

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

CURIOUS LONDON SIGN-BOARDS.

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"What is in a name?" is often asked, and perhaps generally answered negatively. We have been wisely led to believe that it is to the man rather than to his title, to the object rather than to the name it bears, that we must look for character; and yet there may be character in even a name, or in the way in which it is brought before the public. The Lower Broadway and the Chicago insurance agents who emblazon the walls of the buildings in which are their offices, and the brewers whose names deck the roofs of the London taverns, are firm believers in this latter view. A name may also have its associations, curious or interesting, connected with the present, or it may be recalling people and scenes of by-gone days, or it may, as is often the case in this vast city of London, attract attention from its oddity, its aptitude, or its very inaptitude. Thus, in Hemming, the shirtmaker, on Grace Church street, we find an appropriate connection between a man and his trade, and in Baker and Crisp, a useful association between the trade and the quality of the article produced. We possibly deal with merchants who are known as Idle and Very, though such is the force of association that we can hardly forbear a reflection when ordering our clothes from tailors known as Idle and Sly. Royal patronage is lavishly, and in one instance rather oddly, bestowed along Regent street. A well-known firm there announce themselves as "Swears To Her Majesty and Well(s)." Of course Her Majesty did not intend thereby to encourage such a habit, and more particularly such proficiency in it as this firm indicates. How our great mother Eve earned a living is not definitely told, and it is therefore interesting to find in Battersea that Eve is there a coal merchant, and curious to observe that by some confusion of circumstances Eve is now a man. The old English law considered that the wife's rights in property became merged in those of her husband. A loving London artist in Regent street suggests a new clause in the English Statute Book by taking his wife into a business partnership with him, the style of this interesting firm being Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Photographers. Usually shopkeepers do not aspire to the position of *literati*, but there is on New Bond street an exception to the general rule who bears the classic name of Amor. "*Omnia vincit Amor*" he proclaims above his shop door. Beautiful thought! But how brought down to a level with the world and with the man himself when beneath is read "*Sine Baccho friget Amor*." Explanation is hardly necessary: Mr. Amor is a wine dealer. Is it to be wondered at that sometimes we do lose our way in London when within a few hundred yards of Smithfield, and within sight of the Charter House, we find ourselves in the Wilderness? If, however, your stockbroker tells you that he is going to Jerusalem, do not believe that he is better than most of his fraternity. Jerusalem