

# • GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. MERCIER:

Will be issued with the number for..... Dec. 20.

## Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The Government of Canada, and the Government of the C.P.R. have become so much alike that it is hard to tell 'tother from which. Sir John has "mixed those children up" until he himself appears quite unable to distinguish between them. Theoretically, the C.P.R. is a private corporation, engaged in the performance of a private work. This work, being of public utility, has been aided by grants of land and money out of the Government Treasury. That is all the Government is supposed to know or care about it. But, in fact, the C.P.R. is treated as if it were a public work being executed for the Government. Members of the Syndicate are forever hovering about Ottawa; Cabinet Ministers and their courtiers are continually being carried about in "official" cars; Sir Charles Tupper, our representative abroad, is doing a little "booming" as opportunity offers, and Sir John is at the present moment engaged, with the President of the Company, in business which, so far as the Canadian public know, concerns chiefly this private corporation. No wonder the question is being asked, "Which is the Government and which is the Syndicate?"

**FIRST PAGE.**—Mr. Ned Farrar has rejoined the staff of the *Mail*, but the coat of editor-in-chief is still worn by Mr. M. J. Griffin.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The demand for the abolition of tax exemptions continues, and at the approaching session of the Local House Dr. Mowat will be expected to propose a cure for this sore spot on the body politic. He has had it in his serious consideration long enough. What is needed now is the political lancet.

It is perhaps superfluous to call attention to the advertisement of the Barnum Wire and Iron Works on our cover. The matter is so profusely illustrated that no reader of GRIP this week will fail to read it through. The goods supplied by this firm are well known throughout Canada for their elegance and utility, and we are glad to note that adequate encouragement is given to the enterprise on this side of the line, as the introduction of these goods marks an advance in the popular taste.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

No. 4.—MR. W. R. MEREDITH, M.P.P.

Mr. William Ralph Meredith is one of the best liked men in his home, City of London (Ont.) and, wherever he is known personally outside of that lovely little corporation, he is highly thought of. This is because William is a very nice fellow—notwithstanding his gunpowdery temper, for the freaks of which he is more to be pitied than blamed. No man—especially a politician—is faultless, and nobody thinks less of the leader of the local Opposition because he occasionally explodes without just cause or provocation.

Our artist has painted him in a tranquil frame of mind—after the memory of a defeat at whist has faded away. Mr. Meredith is a handsome man, also—one of the best looking in the House. If the ladies had the suffrage, there is no manner of doubt Mr. Mowat would have to "go." The subject of our present portrait was born at Westminster, Middlesex, Ont., in the year 1840. He is a son of the late J. C. Meredith, for many years clerk of the peace at London. Willie Ralph was remarkable in his youth—and is still—for a wonderfully good memory, and at the old grammar school of London, then under the rod of Rev. Robert Bayley, he absorbed Latin roots and propositions of Euclid with a facility that made the other boys green with envy. From the grammar school the future statesman passed on to Toronto University, where, after a highly creditable career, he was duly graduated. He chose the law as a profession, and in the natural course of human events, was called to the bar, and hung out his shingle in the faces of his townsmen. Subsequently he became a partner of the late Mr. Scatcherd, M.P., and at present is the head of the legal firm of Scatcherd & Meredith. In the year 1872 or thereabouts, it occurred to this thriving lawyer that he never could be truly happy outside of Parliament. The people of London shared this opinion to such an extent that they placed Mr. Meredith in the seat vacated by Hon. John Carling on the passage of the bill abolishing Dual Representation. The new M.P.P. at once took a prominent position on the Conservative side of the House, under the wing of Hon. M. C. Cameron. Here his talent for debate made itself manifest, and on the retirement of Mr. Cameron, the party caucus appointed Mr. Meredith to the leadership. Nature intended Mr. M. for a success in this capacity, having granted him more than an average of the necessary gift and graces. If he has in any measure failed to realize the high hopes of his friends, it is certainly not for want of ability. To be sure, he has had an uphill row to hoe, sitting opposite to a Government always strong in the country and commanding a good majority in the House,—a Government, too, that affords very little help to an Opposition leader in search of "points;" but unquestionably Mr. Meredith has weakened himself by a too loyal obedience to the dictation of his "superior officer," the Federal Premier. He has not had a fair show as yet. The blunders he has made are not, properly speaking, his own. If it were possible to annihilate the influence of Ottawa, GRIP believes that Mr. W. R. Meredith would prove himself one of the best and ablest men that Ontario has yet had in her service.

## A CRYING SHAME.

To the Editor of Grip:

SIR,—I, as one of a numerous class, must rise up and protest against this nefarious Scott Act of which we hear so much. You will imagine, from what I have said, that I am one of those individuals who cannot do without alcoholic beverages. If you think this you were never more mistaken in your life. On the contrary, I am and always have been

an ardent temperance man, and never drank a drop of liquor in my life. Why, then, you ask, do I protest against the passage of the Act? Simply, sir, because if it comes into force I shall lose my employment.

I am one of those men in no way clever or brilliant. I am no scholar, in the proper sense of the word, and I have nothing to recommend me but my unimpeachable steadiness and sobriety. I can see that, if the Scott Act comes into force, those men who are really mentally gifted but who are regular tipplers, and who, on the latter account, can never keep a position for more than a few weeks, will be compelled to become sober, and they will, therefore, be my equal in that respect, and infinitely my superior in every other way.

You will often hear an employer say, "I would rather have a thoroughly sober man in my employment; one on whom I can depend at all times, than the most brilliant and gifted man who drinks." That's all right enough, but when those fellows we see going about, out at elbows, down at heels, and bleary-eyed, become compulsorily sober and with no chance of procuring liquor, they will be snapped up at once, for I must confess they are, as a rule, the cleverest fellows after all, that is, the majority of them.

No, sir; by all means let us do our utmost to defeat this tyrannical Act.

You will see that these fellows to whom I allude will, when they see the difficulty, nay almost impossibility of obtaining liquor if the Scott Act is universally carried throughout Canada, brace up and think no more about it. Those who can't get along without stimulants will leave the country, and I most devoutly trust that all of them will be such slaves to their appetites that they will emigrate to Jamaica and guzzle rum with the Niggers till they kill themselves. I am religious, sir, and I do not believe in men habitually steady and sober, though not endowed with brilliant mental parts, being ousted from their positions by these clever rampscallions, and thrown on the cold charity of the world.

I know of scores of men in this city who are nothing but beggars at present, but who might have very good positions (which, I am forced to own, they can fill admirably) were it not for their habit of filling themselves instead of those positions. I say let us do our best to keep these men drunkards, so that we may not be thrust out of our comfortable berths which we hold in virtue of our immaculate sobriety.

I am religious, sir, and do not believe in forcing drunkards to become sober and step into our positions.

No, sir; charity begins at home and I mean to keep my berth if I have to spend half my salary in treating these clever toppers and keeping them drunk.

Trusting that, when the time comes, the Scott Act will be defeated by an overwhelming majority, I am, sir,

Yours in F. H. & C.

SIMON COLDSTREAM.

## A BASE PLOT.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—i must tell you bout our fif of November. i rite this lying in bed my sister mary rits it an i tell her how to spel the words wen she gets stuck girls hasn't much education en is only the weaker sect after all. i know you was a jolly old cock when you was a young feller so i mus tell you what us boys done that Wendsdy. i was guy fox an we resolved to blow up the house of comons saue as he tried to do. the house of comons was the hen house an i was guy fox. an we burrered a big hole from the allerway til we calkulated we was about under the hen house. it was a nimens hole big enuf for me to stand up rite in it and nearly a mile long i shud think an wed bin bying gunpowder in small packidgts