

SOREHEAD POLITICIANS MEET HERE IN CONCLAVE

Correspondent Describes an Interesting Gathering Held at a City Hotel--Mr. Pinder Occupied the Chair and asked Some Questions--The Man From Carleton Doesn't Want Investigations--York's New Members Give Their Views.

Dear Editor,—I thought you would like to know how the Tories feel about the election. It happened that I was in a city hotel the other day and a lot of men who have been suffering from sore heads were there. There were also a few cabinet ministers and a few outside members of the inner circle. They held a little meeting and as they did not mind me, I stayed. The chair was taken by a big fat old fellow from Nackawick; they all called him "King," and saluted him before they spoke.

He called on a man named Murray. I have often seen his picture in the Gleaner. He got on his feet and said: "I am glad to see you boys around again, even if some of us are minus quantities. The great struggle which has passed reminds me of the 'struggle to live,' and the 'survival of the fittest,' which I have talked so much

about since I began to teach the farmers how to grow potatoes on stone piles (I don't mean patriotic potatoes), but which I shall never be able to do again. My heart is broken over the election. If everyone had done what was right I would still be drawing a big salary."

"The Grits are going to make some big changes in the high cots of living. Dr. Price's conceit has gone down 80 per cent. in Moncton."

"I don't like the thought of investigations," said a curly-headed chap from Carleton by the name of Smith. "Will they enforce payments on stumpage?" anxiously asked the chairman.

"Yes, but there is no use crying now. You should not give them the chance," was the reply.

"What did we do wrong?" asked a defeated candidate.

"Well, the way you whitewashed Fleming," continued Murray.

"We should have used blacklead," said John Young.

"And had you to teach us how to do it; you are good at teaching some things," said the defeated candidate.

This made Young cross and he yelled, "That is enough of that. Peter Hughes told that to every man in this county, and yet we won, while in other counties three men with 'Hon.' to their names were defeated. Culligan is so mad he eats nothing but pictures of Walter Foster. And they knocked the wind out of Landry in Kent."

Dr. Land-dry—"Yep, dey not only knock me out of wind, but dey knock me clear out of politik. Dat old Veniot, he is old dibbel, sure ting. He point his finger at me and say, 'You not fit to be government bookkeeper,' and he say to de audience, 'Put him out,' and dey do it. I see in de Gleaner hat de French are going to run de hole ting now."

Chairman—Yes, the d— Frenchmen are going to run the thing, and Dick came near spoiling things in York. Why, he forgot he was at Cork and began to recite the Orange vows. We had to sing "The Wearing of the Green," but all to no avail.

This brought Dick to his feet on a chair, and he shouted so loud that we all had to put our fingers in our ears, and the chairman had to hold on to his false teeth. He said: "I am a Tory. I always was a Tory and I'll always be a Tory—I could never be a grit, because I lack the sand."

The hotel keeper then arose, and after clearing away the lump in his throat, said: "I don't see as I have got to support you chaps any more, now that you are out of power. I never was a Tory, I was just a government supporter, and I had better stand by

Was Troubled With Shortness of Breath

Mrs. C. M. Cormier, Buctouche, N. B. When the heart becomes affected, there ensues a feeling of a choking sensation, a shortness of breath, palpitation, throbbing, irregular beating, smothering sensation, dizziness, and a weak, sinking, all gone feeling of oppression and anxiety.

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writes: "Since two years ago I was troubled with a shortness of breath, and sometimes I could hardly breathe. I went to see several doctors and they said it was from my heart and nerves, but they did not seem to do me any good. One day I got one of your B. B. B. Almanacs and read of a case similar to mine."

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my policy and support the new government."

"I'm with you," said a man from the Gleaner office.

A new M. P. P. who was born and bred in Harvey, got up and said, "We are 'all in' so far that we can't see our way out; we are 'all down' so far that we can't even see the bottom; we are 'all out' so far that it will be two generations before we will see graft again."

"Then I might as well quit now," quoth Pinder from the chair.

"You see, it is this way," continued the white hope from Harvey, "It is not right to give jobs to family friends. The chairman need not get red. I mean Jones, the poultry expert. He was given the job of teaching the hens how to cackle and he could not even crow like a rooster until last summer. Why, the old hens would stick their tongues in the side of their mouths and laugh whenever he came near. Ain't that so?" he said to the man beside him.

This man was another new M. P. P., who knows a lot about medicine, and he said, "I think our poor success was due to the absence of McLeod. You see he held the vote of York county in the palm of his hand, and when he went away he took his hand with him and forgot to leave the vote behind—but he told me how to win elections, and my brother, who used to run elections, gave me some points, so I let the people take me at 'face value.' Down in Queens Slipp was going the wrong way when they took his value. Speaking about roosters, the Mail's rooster crows after every election, and that is about every other day; but the Gleaner's gander can only be made to say 'quack, quack!'"

Just then I heard a groan; the premier looked at me with a wise look between his eyes and said, "That is Art Slipp, he has been sleeping since Feb. 24th."

After that Rev. J. B. Daggett prayed that he would not lose his job, and that Harry Blair would get none. The meeting was about to adjourn when someone had prepared a programme for the next meeting. It was as follows:

Address—Success of P. J. Hughes—R. B. Hanson.

Recitation—"When I'm a Man"—G. T. Forsey.

Song—"Who Put the De in Dugal?"—J. Kidd Flemming.

Deading—"Days of Capt. Kidd"—Harry Smith.

Hymn—"Lead, Kindly Light"—Rev. J. B. Daggett.

Address—"The Teaching of Graft"—John Young.

Song—"Once I was Happy, but Look at Me Now"—Dr. Morehouse.

Song—"Keep the home fires burning till McLeod comes home"—Sam. B. Hunter.

Address—"What is to be Will be"—Hon. J. A. Murray.

After shaking hands with all hands, the meeting broke up with cheers for Sevigny and curses for Carvell.

This is all for this time.

Bye-bye.

NICK O'TEEN.

P. S.—The Gleaner thinks the next time that Slipp runs he had better run to hide.—N. O'T.

What has become of the old-fashioned detective in curled hair whiskers and green spectacles that the audience could spot the moment he appeared on the stage?

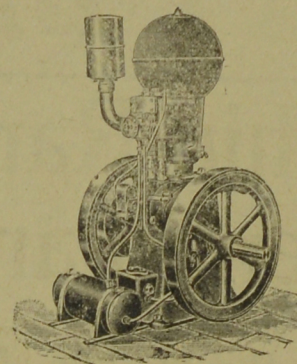
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