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Dec. 16, 2 mo.

A South American Example.

Saturday Evening Post: The purchases by Great Britain of the two Chilean battleships, *Liberlad* and *Constitution*, to keep Russia from getting them has been looked upon as a fortunate stroke for England and her ally, as, of course, in the circumstances, it is. But there is another side of at least equal interest. Chili finds herself better off by \$9,375,000 cash than if she had kept the ships. She not only saves the interest on that amount—say \$400,000 a year—but also the cost of maintaining the vessels, which would have been at least another annual million. She is spared the necessity of keeping up two crews amounting to 1,500 officers and men. All these advantages she gains, without a single offset, by virtue of a simple agreement with her only dangerous rival, the Argentine Republic, bidding each to stop piling up armaments.

We do not usually look to South America for examples of cool statesmanship, involving national self-control, but Chili and Argentina have shown the world how to do what the statesmen of all the great powers have professed a desire to do if they only could. "The way to resume is to resume," said Greeley. "The way to disarm," say Chili and Argentina, "is to disarm."

The force of this example cannot be broken by saying that Chili and Argentina are weak countries, not to be compared with the great powers. The Andes are just as important to them as the Balkins are to Austria and Russia. Jealousy of Argentina is just as keen in Chili as jealousy of Germany is in France. Yet these republics first submitted their differences to arbitration, and then, lyally accepting the result, agreed to dismiss the possibility of war from their minds and curtail their armaments.

And they will reap their reward. They will continue to attract new citizens from overtaxed Europe, which has already sent more emigrants to Argentina than to any other country except the United States, and they will grow in peaceful prosperity until some day the War Lords of the world will wake with astonishment to the fact that they are great powers. Then, perhaps, European statesmen may begin to realize that disarmament is not a fad of dreaming idealists, but a matter of the most practical self-interest, and the next Hague conference may have more substantial results than the last.

A Lobster and an Eagle.

"The disappearing lobster," as fish commissioners have termed them, might not only remain, but flourish and increase if he always resisted capture like one described in *Forest and Stream*. The lobster in question lived in Newfoundland. His would-be captor was a white-headed eagle. Says a witness of the conflict:

My guide and I were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching the bird soar around in circles, when suddenly we saw him dash down into a pool of water close by us on the beach and reappear holding an enormous lobster in his talons. He was an old lobster with a huge claw white with barnacles; but the eagle had him clutched firmly round the back, and at first we could see the claw hanging helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight.

Only for a second, though. The ripples on the pool had not yet died away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon the surface from the soaring eagle's feathers and the captive lobster alike, when the lobster suddenly awoke to the seriousness of the situation, and to think with that apparently helpless creature was to act. Up came the great white barnacled claw and seized the eagle around the neck.

There was a furious fluttering and beating of wings, a melancholy squawk, and then, tumbling and rolling head and heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again, into the pool.

We rushed forward, thinking that we could perhaps, in some way secure both combatants as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But we had hardly time to pick up a stone apiece to throw at the eagle before the lobster, feeling himself at home again, let go his hold.

Now, with his neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a neighbouring cliff, while, still brandishing his enormous claw in defiance, the lobster remained—smiling, perhaps—at the bottom of the pool. But the lobster will doubtless tell you, if you meet him, that the lobster-fishing at Newfoundland is very poor at present.

Sir Wilfred Laurier on Protection.

In his speech at Montreal on Saturday night Sir Wilfred Laurier made a most effective reply to the demand that his Government apply a policy of retaliation towards the United States. He pointed out that the Canadian duty on soft coal, used by our manufacturers, is 53c per ton, while the duty on Canadian coal entering the United States is 73c. Coke, again, which enters Canada free, is taxed 20 per cent. on entering the United States. Is there, he asked, a manufacturer who wants, as a measure of retaliation, the tariff on the coal and coke he imports from the United States increased to

the American level? Certainly there is not. Manufacturers see that an increase in these duties would mean an addition to the cost of the raw material entering into the making of their finished products. But they have no hesitation in asking for an increase in the duties on agricultural implements, clothing, and boots and shoes, which are as much the raw material of the farmers as coal and coke are the raw material of the manufacturer.

The Reform of Thomas.

Mrs. Niblick was skilled in a kind of marital alchemy, an art possessed by a few of her sex, by which Niblick's defects were converted into something like virtues. The *Chicago News* tells of this transformation, which was so easy that Niblick's family thought that it was spontaneous. As soon as the Niblicks returned from their honeymoon trip Niblick's mother took the bride aside and spoke to her confidentially.

"Perhaps I should say nothing at all, my dear," she said, "but my motherly affection for Thomas doesn't blind me to his faults, and there's no doubt about it, he's the most disorderly of men. I don't want to assume the attitude of an adviser, but if I were you I'd accept the fact philosophically, and not try to reform him. I've been trying to do that ever since he was old enough to run alone."

The bride looked thoughtful. "I'm glad you told me," she said. "I hadn't noticed that he was careless."

"He'll soon show it," said the mother.

Shortly after, Niblick's carelessness began to manifest itself. He came in one evening and left his hat on the dining-room table. When he sat down to dinner the hat was still there, between the soup-tureen and the fern dish. Mrs. Niblick, at her end of the table, looked sweetly unconscious of the odd decoration.

"Hello! What's my hat doing there?"

"I was wondering"

"I should think that girl would know enough to hang a man's hat up where it belongs!"

"I told her never to disturb any of your personal belongings, my dear. Didn't you want it there?"

"I meant to hang it up on the hall rack as I came in."

"That does seem rather more suitable for it, doesn't it?"

Niblick laughed and hung up his hat. But when he changed his linen that evening to go out, he tossed what he had discarded on the floor of his dressing room. When, on the evening following, he found it in the same place, he told his wife that the floor had not been swept.

"Certainly it has," said Mrs. Niblick.

"Oh, is that why you thought so? How absurd! Have you never seen that hamper in the closet? That's for soiled clothes, dear."

Niblick picked up his things and threw them into the hamper.

After that a cigar stub remained a fixture on the library clock for two weeks before Niblick removed it. Meantime articles were accumulating on all sides—newspaper clippings, theater-seat checks, burned matches, torn envelopes, golf sticks, and so on. Finally, when his smoking-jacket was found only after a long search, Niblick declared that the domestic's ideas of tidying up were those of an idiot. "The apartment looks like a dumpheap," said he.

"There's a division in your closet for your smoking-jacket," said Mrs. Niblick, "but if you prefer to hang it on a door-knob I've nothing to say."

Niblick immediately owned that he was an untidy brute. "But why haven't you spoken to me about these things? I just forget, you know."

"You'll learn to remember, perhaps. You are systematic enough at your office."

"I have to be," said Niblick, ingenuously.

"As for speaking to you," said Mrs. Niblick, "your mother tried that for a number of years, I understand. But don't let that worry you, dear. You shall put your things exactly where you please. Only no one will pick them up after you."

Niblick is now learning fast.

Moisture in Timber.

Timber contains 45 per cent. of its weight in moisture. Timber felled in the winter holds at the end of the following summer more than 40 per cent. of water. Wood kept for years in a dry place retains 15 or 20 per cent. of water; wood that has been thoroughly kilndried will, when exposed to the air under ordinary circumstances, absorb 5 per cent. of water in three days, and will continue to absorb till it reaches 14 or 15 per cent., the amount fluctuating above or below this according to the state of the atmosphere. It will be evident, from the above statements, that wood, however dry, is still subject to change, and that even if kiln-dried, requires to be stocked in a dry place until it settles to its natural condition of seasoned wood.—The Canada Lumberman.

His Yearn.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Reverend Mr. Harps, come over.

Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah!

"I'd like to be opened with prayer."

Tyranny Under Modern Conditions.

Saturday Evening Post: Forty years ago an American measured his rights by the Constitution and the laws. He felt free to do what those permitted. If he had no money he could go to work as a universal tinker, trading horses on the side, and when he had saved five thousand dollars he could go into the oil business. Now he can't do odd jobs, for the man who puts a washer in a faucet is not permitted to nail up a shelf for a clock, and before any one can do either, he must go through a long period of probation and then join the union.

And as for the oil business—there might just as well be a statue forbidding anybody to sell oil with out the consent of Mr. Rockefeller.

We call our government the freest on earth, and, in legal theory, it is as free as any. A man in this country does not have to ask the permission of the police before he can go to work or engage in business. But what good does his political freedom do him if his hands are bound by agencies unknown to the law? Is not the tyranny of irresponsible combinations of capital and labor, over which the ordinary citizen has no control, even more galling than that of public officials whom he can check with his vote.

Corporations play a necessary part in our civilization, and labor unions could not be dispensed with; but the time has not yet come when we can afford to sacrifice the liberty and the rights of the plain American to either or both of them.

A Culinary Problem.

In a coeducational college near Chicago the senior class recently decided to give an old-fashioned "sociable" for which the the girls of the class should provide the supper. To two of them was assigned the task of bringing doughnuts of their own manufacture.

For several days they went about with puckered foreheads, evidently wrestling with some mighty problem. Their study, which had been a haven of peace, resounded through long evenings with argument and expostulation.

At last, when their relations were somewhat strained, they applied to a court arbitration to settle their differences. Mrs. Smith, wife of one of the professors, was taken into their confidence.

"Mrs. Smith," begged one of them, "won't you settle a dispute for us? Its about doughnuts, and I can't convince Anna that I'm right. She thinks they ought to be fried in milk."

"And what would you do with them?"

"Why, I know just what to do. I've been in the kitchen and seen Imogene cook them. You fry them in water, of course, in a whole kettleful."

It is related that, on one occasion, Boss Tweed of New York was standing with a group in the Mayor's office, when a large diamond, as big as a strawberry, rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner. "Not mine," said one after another. Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone. "It must be mine," he said; "I see I have lost one of my suspender buttons."—"Argonaut."

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11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. Hibernia Loup and Quebec.
12.30 P MIXED—Week Days—for Fredericton, N. Jct. etc., via Gibeau Branch.
2.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jct., M. Plaster Rock and intermediate points.
5.59 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton, Meadville, St. John and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper Meadville Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Meadville Jct. to Boston.
ARRIVALS.
11.12 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton, etc., via Gibeau Branch.
11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Boston, Montreal, etc.
1.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Plaster Rock and intermediate points.
5.59 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.
7.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Jct.
11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
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