



I observe by the English papers, that a new and delicate mode of advertising is coming into vogue in London, shop-keepers exhibiting in their windows relics of heroes and others of a by-gone day; a shoe-dealer, for instance, displaying the boots worn by the redoubtable Claud Duval, and the pumps which once decorated the shapely feet of Beau Nash; a tobacconist shows the pipe and tobacco-stopper used by Sir Isaac Newton, and so on. This style might be imitated in Canada, for the public appear to have wearied soon of sickly zoological specimens and ponies, fully equipped, eating hay out of a rack in a plate glass front. Now, I would suggest that some of the following would be invaluable, and all the more so as the quondam wearers are still in the laud of the living. A hatter might display the well-known soft-felt head-gear of Mr. Blake (if it can be procured); Mr. Mowat's spectacles would draw crowds to an optician's place of business; whilst the glove which Alderman Piper wore when he smote Doc Sheppard in front of the post office, would be an irresistible attraction for a dry goods store. These are only a few samples of what might be displayed, and I make this suggestion for what it is worth—so much a line.



I saw something a few days ago on a grocer's sign that caused me to reflect. There was not much in the words themselves, but I fancied there might be a deeply hidden meaning in them. The legend was nothing more nor less than this: "Teas and Coffees of Original Blends." I fell to thinking what these "original" blends might be. Sloc leaves, copper and tea, I was familiar with. Chicory, beans and coffee are a combination as ancient as Mocha itself. What, I wondered in my innocence, are these new and "original" blends? Perhaps some novel method of roasting saw-dust and horse-chestnut shells, dashing them with a flavor of coffee and giving them to the world as the latter. Possibly some new-fangled invention whereby the currant bush may be made to yield its foliage, and, mingled with the dust from a tea-chest, become a very fine and original "tea." I do not suppose that that grocer would be likely to impart his secret to me, but I wish he would, if it were only to give me a surcease from the worry and mental torture of thinking about it. The people have their rights, and there is no reason why any tradesman should be permitted to drive them into lunatic asylums; peradventure, premature, cold and silent tombs. It is an outrage!

I don't see that the promoters of the Toronto Gentleman's Rational Dress Reform Club are meeting with any very alarming encouragement in their laudable project. This may be accounted for by the fact that the lower limbs of the majority of our young men partake more of the broomstick order of architecture

than the symmetrical, but cotton batting will do wonders; but those gentlemen who undertake to remedy nature's defects should be very careful. I was amused to see a young man the other day in knickerbockers, but the effect of his get-up was marred by the fact that one of his calves had slipped down nearly to his ankle, whilst the other one was gradually working itself round to the front. As I said before, great care should be taken when assisting nature.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

(AIR—BONNIE DUNDEE)

To the Lords of Auld England 'twas Gladstone that spoke,
This bill maun gae through tho' yer crowns should be broke;
Then each Englishman who loves honor and mo,
Let him vote for the Franchise, the rights o' the free.
Come pack up my axe, come pack up my pen;
Come pack up my trunk, an' let's off by the train;
We'll awa' o'er the border, as fast a' we can flee,
An' when we come back then we'll see what we'll see.
Gladstone he is mounted, the stump he has taen;
The Lords they just growl, an' stick fast to the hano;
But Gladstone, douce man said, "just een let them be,
That bill will gae through; gin ye'll just bide a we.
Shee out wi' my axe, an' oot wi' my pen;
We may need hae the tra' yet, for aught that we ken;
Gin the craws frae their nest in the forks wi'na flee,
Then the axe we maun lay to the root o' the tree."
There are towns beyond London, an' lands beyond Forth;
If there's slaves in the South, there are men in the North,
There are bonnie brave Scotchmen three thousand times three.
Who'll cry "Hey! for the Franchise!" till a' the Lords flee.
Then out wi' your note-books, yer pencil, yer pen,
Report every word the "Grand Auld Man" is saun;
Auld Arthur's seat sings wi' the cheers an' the glee,
An' the echoes are waikin' the folk by the sea!
Then bring out yer Jeannees, yer flunkies, yer knives,
Parade forty thousand pair spiritless slaves;
But tremble my Lords in the midst o' yer glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' the Franchise an' me.
Then pack up my axe noo, and lay by my pen;
We'll awa' back an' beard the auld Lords in their den;
Wha-er cries peccavit it wi'na be me,
For I'm bound the Franchise Bill I'll carry or dee.

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

AND THE WAY THE POOR MAN IS RECEIVED AT THEM.



Not to be outdone in enterprise, and seeing that other journals had been making a new departure from the beaten tracks, MR. GRIP determined to attempt something of a similar nature to the embassy of the *Globe* reporter to the various fashionable churches in the city. MR. GRIP, however, selected boarding-houses as the scene of his ambassador's operations, as he had heard much of the manner in which impecunious gentlemen were received by the proprietresses of these establishments. Accordingly he summoned his trusty henchman and imparting his idea to him bid him to prepare himself and go forth. The gentleman's adventures are given in his own words.

"I decided to don a shabby dress, which I did as follows: I wore a helmet-hat that had been the pride of King-street eight summers ago. It was 'the hat my father wore' and was much the worse for the several cargoes of bricks which the old gentleman had been accustomed to carry in it on various occasions. Originally white, it was now stained with rain-storm and tobacco-juice till it looked like a cone of drab blotting-paper that had been used for mopping out a bar-room. I had no shirt, but but I pioned a paper collar to my jersey and donned a necktie I had fished out of a Lombard-street swill-barrel. My coat was an

ulster of several colors; time had made great havoc with it, and where buttons were lacking I utilized hair-pins and stove-pipe wire. One leg of my pantaloons was longer than the other and my outfit was completed with an overshoe on one foot and a cow-hide boot on the other. I allowed my beard to grow for four days before I started and when that period had elapsed I sallied forth. My first visit was to an ultra-fashionable hashery on Jarvis-street. Several gentlemen connected with banking and the dry-goods trade, I believe, were seated on the verandah as I ascended the steps and rang the bell. The lady of the house answered the summons, and no sooner had she caught sight of me than she fainted clean away in the hall, knocking down the hat-rack in her fall and crushing a new stove-pipe hat as she sat upon it. The uproar caused the gentlemen in the verandah to rush in to enquire the cause of the disturbance, and one young man, seeing his cherished 'plug' battered out flat beneath the landlady, was so overcome that he wept aloud, 'Oh! I thay; look at my plug hat; my new hat that I thaved up for thwee weekth to buy, his misery being soothed by his companions who regarded me with savage scowls. Meanwhije I fanned the prostrate female with my pocket handkerchief which, in a short time, brought her to her senses and she rose and pointed to the door with a stamp of her foot and the emphatic jaculation of 'Scat! tramp. Sic him Towser.' 'But madam,' I pleaded 'I came to see if I could procure board in your establishment. Pray let me enquire your terms.' 'Go, fellow; I would not have you here for worlds.' 'But, lady,' I resumed, 'I can pay for my entertainment—on the same terms as some of your present boarders, videlicet, every six months, at least sometimes—and I am well connected at home; my father is a bishop and I write for the papers. I—' but my flow of oratory was interrupted by Towser, a huge mastiff, who seized me by the south-eastern bulge of my pantaloons and escorted me backwards to the front gate.

"I then proceeded to a somewhat less pretentious house on Adelaide-street. In answer to my ringing peal at the bell and thunderous knocking, with the huge club I carried, on the door, a small female in curl papers presented herself. She scanned me from top to toe and then said 'Phew! go 'way; got nothing for you.' 'Fair lady,' I said, 'I am in search of a boarding-house. What are your terms?' After a pause the gentle being started off as follows. 'Fourandahawweekpaidinadvance. Washing-andbedroomandadinnernapkinextra; nocharge-forsoapandwater—whichhythewayyouseemto require.' 'Good!' I replied; 'How often does fried liver grace your festal board—' 'Nev—' 'Does the butter perform its athletic feats at table or does it confine its antics to the cellar? Is your hair false or does it come out? Are you married? Is your establishment a good square place where a fellow can get a decent feed, or is it one of those faded-gentility affairs where the lady has seen better days, and, on the strength of that, starves her unfortunate victims? Madam, I am an orphan—an English baronet's orphan—and have been accustomed to luxury; answer me these questions?' 'Have you a trunk?' was her counter query. 'No; but I expect one by the next English mail.' 'Can you pay in advance?' was the next demand. 'No, but I—' 'Will-y-um! Will-y-um!' shrieked this awful woman, 'bring your pistols, here's a man trying to kiss me.'

"May heaven's vengeance fall on me if I as much as winked at that creature, but when I heard deep, bass tones resounding through the house I decided that this boarding-house was too small, so without waiting to be introduced to Willium and his deadly weapons, I beat a hasty retreat and proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Skimpsey's on Church-street."