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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Miss De Meenor Marks.
AN EDUCATIONAL NOVELETTE.

(Engaged at vast expense from Gage's School Examiner and Monthly Review.)

VOLUME I.

Miss De Meenor Marks was a born school teacher. She played with the *Canada School Journal* long before she could read. She kept a large dolls' school in the nursery; to treat bits of wood as if they were boys and girls, being the best possible preparation for a profession which seems to aim at treating boys and girls as if they were bits of wood. Everything in her school education tended to develop the large bump of Priggishness with which nature had gifted her. She never sported or played or laughed like other girls. She learned "Latin roots," till she couldn't speak plain English. She spent most of her time in Mathematical studies, the principal object of which was to determine the relation between A plus B and Y plus Z, a very important question in its bearings in practical life! She never made a bed, lighted a fire, or learned to cook anything except accounts. Of course she obeyed all the school regulations, was never once seen to smile, much less laugh, in school time or out of it. She got first-class certificate and at the Model School was admired by both the masters and pupils as far as the regulations of that ascetic institution permit feelings of admiration to be entertained towards a young lady student.

VOLUME II.

She became a teacher of the interesting village of Spooksville. She taught the farmer girls Latin roots, and advanced Mathematics, and Herberts Spencer's views on Education. She made them talk about "Protoplasm," and "Molecules," and "Differentiation." One girl, Bella Flint, did not believe in Protoplasm, and the teacher scolded and punished her, till she talked back, and then she got the strap and was suspended and expelled, and her father was school trustee and he and the other teachers locked the school against Miss De Meenor Marks, and she had to quit. But Bella's big brother Bob had fallen in love with her, and he drove her home from a social, and tried to kiss her as they drove through the dark pass among the maple trees by Dug Hill. And he had not shaved, and his moustache hurt the terminal filaments of the *portio dura* of the fifth vein, which as the students of physiology know supplies the nerves of sensation to the lips, and this made her scream, so the horse got scared and ran away and she was thrown from the buggy, and her head got such a blow that she lost her memory and forgot all about Latin roots and advanced mathematics, and Bella and she got real friends, and Bella's Ma taught her to cook and do chores, and she married Bob and read Gair every week, which made her happy ever afterwards.



A Hunter Hunted.

Mr. GRIP extends his sympathies to Mr. J. Howard Hunter, who has been for some time cutting a pretty lively figure in the newspapers of Brantford, a couple of columns of which are occupied daily with reports of the proceedings of the investigation into the charges made against the learned gentleman, as principal of the Institution for the Blind. The charges are about as small as average mosquitoes and quite as numerous and aggravating as those insects generally are at Brantford in the month of August. It has required the most active exertions on Mr. Hunter's part to defend himself from the stings aimed at him, and we are pleased to record that he has effectually squelched fully a half-dozen of the tormentors. The authorities, anxious to make matters as comfortable as justice would admit of, have shifted the battle from Brantford to Toronto, where the weather is cooler, and here it goes on at the present writing.

Slashbush on Upper Canada College.

It was smiling morn, and the rays from the ascending "god of day" shone in brightly through the windows of the Slashbush home-stand, lighting up the auburn curls of Almira as she stood arranging her hair before the looking glass that adorned the west wall of the comfortable kitchen. She was waiting for Gustavus to come in and partake of the buckwheat pancakes and sassafras tea she had prepared for his breakfast.

"What on airth has become of the critter any way?" said Almira to herself. "He hasn't gone to work without eating, you can bet on that. If dad comes home and finds—oh here you are," she exclaims, as Gustavus suddenly slipped through the door into the room.

"Spring at last! Almira. Spring has come," said Gustavus joyously. "I've been out ever since sunrise, and I know from a long study and contemplation of Nature's manifestations that Spring has really come. This very morning I saw a chipmunk and two chickadees, and their appearance loudly proclaims the advent of summer. A fact I hail!"

"Guess we've had hail enough," interrupted his sister, who had been somewhat inattentive to his remarks.

"Where Almira?" said Gustavus, not heeding the interruption, "where did the ancient compilers of almanacs and calendars get their information but from the study of Nature? Where does that great and reliable seer, Vennor, of Montreal, obtain his prophetic forecasts, if not from the knowledge of Nature's unerring signs? Yes, Almira, knowledge is power. Indeed—"

"Well, I've knowledge enough to know that the pancakes are getting cold," said Almira.

"Knowledge?" continued Gustavus. "Ha! That reminds me of the infamous attempt some people are making now to dry up, as it were, one of the noblest and purest springs of knowledge that this country can boast of. Need I

say that I refer to our own Upper Canada College? The *alma mater*, I may say, of nine-tenths of all the men of mark and distinction in Ontario! And why? Because the upholders and supporters of what they call 'Collegiate Institutes' grumble and growl in their mean way at the pittance granted by the Government for its support, while the Institutes have to support themselves! What audacious effrontery! Let them," said Gustavus warming up, "let them show an array of talented statesmen and great men of all callings such as the U. C. C. has produced, and then let them talk! And then they argue that in the old times it was the only place that the smart boys could go to, to fit them for the University, and that now, as there are so many other places just as good as it is, its usefulness is gone. I tell you, Almira, it's perfectly horrifying to contemplate how far these *ci-devant* reformers would go if they had their way, which, thank goodness, they haven't. I suppose the next thing they will attempt to do will be to do away with the University, or even interfere with the actions of the Law Society, and plunge the country into a more than Egyptian darkness, and all because their one-horse concerns don't get a Government grant. I can tell you, Almira, they had better refrain from touching, with their sacrilegious hands, an institution that is venerated and revered by all (especially those who have matriculated there). I can tell them that the Upper Canada College will rear its stately front long after—"

"Oh, land sakes! do stop talkin' nonsense. Eat your breakfast and go out and mend that barn door that dad spoke to you about," said the impatient Almira. "If he comes home and finds it not fixed you'll get it lively, I can tell you."

Gustavus sat down, reflectively devoured the luscious and leathery "slapjacks," and hastened away in the direction of the barn.

Grip's Book of Oddities.
No. III.



Our modern civilization has produced nothing which appeals to us more forcible or more persistently than the Woman who Sells Tickets for the Church. She is a member in good standing, and she rarely sits down. She has a pleasant, beseeching expression of countenance, and goes about her work as though she had a consciousness of being engaged in a truly Christian mission. The pleasant expression is more particularly noticeable when she first enters your office and gently approaches the desk where you are hard at work. It remains—it even

brightens and beams more beautifully—while she is going through the brief preliminary of opening her satchel and producing the tickets. It begins to vanish when she notices the Don't-want-any look in your eyes, and it departs altogether and is succeeded by an expression of pity and righteous anger when you follow up your Don't-want-any look by words to the same effect. Alas! this is a cold world. Little do the pampered denizens of Jarvis Street, who loiter in their luxurious parlors, know the sufferings of the Woman who Sells Tickets for the Church! But with rare Christian fortitude she perseveres. Often and often she is tempted to quit altogether and confine her attention to the care of her house, husband and family, and leave this department of Christian activity to the younger ladies, but she bravely strangles this feeling. The spectacle of the thousands around who are perishing for want of tickets to church entertainments has moved her to go on in the good work, and consequently often the good man has gone without a hot meal!