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**Geo. Knowling.**

sept 26, 21, eod

**The Tories Joint Meeting Last Night.****EAST AND WEST ENDS.**

The British Hall was filled last night with half Liberals and half Tory voters to hear the political Tory trio and their policy. The latter was not forthcoming, however, as they have none. Those on the stage were Messrs. Arthur Hiscock, Jonas Barter, the Tory Candidates for St. John's East and West, and Capt. Abraham Kean and Baxter Barbour. A platform like this was never seen in St. John's East before, not a genuine St. John's man being there—was indeed very significant of what the Pullet, Wiggle and do Barge may expect on October 30th.

Mr. Hiscock opened the meeting in his usual blarney manner. Mr. Howley pleaded he had a cold so did not judge the audience to any extent. He did not, however, explain why he deserted the Longshoremen when they were in trouble or how he secured Fourteen Hundred Dollars only last month for arbitrations on the new branch lines.

Mr. Barter's speech consisted of the usual formalities but evaded the question of "who built the barge." Mr. Higgins then bored his listeners for about an hour and a quarter with his logical (?) reasonings in a falsetto voice. He also did not explain his connection with the Reids why he "wiggled" four times. A sign of relief was audibly heard when he sat down.

Mr. Bond then arose in his mighty and impressive way looking very choleric. To show that many of those present were only there for curiosity was evidenced by the fact that a considerable number had left the hall. This speaker then descended into personal attacks against Sir Robert Bond, Messrs. Gair, Kent, Dwyer and Ryan, so unbecoming of a Premier and of one who is going before the country as the leader of the Government. It only shows to what straits he is being put to to endeavour to keep control of the Government chest. He also endeavoured to explain how Reids do not control our coal areas as has been reported, but failed to state about the seven thousand dollars which he

has "had on account" of the Hague Arbitration with more to be charged up. No wonder he works without a salary (from the Government we mean).

Mr. Bennett said he had no desire to detain the audience (which was by this time getting thin) so asked everyone to keep Morris in power; in other words to keep him in his job for which he will be satisfied—more so than he was when he was just the Governorship of the Savings Bank and Morris had to give him the Colonial Secretaryship to appease him. John R. has a dandy job. He even doesn't have to dictate the letters (this being done by the Deputy, Mr. Mews) he just has to read them over and sign them. What wouldn't he do this for two thousand dollars a year.

Then Capt. Abey came on deck, abused and vilified Coaker and the F. P. U. got off some witty (?) and very unseasonable Irish jokes in his rich Irish brogue. One would almost imagine him to have come from the "old sod" itself. He said he was going to vote for the East End trio, and then sat down.

A clamor then arose from those who remained to have Mr. Geo. Power speak but Mr. Hiscock stated that as George had not yet got his speech ready he did not care to ease his feelings as he is getting rather proud of his personal appearance.

Mr. Kennedy then arose, made a few incoherent remarks and remained dumb. He was evidently disconcerted and disgusted at the treatment which he had received in having Capt. Kean and Mr. Power wedged in between him and his colleagues to speak, but coming events cast their shadows before and this is how Michael will be forgotten when the ballots are counted. The hall at this juncture was like "all that was left of the noble six hundred," only the stalwarts remaining, so they sang God Save the King in a discordant and mournful tone.

The "jar of rum" was very much in evidence last night and interruptions were very frequent. The Premier had to discontinue speaking for five minutes while the "stalwarts" had a hectic encounter in the gallery over a bottle of "Roderick Dhu."

The meeting last night was just the beginning of the end, for when St. John's East is represented by Capt. Kean and Barbour 'tis no wonder that Bond, Kent, Dwyer and Ryan CAN'T LOSE.

The meeting closed with hearty cheers for Bond and the Liberal Party.

**P.T. McGrath's Nauseous Defence of Nid. Clergymen.**

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—I feel sure that I use the word nauseous advisedly in the present instance, for I am persuaded that nothing could be more offensive or more objectionable, or more disgusting to clergymen than to have an individual, who could with very evident complacency, wallow in the mire of public controversy and abuse of the most infamous nature, undertake to defend them from an attack that was only

Created in His Own Vile Imagination and with the hope of gaining some political advantage thereby. But they know him. They know that he passed under the ban of a very high clerical dignitary and they know that he is in very deed the calumniator general of any and every man who effects to stand for principle, between him and wicked, avaricious objects and interests. P. T. McGrath is the worst kind of an enemy because in connection with his malicious nature there is the hardened, unrelenting disposition. He has none of the good qualities of the "erect, the manly foe" but all the bad ones of the other kind.

To every friend P. T. McGrath is an enemy in disguise and when the necessity arises, with the opportunity, the viper will use his venomous sting so far as it may be possible to do so. The clergymen of every creed and class will take P. T. McGrath at his regular face value. It has been claimed by McGrath over and over again that Coaker in his Advocate reflected injuriously and insultingly on this city. Now, is that charge true? I say it is not true. The generalities uttered by the Advocate may have been indiscreet and uttered inadvertently but there were no malicious intentions and the abuse and the vituperation were done in the teeth of the people of this city when it was said that they would raise a riot in an hour if they were given a flag and a jar of rum.

The voters of St. John's East and West are going to put an end to the above and unfair treatment that they have had to put up with for the past four years, and they are going to put honest and competent men in the public offices and they are going to do it quickly. Only four weeks more and you disown Tories forever.

Voters: Don't forget the glorious thirtieth.

BOND CAN'T LOSE.

Yours, &c.,

Oct. 6, 1913. WEST END.

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**Morris in a Quandary.**

(Imaginary Interview.)

P. T. McG.—Good morning, Sir Edward.

Sir E. P.—Morning; nice mess we're in now.

P. T. McG.—What mess?

Sir E. P.—Don't you know what mess. With Bond leading where are we?

P. T. McG.—Oh, don't give it up; 'tis true it looks pretty blue but we must not say so.

Sir E. P.—What's the use of your talking. I'm nearly gone crazy with dissensions in our own ranks, the difficulty of getting candidates in the field, and Bond backed by the Liberal Party and a large following of the F. P. U. what chance have we?

P. T. McG.—O never mind, I'll manage it.

Sir E. P.—Yes. You'll manage it. I know what you'll do. You'll start a repetition of your own scurrilous words and what can be worse. You were always indiscreet. You know what that Chicago letter meant.

P. T. McG.—Well, now, Sir Edward, that's hardly the thing for you to bring up old sores here now.

Sir E. P.—Do you know, sir, how I am situated. I'm "between the devil and the deep sea." There's a number of dissatisfied ones around me. We are gone in the northern districts; there is no hope in the East End and to say the truth I almost despair of my own election in the West End.

'Tis all up with us with Bond and Coaker united and you are very much to blame for it.

P. T. McG.—Well, well, if this is the way you are inclined to talk, I'll go back to my office.

Exit McGrath.

I wish I had never seen the

Schr. Wrecked.

The schooner Gastiana ran ashore on the Cape Breton coast, about six miles from Louisbourg, on Saturday night and became a total wreck, word to this effect was received yesterday by A. S. Rendell & Co. The Gastiana was a new vessel and owned by D. Williams, of Port Madoc. No further particulars regarding the wreck were received.

**Pointers.**

The Liberal Party are growing exceedingly popular every day.

At the proceedings that occurred in the British Hall last night, Morris played his losing card.

It will be a clean sweep for the Liberal trio in the East End. That is already a foregone conclusion.

The "Pullet" and the "manly" sport said they were not going to use unfair tactics during the campaign.

Bond Can't Lose is getting such a universal expression that even the school children got it for a home lesson.

Scenes of disorder and rowdiness predominated and at intervals it looked as if a riot would be the outcome of last night's meeting.

It was a real fiasco. Morris and his henchmen exhibited the worst comfotery ever perpetrated on a civilized body of men.

Ellis, Cowan and Scott will give Morris and his colleagues the fight of their lives this time. Morris's seat is in jeopardy.

Matters are looking easy for Kent, Dwyer and Ryan. The names are a household phrase. They will be returned with the largest majority on record, despite Higgins' dirty tactics in the eastern settlements.

Howley said he loves the people and the place where he was born—St. John's East. This has elicited unlimited laughter. Would the "Pullet" mind explaining why he left Placentia?

If the dissension that the Tory trio met with last night, can be counted on as the best criterion, then it becomes an undeniable fact that the Grabbals will have to bundle and go after the ballots are counted on October 30th.

What proved to be the most disastrous bombshell that has exploded in the Tory camp was the exhibition of themselves last night, when they began to compare Morris with Bond as leader.

Would these members of the feathered fraternity kindly refer themselves to the London Times and find out for themselves what that world-renowned journal said of Sir Robert Bond, who with the exception of Laurier, was the greatest statesman throughout the vast Empire of Great Britain.

From all over the country comes the encouraging news that it will be a glorious sweeping victory for the good old Liberty Party, for the people are united in saying Bond CAN'T LOSE. That is the slogan that reverberates throughout the length and breadth of our island home at the present time.

A few nights ago the Big Chief, accompanied by a Tory pawn, visited the higher levels to seek votes. The young voter was first accosted for his support. "Don't vote for bluffers," was the retort. Morris's escort and the voter got into a row but the latter came off first best. According to this if you don't vote for the bull-dozer you're likely to get assaulted.

Read carefully what Howley said last night on a public platform. "In his opinion members of the Legislature should not get any sessional pay." This is certainly the most palatable food for reflection yet.

Would Howley tell the people how much he got out of arbitrations within the past four years? However, the public will know when Bond gets in charge of the public affairs, and unearths the doings of the Picnic Party the past four years.

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