

Grip's Address to the Cities.

Toronto, London, Hamilton, Brantford, St. Kitts, Kingston, Belleville and Ottawa, lend me your ears. I want to give you a few words of admonition. You all know that your little companion Montreal has been proscribed by the government, and his jack-knife and pop-gun taken away from him because he don't know how to behave himself. Now I want you all to take warning by his public humiliation. I am sure there is not one of you but would feel dreadfully cut up if Mr. BLAKE found it absolutely necessary to take away your play-things because you didn't know how to use them properly. You would consider it a disgrace to be put in a straight jacket in that way, and I have no doubt Montreal feels mean enough. And yet, I must say it serves him right, although he is not so much to blame himself as that nincompoop of a Mayor, who professes to be his guardian. Instead of bringing him up in a respectable and orderly manner as a decent child ought to be brought up, his guardian has allowed him to run wild. Instead of keeping him within the influence of honest and peaceable people, the guardian has allowed him to spend so much of his time in Griffintown, that his good manners have become shockingly corrupted. In fact the child really seemed to have gone crazy; he didn't appear to know there was any harm in murder or outrage, and as it is said that children and fools shouldn't handle edged-tools, I repeat that Mr. BLAKE has done perfectly right in placing Montreal under restraint. I hope none of the rest of you will ever come to that, for it would be a disgrace to the whole country. Be good boys, and conduct yourselves in a becoming manner, and you need never fear that you will be chastised by a paternal government in the presence of the whole world.

Ye Base Student.**A TALE OF YE TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.**

Which I mean to repeat,
And my language is plain,
That for ways of deceit,
And for tricks that are vain,
JOHN ADOLPHUS DEBANG is peculiar,
And the same I now rise to explain.

JOHN ADOLPHUS was fast,
Without any doubt;
He seldom was in,
For he always was out,
Excepting, we might say, at meal time,
And then he was always about.

Now where he did study,
Or how he did learn,
Was something the students
Could never discern;
For he always lay late in the mornings,
And no midnight oil did he burn.

—It may be here remarked that he did not burn it up in his room, he used to attend parties and balls and the theatre till after the midnight hour (i. e. 12 o'clock), although of course that don't count on study. But to resume:

Yet he always came out
At the head of his class,
And with more marks the ex—
Aminations did pass,
Than all the rest of the students,
And they often desired him to sass.

Yes, there is no denying the fact that the boys felt bad about the matter, because they pegged in, and yet were always pegged out when the examinations were over. Some of the teachers said they were jealous; while DEBANG smiled serenely as he was pointed out to the others as an example. (The printer will please leave a blank space, which will represent the thoughts of the wicked students on these occasions.)

Now MEINHEIR VON PLOD,
Was of German descent,
He sat next to DEBANG,
In the same class; he went
Clambering up the mountain of knowledge,
But he never could clam worth a cent.

We are sorry to admit that VON PLOD was slow, while the polite but obnoxious DEBANG was fast in more ways than one, still we propose to tell the truth in this sad narrative, and VON PLOD must not suppose we deliberately intend to hurt his feelings.

VON PLOD kept an eye
On the learned DEBANG,
And did inwardly sigh
"Vell I vill pe hang,
Of I dond ketch dot Normalite student."
Champanzee ape orangatang.

Of course VON PLOD made no such remark as is conveyed in the last line, but any student with an eye to "feet" will see how "scan"-dalous it would be to leave the space empty, when such a Darwinian sentiment could be worked in so easily. We will now proceed with examination day:

The Normalite students
Were all in their seats,
And each with the other
Now sternly competes,
And all of the room is in silence,
Excepting the shuffling of feet.

Now, never mind, it's all right—we know it should be "feet," grammatically speaking, but you must remember there is such a thing as poetic license, and we have taken out a license; besides, who's telling this yarn anyhow?

VON PLOD had a pin,
(He did afterwards tell),
And watching his chance,
He managed it well,
He inserted the pin in ADOLPHUS,
Who sprang on the floor with a yell.

Then out of his sleeves
There fell on the floor,
Like dead autumn leaves,
With ink scribbled o'er,
Dates, calculations, and figures,
And histories of ages before.

Now the moral of this
Very sad tale of the
Normal school is, that you
Very careful should be
That you never are found out "plugging,"
No—we mean—never plug, don't you see?

The Phonograph.

Of course GRIP has been to see the wonderful Phonograph, on exhibition opposite the Rossin House, King street west; but he is so agitated with astonishment that he cannot attempt to describe it. All the notabilities of the city have been interviewing it. Mr. DYMOND, M. P., was requested to speak into the mouth-piece, and in compliance, he got in position and shouted "You're no gentleman!" forgetting, for the moment, that he was in the House of Commons. This rude language evidently made a deep impression on the phonograph's feelings—it is a sensitive little machine—so when the crank was turned again, it hurled back the language of the hon. member for North York in the most emphatic manner.

GRIP begs to nominate the Phonograph as a member of Parliament. As a speaker it is far ahead of JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON or Mr. HAY. Moreover, it has sense enough to know just when to speak, and JOHN BEVERLY certainly doesn't—as witness his Northern Railway blunder.

GRIP would also beg to suggest that Mr. MACKENZIE go quietly and pour his workingman speech into the tin-foil, that we may escape being bored by it any more. The speech would keep a thousand years if electrotyped—and it is likely the working men could really get along without it for that length of time.



THE FENIANS' CARE.—Not to get hurt.

LONDON had a cheese market last week. It is the first one that has o-curd there this year.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* publishes a picture in honor of Her Majesty's "sixteenth" birthday.

"ANOTHER batch of lies," is the heading of a recent article in a Toronto Daily. Yes, we must admit that lies are beginning to get tolerably numerous.

"DEAL GENTLY WITH THE (H)ERRING."—The news from Halifax is that the herring fisheries are a total failure. The fish positively refuse to "go to Halifax."

"HARBOUR FACILITIES OF PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING"—is the heading of an article in the *London Free Press*. By the way where is PRINCE ARTHUR, and why does he want to land?