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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**"Odium Theologicum."**

The *Bowmanville Statesman* of last week copied our burlesque of the "theological" discussion which is at present being waged in its columns on the subject of Immersion, and added the following note:

Mr. *Grip* is too severe on our correspondents. It is too bad to ridicule gentlemen in a friendly discussion in such a friendly way as they have done. Our advice to you, friend *Grip*, is to keep your beak out of theology.—ED. STATESMAN.

This, of course, is ironical, as the Editor was doubtless engaged at the time in correcting the proof of "Mr. BUTLER's reply to Mr. McKAY"—which appears in the same number of the *Statesman*. We clip a few sentences from that Reply just to show how difficult it is to exaggerate the *odium theologicum* or even to do full justice to the propensity for personalities usually displayed by 'argufying' divines:

All his talk about silencing me, if he believes it himself, proceeds upon a miscalculation. I have too much truth to utter on this subject to be silenced, and he is not the man to silence me: he may disgust me as he has disgusted many others. I shall continue to leave to him the varied field of personal abuse. He is at home there and departs himself as one to the manner born. I have, moreover, far more interesting and profitable business to do in this discussion than to follow him in his moral gyrations. At any rate he needs to *revise* his attainments and bring them into subjection to the common truth and honesty of simple morality and all sound religion. To speak the truth, Mr. McKAY, and to fairly quote or honestly represent the statements of your opponents is a simple, if not in your practice a common virtue. Mr. M. will please remember that his mere assertion will not be received only so far as he shall clearly locate his references and quotations. I have learned to place very little confidence in his word, for in addition to his well earned title of slanderer of immersionists he is a convicted garbler of both Immersionists and Pedobaptists. I have already followed my opponent too far, although an entire column remains untouched. I use the words "too far" in the sense of wasting time in following the perversions of truth of which he is guilty.

The other side of this edifying debate is upheld in a somewhat similar manner.

Mr. GRIP feels thankful to the Editor for his fatherly advice to keep his beak out of theology. The Editor ought to act on his own counsel, for already there is reason to fear that he has imbibed some of the *odium*. Witness the following note which is appended to the Reply from which we have just quoted:

[NOTE.—The statement made by Mr. BUTLER in the first paragraph of the above letter is false. We did not make any such statement, neither did we insinuate anything of the kind. The charge is utterly false.—Ed.]

**A Revival.**

A favorite method of executing political enemies was practised by the Proconsuls of the Reign of Terror, in 1793, at Lyons and Marseilles. This is called the *Noyade*. It consisted in sending a number of persons of both sexes on board an unseaworthy ship, which was so contrived as to sink soon after being launched. A revival of this custom of the *Noyade* seems to be favored by the police authorities, who permit the overcrowding of the excursion steamers.

**Missionary Intelligence.**

A missionary lately returned from that interesting field of labor, the Island, gives a most encouraging account of the progress of Christianity in that benighted part of the world.

He says the mission recently organized at Hanlan's Point, to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of the natives in that part of the Island, promises to be a great blessing. A service is regularly held on Sundays, which is usually attended by large and apparently interested audiences. The work is prosecuted in two distinct divisions, namely, the spiritual and the aesthetic, or, in other words, the preaching of the Gospel and the enjoying of a mouthful of fresh air. The success attained in this latter division of the work has been truly marvellous. Not only the natives of the Island, but thousands of the light-hearted inhabitants of the mainland who go over in ferry-boats every Sunday, (much to the delight of the pious ferry-men, who only charge the nominal sum of ten cents per head,) have attested the great benefits which they have received from the Fresh Air part of the services. As yet the missionaries have not seen any direct moral results from their labors, but they do not by any means feel discouraged. They are working earnestly without hope of pecuniary reward, though they have the inspiring consciousness that they are doing much towards enriching the poor boatmen financially, as well as enhancing the value of real estate on the Island, by imparting to it an air of unwonted respectability.

**Canadian Statesmen in England.**

SIR JOHN, with Sir CHARLES TUPPER, was lately present at a dinner given by the London Corporation of Fishmongers. The illustrious party proceeded to the Fishmonger's Hall in a cab, the expense of which was nobly defrayed by Sir A. GALT out of his official income. The dinner consisted entirely of fish; but the toasts were numerous, and were imbued with the heartiness peculiar to fishes. Sir JOHN, of course, was inspired by the occasion and the surroundings to speak with his usual facetious grace. He said he felt quite at home in Fishmongers Hall. Like *Polonius*, in *Hamlet's* opinion, he might seem to be a fishmonger himself. His whole political career, he proceeded to explain, had been very fishy. His new N. P. had "an ancient and fish-like smell." Some of his best measures had been *flounders*. Although few of his colleagues had *soles* worth saving, they were all of them eager for *plaice*, and some had the appetite of *sharks*. And he would, on this occasion only, and in confidence of the festive hour, here communicate that his mission in England was only a *cod*.

Sir JOHN's speech was received with cheers and loud laughter, and the chorus, "He is a jolly good fellow," was sung by all present.

**"Truth."**

Some of our contemporaries are expressing themselves very solemnly about our playful allusion to H. R. H. the Marchioness of Lorne last week. Our suggestion that the royal lady is not, as a matter of fact, awfully sorry to tear herself from this dear Dominion, is looked upon as rank disloyalty. GRIP is not alone in his opinion. Here is a late *Globe* clipping:

London *Truth* says that the Princess Louise is no doubt delighted to have so good an excuse for coming home, as H. R. H. has never concealed her distaste for her Canadian "exile."

GRIP has the most profound respect for the royal Marchioness; in fact he loves her so well that he would even be willing to have her remain at home altogether if she would really feel happier there than in this raw, rough and democratic country.

Why is a farmer who "can't swing a scythe" like a dead man?—Because he is no *mower*.

**Attacking His Betters.**

The editor of the *Globe* appears to have quite forgotten his pathetic and promising talk about keeping his paper free from the unworthy personalities which "sadden political life." If he has not already broken his good resolution over and over again with his own pen, he has at least permitted such violation through his correspondence columns. About the most craven and contemptible of these outrages on good taste occurred in Tuesday's edition, in the shape of a letter against Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The writer, who signs himself "X," professes to be a member of the Public School Teachers' Association; if he really is so, it is certain that Association is not entirely composed of gentlemen and scholars. This alleged correspondent, (for of course he may be only a *Globe* myth—an anti-GOLDWIN's myth, as our boy suggests)—protests against the distinguished writer in question being allowed to address the Teachers' Convention, because of the political views which he is supposed to hold. Had "X" stopped there, he would have been amenable only to a charge of contemptible intolerance, but he goes on and proves himself a boor and a bully as well, applying to Mr. SMITH such rowdy epithets as "carpet bagger," etc. The whole letter—if genuine—is a disgrace to the Teachers' Association, not only for its meanness and vulgarity, but as a specimen of bad English composition. Its appearance in the *Globe*, whether genuine or not, is certainly a disgrace to journalism.

**Sir John and His Granny.**

"Has the Ministerial Mission failed?"  
The *Globe* of Aug. 4th.

*Granny*.—When ye ga'd awa', JOHNNIE,  
Far across the sea, laddie,  
When ye went JOHN BULL to see,  
What was't ye promised me, laddie?

*Sir John*.—A braw new railroad track, granny,  
A road frae sea to sea, granny,  
But O, the weary English loons,  
They were ower cute for me, granny.

*Canada*.—I feared how it wad be, JOHNNIE,  
I'm no' mista'en I see, laddie,  
Ye drew ower sair the bow that's lang—  
Ye were na' slack to lee, laddie.

*Sir John*.—Ho! ho! ye've been to see, grannie,  
That foul-tongued GORDON B., grannie,  
Though I should speak wi' angel's tongue  
He'd swear it was a lee, granny.

But bide ye just a wee, gannie,  
"Green TUPPER, GALT an' me, granny,  
Ye'll get your railway 'spite them a',  
Gin you an' I agree, grannie.

*Canada*.—Weel! I see tak' your word, JOHNNIE,  
And sell my bits o' yird, laddie,  
To want that road, frae sea to sea,  
Wad just be clean absurd, laddie.

**Dead Shot!**

The Canadian Creedmoor team, we learn from the *Mail*, have abandoned the old muzzle-loader and have adopted the new Remington with the *Grip* sight. Under such circumstances they cannot fail to hit the mark.

Mr. JOHN CARTER, evidently an earnest Christian, writes to expostulate with us for having, in last issue, caricatured three ministers of the Gospel. Mr. CARTER has quite misinterpreted the picture, which was by no means inspired by malice against the gentlemen in question—whom we esteem as highly as our correspondent can. Our idea was to shew that these ministers (pure as their own motives undoubtedly are) are practically playing into the hands of men who have simply money-making objects in view.

GRIP would again direct attention to the special excursion to Rochester per Steamer *Chicora*, on Monday, 16th. The tickets, which are limited are nearly all disposed of. They cost \$2 each.