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ST. ANDREWS BEACON

VOL. 26 — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914 — NO. 17

TO R. F. B.

WE are the Choice of the Will: God, when He gave the word
That called us into line, set in our hand a sword;

Set us a sword to yield none else could lift and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law.

East and west and north, wherever the battle grew,
As men to a feast we fared, the work of the Will to do.

Bent upon vast beginnings, bidding anarchy cease—
(Had we hacked it to the Pit, we had left it a place of peace!)—

Marching, building, sailing, pillar of cloud or fire,
Sons of the Will, we fought the fight of the Will, our sire.

Road was never so rough that we left its purpose dark;
Stark was ever the sea, but our ships were yet more stark;

We tracked the winds of the world to the steps of their very thrones;
The secret parts of the world were salted with our bones;

Till now the name of names, England, the name of might,
Flames from the austral fires to the bounds of the boreal night;

And the call of her morning drum goes in a girdle of sound,
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great globe round and round;

And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the mother-breeze,
Floats from shore to shore of the universal seas;

And the loveliest death is fair with a memory of her flowers,
And the end of the road to Hell with the sense of her dews and showers!

Who says that we shall pass, or the fame of us fade and die,
While the living stars fulfil their round in the living sky?

For the sire lives in his sons, and they pay their father's debt,
And the Lion has left a whelp wherever his claw was set;

And the Lion in his whelps, his whelps that none shall brave,
Is but less strong than Time and the great, all-whelming Grave.

W. E. HENLEY

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

THE COBBLER'S BOY WHO BECAME AN ADMIRAL.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aprond and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned,
'What differ more' (you cry) 'than crown and cowl!?'
I'll tell you, friend,—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

ON the south side of the choir of Westminster Abbey may be seen a very handsome and costly monument, on which reclines a life-sized figure in marble, representing a naval commander. The grotesque uniform and elaborate wig are of the style of Queen Anne's time. The commander himself has all the look of a well-bred gentleman and a brave officer. He is a capital type of the old school of naval heroes, stout in person, jolly in temper, but terrible in action, by whom our shores were defended, our colonies secured to us, and the power and stability of the British Empire were established for centuries to come. These men had, in many instances, risen from the lowest social status, and had been compelled to begin their nautical career in the humblest fashion, accepting the most menial position the naval service could offer them. When they came to hold positions of command, they had, perhaps, no culture nor general education; the little knowledge they possessed was confined to the arts of navigation and warfare, and this they had picked up in actual service. Such knowledge served them well, and made them equal to any emergency. It made them capable of deeds of valor and enterprise, that brought renown to their own name and honor to their country. They could sail round the world; they could, by their discoveries, add new territories to the British crown, and open up splendid fields for commercial enterprise; they could keep their vessels afloat in a gale of wind, get to windward of the enemy if they wanted, pour a broadside into him, board and capture his vessels or blow up his forts; and, very often fighting against fearful odds, beat him by dint of superior skill in seamanship and greater courage in action. Such, a commander was "old Benbow" whose name appears so often in the nautical songs of the last century; and such a commander was his contemporary, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, to whose memory the handsome mopument just referred to is erected. Let us pause for a moment to read the inscription. It runs thus:

"Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Knt., Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet: The just reward of long and faithful services. He was deservedly beloved of his country, and esteemed though dreaded by the enemy, who had often experienced his conduct and courage. Being shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, in his voyage from Toulon, the 22d of October 1707, at night, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, his fate was lamented by all, but especially by the seafaring part of the nation, to whom he was a worthy example. His body was flung on the shore, and buried with others in the sand; but being soon after taken up, was placed under this monument, which his royal mistress has caused to be erected to commemorate his steady loyalty and extraordinary virtues."

If a stranger to Sir Cloudesley Shovel's history were to stand looking at this fine monument, admiring the fine figure which adorns it and reading the glowing epitaph, he would no doubt be greatly amazed if the intelligent verger by his side were to whisper in his ear, "That man was once a cobbler's boy; the first weapons he ever used in fighting the battle of life were the awl and hammer and last."

Yet such was really the case. It is true he did not remain long at his humble craft. He left it, indeed, sooner than any of the notable men whose life-story we have to tell in this book; yet he wore the leathern apron long enough to entitle him to a place in the category of *Illustrious Shoemakers.*

Cloudesley Shovel was born in the county of Norfolk in the year 1650, at a village called Clay, lying on the coast between Wells and Cromer. His parents are said to have been in but "middling circumstances;" but it is to be feared that even this modest term describes a better position than they actually held. They were evidently of the humblest class, and had no means of giving their boy either a good education or a good start in the way of business. Cloudesley came by his rather singular name as no doubt thousands had done before his time, and have done since. It was given him in honor of a relative who was in good circumstances, and in the hope that it might probably be a "means of recommending him to this relative's notice." But fortunately, as it proved for him, and proves also for many others, no fortune was left him. His parents were glad to send him to the village shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of making and mending boots and shoes.

Finding the drudgery of a sedentary occupation and the flatness and quietude of village life irksome to his active temperament and aspiring spirit, after a few years' work at shoemaking, he made off to sea. His taste lying in the direction of the royal naval service, he went and joined himself to a man-of-war. Here he had the good fortune to come under the care and command of Sir John Narborough. This distinguished officer had once been in Cloudesley's position as a man-of-war's cabin-boy, and having shown himself a smart sailor and an industrious student of navigation, had been rapidly promoted by his generous captain, Sir Christopher Myngs. Sir John Narborough was therefore well disposed, by his kindly disposition and his own early experience, to favor any youth of promise placed in similar circumstances to those through which he himself had passed. In young Cloudesley the gallant captain seems to have seen his own character portrayed and his own career enacted over again. The lad was smart at seamanship, and uncommonly diligent when off watch in the study of any nautical books he could lay hands on. He seems to have found out very early in his course that the secret of success in life lies in being *ready*, when the time comes, to seize and use the great opportunities of fortune which sooner or later come in every one's way; that fortune waits on diligence and courage; and that the future is pretty secure to the man who, whatever be his position, works hard and does his plain duty every day.

The first incident in his naval career is an illustration of this. He was on board the flag-ship commanded by Admiral Sir John Narborough in one of the most hotly contested battles fought between the English and the Dutch. The masts of the flag-ship were shot away early in the engagement. The admiral saw that his case was hopeless, however bravely his men might fight, unless the English reserve, which lay some distance off to the right, could be brought round to his aid. The thing wanted was to get a message conveyed to the captain of the reserve. Signalling was out of the question, of course; the message must be *carried* to the ships somehow. Yet he saw plainly that in such a hurricane of shot and shell, and with so many of the enemy's vessels close at hand, no boat could hope to reach the English ships. But a man might *swim* to them! Acting on this thought, Sir John wrote an order and called aloud for volunteers to swim with it, under the fire of the enemy, to the neighboring ships. Among the ablebodied sailors who presented themselves for the terrible duty young Cloudesley stood forth. Looking at him with admiration mingled with something like pity, the admiral exclaimed, "Why, what can you do, my fearless lad?" "I can swim, sir," said young Cloudesley, and added in the spirit of a patriot and a hero, "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than any one else." After a moment's hesitation on the part of the tender-hearted admiral, the paper was handed to the boy, who placed it between his teeth and plunged into the water. Cheered by his comrades, he swam on through a perfect hail of shot, bearing, as it seemed, a charmed life, until at length the smoke of battle concealed him from their view. The gallant Sir John and his brave crew held on in the most determined manner until it seemed that no hope was left that the brave lad had reached the friendly vessels in safety and delivered the message. They were beginning to think of him and of themselves as lost, when a sudden and terrific roar of cannon on their right announced that the English vessels were bearing down on the Dutch. In a few hours the enemy was flying in all directions. The cabin-boy was not forgotten when the honors and rewards of victory came to crown the events of that terrible day, for all agreed that he had done a deed that deserved well of his country. When the sun was setting on the sad scene of wreck and ruin, the courageous yet modest youth came and stood once more on the deck of the flag-ship. As soon as the old admiral saw him he spoke to him a few words of generous appreciation and sincere thanks, finishing with the significant remark, "I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own." The prediction came true, as we shall presently see.

Not very long afterward Cloudesley Shovel was made lieutenant of His Majesty's navy. The first opportunity he had of distinguishing himself in this capacity was on an expedition sent out by the British to punish the corsairs of Tripoli. These lawless and daring rogues had long infested the Mediterranean, doing immense mischief to commerce and committing sad depredations all along the coast, wherever they found it possible to land with safety. No vessel or port, from the Levant to the Straits of Gibraltar, was safe from their attack. Sir John Narborough was therefore commissioned to bring them to terms or effectually punish them. Arriving before Tripoli, their headquarters, in the spring of 1674, he found the enemy in great strength under the shelter of their formidable forts, and decided, first of all, according to his instructions, to try the effects of negotiations. Lieutenant Shovel, then only twenty-four years of age, a tall thin young man, with little on his face to indicate that he had come to manhood, was sent with a message for the Dey of Tripoli, asking for satisfaction for the past and security for the future. The message was delivered in a spirit becoming a British sailor acting on behalf of the interests of his country; but the Dey, a haughty and imperious man, refused to treat with such a youth, and one, too, who held so subordinate a position, and after treating him with insolence, sent him back to his admiral with an indefinite answer. The wily ex-cobbler, however, had kept his eyes open while on land, and on returning to Sir John, gave him so good an account of the character of the fortifications and the disposition of the pirate fleet, that he was sent back to the Dey with a second message, and instructed to make further observations. He was treated on his second visit with even greater insolence, but took all quietly, not caring how much he was detained by the Dey's abuse, so long as he could round him and obtain a good view of the enemy's strength and position. Coming back once more to his vessel, he explained the whole situation, and described a plan of attack which he felt confident would be successful in destroying the vessels lying at anchor in the bay. The admiral was so much pleased with his lieutenant's smartness, and so satisfied that his plan was practicable if conducted with skill and courage, that he decided to intrust the execution of it to "his boy Shovel." On the night of the 4th of March the young lieutenant took command of all the boats of the fleet, which had been filled with combustible material, rowed quietly into the harbor under cover of the darkness, made straight for the guard-ship, which he set on fire and thoroughly disabled, thus preventing it from giving orders to the other ships, and, before the enemy could prepare for action, fired and blew up his vessels one after another, and then leaving them in a state of the utmost confusion and distress, brought all his boats back to the British fleet without the loss of a single man. It was a brave exploit, cleverly conceived and brilliantly executed. As a wholesome castigation of these impudent pirates it was of the utmost value; and more than this, it crippled their power for mischief for a long time to come.

The generous Sir John Narborough fully appreciated the courage and skill of his youthful subordinate, and gave him the most honorable mention in the official letters sent to the authorities at home. He was at once promoted to the rank of captain. This office he held for eleven years, until the death of Charles II. in 1685. During the three years of James II's reign, Captain Shovel is said to have been in every naval engagement that occurred. He had therefore ample opportunity of distinguishing himself and obtaining still further promotion. Soon after the accession of William III Captain Shovel was conspicuous by his daring and clever manœuvring at the battle of Bantry Bay. He was then in command of the ship "Edgar," and the favorable notices he had received from Admiral Hobart brought his gallantry before the attention of his monarch, who conferred upon the brave captain the honor of knighthood. Captain, now Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was held in high esteem by King William III, who intrusted him with the difficult and responsible duty of conveying the troops to Ireland in 1690, on the occasion of the Irish rebellion which terminated in the bloody battle of the Boyne. This duty was discharged with so much ability that the King decided to promote Sir Cloudesley to the rank of *rear-admiral of the blue.* In conferring this reward upon the gallant commander, the grateful monarch marked his sense of the value of the service rendered by delivering the commission with his own hands. Before the year came to a close Sir Cloudesley added one more item to the long list of his services by giving timely assistance to General Kirke at the siege of Waterford. This town was held by the adherents of James II, and had long defied all attempts of General Kirke to take it. The chief strength of the town lay in Duncannon Castle, on which an attack was made by Sir Cloudesley's ships and men. A surrender was speedily negotiated, and the influential town of Waterford fell into the hands of the English. Two years after this the King declared him *rear-admiral of the red,* giving him at the same time the command of the squadron which was to convey the King to Holland.

Soon after his return from Holland he was ordered to join the fleet then under the command of Admiral Russell, and bore a very important part in the brilliant naval victory known as the battle of La Hogue. His last services during the reign of William III were rendered in connection with the bombardment of Dunkirk, which he undertook at the King's express command. The author of the "Lives of British Admirals," referring to the esteem in which Sir Cloudesley Shovel was held by his king and country at the close of this reign, says, "He was always consulted by His Majesty whenever maritime affairs were under consideration."

His first service in the reign of Queen Anne was performed as *admiral of the white.* The town of Vigo in Spain had been captured by Sir George Rooke, and Sir Cloudesley was ordered to go out and bring home the spoils of the united Spanish and French fleets, which lay disabled in the harbor. This difficult task was accomplished with a rapidity and dash which made so favorable an impression on the court, that on his return "it was immediately resolved to employ him in affairs of the greatest consequence for the future." In 1703 he was put in command of the grand fleet, and protected the interests of England from the hostile attempts of the French and allied powers in the Mediterranean. At the battle of Malaga in 1704, Sir Cloudesley's division of nine ships led the van, and had to bear the brunt of the enemy's attack to such an extent, that at the beginning of the engagement he was almost entirely surrounded by the French, and more than 400 of his men were either killed or wounded. On his return home he was presented to the Queen by Prince George, and shortly afterward received the appointment of commander-in-chief and rear-admiral of the English fleet. As Admiral Shovel he won great credit for the part he took in the capture of the important city of Barcelona in 1705.

In the month of October, 1707, after bearing an honorable part in the expedition under Prince Eugene against Toulon, he set sail with ten ships of the line, five frigates, and other war vessels for the shores of England. But he was destined never to see again the country he had served so nobly and loved so well. By some strange mischance, which has never been fully accounted for, his own vessel and several others, on the night of the 22nd of October, struck on the rocks of the Scilly islands and perished. The brave admiral and his three sons-in-law, who were on board his vessel, besides a large number of officers and seamen, were drowned. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed on shore, and having been found by a number of smugglers, was stripped of an emerald ring and other valuables, and buried in the sand. On attempting to sell their booty, the miscreants found that the ring they prized so much betrayed their guilty secret. They were compelled to point out the spot where the body had been concealed. England, of course, could not allow one of her noblest sons to lie in so ignominious a grave. The body was at once removed to London by express order of Her Majesty Queen Anne, and laid in the most honorable grave the nation had to give—

"In the great minster transept,
Where the lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall."

Sir Cloudesley Shovel sat for several years as member of Parliament for the city of Rochester. In the Guildhall of that city there is an interesting portrait, representing the gallant sailor as Rear-Admiral. A tablet states that the hall was painted and decorated by his desire and at his expense, 1695-6. The portrait of him by Michael Dahl, originally at Hampton Court, was presented by George IV in 1824 to Greenwich Hospital. Sir C. Shovel at the time of his death was one of the governors of Greenwich Hospital.

—From *Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers,* by W. E. Winks.

GENERAL JOFFRE—STUDY OF THE SCIENTIFIC SOLDIER

The Times, London.

SOMEONE declared that Joffre is of the school of Napoleon. It is a generalization no more accurate than other generalizations. Nothing could be further from the wars of Napoleon than the great battles on the Marne, on the Aisne, and now in the North. In themselves they do not present anything like the tactical interest of those examples of military skill of a hundred years ago. And the aeroplane is responsible. It sees everything from its elevated vantage point; from it nothing is hidden. It looks behind the screen of cavalry masking the enemy's front; it sees troops on the march or being carried in trains; it notes the numbers of Army Corps, the proportion of the different arms, and all the details of a vast machine.

Thus the art of war has been robbed of that element of surprise which afforded Napoleon dramatic opportunity for the display of his genius. His object was to discover the weak spot in the enemy's lines, and, having discovered it, to hurl upon it all the forces at his command. His success depended upon the speed and sureness with which the great blow could be struck. A premature revelation would have spoiled all. But a *coup* of the sort is no longer possible, for a manœuvre on the one side is met, instantly, by a manœuvre on the other. War now consists in a series of parallel movements; its art has changed. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that it does not exist. The two armies turn about each other like boxers in the preliminary phases of a fight. They pivot clumsily to catch each other at a disadvantage, and that is practically all the art of it.

The rest is a ding-dong battle of resistance, of marching and counter-marching. Anything less like Napoleon's way of making war it would be difficult to imagine. It is like playing bridge with your opponent looking over your shoulder. He knows when you are finessing and when you are playing for an opening. In those conditions, how is it possible to gain a brilliant victory by great crushing blows, having calculated the "psychological moment"? This is as far from present realities as Napoleon's canter on his white horse along the line on the eve of battle on a visit to the outposts. You could not imagine Joffre cantering from Dunkirk to Belfort before breakfast at the moment of beginning the battle which lasts weeks and not merely a single day.

Thus all the conditions of warfare have changed, and with them the mentality and methods of commanders. Joffre is rarely seen on horseback; but he has much the figure of the Corsican—short and stout, and giving the impression of power. He spends a part of each day in a long, low, rapid motor-car visiting the lines. It is impossible to visit all the points—much must be left to the corps commander after the general plan is settled; this robs a generalissimo of personal contact with his troops; he is more or less unknown to them, and Joffre probably has to show papers to his sentries. He wears out two chauffeurs a day in his rush from point to point.

HORROR OF "RÉCLAME."

But beyond that Joffre must hold the wires in this tremendous system. You have to imagine him passing long hours in an unpretentious room with a receiver to his ear. His assistant generals bend over maps and examine attentively the lie of country; but Joffre has no need of that: rivers, mountains, valleys are engraved deeply in his brain. His chief characteristic is calmness. He is as calm in war as in peace. And that quality has bred confidence. He has confidence in himself, and has given confidence to others. His staff never for a moment doubts his capacity to win, and that conviction has percolated through to the masses of the troops. It has made him popular, though he has done nothing to engender that; on the contrary, he eschews popularity. He lives apart from Press "réclame"; he does not seek it and he dislikes it. To those who attack him and to those who defend him he shows an equal indifference. Junior officers sometimes take up the cudgels for him in a newspaper—for Joffre has made enemies like most strong men—but he disregards their good offices just as he disregards criticism. None can say that he owes his promotion to having defended Joffre. Military merit is the only quality recognized by the generalissimo.

But if he appears to take no notice of attacks, particularly in the popular Press, he is none the less very open to ideas, and listens attentively when a likely plan is presented to him. He knows how to combine the best in his own and other people's projects. He is modest as he is unassuming. His readiness to accept suggestion has fostered the belief that he is an adapter and organizer rather than strategist. He is both. His campaigns show the soldier as well as the engineer and organizer. But his great maxim is that in war nothing can be improvised. Every detail must be thought out; that marks his superiority over other modern commanders. A long preparation has gone to each success. He succeeds because he takes the infinite trouble necessary to secure it.

His achievement is the formation of the General Staff. He has brought together the best military brains in France and co-ordinated and controlled their efforts. He has exorcised politics, that bane of the French Army. It is the more to his credit, for his own political opinions are opposed to those of his chief coadjutors. A Republican and Freemason, he is surrounded by men who are Catholic and disposed to cavil at the present Constitution; but it makes no difference to his appreciation of them. His chief confidence is given to Generals Pau and de Castelnau, neither of whom belongs to his school of politics; and when he arrived at power—on Pau's recommendation to the War Council—he soon showed that politics meant nothing to him; his advent as Commander-in-Chief was followed by departure of the "Parliamentary soldiers," who should never have been drawn from their natural obscurity.

The result of his firmness and singleness of purpose is that he commands the greatest fighting machine in the world, from which every other consideration than that of efficiency has been obliterated. When it was necessary to break the careers of five Generals who had shown weakness in manœuvres, he did not hesitate. His own career has been one of great rapidity. He was Bachelor of Science at 16 and entered the Polytechnique (the French Woolwich) at 17. Then came the war of 1870, in which he distinguished himself as second lieutenant, and then work on fortifications. He managed those of Paris so well that McMahon made him captain at 22. He became such an expert in constructing defences in various parts of the world that he feared to be doing that and nothing else for the rest of his life. "I want to command troops," he said, and the chance came in Cochin China and the Sudan, where he avenged the massacre of the Bonnier column and planted the Tricolor on Timbuctoo the mysterious.

A PLAIN SOLDIER.

Few of his pupils at Fontainebleau, where he became Professor of Military Construction, thought of him, I imagine, as the future Commander-in Chief. He has no parade, no pose, and is not at all the type of "beau cavalier" dear to the hearts of romantic French demoiselles. He is just a plain soldier, modern and scientific. He is a savant without the faults of a savant. His mass of theory is leavened by a high sense of the practical. He understands the common soldier and what to expect from him. He knows how to raise him on occasion, and his Order of the Day at the battle of the Marne was of the stuff of revolutionary generals. "You must be prepared to die rather than yield ground," he said; "weakness will not be tolerated." He is more direct, you see, and less rhetorical than Napoleon calling the Pyramids to witness.

Joffre was not known to the world at large when, in 1911, he was placed in command of the French Army. Few had heard his name. He had worked silently all these years, and he continues to work as silently as is compatible with his high position. In this he is aided, it must be said, by the Republican prejudice against the notoriety of generals. Joffre's Order of the Day giving praise to de Castelnau, on his elevation in the Legion of Honour, was suppressed in the Brodeaux papers by the Censor, apparently because it was considered to be against the interests of the Republic that a general should become popular.

That is better than the practice in 1870, when, generals' names were bandied in drawing rooms and attached to imaginary exploits. To-day it is a war of silence and anonymity. It accords with the genius of Joffre, which flourishes best removed from publicity. And the very nature of the fighting favours inarticulate war. It is a war of fatigue and resistance; he who wears the longer wins. It is a soldiers' war in which quality and equipment play the leading rôle; it is "scientific" war—German made—as opposed to "artistic" war—of Napoleon, and Joffre has become a master of the new system, which he did not invent.

NINE RECEIVE VICTORIA CROSS

London, Nov. 18.—The Victoria Cross has been conferred on Captain Francisco Grenfell of the 9th Lancers for aiding and saving the guns of the British in Belgium, Aug. 24; on Capt. Douglas Reynolds of the artillery, who was wounded in a similar exploit; on Capt. Theodore Wright of the engineers, who was mortally wounded while rescuing a wounded man; on Surgeon Harry Sherwood Ranken for attending men under fire, after he had received wounds from which he died later; on Lieut. Maurice Dease and on four non-commissioned officers.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Douglas Haig has been promoted to the rank of General for distinguished service in the field.

BRITISH NAVAL LOSSES

London, Nov. 18.—Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill said in the House of Commons to-day that the total British naval casualties to date were:

Officers killed, 222; wounded, 37; missing, 5.

Men killed 3,445; wounded, 428; missing, 1.

This did not include the missing officers and men in the royal naval division at Antwerp and the British cruiser Good Hope, which totalled 1,000 and 875 respectively.

LIEUT. DAVID BLAIR CONVICTED OF NEGLIGENCE BY COURT-MARTIAL

Davenport, Eng., Nov. 20.—Lieut. David Blair was convicted of negligence on Thursday, by a court martial. He was tried on charges growing out of the wrecking of the liner Oceanic, which was placed in service by the Admiralty as a converted cruiser and only shortly afterward went ashore on the Scottish coast. She was a total loss.

GERMAN STEAMER LUXOR SLIPPED OUT OF CORONEL

Santiago, Chile, Nov. 20.—The German steamer Luxor, which was detained at Coronel for loading 3,000 tons of supplies for the German fleet, slipped out of the harbor last night. The Luxor sailed despite the refusal of clearance papers from Chilean authorities. A strong protest will be made to the German government.

AWFUL LOSSES OF THE GERMANS

London, Nov. 20.—Berlin military circles estimate the German losses at 1,125,000 in killed, wounded and missing, according to a Copenhagen despatch received here to-day. This estimate, it is declared, does not include at least a half million sick. The actual casualty list, including those of Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, admit losses of 980,000.

GERMANS BREAK PAROLE

The Hague, via London, Nov. 20—Two German officers interned in Holland, who had given their parole, have crossed the German frontier, according to announcement made here.

London, Nov. 20.—The House of Commons to-day formally passed the vote for the supplementary army estimates which provide for an additional army of 1,000,000 men.

The action brought in the Russian Consular Court by Messrs. Wheelock & Co., (representing the Shanghai Tug & Lighter Co.) to recover Rls. 10,480 for damage done to the launch Alexandra in a collision with the Poltava, has resulted in judgement being given for the defendants—the Russian Volunteer Fleet Co. The claim has been dismissed, with costs to the defendants. —*North China Herald.*

CANADA BARS ANTI-BRITISH PAPERS

[Special to *The Telegraph*]

Ottawa, Nov. 20—Action has been taken by the government to stop the entry into Canada of German or anti-British newspapers published in New York which unfairly present the issues and progress of the war.

On the prohibited list so far are the *Staats Zeitung, Truth about Germany, The Vital Issue, and Vaterland.*

By order-in-council it has been made a criminal offence to circulate these papers in Canada or to have them in one's possession.

CATTLE EMBARGO AGAINST CANADA LIFTED

Washington, Nov. 20—The quarantine against cattle shipments from Canada to the United States, imposed because of foot and mouth disease, was lifted to-day by the department of agriculture.

The quarantine against Canadian cattle was placed to prevent the return of infected cattle cars to the United States. The raising of the Canadian quarantine was said by officials to be an added evidence that the epidemic is being brought under control.

STRICT EMBARGO ON AUSTRALIAN WOOL

Washington, Nov. 20—The embargo on Australian wool has been made absolute, according to advices which reached Washington to-day, licenses for the exportation of any of the product to the United States have been revoked.

ORGANIZERS FOR LIBERAL PARTY

[*Montreal Evening Times*]

O tawa, Nov. 18.—With a view to improving their party organization throughout the Dominion a conference of a number of Liberal leaders was held here Tuesday. Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Public Works for Saskatchewan, and Hon. Wm. Pugsley of St. John were amongst those present.

It is understood that Mr. Calder is to take charge of the Liberal organization from Port Arthur to Victoria, while Mr. Pugsley will look after the Maritime Provinces.

Hon. G. P. Graham is to be in command in Ontario, and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux in Quebec.

There will be no Liberal convention in view of the war, which overshadows in importance all party issues.

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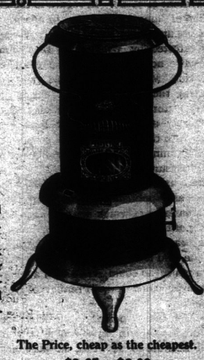

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