## THE FOOD QUESTION UNDER A NEW ASPECT SUNGULAR ADVENTURE OF A ROAST OF BEEF.

Several of our Cloughfold Tory friends have had a recent experience explanatory of the adage, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." It seems that a few local Tory gentlemen had resolved to give a 'good feed' on Saturday night last, at the Conservative Club, Waterfoot, to those who had been working for their party in the County Council election. Geese and turkeys were presented by certain gentlemen, whilst a splendid specimen of 'English roast beef' was promised by a genial type of the old English gentleman who resides at Cloughfold and who, although a staunch opponent of 'Home Rule', bears a name closely associated with that of Ireland's patron saint. Before proceeding further, we may explain that it had been arranged that the fowls and the beef were to be forwarded to the Waterfoot Club in a cooked state, the spread taking the form of a cold collation. Great preparations had been made for the 'feed', and the guests had assembled in full force, prepared to do 'ample justice to the good things provided'. The winged portion of the feast had been received according to promise but as the hour for the commencement of operations approached the rumour spread that the beef was missing. As the gentleman who had volunteered to send this joint is not in the habit of breaking his work or shirking his responsibilities, a messenger was despatched in hot haste to his residence to ask for explanations. The result of the interview was that the cook was summoned into the presence of her employer, and interrogated as to whether she had carried out his instructions. The cook answered in the affirmative, and further stated that she had given the roast to the coachman, with instructions to take it to the Conservative Club. 'Coachie' was next called upon the scene, and requested to explain what he had done with the aforesaid roast beef. His answer was short and to the point, namely, that he had duly delivered it, along with his master's compliments, at the Conservative Club, Cloughfold. All parties were horror struck at this revelation, but this was no time for recrimination; the situation demanding immediate action. On the one hand, the donor was filled with alarm at the bare possibility of any doubt being thrown upon his ability to keep his word, while the messenger from Waterfoot, judging his brethren at Cloughfold from his own standpoint, was equally anxious as to the possibility of losing a feed. He and the coachman therefore at once hurried off to the Cloughfold Club, in the hope of recovering possession. We will here anticipate their arrival by some hours, and look in at the Cloughfold Club. The gentleman to whom we have been referring happens to be the respected president of the latter club, and the news of the receipt of a thirty pound nicely cooked roast from the president was soon circulated among the members. A meeting of the committee was called, at which it was unanimously resolved to 'discuss' the beef on Saturday night, extensive purchases being made of loaves, pickles, mustard, 'Yorkshire relish' and other condiments to keep the beef in company. Several members had also told their wives that they would not need any 'bagging' that night, as there was to be a 'big do at the club'. By six o'clock a large and enthusiastic company had gathered in the principal room of the club, where tables had been arranged with a really tempting display. Previous to the after proceedings, the company were blessing the donor of the beef in the well known formula, 'For he's a jolly good fellow', just at the moment the president's coachman and the Waterfoot messenger entered the room and demanded restitution of 'that 'ere roast'. After some parleying, consent was given for its

removal, as the company, seeing some mistake had been made, did not wish to get across with their president. That night the Waterfoot Tories were in high glee, while their compatriots at Cloughfold 'were left lamenting'.