



METAPHORICALLY.

THIS somewhat savage scene is another illustration of the amenities of Canadian journalism. It represents the Editors of the *Hamilton Times* and Dundas *True Banner* tearing the Editor of the *Hamilton Templar* limb from limb, a thing which they have lately done, in a Pickwickian sense. The punishment was no doubt extreme, but we feel obliged to admit that Buchanan, the victim, deserved his fate, viewing the case from the standpoint of his executioners. He runs an independent Prohibition paper, and it is the duty of an independent paper to view political matters as they are presented in the *Times* and *Banner*. Buchanan flagrantly failed in this duty in the recent Provincial campaign. He refused to give his support to some of Sir Oliver Mowat's colleagues, although Sir Oliver himself had given a satisfactory prohibition pledge. The colleagues in question refused or neglected to endorse said pledge, and for this reason Buchanan tried to defeat them. Further, he supported some Tory candidates who announced themselves favorable to Prohibition. In short, he looked upon Prohibition as being the one great issue, and refused his endorsement to every candidate who disagreed with this view, regardless of party. Now, in the opinion of the *Times* and *Banner* men, this was no sort of way to act. Sir Oliver having given a pledge, it was the *Templar's* plain duty not only to support the gallant Knight himself (which it did) but also to shout and work for all the Government candidates, whatever their individual attitude on the Prohibition question might be. Hence, when the battle was over, he was called out and punished as above, and we think anybody who looks at it through *Times* and *Banner* spectacles will agree that his punishment was extremely mild.

THE BAPTISTS.



THE City of Toronto, *par excellence* the City of Conventions, has never had occasion to extend its hospitality to a worthier lot of delegates than those who are at present honoring us with their presence—the representatives of the Baptist Young People's Union of America. Mr. GRIP feels it a pleasant duty to join in the welcome which has been extended to the visitors by all the organs of local public opinion, whether journalistic or municipal. He lifts his hat to the Baptists as a sturdy people who are the exponents of a manly Christianity, which is generally associated with sound views on political and social questions.

'Tis true, the Baptist wears a hard shell, but like that of the oyster, it always covers a soft heart. Moreover, this shell we take to be generally an encrustation of uncompromising principle, rather than an outward coating of narrowness, and it is something nowadays to have a body of people in the world who have really made up their minds on some points. May every one of our visitors have a good time, and may it be a profit to us as it will certainly be a pleasure to listen to the words of the many grand speakers they bring with them.

SHOOT IT!

I SUBMIT, for the diagnosis of your medical and psychological readers, the following strange case of rhyme running mad during the dog-days:

"GAME SCARCE AT ARARAT."

"When on the heights at Ararat
At last the ark of Noah sat,
His hungry cat found ne'er a rat
Upon the washed-out Ararat.

Nor could she catch a wary bat
That flitted, like an airy rat,
(If one to such a fairy bat
May venture to compare a rat)
Returning to its habitat,
Skirting the crags of Ararat
Beyond the jump of any cat
Or larger feline acrobat.

Then, when her hope had fallen flat
Of dining on a rodent fat
Or lunching lightly on a gnat,
She peaked and pined, poor balled cat,
Mid peakes and pines of Ararat!

* * *

Felt ever cat such care as that?
Was ever mountain fare as that?
Was ever else so bare a rat
Or ever else so spare a cat
As on those wastes of Ararat?"

F. Blake Crofton.

IT WILL be hard on Toronto to have the expert eye of the Baptist Convention directed to our water system.

THE Senate want a Deputy Speaker now. His duty we assume will be to put the motions of adjournment. If so he will be the hardest worked man in the Chamber.



A SUFFRAGE OBJECT LESSON.

A couple of highly cultured ladies, wishing to obtain books from the public library, and being told that they must have their application signed by a *Voter*, call in a poor colored man who, being unable to read or write, makes 'his mark' on their behalf, and the thing is done!