break the journey at Edinburgh both going and returning.

TO CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, LOCKERBIE, AND BEATTOCK.

Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 7-45 a.m., Bridge Street at 7-47, Eglinton Street at 7-50, London Road at 7-33, and Bridgeton at 7-36 a.m. Returning from Carlisle at 6-15 p.m., Dumfries at 6-30, Lockerbie at 7-8, and Beattock at 7-33 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— To 1st Cl. 3d Cl. To 1st Cl. 3d Cl.

BEATTOCK, 7s. 3s 6d. DUMFRIES, 8s. 4s. LOCKERBIE, 8s. 4s od. CARLISLE, 8s. 4s.

Passengers may return the following day by any of the Ordinary Trains (Limited Mail excepted) on paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

TO LANARK (FOR FALLS OF CLYDE). By Train leaving Glasgow (Central) at 9-0 a.m., Bridge Street at 9-3, Eglinton Street at 9-7, London Road at 9-2, and Bridgeton at 9-5 a.m. Returning from Lanark at 6-10 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 3s 10d. | Third Class ... 2s 1d.

Passengers may return the following day by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the Booking Office before returning.

TO TILLETUDLEM. Leaving Glasgow (Central Station) at 10-10 a.m.; Bridge Street, 10-13; Eglinton Street, 10-17; London Road, 10-5; and Bridgeton at 10-8 a.m. Returning at 5-30 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 2s 4d. | Third Class ... 1s 4d.

Tickets available for Day of Issue only. Booking Offices and Stations in Glasgow.

Additional Trains will also be run to and from EDINBURGH, STIRLING, LANARK, GREENOCK, and other Places. For hours of starting, see Bills.

For additional Train and Boat Accommodation to ROTHE-SAY, LARGS, and MILLPORT, via WEMYSS BAY, see Bills.

RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE Will be Issued on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th APRIL, at GLASGOW and PAISLEY, to BEATTOCK, and Stations South thereof, up to and including CARLISLE; also to DUMFRIES and STRANRAER, and all other Stations on the DUMFRIES and LOCKERBIE BRANCH and PORT-PATRICK RAILWAY, available to Return up to and inclusive of Monday, 9th April, 1883.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager. Glasgow, April, 1883.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON GLASGOW FAST-DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL.

RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY Will be issued from GLASGOW, (ST. ENOCH and MAIN STREET), SHIELDS ROAD and PAISLEY, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th APRIL to THORNHILL, DALBEATTIE, PINMORE, DUMFRIES, CASTLE-DOUGLAS, PINWHERRY, ANNAN, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, BARRHILL, CARLISLE, GIRVAN, NEW LUCE, and Stations on the Port-Patrick Railway, Via CASTLE-DOULAS.

The Tickets being Valid for Return up till and including Monday, 9th April.

On THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL, A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave GLASGOW (ST ENOCH) at 8-15, SHIELDS ROAD at 8-20, and PAISLEY at 8 30 a.m., for— RETURN FARES.

1st Cl. 3rd Cl. MAUCHLINE and AUCHINLECK, 5s od 2s 6d. OLD CUMNOCK, NEW CUMNOCK and SANQUHAR, 6s od 3s od.

THORNHILL, 9s od 3s 6d. DUMFRIES, ANNAN, and CARLISLE, 8s od 4s od.

For Return Times, see Poster and Hand-Bills. Passengers may Return by Ordinary Trains on Friday, 6th April, on Payment at the Booking-Office when returning of One-Fourth additional to the Excursion Fare.

TO THE AYRSHIRE COAST. On THURSDAY, 5th APRIL, By SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, leaving GLASGOW (ST ENOCH) at 9-15, SHIELDS ROAD 9-20, and PAISLEY at 9-30 a.m.

RETURN FARES. STATIONS. 1st Cl. 3rd Cl. Irvine, 4s od 2s od.

Saltcoats, 4s od 2s od. Troon, 5s od 2s 6d.

Ardrrossan, 4s od 2s od. Prestwick, 5s od 2s 6d.

(South Beach) West Kilbride, 5s od 2s 6d. Fairlie, 5s od 2s 6d.

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W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager. Glasgow, March, 1883.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS. 14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

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CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS ON GLASGOW FAST DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL, 1883.

TO PERTH AND DUNDEE. By Express Trains, with Through Carriages, leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street Station) at 8 15 a.m. Returning from Dundee (West) at 6-0 p.m., and Perth (Princes Street) at 6-45 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— 1st Cl. 3rd Cl. To PERTH, 7s. 3s 6d. To DUNDEE, 10s. 5s.

Passengers may return the following day by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

TO OBAN, By Excursion Train leaving Glasgow (Buchanan Street) at 8-20 a.m. Returning from Oban at 5-0 p.m. same day. The Train will call at Strathyre, Lochearnhead, Killin, Luib, Crianlarich, Tyndrum, Dalnally, Lochawe, Taynult, and Connel Ferry, both going and returning.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 10s. | Third Class ... 5s. Passengers may return the following day, by any of the Ordinary Trains, by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the Booking Office before returning.

TO EDINBURGH, NEWHAVEN, AND LEITH, Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 8-15 a.m., Bridge Street at 8 18, and Eglinton Street at 8 21 a.m. Returning from Leith at 6-30 p.m., Newhaven at 6-33, and Edinburgh (Prince's Street Station) at 7-0 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 5s 6d. | Third Class ... 2s 6d. Passengers may return the following day, by any of the Ordinary Trains by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

Passengers for Newhaven or Leith may break the journey at Edinburgh both going and returning.

TO CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, LOCKERBIE, AND BEATTOCK. Leaving Glasgow (Central) at 7-45 a.m., Bridge Street at 7-47, Eglinton Street at 7-50, London Road at 7-33, and Bridgeton at 7-36 a.m. Returning from Carlisle at 6-15 p.m., Dumfries at 6-30, Lockerbie at 7-8, and Beattock at 7-33 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— To BEATTOCK, 7s. 3s 6d. To DUMFRIES, 8s. 4s. To LOCKERBIE, 8s. 4s od. To CARLISLE, 8s. 4s.

Passengers may return the following day by any of the Ordinary Trains (Limited Mail excepted) on paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the respective Booking Offices before returning.

TO LANARK (FOR FALLS OF CLYDE). By Train leaving Glasgow (Central) at 9-0 a.m., Bridge Street at 9-3, Eglinton Street at 9-7, London Road at 9-2, and Bridgeton at 9-5 a.m. Returning from Lanark at 6-10 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 3s 10d. | Third Class ... 2s 1d. Passengers may return the following day by paying One-Fourth of these Fares additional at the Booking Office before returning.

TO TILLETUDLEM. Leaving Glasgow (Central Station) at 10-10 a.m.; Bridge Street, 10-13; Eglinton Street, 10-17; London Road, 10-5; and Bridgeton at 10-8 a.m. Returning at 5-30 p.m. same day.

CHEAP RETURN FARES— First Class ... 2s 4d. | Third Class ... 1s 4d. Tickets available for Day of Issue only. Booking Offices and Stations in Glasgow.

Additional Trains will also be run to and from EDINBURGH, STIRLING, LANARK, GREENOCK, and other Places. For hours of starting, see Bills.

For additional Train and Boat Accommodation to ROTHE-SAY, LARGS, and MILLPORT, via WEMYSS BAY, see Bills.

RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE Will be Issued on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th APRIL, at GLASGOW and PAISLEY, to BEATTOCK, and Stations South thereof, up to and including CARLISLE; also to DUMFRIES and STRANRAER, and all other Stations on the DUMFRIES and LOCKERBIE BRANCH and PORT-PATRICK RAILWAY, available to Return up to and inclusive of Monday, 9th April, 1883.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager. Glasgow, April, 1883.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON GLASGOW FAST-DAY, THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL.

RETURN TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY Will be issued from GLASGOW, (ST. ENOCH and MAIN STREET), SHIELDS ROAD and PAISLEY, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 4th and 5th APRIL to THORNHILL, DALBEATTIE, PINMORE, DUMFRIES, CASTLE-DOUGLAS, PINWHERRY, ANNAN, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, BARRHILL, CARLISLE, GIRVAN, NEW LUCE, and Stations on the Port-Patrick Railway, Via CASTLE-DOULAS.

The Tickets being Valid for Return up till and including Monday, 9th April.

On THURSDAY, 5TH APRIL, A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave GLASGOW (ST ENOCH) at 8-15, SHIELDS ROAD at 8-20, and PAISLEY at 8 30 a.m., for— RETURN FARES, 1st Cl. 3rd Cl.

MAUCHLINE and AUCHINLECK, 5s od 2s 6d. OLD CUMNOCK, NEW CUMNOCK and SANQUHAR, 6s od 3s od.

THORNHILL, 9s od 3s 6d. DUMFRIES, ANNAN, and CARLISLE, 8s od 4s od.

For Return Times, see Poster and Hand-Bills. Passengers may Return by Ordinary Trains on Friday, 6th April, on Payment at the Booking-Office when returning of One-Fourth additional to the Excursion Fare.

TO THE AYRSHIRE COAST. On THURSDAY, 5th APRIL, By SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, leaving GLASGOW (ST ENOCH) at 9-15, SHIELDS ROAD 9-20, and PAISLEY at 9-30 a.m. RETURN FARES. STATIONS. 1st Cl. 3rd Cl.

Kilwinning, 4s od 2s od. Saltcoats, 4s od 2s 6d. Ardrossan, 5s od 2s 6d. (South Beach) 4s od 2s od. West Kilbride, 5s od 2s 6d. Fairlie, 5s od 2s 6d.

For Return Times, see Posters and Hand-Bills. Passengers may Return by Ordinary Trains on Friday, 6th April, on payment when returning of One-Fourth additional to the Excursion Fare.

W. J. WAINWRIGHT, General Manager. Glasgow, March, 1883.

A. F. SHARP & CO. Receive Advertisements for all BRITISH and FOREIGN PAPERS. 14 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE.

ARGYLE TURKISH AND WARM BATHS,

366 ARGYLE STREET, AND 184 SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
The most complete in Scotland. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

At Woodburn, Helensburgh, on Thursday, 5th April, at Twelve o'clock.

EXTENSIVE PUBLIC SALE OF SUPERIOR HOUSE FURNITURE AND PLENISHING.

Ebonised Inlaid Three-Door Commode with Large Mirror in Gold Frame.

Ebonised and Gold Drawing-Room Suite in Crimson Repp.
Ormolu Clock, with Mercurial Pendulum, under Glass Shade.
2 Hand-Painted China Vases, with Ormolu Handles and Plinths.

Oak Dining-Room Suite, in Crimson Morocco.
Oak Pedestal Sideboard with Plate-Glass Mirror Back.
Carved Oak Hall Table and Chair to Match.

Bronze Figure Clock with 2 Bronze Statuettes *en suite*.
Ground Front Register Grates, with Tile Hearths, Fenders, and Fire-Irons to Match.
Brussels Carpets.

Italian Walnut and Pitch Pine Bed-Room Suites.
Gong on Oak Stand.

(Belonging to a Sequestered Estate, and Sold by instructions of Robert Blyth, Esq., [Chartered Accountant, 115 St. Vincent Street, Trustee on the Estate.]

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO. will Sell the above.
by Auction, at Lodging, Woodburn, John Street, Helensburgh, on Thursday, 5th April, at Twelve o'clock prompt.

On View Morning of Sale.

TERMS—CASH AT SALE.

Messrs M'CLELLAND, MACKINNON & BLYTH,
Chartered Accountants, 115 Saint Vincent Street,
ROBERT M'TEAR & CO., Auctioneers.
Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, 2nd April, 1883.

M A D A M E B O W M A N,
115 BATH STREET,
(Corner of Wellington St.)

Begs to announce her return from Paris and London, and is now showing the Latest Novelties in Costumes, Mantles, Millinery, also Materials, and Trimmings for same. Juvenile Dresses very choice.

THE "VALE OF LEVEN" BLEND,

BEING A

Choice Selection of the Finest Old Whiskies, Blended together in H.M. Customs' Bond, and guaranteed to be Five Years' Old, and the most Wholesome Whisky in the Market.

Prices, 7d per Gill, 3s per Bottle, or 18s per Gallon.

Can only be had from the Proprietor—

W. CAMPBELL,

VALE OF LEVEN SPIRIT VAULTS,
3 & 5 DUNDAS STREET, CITY (Opposite N.B. Railway).

GREAT MILLINERY SALE.

THE HIGH-CLASS STOCK of the PARIS MILLINERY COMPANY is now offered at Great Reductions, owing to the Business being discontinued, presenting a very favourable opportunity to Purchasers. The Stock, as is well known, is one of the finest in the City, and must be Realised within the next Two Months, as the Premises are Let.

103 ST. VINCENT STREET.

THE CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCE

OF
H A N D E L ' S " M E S S I A H,"

ST. ANDREW'S HALLS,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FIRST, 7th APRIL, 1883.
Doors Open at 2. Concert at 3 o'clock.

SOPRANOS—

Miss MARY SIMMERS.

Miss AGNES YOUNG.

CONTRALTOS—

Miss MAGGIE SOUTAR.

Miss MAGGIE PROCTOR.

TENOR—

MR J. T. MURRAY

(Glasgow Select Choir).

BASS—

MR JAMES FLEMING

(Glasgow Select Choir).

Conductor,.....Mr FRANK SHARP

Organist,Dr A. L. PEACE.

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

THE FOLLY THEATRE OF VARIETIES,

Dunlop St., [Late DAVID BROWN'S.] Glasgow.

Proprietor, A. MACGREGOR.

DR HOLDER, THE QUEEN'S MAGICIAN.

LILLIE LEE'S BALLET.

And the MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME in
GLASGOW, TO-NIGHT.

FRESH WATER FISHING TACKLE,

Wholesale and Retail.

SALMON FLIES, BEST SPLIT WING TROUT FLIES;

Made-up FLY CASTS for River and Loch Fishing.

Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Tackle Boxes, Phantoms, Bait Tackle, Baskets, Bags, Waders, Live and Artificial Bails, &c.

Flies tied o Pattern on the Premises.

WM. ROBERTSON (From Kelso on Tweed),

CENTRAL ARCADE, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

M R W A L K E R,

FISHMONGER,

87 WEST GEORGE STREET,

WILL

SHORTLY REMOVE TO

103 WEST GEORGE STREET.

The Business now carried on by Mr Walker, was established by the late Andrew Harley in 1824, and was originally carried on at the Market Arcade in Buchanan Street. From 1835 to 1874 it was carried on by Mr Harley and his sister and niece, Mrs and Miss Whitelaw, at 65 Saint George's Place, and for the last nine years it has been carried on in the present premises. The new premises at 103 West George Street are larger and more convenient than the present Shop, and the families who have so long supported the Business are assured that even increased care and attention will be given to their orders. Mr Walker will now also carry on the Business of a Poulterer.

J A M E S F I N D L A Y J U N.,

HOUSE FACTOR,

87 UNION STREET,

Has TO LET, in CENTRAL and CONVENIENT POSITIONS,
COUNTING-HOUSES, WAREHOUSES,
WORKSHOPS, STORES, SHOPS, HALLS,

AND

DWELLING-HOUSES,
IN MOST PARTS OF CITY;

ALSO IN SUBURBS.

LISTS ON APPLICATION.

WATCHMAKERS
TO THE QUEEN.



CHRONOMETER
MAKERS
TO THE
ADMIRALTY.

JAMES MUIRHEAD & SONS,
90 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

Have completed arrangements for the manufacture and supply of First-class Gold Keyless Lever Watches, at the following prices:—
Open Face, Gold Dial, Plain Cases, - - £13 10 0
" White Dial, Crystal Face, - - 13 10 0
" with Richly Engraved Cases, - - 14 10 0
Hunting Cases, Plain, £16 10s; Engraved, £17 10s.

These Watches are guaranteed to be entirely English make of the best quality, and to be accurate Time-keepers. The recognised advantages of the Keyless work on high priced watches induced them to attempt the production of a good Keyless Watch at a Low Price, and having succeeded, we can with entire confidence recommend those now offered. Priced Catalogue of Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Silver and Electro-Plated Goods, Free by Post on application.

ELEGANT PRESENTATION VOLUME.
New Edition, Price 15s. Elegantly Bound,
KYLE'S SCOTTISH LYRIC GEMS,
CONTAINING 225 SCOTCH SONGS.
Words and Music, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by
T. S. GLEADHILL.

"This volume is worth a hundred of the books of music which contain songs of the present day."—*Scotsman*.
JOSEPH FERRIE,
Music Publisher, 4 Bath Street; and all Book and Musicsellers.

AT PAWNBROKING and FURNITURE SALE ROOMS, 309 ARGYLE STREET, (Corner of Robertson Street), **GREAT CLEARING SALE,** previous to acquiring Additional Premises and Alterations, of the well-known Varied and Valuable Stock of Second-hand Goods; Watches, from 15s to £90 sterling; Silks, Satins, Seal Jackets, Cutlery, Spoons, Men and Women's Wearing Apparel, Chests Drawers, Wardrobes, &c., and the Stock too varied to detail. The Largest Establishment of the kind in Great Britain.—Come and see the contents of the 12 Windows, Corner of Robertson Street, 30 Argyle Street.

CENTRIFUGAL Gold Hunting, Centre Seconds and Seconds, Keyless Independent Watch; the centrepically rebounding seconds, and superior workmanship of this watch combined, the paucity of the number made, renders it invaluable to the sportsman, marine, or professional gentleman; a bargain. Pawnbroking Sale-Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

INDEPENDENT Gold Hunting, centre seconds and seconds, Keyless Chronographic Watch; maker makes to Her Majesty the Queen and Prince of Wales; appropriate for medical, professional, or sporting gentlemen; a bargain.—Pawnbroking Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street, Glasgow.

BLACK Cloth Suits, Black Cord Suits, and 250 Tweed Suits at half price of usual charges in new shops. The goods are new, by special arrangement, at Pawnbroking and Furniture Sale Rooms, 309 Argyle Street, Corner of Robertson Street.

HUNTER & SON, Auctioneers, Property, Land, and Business Agents, having a fair Inquiry for Heritable Property and Businesses for Sale, Parties having the above for Disposal, and entrusting them with the Sale thereof will tend to their own interest.—74 Robertson Street.

GLASS AND CHINA.—M'DOUGALL & SONS, 77 BUCHANAN STREET and at 8 to 16 JAIL SQUARE, established over 50 years. Depot for Mintons's, Worcester, Crown Derby, Dresden Porcelain, and Doulton Ware. Lowest Trade Terms. Cash discount allowed. Sole Glasgow Agents for Dr Salviatti's Venetian Glass. Inspection invited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Painting, Decorating and Gilding of China and Glass by our own Artists, and the Firing of the same in an improved Kila which we have recently erected in our Workshop, enable us to introduce novelties which can nowhere else be had. Tiles and Vases decorated to order.

FIRING OF CHINA.—We are now Gilding and Firing Paintings on China and Glass at moderate rates, and on the shortest notice.

WROUGHT IRON WINE BINS,
Made any required sizes, or to fit recesses, &c.

WILLIAM HUME,
217 BUCHANAN STREET,

THE NEW CLEANSING AND PURIFYING FLUID,
H Y D R O N E
For General Laundry, Household, and other Purposes.
May be had of all Grocers, &c.
THE HYDRONE COMPANY, LIMITED,
Works—37 POMEROY ST., NEW CROSS ROAD, S.E.
Offices—
13 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.
LONDON.
79 ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, GLASGOW.

TO MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS, CHURCH CHOIRS, &c.
J. D. BOYACK would respectfully invite attention to his large and comprehensive Stock of **CHORAL MUSIC,** embracing all the Standard and Newest **ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, ANTHEMS, PART-SONGS,** Trios for Equal Voices, Part-Songs for Male Voices, Sol-fa Music, &c.
Special attention given to this branch of the Music Trade.
J. D. BOYACK,
PIANOFORTE and MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 138 BUCHANAN ST.
(Opposite Western Club and Stock Exchange.)

ROBERT M'TEAR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUATORS,
WEST-END FURNITURE BRANCH AND STORES—
46 BATH STREET and 15 and 17 SAUCHIEHALL LANE.
Well Ventilated and Dry Stores or Furniture, Plate, and Pictures, Let by the Week, Month, or Year, at Moderate Rates.
Head Office—Royal Exchange Sale-Rooms, North Court, Saint Vincent Place.

KERR'S NEURALGIC CONE.—A valuable preparation for the cure of Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Earache, Tic-Doloureux, &c., by outward use. One application giving immediate relief. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker, **CHAS. KERR, Chemist, Dundee.** Price, 1s 6d; by post, 1s 8d.

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN.
RALSTON & SONS,
141 SAUCHIEHALL STREET 141
AND
311 BYARS ROAD (Opposite the Burgh Hall), HILLHEAD.

FEARFUL AND IRREPARABLE LOSS

TO THE
COMMUNITY OF GLASGOW AND DISTRICT.

COMPULSORY WINDING-UP of the MILLIONATIA, 82 JAMAICA ST.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

EXPIRY OF LEASE.

GIGANTIC AND ENTIRE CLEARANCE OF THE WHOLE VALUABLE AND ENORMOUS STOCK,
Which must be realised before the Term, and that means we must Sell at least Goods to the Amount of £2000 Each Week.

WALTER WILSON, OF COLOSSEUM FAME,

Much regrets having to make such a serious announcement as this, which is sure to stagger and disappoint many thousands of our town and country friends, as the shutting up of the Millionatia is virtually the withdrawing of one of the most philanthropic boons which has ever before been conferred upon the Working Classes of Glasgow and surrounding districts; but as the Lease expires in the course of a few weeks, we have determined to clear out the Whole Stock at such fabulous Reductions that will dumfounder and paralyse the whole community, thereby stamping our already well-known name everlastingly in the annals of the Drapery Trade. The whole Stock will be submitted as it stands, thereby giving our Patrons a glorious and unprecedented Choice of Bargains only to be met with once in a lifetime. We are prepared for a fearful scramble, and know quite well we will be besieged with an anxious crowd of buyers, as every pennyworth in the Millionatia must be cleared out. Some rare Cheap Lines will be shown. Kindly don't look at the following tempting and extraordinary Lots, as they will be given away the first week of Sale.

FIRST DAY OF SALE—FRIDAY, 30th MARCH.

Undernoted are a few of the particulars, which are well worth your special notice:—

MEN'S HATS! MEN'S HATS!! MEN'S HATS!!!

Mr WILSON is determined to give the Working Men of the West of Scotland a last great chance of getting cheap stuff. See the Hats we now offer at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d, and 3s 11d. See the Shirts we offer at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. See the Underclothing Drawers, Semmets, &c. We are clearing out—the last days of the Millionatia will never be forgotten.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!!

Straw Hats for the Million. The last chance for cheap Straw Hats will slip away if you do not grasp it at once; 50,000 Hats to be almost given away. Piles of Hats at One Penny each; Boys' Tweed Polo Caps 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d each. White, Black, and Brown Straw Hats for Girls, for Boys, for Women, at 1d, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, and 6d each. Do not wait till the Fair till you buy your Hats, as the Millionatia will be closed. Buy your Bonnets at once. We are selling them desperately cheap, in order to clear out the entire Stock in four weeks, if possible. See our Manilla Message Bags at One Penny. See our beautiful little Bags for School Girls for One Halfpenny; they would be cheap enough at Sixpence, but we want them cleared out at once, so they go at a bawbee.

See our Silk Handkerchiefs for the Neck at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Rare bargains in Muslin Ties, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Umbrellas, Gloves, Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Velvets, Silks, Satins, Cuffs, Collars, Handkerchiefs, &c, &c.

Remember we want the whole Stock cleared out in four weeks. The desperate prices we ask will clear out many lots at once.

ULSTERS! ULSTERS!! ULSTERS!!!

Most Extraordinary Value in Ulsters. One Thousand Misses Ulsters from 1s to 13s 6d each. See our Great Half-Guinea Oatmeal Ulsters that we are pitching away at 2s 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. This line is the wonder of Scotland. Ulsters and Newmarket Coats at all prices from 3s 6d to 21s; rare value.

JACKETS! JACKETS!! JACKETS!!!

The Whole Stock of All German Jackets now must go at any price. Jackets worth 50s for 25s; 60s Jackets for 30s; 70s Jackets for 35s. If you want a Jacket now is the time to get one cheap. If you do not want one, you should buy now and lay past till wanted. Boys' Tweed Blouses or Tunics, heartrending sacrifice to clear; 3s Tunics for 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; see them.

THUNDER! THUNDER!! THUNDER!!!

5000 German Knitted Skirts—1st size, for Girls, for 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, worth 9d; 2nd size, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, worth 1s; 3rd size, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, worth 1s 3d; 4th size, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, worth 1s 6d. Full sizes for Women, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; worth double at least. These will go like Lightning, *so do not—do not—do not* miss this chance.

Piles upon Piles of Beautiful Summer Skirts; Piles of Flannel Skirts; Piles of Quilted Skirts; Piles of Thibet Skirts from 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d to 12s 6d. These are extraordinary value.

WALTER WILSON & CO.,

MILLIONATIA, 78, 80, 82, 84 JAMAICA STREET.

(Second Door from Broomielaw Corner.)

Note that this refers only to the MILLIONATIA. The Colosseum is in no way affected by the change. The Colosseum and Millionatia are entirely different concerns.

GLASGOW: Printed by WILLIAM MUNRO at his General Printing Office, 80 Gordon Street; and Published for the Proprietors by A. F. SHARP & Co. (who will receive Advertisements for the BAILIE), 14 Royal Exchange Square