

The Toronto World.

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Mr. Meredith's Opportunity.

Good generalship will displace Sir Oliver Mowat from the supremacy he has so long enjoyed in provincial politics. The weapons by which his defeat may be accomplished are already fashioned. What we want is a fighter to use them. We want a bold, intrepid general to lead the forces, a general with fire in his eye and determination in his countenance. Let him gird on his armor, let him use the weapons at his command and victory is his.

The Conservatives are in a majority in the Province of Ontario, and the administration of provincial affairs ought naturally to pass into their hands. This is the first point that strikes one when looking at the situation. Mr. Meredith must adopt a policy that will appeal to Conservatives in provincial politics as forcibly as that of Sir John Macdonald appealed to them in Dominion politics. Such a policy he can announce to-morrow if he chooses, for such a policy exists to-day.

The Government ought to be defeated because their administration of our affairs is inefficient, expensive and corrupt. The methods pursued by the Government in terrorizing and intimidating those engaged in the liquor traffic in Ontario are scandalous. Such tyranny is exercised over liquor-dealers in regard to political matters that they dare not call their souls their own. The machinery of the License Department is used as a means for keeping the Grits in power. This ought to prove an effective weapon in the hands of a good fighter.

The Education Department is thoroughly inefficient. Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by the teaching profession at the way things are managed, or rather mismanaged, in this branch of the service. The department is loaded up with fossils, whose methods might have passed muster twenty years ago, but to-day the fossils are away behind in the procession.

The Mowat Government is by no means the cleanly thing they would have the people imagine. Sir Oliver has traded too long on the purity of his administration. His administration has been characterized by as cold-blooded jobbery as any seen in connection with politics anywhere. How many instances of the Mowat kind have we witnessed? Investigation has now disclosed the fact that the appointment of Mr. Noxon was not made to improve the public service, but to give Mr. Noxon a job. Sir Oliver first tried to boost him into the shambles of Oxford, but, failing in this scheme, he dropped him down into the Central Prison, and once having landed him there the Premier's lieutenants invent all sorts of excuses for his presence in the institution. The Noxon trick is one that the public is quite familiar with. Existing offices not being sufficient to satisfy the demands of the hefters, new ones have to be created. Hence the double sheriff act, the double registrar trick, the double county attorney business and so on.

Instead of using their position to develop the material resources of the province Sir Oliver and his lieutenants have bent all their energies in working the Governmental machinery of the province to entrench themselves in office. Powers that should remain with the municipalities have been absorbed by the Government to strengthen their position. As mentioned above, the License Department has been converted into a powerful lever for controlling votes and returning Grit parliament. Sir Oliver's ploy is a mere trick. He knows very well no practical result will follow the taking of this vote, no matter what the vote may be. Sir Oliver says he has not the power to enforce prohibition, although he is in favor of it. But he has the power to reduce the number of licensed taverns. It drops 50 or 75 per cent. Such a reduction would have been quite radical enough for the present prohibition sentiment of the country. But did Sir Oliver attempt to do what was practical in this matter? Oh, no, he shirks that, and begins making Quotidian efforts to effect the impossible and impracticable.

So much for Sir Oliver's administrative record. And as to his constructive policy very little can be said in its praise. What little he has done to encourage agriculture has been forced upon him. As to our mining resources, he has failed to inaugurate any workable policy for their development. Sir Oliver is a genuine Tory of the old school. He originates nothing and adopts nothing unless under constant pressure from without. He is timorous and unassertive. He has not caught on to the modern idea that the duty of a Government is as much to develop business and to encourage a country's agricultural, mining and manufacturing industries as it is to administer the affairs of its public buildings and to look after its schools and taverns.

As The World pointed out yesterday, Sir Oliver Mowat has made a big mistake in refusing encouragement to the iron industry in Ontario. His excuse that there were no responsible parties in the field to go into the business of iron smelting, even if a bounty of so much per ton was offered, was a mere subterfuge to shift responsibility. If no one went into the business under the conditions suggested, then the Government would have no bounty to pay. In offering a bounty it would have committed itself to no expenditure unless pigiron were actually produced from Ontario ore. If there is no responsible company in the field to start the industry, which is not admitted, then we ask Sir Oliver Mowat what is the most likely method of inducing responsible parties to come forward. We should say it

The Sunday Parade.

Imposing Appearance of the Men.

Who seeing our citizen soldiers would not feel proud of this Canada of ours? A country that can show such a body of men ready, able, and to do and die for this glorious land need not fear that the fire of patriotism is burning low. How nobly they carried themselves, conscious that all eyes were upon them? Here marched the gallant Grenadiers, recalling the heading charge at Batoche that brought peace to our country. Here came the no less able-bodied Queen's Own, moving with the precision of regulars, while the hardy Klutzes were the admirer of all. The martial music, the soul-stirring strains of the bands, the refreshing refrain of the bugles and the exhilarating tones of the bagpipes all combined to infuse into the boys and youths who came to see the turnout an irresistible desire to be soldiers, too. With sticks for guns they fell in, and with might and main they kept step. Their heads erect, chests thrown out and arms down, they wanted to be "just like my father."

That is it, boys, be like your fathers, good men and true, faithful to home and country. You have not yet the strength to carry a gun, or stand the fatigue of a long march. But in one thing you can be just like your fathers as they marched through Toronto streets. They all wore a pair of guano brothers' boots. The little soldier, just like my father. Send your son, then, to guano brothers', two fourteen-year-olds, and tell him to ask for a pair of "Soldier Boots."

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