

## WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH.

All the humorists are not dead yet, as will be seen by the following which was sent to us by some genius who is too modest to give his name. We have been hankering for a long time for something that would give GRIP an impetus and rush its circulation up into the millions, and this is the very thing. The sketch which accompanied the *morceau* is faithfully reproduced, and we are happy at last that we have got a regular, out-and-out *Punch* joke to give to the public, and we give it entire, exactly as we received it, picture and all.

DEAR SIR.—The following conversation took place on the train between Port Hope and Belleville.

CONDUCTOR.—(To a woman who was traveling with her son), "Ticket please!"

WOMAN.—"How much for us two to Port Hope?"

CONDUCTOR.—"Three dollars."

WOMAN.—"My son is only 11 years old."

CON.—"He is a pretty big boy for that age. Won't take him."

WOMAN.—"Well, that is all he is."

CON.—"Well, he is the biggest eleven year older I ever saw."

WOMAN.—"Well, my children were all large."

She got him through.

Comparative size of the parties



## AN AGONIZING DILEMMA.

Even at this day I cannot refrain from blushing when the memory of a certain event recurs to my mind.

At the time of its happening, I was about twenty-five years of age and bashful to a painful degree, and keenly sensitive to ridicule. Yet I had so far overcome my natural timidity as to fall deeply in love with Constance Grey, and to impart the state of my affections, with much hesitation and many stammerings, it must be admitted, to that charming young lady, and though she would not just then give her consent to our speedy union, which I urged as well as I was able, nor, in fact, would she actually acknowledge me as an accepted suitor, still I fancied it was only her sense of the propriety of waiting a little while, that caused her to withhold her consent.

Constance was the third daughter in a family of five girls, and to my mind, of course, far surpassed her sisters in beauty, though none of them could be termed in the least plain. I was all the more eager to gain her consent to my proposal as I was not altogether unaware that a certain Frank Porter was a constant visitor at the house of the Greys, and I fancied I was not far wrong when I suspected that he, too, was a victim of the charms of the fair Constance, and that she was not altogether in-

different to him. And so matters stood when the unfortunate little *contretemps* occurred which I am about to relate.

I was staying for the summer months at a small seaside town some dozen miles or so from the garrison depot of Newcastle, between which places was a connecting line of railroad. The Grey family resided two miles nearer to the garrison town than I did, at a village through which the railway ran. I state these facts to make the further incidents of my narrative more plain.

There was to be a large ball at the garrison town, given by the officers of the regiments there stationed, and I was invited and was going, as also were the Misses Grey, though they had stated their intention of leaving home on the morning of the day of the ball, and spending the day at Newcastle. As matters turned out, however, something had happened to cause a change in their arrangement, as will be presently seen.

On the day of the ball I had been out for a long, solitary ramble along the sea-shore, and having sat down on a high rock at the end of a ridge which ran far out to sea, the better to muse, loverlike, on my absent charmer, I failed to notice till too late that the tide was coming in, and when I *did* become cognizant of that fact, I was already surrounded by water and my retreat out off for the time. I had no fear of being drowned, for I knew that the waves never covered the rock whereon I was perched, but then—the ball; the delay—that was what goaded me to desperation, for the last train at night for Newcastle left at 8 o'clock. However, I sat down, and resolved to take things as philosophically as possible, and, to make matters short, I was released by the out-going tide just in time to rush to my lodgings, thrust my evening garments into a small valise, throw a light overcoat on my arm, and jump into an empty compartment of the train as it was moving out of the station, making up my mind to dress in the railway carriage, and leave the final touching up till my arrival at Newcastle. "I shall be safe from intrusion," I said to myself, "as this train never stops until it reaches Newcastle, so here goes," and I proceeded to divest myself of my coat, vest, and inexpressibles, preparatory to donning the costume in which I resolved to utterly annihilate the lovely Constance. Horror! in my haste, on leaving my rooms, I discovered that I had failed to put my dress unmentionables into my valise, and as I stood, slenderly equipped in my one solitary linen garment, cursing my fate and everything else, I became aware of the fact that the train was stopping. My nerves, never of the firmest, refused to do their duty, and by no endeavor was I able to resume any of my attire, so, thrusting my discarded everyday raiment into the valise and throwing my overcoat over my legs, I sat down in a corner of the compartment and awaited, in a perfect agony of suspense, further developments, inwardly and fervently praying that no one might enter my carriage.

But, alas! no such good fortune was in store for me. No sooner had the train stopped, and stop it did at the village where dwelt my fair enslaver and her family, than I heard feminine voices outside, and then the hated tones of Frank Porter say, hurriedly, "All right, girls; here's an empty carriage; come along, look sharp," and the door was thrown open and in trooped four of the five Misses Grey, Constance being one of the number, and Mr. Frank Porter, all in ball-room attire! "Hallo! old man," exclaimed that detestable individual, "you here? Why you look warm; what's the matter?" and all eyes were turned upon me as I sat cowering in my corner. "Hope you don't feel chilly, Miss Constance," he continued to my enslaver; "Mr. Simpson" (to me) "kindly lend me your overcoat to throw over Miss Grey's shoulders, will you?" In a paroxysm of distress I clutched that article

and wrapped it more tightly round my limbs, and I could see that I sank twenty degrees in my dear girl's estimation by thus refusing to let the coat go. But what *could* I do? and how was I to get out of my predicament? Surely never mortal suffered as I did during that fifteen minutes' ride to Newcastle. I could not fail to observe the wondering glances that the party cast toward me, and I learned afterwards that they, one and all, concluded that I was either in a beastly state of intoxication or else that I had suddenly become demented. In what other way was the fact of my being coatless, and yet with an overcoat tightly wrapped round my legs to be accounted for? And Mr. Porter's jests and would-be facetious remarks only added to my mental perturbation.

Should I, I thought, take the fellow into my confidence and tell him all, and get him to hurry the party away immediately on the arrival of the train at Newcastle? But, no; the last I should ever hear of this matter if I did so, for Mr. Porter was by no means the kind of an individual I should choose to confide so delicate an affair to, and I resolved to bide my time and trust to good fortune for escape from my predicament. I might as well have trusted to a Will-o'-the-wisp.

The train stopped at Newcastle, and out jumped the officious Frank, past me. I was, unfortunately, on the side where the platform was, and my refusal to rise to allow the ladies to pass was, doubtless, taken as an additional evidence of my inebriety or insanity, and Constance gave me a particularly withering glance as she crushed past me.

"Oh! Miss Constance," exclaimed that brute Porter, "why didn't you bring your cloak or a wrap? The idea—but here, you *must* have something round your shoulders between this and the carriage; here, Simpson," he said, hurriedly, to me, "give us that overcoat; hang it, man, what a churl you must be," and he snatched the garment from my legs, and there I was, as I made a dash to recapture the coat, in the middle of the party of ladies in a costume in which no gentleman exhibits himself in public! more especially when that public is largely composed of the gentler sex.

Oh! if that platform had only opened and swallowed me! The eyes of everyone in the station were drawn in our direction, for that fiend, Porter, instead of hurrying the girls away, stood roaring with laughter, and his asinine hee haws could be heard for miles. As for me, I made one grab for my overcoat, dived back into the train, and returned by it to my seaside lodgings within half an hour.

And from that day to this I have never had the courage to face the Misses Grey, and, in fact, I left the neighborhood within a week after my degrading exposure, and only heard from a friend, sometime afterwards, that my conduct in the railway carriage had been looked upon as evidence of a shattered intellect.

Constance married a brewer named Blobs.

## AN IDYL OF THE STREET.

Girl on a ladder,  
Mopping of a winder;  
Long comes a man,  
With no one nigh to hinder;  
Climbs up the ladder,  
Puts his arm around her,  
Smacks her on the mouth—  
A forty horse-power sounder—  
Naughty man!

The girl turns round  
With a sudden chop,  
Reaches for the man  
To use him for a mop;  
Gets a good strong hold,  
No one near to hinder,  
Goes right ahead  
Mopping off the winder—  
With the man!  
—Cincinnati Drummer.