

HON. L. J. TWEEDIE AND WILLIAM WILSON WERE THE WITS OF THE HOUSE IN THE GAY NINETIES

Debates Were Often Enlivened by Strong Language in Those Days; Hon. D. L. Hannington Furnished the Theme for a Famous Oration By Hon. Mr. Tweedie; Mr. Wilson and Dr. Atkinson Staged a Spirited Exchange.

The wits of the House of Assembly back in the early nineties were Hon. L. J. Tweedie, of Northumberland, who later served the province in the high offices of Premier and Lieutenant Governor, and William Wilson of York, who ultimately became a county court judge. It was said of Mr. Wilson in those days that if he could only live as long as he could tell funny stories he would be immortal. On one occasion when speaking in the House and in the midst of one of his eloquent periods, Mr. Wilson was interrupted by an audible smile from Dr. Marcus C. Atkinson, one of the members for Carleton, whereupon he shot at him this blistering remark: "The learned member for Carleton is wreathed in a smile. It is a smile of which he has an exclusive patent. It begins to twinkle in his eyes like the first ray of dawn; then it steals across the dim immensity of his cheek, and skirmishes around the whole circumference of his lunar visage, and is lost in a month that yawns like a crevice in the surface of the earth."

A newspaper account of a clash between Hon. Mr. Tweedie and J. D. Phinney, then one of the members for Kent, says:

"It was an evening when the sprightly Lemuel paid his respects to the member for Kent and twitted him for having abandoned that county and taken up his abode in the city of Fredericton. He said: 'The hon. member went forth from Kent as Lot went forth from Sodom. The only difference was Lot travelled a little faster, because he walked; the hon. member went forth on the Kent Northern Railway. (Laughter.) But I have no doubt the people of Kent regretted the departure of the hon. gentleman. I happened to be at Kent Junction some time after the election and there I saw a hoary headed man who crooned thus mournfully: Come men of Kent and women too, And listen unto me; Our member's gone and left us,

Our spotless J. D. P.; But we'll not grieve too sadly, Though we cannot be gay, For though we lost J. D. P. We have still some John DeK. 'Hon. members,' he continued, 'may not know who John DeK. is, but this is not the case with an hon. member for Saint John, who sent ten cases up to Northumberland to defeat me at last election.'

But it was later the same evening, we are told, that Hon. Mr. Tweedie covered himself with glory and lit upon the doughty Daniel Hannington a way that will long be remembered. It is said that those who watched the countenance of the member for Westmorland as he waited for the shell to explode could never forget the scene.

The Leary Telegram
"Who wrote the Leary 'telegram' roared Daniel across the floor.

To this question Mr. Tweedie replied as follows:

It is now some sessions ago since the hon. member for Westmorland originated this able question, 'Who wrote the Leary telegram?' He was so pleased with the product of his genius then, and he has been so pleased with it since that scarcely a day has passed that he has not thrown across the floor of the Assembly the same historic question. But I think that the hon. gentleman scarcely does himself justice. It will not be by these words that the memory of the hon. member will be transmitted to posterity. The hon. member has uttered weightier words than these, words that will live in history. Long after his failures as a leader cease to be recorded; long after the Pan-tramar marshes and the ram pastures of Westmorland have been swept away by the all devouring tide; long after the gentle bull frog from his marshy home in the main streets and thoroughfares of Moncton has ceased to croak; long after the bottom has dropped out of the little oil can of the lieutenant of the leader of the opposition and the lemon squeezer has

become a burden; long after the bloom has faded from the girlish cheeks of Alward; long after the hon. member tired from the political arena, having for Saint John (Mr. Smith) has reeling attained the height of his ambition by showing that Lunatic Asylum turkeys can be bought for 18 cents a pound; long after the pure and spotless Phinney has been enrolled in the calendar of Saints, the words of the hon. member will be remembered. The utterances of great men live after them, and surely the utterances of the hon. member will live after him. Side by side with Wellington's 'Up guards and at them'; with Napoleon's 'All is lost, the Prussians who come'; with Nelson's signal, 'England expects every man this day to do his duty,' will stand the words of the hon. member, when under the canvass of a little tent, alone and unaided he stood between an untamed bear and a fierce bull dog, and a still fiercer agent of the S. P. C. A., and with hair erect and flashing eye demonstrated the liberties of the small boy and the inalienable rights of the wild bears in general and fierce bull dogs in particular words: 'Let the fight go on, Selick; to fight, by uttering these memorable I will stand at your back!'

"The shouts of laughter which followed as Mr. Tweedie concluded his oration," said a newspaper account of the incident, "have never been equalled in our Legislative halls, and for the remainder of the night the usefulness of the member for Westmorland had departed."

Mr. Hannington Comes Back
Later in the session Mr. Hannington made a laudable effort to get even with Hon. Mr. Tweedie as follows:

"Long after the policy of the government has depleted the forests of our country and the tuneful sawmill has ceased to hum; long after the ceased to howl and the long tailed moose have ceased to switch; long wild bears of the Miramichi have after poor Selick has forsaken the waters of the Caanan and the Renous in search of the badger and the bear—oh! then it will not be the howling of bears nor the braying of the brindle dogs we will hear, nor the voice of Hannington pleading for the poor man's rights, but it will be the wailing of the children and grandchildren of the Surveyors General that will be heard: 'Oh, it was my grandfather who sold himself and his country for a mess of pottage?' It will be the cry of lamentation over the reputation their forefather might have had that will be heard on the shores of the Miramichi, and not the cry of the moose or bear, or even that of the poor old Selick."

Unfortunately for Mr. Tweedie,

perhaps otherwise for Mr. Hannington, the former was not in the House. During the discussion on the government's new taxation proposals, Hon. Mr. Tweedie again stirred up the animals. "Pardon me for a moment! now pardon me, roared the doughty Daniel Hannington, 'I entirely disagree with the resolution, and I want it to go to the country!'

To which remark quoth Hon. Mr. Tweedie:

"It was always a mystery to me in my boyhood days, Mr. Chairman, how it was that Daniel of old managed to escape from the lion's den. But of late years a flood of light on the subject has poured upon my mind. If the ancient Daniel was anything like the modern one, the reason the lions did not eat him was, because he wouldn't agree with them."

Some Tall Language
Noting an interruption while the House was in committee, by Mr. Wilson, on another occasion Dr. Atkinson is reported to have made this remark:

"I object to being interrupted. Mr. Chairman, and especially by this frousy-headed bear-eyed buffoon from York—this hell weather—this automatic puppet that jumps whatever way his leader pulls the string."

On another occasion Dr. Atkinson got off this one:

"I see an empty chair—oh guilty vacant chair! You look deserted. You look forlorn. Your expression is not the guise of innocence. But if, Mr. Chairman, across the back of that empty chair, as upon the walls of Belchazzar's coffee room, were painted these words, 'Trickery, Subterfuge, Treachery, Tyranny, Insincerity, and if these words could be transferred from that chair and branded on the alabaster brow of the Attorney General, they would be the insignia of dishonor and the badge of infamy indeed, but they would have been placed there by the hammering hand of Justice!'

Mr. Wilson's Retort
Mr. Wilson bided his time, and when his opportunity came a few days later he exploded in this fashion:

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I will refer for a few moments to the hon. member for Carleton. He took occasion the other night to refer to me in terms which I suppose he thought were scathing in the extreme, and he seemed to have the support and sympathy of the hon. members of the opposition. He said I was a frousy-headed, bear-eyed, foul mouthed member of the government party, and that I voted at the bidding of the government. I could have withstood an attack upon my political career, my political knowledge, my character—upon anything—but when the hon. gentleman attacked my beauty, I was quite overcome, and nothing but sense of duty to my country would have enabled me to bear up under the attack. This attack had interfered with my prospects. I had intended in company with Hon. T. R. Jones to have my picture taken so that we might together hand down to posterity our features for their admiration and delight. But the high minded, truth-loving, whole-souled member for Carleton has blasted my prospects and that of my friend Mr. Jones. I did not, however, blame the hon. gentleman on second thought, for his contempt of my beauty arises from an habitual practice of gazing upon his own beautiful features. The mirror discloses to him a cranial formation in the form of a sock head without compare in the range of human experience. Its frontal and parietal bones, its occipital protuberance are of such exquisite rotundity of formation that he has nothing but contempt for those less lavishly endowed. He also beholds inlets of vision such as adorn no other human being since the flood. They wink and blink like the stars of heaven when heaven's eternal melodies roll, and it is a pity that they are not put to better use than to peer out political filth for the use of the opposition. Then he sees a nasal organ which is a thing of beauty; I can compare it to nothing but the piece of dough, too small for a biscuit, too large for a tart, which I used to see my mother, after she had cut out a pan of biscuits, stand in the corner of the bread board for future use. Then when he views that cavity, where hangs by the middle that tongue of scandal, what feelings of delight, possess him; and then the smile—such a smile—it lingers like an unpaid bill, it's as receptive as a baby's mouth, as infectious as the smallpox—it would make a monkey laugh and send a thrill through the whiskers of a baboon. Nor is this all, Mr. Speaker. When he thinks of his ancestry, when he realizes that he is a cross between a baboon and a lath; that he can trace his pedigree through scoundrels for a thousand years, he is overjoyed and has nothing but contempt for ordinary human beings. But, sir, into all his beauty there is danger. I would advise him to study the story of Narcissus who, we are informed, fell in love with his own beauty, and so violent was his passion that he dwindled away and was finally changed into a flower. Such may be the fate of the hon. member for Carleton, and if such should happen the members of the opposition would adorn their centre tables with the dear doctor and then they would have 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever!'

FRENCHWOMAN GETS O. B. E.



Sir Eric Phipps, British Ambassador to France received Mme. Robert Lespagnol, assistant Paris manager of the travel association of Great Britain and Ireland, to invest her with the insignia of a member of the Order of the British Empire, which the King conferred on her. Photograph shows Mme. Lespagnol, with her decoration in her Paris office.

COWBOYS LOSE THEIR "UMPH"

Wyoming Cattleman Says They Have No Horse Sense

CHEYENNE, Wyo., March 31—The lanky, romantic cowboy of the wild west has lost that certain "umph". That's the opinion of Russell Thorp, early Wyoming cattleman and secretary of the State Cattle Growers' Association.

"The cowboy as I knew him and as he is pictured in literature is almost extinct", Thorp said today. "It is a rarity now when you find a cowhand with both cow sense and horse sense".

There's a real shortage of skilled cowhands—but plenty of "dude wranglers", Thorp lamented.

GOLDFIELDS, Sask., March 31—Residents of this mining district, 400 miles north of Prince Albert, take their dancing seriously. Canadian Airways' huge Junkers freighter recently flew twenty-three men and three women to a dance at Goldfields from Wellington, twenty-two miles away.

Ancient Dream Is Reversed; Gold Turned Into Mercury

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 31—The dream of ancient Alchemists, who sought to turn other metals into gold, has been reversed by Dr. Lee A. Dubridge, University of Rochester scientist.

Turning of gold into radioactive mercury in a 5,500,000 volt atom smasher was announced by the physicist professor as he assumed his new duties as dean of the university's faculty of arts and sciences.

Dr. Dubridge said he and his fellow workers performed the feat in the university's huge new cyclotron, using the disintegrating force of an atomic beam.

With a proton beam, however, he said the process could not be reversed. (A proton is one of the components of an atom). He added he believed he and his staff had developed the highest energy proton beam ever produced.

Desert Film Girls Denied Make-up

HOLLYWOOD, March 31—The young ladies in "Sinners in Paradise" will not appear with combed hair, made-up lips or manicured nails.

The action takes place mainly on a desert island.

"You may look like your faces are clean," said Director James Whale to Madge Evans and Charlotte Wynters, "but polish and lipstick and finger waves are out."

PASADENA ARRANGES SURVEY OF VITAMINS TO COMPARE DIETS RICH, POOR

PASADENA, Calif., March 31—Pasadena is to be the first city in the United States to have a vitamin survey.

Along with the vitamins there will also be checked calories, proteins and other essentials of diet Pasadena citizens are getting.

The idea for the survey was suggested by Dr. Henry Borsook of the California Institute of Technology and has now been undertaken by the health section of the Council of Social Agencies. It will be one of the most ambitious nutrition surveys ever attempted in any part of the world.

Owing to the manifest impossibility of checking up on what every person in Pasadena eats over a stated period it has been decided to select 2000 families which will give a cross section of 10,000 of the city's population.

These 2000 families will be selected from three different categories representing the economic status of different classes. One group will represent those on relief; a second group will consist of families with an income of \$2000 a year; while the third group will represent those of greater financial means.

It has been established by surveys of this kind in England that it is by no means the financial status of a family that determines whether it is getting the right kind of nutrition. In one of these English surveys it was established that often the wealthy are as improperly nourished as some of the poorest families.

It is expected that a good many other things will be established. For instance, it will be shown how many people who appear lazy are not really lazy at heart, but merely are on a wrong diet.

The housewives of all families included in the survey will be notified in advance on what day they are to be interviewed and will be asked to have prepared the necessary information on what the family has been eating for a week or so in advance.

From all this information thus gathered, charts, graphs and conclusions will be drawn on whether or not the city's population as a whole is being properly nourished.

AROUND THE MARITIMES WITH ROSEBUD

LAND OF EVANGELINE
Grand Pré, Nova Scotia

It's a
Pleasure Smoke
All the Way!

Rosebud has fragrance, coolness and everything else that a grand pipe tobacco should have. It's a friendly smoke—a mighty likeable tobacco—and many a Maritime man will tell you the same. Try Rosebud—the very first pipeful will tell you you've discovered the real recipe for happier pipe smoking.

ROSEBUD
Cut smoking tobacco

THE MARITIME SMOKE



10¢ and 15¢ pkgs.
½ lb. tin
60¢



Have you ever realized how many different appetizing dishes can be made from the more than sixty varieties of Canadian Food Fish and Shellfish?

The Department of Fisheries, at Ottawa, a division of the Dominion Government, has prepared a FREE 52-page booklet, "Any Day a Fish Day", containing 100 delicious recipes for the preparation of Canadian Fish and Shellfish dishes.

Fish is a wonderful health food... it is not only most enjoyable, but contains the elements and vitamins that promote joyous, glowing health for every member of the family. Rich in nourishment, it costs so little that you can enjoy it often with new enjoyment every time.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Department of Fisheries,
Ottawa.

Please send me your free 52-page Booklet, "Any Day a Fish Day", containing 100 delicious and economical Fish Recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

81

ANY DAY A FISH DAY