

The Battle of the London Editors.

Sing the row and the terrible fight,
British muscle and British might,
GRIP will it all for you indite
In flowing harmony.

Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE
Edits *Truth*, and does declare
That the name expresses fair
All in it we see;

But there was a writer bold,
Thought that truth should not be told
Always—when it did unfold
Things concerning him.
This was Mr. LAWSON, who
Owned the *Telegraph*, and you
See why he swore what he'd do
To the life and limb

Of the *Truth*, for that's a name
Rouses to a furious flame
Here or there, it's all the same
Telegraphs.

Then he catches in the street
LABOUCHERE, and does defeat
Him with blows of fists and feet,
Then he laughs.

But the *Truth* man writes straightway
Him a challenge, in this way,
"You are big and strong, but say
Will you fight
With such tools as equalize
All our difference of size,
Swords and pistols, blame your eyes,
Left and right?"

But the *Telegraph* says, "Not
So, for then I might get shot,
Which is fighting much more hot
Then I care
To incur, but I will lick
You again, yes, very quick,
As before, until you're sick,
If you dare.
So it stands. The writer tall
Is in courage much more small
Than the little chap. That's all
GRIP will declare.

Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 6.—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Mr. DAVIN resembles Mr. EDWARD BLAKE in one—and only one—particular, namely, that he may be considered a politician of the future. This expression, however, must be taken in a different sense than when applied to the Hon. EDWARD. Mr. BLAKE's theories are always in an indefinite state of futurity. Mr. DAVIN's theories—if he has any—are not so, but the goal of his ambition is as yet a thing seen as through a glass darkly—in the dim future. Hitherto no constituency has grasped, with that eagerness which would be becoming—the opportunity of being able to say that NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN—the most celebrated Canadian that Ireland ever produced—is its trusted and honored member.

The subject of our present sketch was snugly ensconced in an arm chair in the U. E. Club when our Representative ventured to approach him.

"My dear fellow," said the genial journalist on seeing him—"I am glad to see you. I thought that you would be enquiring for me before long—to put with the other great men. I am glad you come to me after writing an interview with Mr. BLAKE, for he is an Irishman—or nearly so. Great as his faults are, he has that virtue—and I like to be as near good company as possible. Now it would—really it would—have broken my heart if you had put me alongside of GEORGE

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2

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3

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4

George Augustus Williams.

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Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

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Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

*William Shakespeare.***Chrome Cards:**

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BROWN, who, besides being a Scotchman, has absolutely no redeeming characteristics."

"I am afraid you are almost too patriotic," said our reporter. "You will not see that other nationalities have good qualities as well as the Irish."

"Oh yes, other nations have their good points,—but when you put them in the scale along with my countrymen the difference is tremendous. Irishmen are the spice of humanity, just as variety is the spice of life. I am afraid though that they are not fully appreciated in this country yet. I have endeavoured, in my humble way, to show how vastly superior they are to any one else, but my efforts do not appear to have had the desired effect. Now, for instance, although you would hardly believe it, the constitutions—and they are many—that I have electrified with my burning eloquence, do not seek my aid in Parliament as enthusiastically as they should do. Halton, Welland, Toronto, all have had the opportunity of sending me to the Halls of Legislation, but they have preferred such men as MACDOUGALL and MORRIS to me. The honest, hardy sons of toil tried to bring me out in this city, but those of the party who were afraid that I would be too powerful a rival to Dr. TUPPER in oratory, TILLEY in finance, and Sir JOHN MACDONALD in tact—an eminently Irish characteristic—preferred MORRIS, and I had to stand aside."

"It is very sad," mused our Representative, "to contemplate a state of society so blind to its best interest as this."

"Sad! yes, indeed—and sadder still when it is remembered that it is to men such as I am that the Conservative Party owe their great victory. The Platform and the Press are the great levers that govern political motion, and I am an embodiment of both combined in one. My speeches are admired and applauded. My articles are quoted as models of force and eloquence of diction—but there is some absurd and ignorant prejudice against my nationality. There must be—I once wrote a play called *The Fair Grip*, but it was never placed on the boards. Doubtless political influence was brought to bear—and it was quashed by the public before they ever heard it. But my time will come. Home Rule will be granted to Ireland;—Irishmen will rise to the top in Canada. My writings and my oratory must in the nature of things have their influence, and, although a few envious men can now impede my upward and onward progress, before long I shall triumph, and the greatness of the "Irishman in Canada" will be at last universally acknowledged."

Too Sweeping.

The editor of the *Acton Free Press* has been driven by the dearth of political topics to writing on social affairs, and he has taken up the vexed subject of female apparel. "Dress," he says, "if it has not already become a passion in the female breast, is fast becoming so. Dress must be had at whatever cost." Our brother must not allow himself to be carried away with his subject like this. The sweeping assertion above quoted may be true of Acton and vicinity, but amongst the Zulus, for example, it don't hold good.

A fruit-seller wrote to his girl:—My dearest Mary, as this is the pear-ling season, and as you're just old *peaches*, and the apple of my eye, I want you to don the orange blossoms and go in *lemons* with me, but we can't *elope*.—Mary replied promptly, I'm your *huckleberry*.