



## THE PAPER COLLAR STYLE.

STRANGE fashions now are all the go and I'll explain to you,  
These paper collars, paper ties, and paper wristband too,  
I sport a paper collar, likewise a nobby tile,  
And the ladies seem to take delight in my paper collar style.

Chorus:

The first time that I had it on, I never shall forget,  
To Belle Vue Gardens I went down, there I a lady met,  
I paid for gin and brandy and for Eccles cakes a pile,  
Because she said she loved me in my paper collar style.

We drank our brandy up, says she let's have a walk,  
Just to view the birds and beasts, and have a pleasant talk,  
We went into the monkeys which made my blood to boil,  
For one it made a snatch and tore my paper collar style.

But the ladies pinned it up again, and made it look quite well,  
Ho! had that snatch been but the worst, this tale I should not tell,

She took me to her house, from Belle Vue about a mile,  
She gave me wine to drink the health of my paper style.

I soon found out the wine was drugged, for it made me feel quite ill,  
I found myself fast going to sleep, though much against my [will,  
And when I woke I found myself on a large heap of nightsoil,  
And every rag that I had on was spoiled, even my paper collar style.

I soon found out my watch was gone, likewise my guard and chain,

The hour that I first saw Belle Vue I bitterly did curse,  
I roared Police, one collared me, for stealing the nightsoil,  
He collared me in my dirty clothes and my paper collar style.

He took me to the station-house, I had thirty bob to pay,  
And always when I think of it, I always rue the day,  
When I met this charming creature, who bewitched me with a smile,

And falsely said she loved me in my paper collar style.

## NO SMOKING ALLOWED.

Written by T. HAINES and W. R. GORDEN.

Music by E. C. DUNBAR.

Sung with Immence Success by E. C. (*Dashing*)  
DUNBAR, the Milanese Piper; Also  
Sung with immense success by JOHN WYNNE,  
The London & Provincial Comique & Dancer.

THE Poets have sung about woman and wine,  
But *smoke* is the theme of this ditty of mine,

I look on my pipe, as a trusty old friend,  
Who's faithful, whatever luck fortune may send;

Wherever I travel, North, East, West or South,  
I've always a pipe or cigar in my mouth,  
For when I'm smoking, I'm up in a cloud,  
But of course, never go where "No smoking's allowed."

Chorus:

No smoking allowed,  
What a terrible sell!  
When they put out my pipe,  
I am put out as well.

One day, by Express, on the *Great Eastern Line*,  
I started to visit an old friend of mind;  
I'd lighted my pipe and was watching the curl of the smoke,

When there pop'd in a pretty young girl;  
I cried "*Smoking Carriage!*" the train just was off—

Of course, I could not make the dear creature cough,

So put down my pipe and submissively bowed,  
To my fate, which I felt, was no "Smoking allowed."

I look'd at the ceiling, I fear with a frown,  
Then look'd at the lady, of course she look'd down,

I offer'd the paper, of the weather I spoke,  
And talk'd about steam, (though I thought about smoke);

So charming a damsel, I'd ne'er seen before,  
But soon I admired her, fifty times more,  
One small remark prov'd, she with sense was endowment,

She said "go on Smoking, Sir, Smoking's allowed."

In comfort, the rest of the journey we passed,  
I'd met with a sensible woman at last;  
And now we are married, I oft say in joke,  
Our doubts and our sorrows, have ended in smoke;

She knows that those ladies, who, smoke cannot bear,

Have husbands, who take pipe and glasses elsewhere,

So, ladies, pray try to get used to a cloud,  
And don't join the cry of, "No smoking allowed."

