

Cleat Miscellany.

WHAT THEY SAY IN AMERICA.

(From the Boston Globe.)
 MY DEAR GLOBE—I have a mind to send you a piece this time about the strike down at Digby, Nova Scotia. J. Bull, Jr., is out on strike and the way he is blustering and threatening, fitting out armed cruisers, and seizing other people's property, shows he is a "chip off the old block"—a regular A 1 pig in top boots like his father, J. Bull, Sr.

J. Bull, Jr., is a boycotter of the first water. You've heard how he has boycotted the David J. Adams and the Ella M. Doughty, and that he proposes to boycott all our Yankee fishermen in the same high-shouldered style.

The great striker of the seas is J. Bull, Jr., a regular ocean anarchist, with his pockets full of bombs, and his quarters crowded with cut-throat knives. What is he striking about, Mr. Editor? What does he demand?

As near as I make out he is in for a monopoly of the high seas. He has set one foot down on the Grand Banks, and the other on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and just warned the American nation to stand from under.

He will not allow us hereafter to buy bait of his folks, he won't even recognize United States trading certificates, and he won't let our skippers either fish, cut bait or go ashore within range of the guns of the high and mighty Captain Scott of the Lusitania.

J. Bull, Jr., is not a bit modest about his demands. His father, old man Bull, was never troubled that way either. He always thought his old lady, Mrs. Britannia, "ruled the waves."

But then, along about the year 1812, a Yankee by the name of Deatur, managed to beat it into the old man's head that we had some "rights" that even he was bound to respect.

It looks as if it was about time to repeat the lesson for the benefit of J. Bull, Jr.; otherwise he'll in danger of slapping over on the "Britannia Rules the Waves" racket, just the way the old man did.

Yes, sir, it's time to quote a stanza from "Jonathan to John" for the benefit of these pompous pirates of the Provincias:

We own the ocean, in John;
 You mean't to take it hard,
 If we can't think with you, John,
 It's just your own back-yard.
 Oh Uncle Sam, sez he, "I guess
 Et that's his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin' stuff'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez well ez you an' me."

You observe, Mr. Editor, that the fishermen of New England are fighting mad about this thing, and they wouldn't be worthy of their fathers if they weren't.

I've been looking over the records, thumbing over history books and such and the way this American people has been pounced and swindled out of their fishing rights by these British and provincial marauders is enough to make your blood boil.

We call ourselves a smart nation, and I guess we are, too, but when it comes to diplomatic negotiation, fixing up joint commissions and international arbitrations and making treaties, it's no use talking, old John Bull always skins us alive.

The awful old dodger has loaded the dice and stacked the cards against the Yankee fishermen every single time—never missed one.

Look at that Halifax award job in 1827—the last of the series of skin games played on our fishing people. They squeezed us by that neat confidence operation to the tune of \$5,500,000, and we paid it over—because we couldn't help ourselves—and it was far more than all the fish that was caught in Canadian waters under the treaty of Washington was worth.

Well, but how did they do it? Diplomacy, Mr. Editor, Diplomacy is England's strong point, she fights a little when she is obliged to—usually with a power one-tenth of her own fighting weight. But diplomacy is her biggest hold.

She can generally diplomate any other country out of its eye teeth. Diplomacy is her leading industry. All her leading men are brought up to the diploma business.

peaceful, genteel bit of umpiring," said the accomplished diplomat from ancient England.

"Well, that sounds fair," said your unsuspecting Uncle Samuel, "I don't mind if we do."

"Agreed," said the thoroughly up-and-dressed diplomat from our mother-in-law land, "Now, you name one arbitrator and I'll name one."

"I'm with you," said Uncle Samuel, "but how about the third?"

Right there on the third man—the casting vote—is where the gilt-edged diplomat of the British Isles got in his fine work.

"We'll name him jointly, if we can agree on him within three months," proposed that elegant fox, "and if we can't agree in time on arbitrator No. 3 suppose we leave it to the Ambassador at London to name him for us?"

And your guileless Uncle Samuel—represented by Mr. Fish, secretary of state—walked right into the trap.

Of course they couldn't agree on the third man, the British diplomat didn't mean to agree—it was his cue from the start to leave it to his companion in diplomatic sin, the Austrian ambassador at London, to name the man with the casting vote.

And the A. at London did name him. DeFosse was his name. He was another of the diplomatic family—learned his trade in Belgium—and as his master, the Belgian king was dependent for his crown on the protection of England, it is easy to see how he figured out that bill of \$5,500,000 against you, Uncle Sam.

To put it short, the Halifax award was made because our arbitrator sat down to a lone out-throat eschere, and played a lone hand against the two British arbitrators, one of whom gave the other his last card, DeFosse holding the joker to start with.

Are you the least bit surprised, Mr. Editor, that, with that Halifax hocus focus fresh in their minds, our Yankee fishermen from Portland to Gloucester and all along the coast are meeting and resolving that there must be no more, high commissioners, no more treaties, no more awards—in fine, NO MORE DIPLOMACY?

What, then, is to be done?

First, let us ask, what has happened? What are the provincial pirates aiming at? What are the claims of the Blueones, anyway?

The provincials are asserting, by force of arms, too:

(1) That an American fishing vessel has no right to enter a provincial port and buy bait.

(2) That an American trading vessel has no right to do the same thing.

(3) That the treaty of 1818 governs us in these and all other matters relating to our fishing rights.

Ring the word "retaliation" in the drowsy ears of this selfish secretary of state.

Cruiser for cruiser, gun for gun, seizure for seizure, blow for blow—that's the doctrine to preach to our provincial pirates.

If we can't enter their ports then close ours against them. If we can't buy bait in their waters, neither should they be allowed to buy any in ours.

Don't you believe it. War with whom? With Canada? Why, "was but a few years ago that we had to protect her border for her and save her from invasion!"

War with Great Britain? Not a bit of it. Did she fight about the Alabama claims? No, she paid \$15,000,000 rather.

Finally, Mr. Editor, you can put it down as a dead sure thing that the provincial pirates are simply bluffing on a weak hand. Here's a short catechism that covers the whole case.

Q. What are the three reasons you would be allowed to emit a warning scream, there are three reasons why England will not dare to do otherwise at this time.

(1) Ireland. (2) Russia. (3) America.

Either of these three reasons would be enough, but this summer they happened to be all in force together.

Q. Because free American ports and markets are necessary to our existence.

A. Because between 1871 and 1884, while the treaty of Washington lasted, Canada brought into American ports and sold in America, more than a quarter larger quantity of fish every year.

Q. How do we expect to get another treaty like that?

A. Certainly. Refuse to sell bait, fit out cruisers, seize and confiscate a few Yankee fishing vessels.

Q. Will that fetch it?

A. So we expect. It lays the basis for diplomacy yet it's work in.

Q. Will the American government make that trade?

A. Not at first. It will say that we ask too much for too little.

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W. & A Railway.
Time Table
 1885—Winter Arrangement—1886.
 Commencing Monday, 16th November.

GOING EAST.

Annapolis L'v	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.F.S. Daily	Exp. Daily
14 Bridgetown	6:15	7:10	1:30
28 Middleton	7:10	8:10	2:58
42 Aylesford	8:10	9:10	3:37
47 Berwick	9:25	10:35	3:52
50 Waterville	9:50	11:05	4:00
59 Kentville dpt	5:40	11:15	4:40
61 Grand Pre	6:00	11:35	4:55
66 Wolfville	6:10	11:44	5:08
69 Grand Pre	6:25	11:57	5:13
72 Avonport	6:40	12:10	5:24
73 Wolfville dte	6:54	12:20	5:39
84 Windsor	7:50	1:20	6:05
116 Windsor Arrive	10:00	3:45	7:28
130 Halifax Arrive	10:45	4:30	8:05

GOING WEST.

Halifax—leave	Accm. Daily	Accm. M.W.F. Daily	Exp. Daily
14 Windsor Jun.	7:00	7:15	2:30
46 Windsor	7:40	7:55	3:30
53 Hantsport	8:20	8:35	4:03
58 Avonport	9:05	9:20	4:30
61 Grand Pre	9:44	10:00	5:03
64 Wolfville	9:54	10:10	5:16
67 Port Williams	10:00	10:15	5:20
71 Kentville	10:35	10:50	5:39
83 Berwick	10:55	1:02	6:10
88 Aylesford	11:10	1:14	6:40
103 Middleton	11:57	2:00	7:00
113 Bridgetown	12:40	2:45	7:45
130 Annapolis Arrive	1:20	3:45	8:05

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will get a Halifax time.

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