

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LOLLIPOP GIRLS.

BY

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At one time I could never enter a confectioner's establishment without being profoundly impressed with the young ladies behind the counter. Such sylph-like creatures, such pretty innocent faces and what wonderfully complicated styles of coiffures! When I saw the whiteness of their shoulders, *ut e l'aria formatum marmore signum*, gleaming through the muslin which covered but did not conceal them, I peered for the incipient wings which I knew must be budding there! Such delicate creatures must be nymphs or angels and one day they must cross their white hands on their palpitating bosoms and rise above cakes and sweetmeats to their native sphere. In my innocence I imagined they could eat nothing grosser than syllabubs and jellies and an occasional French *bondon*, and I scouted with indignant scorn the calumny that they leave the whipped cream and such delicacies and enjoy a rump steak, and, *mirabile dictu*, wash it down with a glass of porter!

Oh, that cruel maxim *experientia docet*. Beautiful day dreams, one after another have vanished before it and in due time I had to yield up the lollipop girls. How many *lustra* ago was it? I forget; but what signifies the date to you, Sir or Madam? My waist was slim in those days and my head less resembled a billiard ball. I had my chambers, second floor front, in the lodging house kept by Mrs. Snuxley, and Mrs. S., true to the profession, was a widow. She had one daughter, the graceful Maria. Sweet girl, how often have I drawn the blind slyly aside to see you trip down the street, and how often have I visited the establishment of Jelliby & Co., to receive from your gentle hands the sparkling soda water! What lustrous curls, what a delicate complexion, what a tiny little waist, that I would have given worlds to have clasped for one short moment. At Jelliby & Co.'s you were called Marie and you affected French airs, picked up from Mlle. Dupont of that establishment, and made little *moues* and smiled at the snips of clerks as they hurried by the window. Why was I ever deceived, why was I fated to see you at home *en deshabille*? You recollect that fatal evening? I met you on the stairs. You had a dirty old gown on, your slippers were down at the heels, your hair was done up into tight little knots of black rags, and your complexion—well it was not delicate. Mrs. Snuxley, your respected mother, was calling her "Mariar" to come down to supper, and what a smell of onions! The illusion was over—the girl who eats onions is lost to her place in romance! That one scene, Maria, made a *tabula rasa* of my former poetry. Could I help the suggestion—all those sylph-like little dears are draggle-tailed Mariars at home? *Experientia docet—hinc illa lacrimae*.

Nor is it only the lollipop girls who are different when on exhibition and when *en famille*. Did you see Mrs. Frumpton the other night? She was the admiration of the men; what style and elegance; yet her husband complained to me while mixing his—well, perhaps it was his third tumbler the following night, that his Julia is a guy at home. The flowing *chevelure* is hung up after the party, and her ragged wisp of hair does not call for admiration; the *couche* of glycerine and powder is washed off and there are ugly lines and sallow patches, and much of her finely-moulded form is laid aside with her dress. It is very sad. This deception cannot be carried on in the domestic circle; the valet and the maid see through the hollow sham!

Nor is it our fine dresses only that we lay aside when we come home. The wit who keeps the table in a roar is a dull fellow to his own family. Miss Rosabel does not possess that radiant smile all during the day, and those little rosebud lips drop more than honey at times. The sympathetic Mrs. Terri-berry, who listens so kindly to your tales of troubles, that you long for such a gentle helpmate, has a sick husband at home, and Mrs. Smelters, who takes your daughter on her knee and kisses the little pet so affectionately, has a strange habit of dismissing her own children to the nursery. I tell you, Sir, we all play parts and when we get home we throw our wig into one corner and kick our buskins into another and tie a bandanna round our bald pates and slip our feet into slippers. We cannot always go *en grande toilette*. Do you think Pechter or Charlotte Cushman speak nothing but blank verse?

Shall we join in with the moralists and call this inconsistency and deception? Let those throw the stone whose habitations are not of glass; but my hand is stayed. We cannot always run in the same tracks. We want relief, we require change. I cannot go through the world continually laughing and making merry—headache comes after wine, tears often follow laughter. The brightest sunlight often casts the deepest shadow, and the contrast to the parts we play in society is naturally at home. It is not that Mrs. Frumpton does not love her husband, that she lays aside her *chevelure*, but her poor brows ache, and where can she find relief except at her own fireside? Abroad she has a character to sustain and the corset has to be drawn tight and the deception kept up; but what a cruel thing not to give her a little ease by her husband's side. The wit cannot always be dropping *bons mots*; he has to be a dull fellow to his wife and children; and are they to blame that if they are to appear their best that it should be in public?

What brave coats some of our officers and public men have got, what gold lacing and epaulets and frogging, and are they to blame that they show the best side? We all know that this fine toggery has seams and ugly stitches and perhaps frays, but these are only seen by their valets. Am I to show all the world the little blemishes in my character? Shall I not rather fold my cloak about me and strut down the street like a hero? But when I get home am I to sit in my easy chair in my brocade or shall I not shuffle into a dressing gown?

I do not blame the lollipop girls that after their exhibition is over they should take a little ease. They fig themselves out and smile and look angelic, and those who go to them for their soda water enjoy it all the more because Marie smiles and looks charming, and shall she not have her ease? *Allons*, I am old and soda water disagrees with my liver; but a habit of former times is strong upon me, and as I pass Jelliby & Co.'s and leer through my spectacles and see those sylphs among the cakes and *bondons* I am better pleased because they are pretty and innocent looking. You cannot charm me, little dears, as you did of old. I think of Marie and *ab uno disce omnes*, but for the sake of that Long Ago I would strike down the sneering brat who breathes one word against your purity! Go home at night, darlings, and take a mother's kiss on your lips. Though you had to smile at a crowd of empty

headed fops and stand their "chaff," and exhibit your charms and attract custom, God forbid that I should believe that your hearts are not in the right place. You have to smile a good deal and look pretty in public, and I hope your mothers and brothers will forgive you if you are a little dull and untidy at home.

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THE ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

There are all sorts and varieties of Englishmen to be observed on this side of the water, with all shades of character, and yet they may be said to invariably have some traits in common. Let us look at them as a class.

I will say nothing about their disposition to growl at everything they see, and make invidious comparisons between our own institutions and those of the mother land. This is a mere natural quirk which is a part of the full-blooded Briton's nature. And when we reflect for a moment upon the wonders of London, and the beauties of every rural spot—the wealth, intelligence and greatness which is everywhere discoverable throughout the whole island, we may, perhaps, pardon our transatlantic friend if he looks lightly on the results of our hundred years' progress. The genuine Englishman invariably speaks proudly and boastfully of his own country. He thinks that there is no place in the world fit to live in besides England, if one is only blessed with a thousand a year. The mention of any place in the kingdom, or even of a street in London arrests his attention at once, and if the reference be made by a stranger, he turns gruffly upon him, as much as to say, "be careful, sir, I know all about that," or, "what do you know about Piccadilly!"

The majority of the Englishmen permanently settled in Canada have come hither in the exigencies of pride, in other words, poverty. If there be one misfortune more grinding than another in an Englishman's eyes—if there be one crime more unpardonable than another—it is poverty. No Englishman is happy short of a thousand a year. No Englishman is ashamed to boast of wealth. And so it is, when a man who has belonged to a good family wakes up some morning to find that his means are unequal to the dignity of his position, he forthwith informs Mrs. McCawber that they must go to America. He can endure poverty, but not in England, among those who have formerly known of his family's grandeur. And Mrs. McC. who will "never desert McCawber," quietly acquiesces, and then comes the emigration.

Comparatively few of the more intelligent and educated of the English flourish on Canadian soil. Our go-a-head propensities, and our fertility in expedients are quite contrary to all their theories of life. Renouncing trade, as a rule, feeling this to be vulgar, the first concern is to procure a farm. The idea of a "respectable yeomanry" clings to the high-minded Briton. It is amusing to watch him in his selection of a homestead. His chemical analysis of the soil, his examination of what he is pleased to call "boulders," (we call them rocks and stones), his desire to obtain a pond of water near the residence, perhaps for fowl, perhaps for the gratification of the English notion of a park, and his earnest, o'er-mastering wish to become located near an "English church." At length he is satisfied, or as near this state as an Englishman can be supposed to be, and he settles down on his farm. Then, indeed, are his next movements intensely ludicrous. He has leading ideas in his mind: first, he intends to farm "scientifically;" second, he intends to be a "gentleman." Now any of us know how incompatible are these ideas with anything like profit or success in this country.

He forthwith wanders round his premises, dreaming of all sorts of grand developments, which, strangely enough, are never realized. He scans the operations of his next neighbour, Farmer Grimes, who does not know the difference between loam and alluvial, a clayey soil from sandstone, but who is making money systematically every year by the exercise of a little shrewd common sense. He is shocked at the unscientific method of Farmer Grimes, and such like, and he chuckles to himself that in a short time he will teach them a thing or two which will surprise them.

He first proceeds to purchase his stock, and will give enormous prices for most inferior cows, if they only happen to be a favourite "breed." "Good blood" is as essential to the brute creation, as to the human race. He next invests about \$400 in bone dust, which he employs a small army of men to scatter over his pasture. This must needs have a telling effect. Farmer Grimes scratches his head and laughs. "It'll make the ferns and blueberry bushes grow well," is his cynical observation. Our scientific Englishman then proceeds to turn a good part of his meadow-land into pasture, by which means he reduces his hay-crop about one third. He awaits the English mail to consult some infallible agricultural paper, published, say, in Paternoster Row, and edited by some broken-down barrister, and this leads him to thoroughly "reorganize" his orchard. He forthwith procures a barrel of tar, and a set of augers and proceeds to bore holes through the trunks, and plaster the latter with the tar. Instead of planting corn and potatoes, wheat, barley, and oats, or something that will sell in the market, he devotes a few acres to turnips, carrots, and the mangell wurtzel, which same, if not quite destroyed by flies and worms, are on his hands in the autumn, to be fed to his cattle. Nice for his cattle, but hard on the revenue.

By this time he is out of money, and proceeds to borrow some of his opulent neighbour. This is the way he goes about the business.

Proceeding to the residence of Farmer Grimes, saying to himself, "Gad, I'll wager he has a good hundred or two by him this very minute," he enters into an easy conversation during which he becomes peculiarly lofty. He talks flippantly of the "splendid possibilities in the way of accumulating endless wealth, if the people would only do the right thing." He speaks with great confidence of the inevitable results of his own improved method, and then descants at large about the gigantic way "they do things in the old country."

Grimes, all the while, inwardly pitying the poor man's blindness, is pretty gruff and dubious. At length our English friend begins to clear his throat:

"Hum—haw—I stepped over a bit to-day, to—ah—ask a little favour. I was quite struck up the other day about getting no letter by the English mail. I was expecting a heavy remittance from home, and in the meantime, I am—aw—little hard up. I thought if I could get the loan of a few pounds for a day or so—it would set me right again. I have plenty on the way to me now, but—aw—I would be glad to get ten pound ten, just as a momentary accommodation, you know."

Farmer Grimes who is a cautious man, considers a bit, but

it is likely, as he is naturally obliging, he lets him have the money. And then—well, it is truly wonderful to contemplate the mistakes, misunderstandings and unaccountable delays in connection with that remittance *per* English mail. We are prepared to offer Farmer Grimes our heartfelt congratulations when he next clutches that "ten pound ten."

Meanwhile our English friend's affairs are growing worse each year. He has tried all sorts of expedients in the way of regaining his fortune. He has started wonderful enterprises in poultry. He bought four hundred hens at one dollar a pair; he expended about \$350.00 in grain to feed them; he disposed of about seventy dozen eggs for which he received the handsome sum of \$9.50, and in less than a year he arrived at the conclusion that "poultry won't pay," and then sold these four hundred hens for one third their original cost, being then just \$500.00 out of pocket on the hen speculation.

He wrote a series of articles for the local paper. In the first of these he proved to the satisfaction of any unbiassed mind (but all his fellow citizens' minds happened to be biassed) that great results might be expected to follow the extensive cultivation of the dandelion, for the purpose of manufacturing beer for the Norwegian market. His second article demonstrated beyond all doubt that the extensive cultivation of strawberries would prove more remunerative than potatoes. In his third he advocated with great force and ability the formation of a joint stock company having for its aim the preparation and exportation of hemlock bark for the French tanneries.

Still his fortunes grow darker and darker. His wife, as a last resort, starts a private seminary of learning for young ladies. She does her best, poor woman, but the institution is doomed never to become popular, and is at length abandoned as a failure. Our McCawber is very proud of his wife, and whispers in your ear with a knowing wink that "she is well-connected, and is niece of Sir Thomas Toodles, ex-Mayor of Portsmouth."

It is touching to notice Mr. McCawber's carriage as poverty pinches harder and harder. He has one respectable suit, and this he invariably wears, the coat buttoned up to the chin. His beaver hat is a little rusty, but he carefully smooths it thrice a day. He holds his head high, and intimates that he stands on his dignity, as a "gentleman." He even smiles at you patronizingly, and tacitly warns you not to trifle with his high-minded assumptions, and, finally, he button-holes you, and asks with all the stateliness of a prince, "if"—oh speak it not—"if you could oblige him with the loan of eighteen pence."

Our emotions have overcome us, and we must finish our portrait at another time.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Scraps.

Napoleon I.'s house at St. Helena is to be sold.

The Blind Congress at Vienna has just closed. It meets again at Dresden in 1876.

Crab racing on the sea-shore is the last "sport" among French visitors at Trouville.

The works of construction on the new forts around Paris were to commence on the 15th inst. The forts 27 in number, will it is expected, be completed in ten months. It is stated in competent military circles that they will render any future siege of Paris impossible.

A bird-hotel, where people going away for a time can leave their feathered pets to board, is a Boston institution.

It is said that the King of Dahomey, accompanied by a suite of his Amazon guards, will visit England shortly.

One of the best bowlers of the Liverpool (Eng.) Middle School Cricket Club is Prince Jumbo, son of Oka Jumbo, King of Bonny.

The nuptials of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie will be celebrated at St. Petersburg in January next. The Queen will probably be present.

The Prince of Wales recently replied to a wearisome Corporation address with "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for your kindness."

The 67th Regiment of the British army now stationed in Burma, possess a "regimental newspaper," the editors, printers, and publishers of which are all attached to the regiment.

The universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg have resolved not to admit any female students.

A prudent clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with peaurious frugality.

Mr. Frank Buckland thinks that lobsters cultivated privately and confidentially in private sea-water might be reared to be sold at twopence each.

A Chicago railroad has provided its passenger trains with Bibles, securely chained and marked, so as to prevent their being stolen. This, of course, says a contemporary, is to prepare its patrons for the death which inevitably awaits them.

"Ale: This English word, which means all, designates," says Alexandre Dumas in his recently published *Gastronomic Dictionary*, "for the English, a liquid which, according to them, can replace all others."

The University Press at Madison, Wis., in publishing the course of study at the State University, printed "comic lectures" in the list of studies for the first term of the Sophomore year, where the professor had written "comic sections."

An old soldier is Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, colonel of the Eighteenth Royal Irish regiment—the oldest in the British army, if not the oldest soldier in the world. He is now the senior general, and has seen eighty years of service, his commission as ensign bearing date October 29, 1793.

A huge fungus, as much when packed as two men could carry, was found parasitically growing upon some pitch pine joists at the Bank of England. The largest piece was no less than 6ft. 3in. in circumference, 7in. thick, and weighed 32lbs., growing upon a piece of joist weighing 6lbs. The wood of the joist was completely destroyed.

Some one says: "Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer's air; and nothing to do when you awake, but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to eat your bedclothes."

The following is the latest contribution to the Pacific Scandal literature; it is said to have been produced by Sir Francis Hincks during a severe fit of dyspepsia consequent on his examination before the Committee. The Grits say his evidence turned acid on his stomach:—What is the difference between a Patent Candle Company and the Grits? One manufactures Specific Candles and the others Pacific Scandals.