



"So the world wags."

Sydney Smith be hanged! With all due respect to his clerical authority, I contend that it is not necessary to perform a surgical operation on a Scotchman's head to enable him to see a joke. The comic papers of Scotland contradict this supposition, and as a specimen of what they say I offer

THIS!

Scene—Watering place near Glasgow. Two friends enjoying a "dook."

TAM.—"Jock, man, yer skin's awfu' dirty; a'm far whiter than you."

JOCK—"Nae wunner, Tam; you had a dook last year, an' I hadna."—*The Chief.*

Pathetic stories are not in my line; and yet, amongst the works of those authors whose humor is real and undoubted, do we not often obtain glimpses of scenes, so pathetic, so true, that, for the moment, we love to linger on those scenes, and feel that the introduction of anything 'funny' is an outrage and a thing that should not be. All my readers have doubtless read Charles Dickens' 'Old Curiosity Shop'; many of them, I feel sure, have been deeply affected by the scene where the poor old grandfather visits the churchyard where 'Little Nell' sleeps, and where evasive answers are given to his querulous questions. Yes, we all remember that; we who love Charles Dickens—and who would not?—and I feel that the introduction of the following sketch is not altogether out of place. "Humor and pathos," a very able writer has remarked, "are divided by a line so thin that it oftentimes seems that the genuine humorist would be more in his element were he dealing with things pathetic." With this brief prelude I venture to introduce the following sketch, entitled

TOUCHING.

"Isn't it pretty?" said a little old man as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the *World* was sitting in the Park yesterday.

"It must be pretty," said the reporter, looking into the carriage and seeing a tiny creature, snugly nestling in a downy nest, with its face covered by a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went twit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

"They keep its face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I!"

The little old man stopped and looked all around with his little twinkling eyes.

"I will show its face to you, sir, it's so very, very pretty."

And the little old man's chin again went twit-a-twit-a-twee.

"They will be angry," he continued, "but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it."

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered the baby's face in his trembling fingers and the reporter prepared to burst into

exclamations of delight, even if the face should prove to be the homeliest face in the world.

"Mushn't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes and seizing the coat-tails of the little man. "Danna mushn't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group and carefully replacing the veil.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye as the little old man wheeled away the carriage, with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh! it's such deception! she exclaimed, burying her face in her hand. "Baby Rose died last week," she continued, "and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak and she was his idol, so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it's so deceptive."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the girl was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered.

"What was it," he asked, "that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

The poor girl turned away her face.

"Flowers," she said, "only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse."

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," the reporter heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.—*N. Y. World.*

\* \*

The following brief sketch of the sarcastic young woman is somewhat ancient, but it is none the less true for being so. Her class is a numerous one, and she is to be found everywhere; and she is really, though she does not know it,

THE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LIKES.

Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! Well, I have, and I'm sorry for it. She is a pest. The giddy girl, the gushing girl, and the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be suppressed by law. Suffered? Yes, I have, and will not again. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; everybody fears and many hate her. Her stock in trade may originally have been satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped her ability to see the difference between what was and what is, between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms of her friends, and ends by lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances. Her parents applauded her early efforts, and she retaliates by staying on their hands. The family think her brilliant, young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a sour old maid is thus created.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Always under arms—Crutches.

I married my wife for her beauty:

She married me for my wit.

That I got the best of the bargain

I'm candid enough to admit.

Wit often subsides into drivell,

That "beauty soon fades" is all bosh,

My wife is to-day at the wash-tub,

So I'm certain that beauty will wash.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

When Jones heard it remarked that the less a man drank in warm weather the cooler he was, he wanted to know how much drink he would have to go without in order to freeze to death.

The experience of Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, should not be forgotten by American girls. She declared that she would not marry any one who was not "just perfect," and she did not get a husband until she was 580 years old.

"Yes," said the young gentleman, "Charlie has put a slur—a deliberate slur—upon me." "What is it?" "Introduced me to his girl." "How's that a slur?" "Why, isn't it equivalent to saying, 'Oh, you're of no account; there's no danger of your cutting me out?'"

"I scream with affright when a mouse comes in sight," said a girl to her affianced one eve, "I scream when alone in the darkness at home, and thus the monotonous silence relieve: I scream when in bed, that should wake all the dead, if my sleep is disturbed by a horrid old dream, and when, after tea, you drop in to ask me to stroll with you out in the moonlight, I scream."

When Poots started down town, the other evening, he told his wife that he was going to the office, and that he would have to do some night work hereafter if he expected to get ahead in the world. "This what you call getting ahead?" demanded Mrs. Poots, when she let her inebriate spouse in the next morning at three o'clock. "Betcherlife! Got a head bigger'n a (hic) wash-tub," was the response.

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