The Beacon

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BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

[Lines for King Albert's Book, for the benefit of *The Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Relief Fund.]

YOU that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world in strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break!"

SIR OWEN SEAMAN, in *Punch*.

CHARITY

"CHARITY," said the Consul, "is often quite unreasoning; be paused and [illegible] but so is love, and the two things are one."

In the old Moorish house, built for hot weather, the cold was glacial, and we had drawn the dinner-table into a corner to avoid a leak, from which the water, filtering through the roof, dropped in a chalky stream. Long, milky-looking glasses swung from the ceiling in brass chains, and in them, floating upon oil, turnet wicks that gave a fitful light that cast black shadows on the horseshoe arches of the *patio*. Curved flint-locks hooped with brass, with crooked stocks inlaid with ivory, hung on the walls, and Moorish daggers, shaped like scimitars, and bags with fringes, like those an Indian wears upon his moccasins. Bowls of Fez pottery stood here and there, and on the tables and the chairs were heaped up books and papers, with all the flotsam and the jetsam that a solitary man living far off from kith and kin collects and clings to, striving to fill the void in his life with something tangible.

Outside, the rain descended pittilessly, turning the narrow lanes to muddy streams, upon whose current floated orange-peel, dead rats and heads and feet of fowls.

The call to prayers boomed like a foghorn from a ship bound in fog, and seemed as if it summoned up a watch reluctant to turn out and go aloft.

The Consul, impervious to cold, after the fashion of all those accustomed to the life in a warm climate, where damp and wet are almost welcome after the summer's heat, seemed to consider that his guests shivered for fun, or as in protest against that which every reasonable man endured without a murmur as sent from God, put his foot up upon a chair and said, "Yes, charity is sometimes an unreasoning or an unreasonable thing."

The listeners drew their greatcoats round them and waited for his tale, knowing he was a man who, being thrown upon himself and having nothing else to study but the Moors, observed them as an ornitnologist might study some strange bird. Cursing the people every day for their unlikeness to himself and his ideals, he had become so much accustomed to them in his long residence in the forlorn post to which the Foreign Office had condemned him that he could scarcely have existed amongst other folk, or in another place.

Raising his voice, he called out "Mokh, oh Mokh"; and when a little negro boy appeared, rubbing his eyes with sleep, he told him to bring whisky and then go off to bed. "I bought the little devil," said the Consul, and then, remembering his position, added, "I mean his mother gave him to me in the last outbreak of the smallpox when they all died like flies. I used to vaccinate 'em with some stuff I got from 'Gib'; but still it didn't seem to do much good, for they kept dying off so fast that we could scarcely bury 'em Just about as much good to have done 'em with trade gin, for don't you see there was no way of keeping 'em in the least clean, and that's what does the job." We listened to his therapeutics with the attention that good citizens accord to those in office, and then he wandered back again to where he had begun.

"The more I live among the Moors, the less I understand 'em. At times I think I have the key of the enigma, and then I seem to lose it, and find myself faced up against a wall. Sometimes they seem to have no feeling, and then just when you think them hardly human, they'll turn right round and do something that a white man would never think of doing, that leaves you wondering at them. I'll tell you of a case."

Outside the wind still whistled, and the water running down the street, roared like a mountain burn. Lighting a cheroot, which he did at the thinner end, explaining to us that no one who had been in India ever did otherwise, he thought a little.

We huddled round the stove, on which occasionally great drops fell from the roof, with a sharp hissing sound.

The Consul came back to his theme slowly, just as a ship appears to hesitate a little after she is put about, before her sails draw and she is brought up to her course.

Speaking in that constrained and as if perfunctory way in which so many cultivated Englishmen express themselves, through dread of being natural, he struck into his tale.

"During that outbreak of smallpox, in which I bought, I mean acquired, that little devil Mokh there was a thing I saw that stired me up a little."

The Consul looked so hard to stir, that we involuntary smiled. He saw it, and remarkrd, "Yes, it was curious. You know, the Moors often appear cruel to us, and we to them. For instance, if when I stray about the town I find a starving dog with a leg broken, my impulse is to shoot it, to put it out of pain. A Moor thinks such an act but little short of murder, for he holds that as long as there is life, hope lingers, and Allah holds the keys of life and death, and it is impious to unlock or close, but when he wishes it. Well, just at the corner of this street there lived a widow woman. She had a boy, [illegible] time about twelve, a little ill-conditioned wretch he seemed to me, dirty and wild, and with a scabby head that turned my stomach when I looked at it. Of course, he was his mother's joy, for mothers, Christian or Moorish, are alike, for as alike as cows.

We said "Oh-h-oh!" although we knew that he was right, and he resumed.

"Well, little Abd-er-Rahman, with his scabby head and dirty clothes, did not seem to be a treasure to an ordinary mind. Sometimes he used to hold my horse, and though I told him never to tie him by the reins, I usually found him with the reins buckled to the grating of a window, and the boy fast asleep. Naturally, when I mounted he used to hold the stirrup, and in his anxiety to put his weight upon it, he used to pull the horse's head away from me, so that it was next to impossible to mount. What he and his mother lived upon was a marvel even to me, accustomed to the Moors. Their house was bare, so I was told, for naturally I was never inside it, but clean, though I suppose not over-sanitary. In fact, a place the smallpox or any other epidemic was certain to invade. The Moors, you know, take no precautions. All is in God's hands. He will send smallpox or withhold it, as it pleases Him, for they believe in Him, just as in England we believe in doctors, and as unreasoningly.

"The widow's boy played about as usual with the other boys. One day I saw him with his friends, playing at funeral, as boys in Spain all play at bull-fighting. One child was laid upon a board, with four to carry him. The way those little devils sang the chant the Arabs use was wonderful to hear. Born actors are the Moors; but then the funerals went down our street a dozen times a day."

The Consul lit another of his long cheroots, and added in a quiet tone of voice: "I used to go into their houses, and see the bodies. . . . No, not afraid a bit. I don't know why. It used to seem to me it was impossible to catch infection from a Moor, and then, in times like that, even their faith softens a little, and a kind word pleases them, just as it would ourselves. One day Jelali—that's my head man, you know, saddles my horse and goes to market. . . . cheats me, of course, but won't allow anyone else to do it—came in and said that a poor woman wished to see me at the door. I went to see her, and she, catching me by the hand said, 'Consul, I take refuge with you; my son has caught the plague.' Of course I went with her, taking some medicines with me, just to satisfy her. Her son lay on the floor upon a blanket, a mass of blotches livid and horrible. He moaned a little now and then, but was already dying, as I saw at the first glance. His mother told me that a day or two ago he came in feverish, and she, thinking it nothing, had sent him down to bathe. When he returned he had been worse, then got delirious, and before midnight was as I saw him, only a mass of sores. Merely to quiet her, I took a spoon, and opening his mouth tried to force down his throat a little laudanum."

The Consul paused, and made a movement with his hands as of involuntary disgust, as if some detail of the boy's deathbed had occurred to him, and then went on again.

"I never saw such a black, bloated little corpse as Abd-er-Rahman's when I left his mother's house just about daylight, or such a dreary-looking place as their one mud-floored room, with the boy's body lying on the ragged blankets, and his mother swaying to and fro, stupid with misery. I tell you I went home and had a good stiff tot of whisky, not that I was afraid of the infection, but because the thing had stirred me up a little, as I told you when I began the tale. Next day there was a lot of bother in the office, an English ship had got ashore close to Martin, the port you know, and the captain came and bullied me about the want of lights and the defective charts.

"With one thing and another I forgot about the boy. You see there were so many dying in the place a fellow sarcely had the time to think, and it slipped somehow clean out of my head. However, one day, as I was going for a walk, I passed a tailor sitting sewing at his work. Upon his knees was spread a piece of fine brocade, that stuff the Moors in old times used to make in Fez, with gold threads running through the tissue so thickly that the thing would almost stand if you but stuck it up on edge. In the old days in Spain they called it guenl, but nowadays even the name is lost, for the Moors, as you know, care nothing for the past. When I clapped eyes upon it, I remembered that for a month or two I had bargained for it with the man, and could not bring him to my price.

"I spoke to him, and then after a word or two about the progress of the plague, the doings of the Government in Fez, and things of that kind, just to distract him from the subject, I said quite carelessly, 'Ten dollars for the piece.'

"He looked at me and smiled. 'Consul,' he said, 'this piece of guenl, as you say that it was called in Spain, is not for you, or any other Roman.' He called me Roman, not to say Nazarene, which, as you know, is a contemptuous method of address amongst Mohammedans.

"I asked him why, and he rejoined, half smiling as he spoke, 'Because you Romans have no belief in God, or His omnipotence.

"'Consul, when little Abd-er-Rahman died, . . . may God remit the balance of your sins for what you did for him, . . .' his mother came to me.

"'Oh, father of the awl,' she said to me, 'my son is dead. God willed it so, and also that I should be poor, and I have not anything in my possession fit for a winding-sheet.' I too was poor, but then as now I had upon my knees this piece of old brocade.

"'Take it, I said, and wrap it round the body of your son, as he lies on the bier, upon his journey to the cemetery. Then bring it back to me, and thus your son will journey through the streets in a befitting style.' She thanked me, snatching my hand to kiss it, which I prevented, knowing good manners, and in due time she sent me back the winding-sheet.

"'Consul, I trust in Allah.' I took and shook him by the hand, and as I pass him now and then as he sits sewing at his work we look at one another, but seldom speak, except a formal 'la bas' as I pass upon my way. You see, we understand each other." . . .

The Consul stopped, and as we rose to go he shouted loudly to his men to bring a lantern, but no one answered him, for they had slipped away to bed, leaving him all alone as usual in his bat-infested house, in the dark narrow lane. As we strolled stumbling back to the hotel the rain had stopped, and a few fleecy clouds went racing through the sky. Before the Bashia's house the guards were sleeping muffled in their jelabs, and snoring lustily.

When we emerged upon the broad flight the moon had risen, and from a side street issued a wedding-party, dancing and firing a stray shot or two.

Their lanterns swung about, just as a ship's masthead light seems to swing, as the long rollers of the north-west trades catch her a little just abaft the beam, their bearers looking like a band of Capuchins, in their white, pointed hoods.

—From a collection of short stories, entitled "Charity," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Duckworth & Co. 6s.

THE HONOURABLE SPY

MUCH preoccupation with spies and enemy aliens has inclined Englishmen to use the word "spy" as though it necessarily implied everything that is base and treacherous. It is an ugly word, or at least seems ugly because of its associations; but it need not be made to appear more ugly than it is. Every highly organized country, every country which stands to suffer much from revolutionary blows, is bound to employ "secret political agents," which is only a grander name for spies. Great Britain is no exception. If a Criminal Investigation Department is necessary for the ferreting out and unmasking of crime—and who will deny that it is?—the employment of political spies is equally necessary for watching and reporting on subversive movements against the State. The detective plays the part of a half-drunken countryman, and worms himself into the confidence of the thief in a bar-parlour. The corresponding plan for the political spy is to become a member of the secret society whose objects it is his intention to upset. What is right in one case is not wrong in the other. Again, military spying, provided that it is done according to the rules of the game, must necessarily be practised by us so long as it is practised against us. It is part of the work of any military Intelligence Department, which cannot of course afford to give its rivals a long start through having a monopoly of secret information. Decency is violated by the military spy when he becomes, for instance, a naturalized subject of a foreign Power only to betray his adopted country. No such charge of dishonour can be brought against the German spy Lody who was shot at the Tower. He spied, he was discovered, and he paid the penalty without repining. In his last letter he compared his fate with that of the soldier on the field, modestly claiming a slightly lower place, and with admirable fairness he did not forget to pay a tribute to the justice of his judges. He took his chances and lost the game, but he played it intrepidly and within the rules to the last.

The British Government, though they have long employed political spies, have never had a regular staff of them like that which is connected with the French Prefecture of Police. It is perhaps the refusal to exalt political espionage into a profession which has saved us from the vices of highly self-conscious officials anxious to win power and fame for their Department. The chief vice of the spying profession, in countries where such a profession exists, is the habit of creating crime in order to inculpate criminals. The work of the *agent provocateur* is unforgivable. He betrays into crime men who might have remained innocent. But there are other vices from which the honest political spy must be free. He must be a man who has associated himself from the beginning with violent revolutionaries or assassins purely for the purpose of exposing them, not a man who has turned from criminal courses as an afterthought because he was afraid or because he was bought. Again, the honest spy when giving evidence in Court must speak nothing but the truth. He must neither suppress any part of the truth nor suggest a falsehood. If he can survive these tests, he may be, and almost certainly is, an honourable spy. He is simply helping to keep in security the Government of his country, and that is not a thing any man need be ashamed of who believes in the necessity of a Government at all. To say otherwise is to talk nonsense.

For those who do not keep the simple tests of rectitude continually before them, however, the temptations of all secret service are various and pressing. M. Andrieux, formerly French Prefect of Police, has told us in his very frank memoirs how one of the French secret agents organized a Socialist Committee and supplied it with an attractive programme in order to call up the red spectre. That was an instance of provocation, a very mild one, but still reprehensible. But, as M. Andrieux remarks, it has scarcely been necessary in later years to shock people into anxiety by showing them the red spectre. It is there of its own accord. M. Andrieux calls attention to the characteristic difficulties which beset an employer of political spies. The spy may easily draw pay from both parties—from the hunted as well as from the hunter—and you can overcome the difficulty as a rule only by setting a second spy to watch the first. Wellington used to express his conviction that his chief spy in the Peninsular War was also in the pay of the French. A still more astonishing story is that of the banished Louis XVIII, who during the reign of Napoleon I is said to have drawn a regular income by allowing one of his retinue to supply Fouche with details of his movements in England and elsewhere. Thus this not very resolute man, conscious of his quite essential harmlessness, drew both profit and amusement out of his adversity.

Cromwell, we may believe, never consciously engaged a bad spy, though he supported his Government by employing many. Macky, who accompanied James II into banishment in 1688, was a venal spy because he changed masters after he had entered the service of James. While he was at St. Germains he transferred his services to William, and still lived on for years in the Jacobite Court. Of much the same moral quality was Samuel Turner, the extraordinary person who informed Pitt of the conspiracies of the United Irishmen. He succeeded all his life in standing high in the conspirators' councils, and his true character was never suspected till Mr. Lecky discovered documents proving his treachery. He secretly visited Lord Downshire in London—muffled in a cloak and wearing a slouch hat in the proper melodramatic manner—and offered his services to the Government. Through him the principal Irish rebels—for there were rebels, be it noted, in the so-called golden days of Grattan's Parliament—were arrested and hanged. "Do you know Ormond Steel?" was the password with which any informer who was found to be such was sent to a member of the United Irishmen. The informer, on unsuspectingly uttering these words, was killed at sight. So great was Turner's skill in covering up his tracks that he lived in the house of Lady Edward FitzGerald at Hamburg as her trusted friend without ever once exciting her doubts or those of any other rebel. He regularly went through her letter-bag, and calmly discussed with the Minister of the Directory the French plans for invading Ireland. It seems likely that his picturesque figure inspired Campbell's "Exile of Erin," which was written at Hamburg. Turner was an unprincipled scoundrel, no doubt, but who can blame Pitt for having used him in order to stop a conspiracy which, if successful, would have placed Great Britain and Ireland at the mercy of the infamous and tyrannical French Directory?

Now we will take two examples of good spies. First, the celebrated Major Le Caron. He conducted himself loyally and faithfully; he never manufactured a criminal for the purpose of exposing him; and he was not an informer in the sense of being a man who betrayed for money a cause in which he believed. He allied himself with Fenianism solely to defeat it. It has been said that he was a base and incredible witness because he had taken the Fenian oaths. But of course he could not have seemed to be a Fenian at all if he had not done this. His excuses seems to us perfectly sound. No one can deny the good work he did in saving Canada from the second Fenian Raid. What a thrilling moment it must have been for him when he stood on the brow of a hill on the Canadian frontier and watched the raiders go, shouting with joy at what they thought was their successful start, towards the Canadian sharpshooters hidden in the woods! Our other typical good spy is McParlan, generally called McKenna, who showed up the astonishing brotherhood of criminals in Pennsylvania known as the "Molly Maguires"—the secret society grafted on the Ancient Order of Hibernians. McKenna was supplied by a private detective agency to come to the rescue of terrorized colliery managers of Pennsylvania in 1873. There was never a story of more racking strain than the brave McKenna endured. Even after he had fallen under the suspicion of his fellow "Mollies" and was, as he well knew, condemned to be "removed" he persisted in consorting with his would-be murderers. In the most dangerous hours of his task he discovered the most valuable information. By audacity, coolness of nerve, and ingenuity, he escaped his fate, saved many innocent lives, and broke up the "Molly Maguire" organization.

We have written enough to correct the balance, and to show that spying is not always bad and dishonourable—a truth, as we have said, rather easily forgotten in such times as these. The Chinese have sometimes led the world in thought, and the great military writer of the East, Suntzu, was not far wrong when, in the fifth century before Christ, he wrote of spies:—

"The enlightened ruler and the wise general who act, win, and are distinguished beyond the common, are informed beforehand. This knowledge is not to be got by calling on gods and demons; nor does it come of past experience or calculation. It is through men that knowledge of the enemy is gained."—*The Spectator.*

DARING AVIATOR RESCUED

Amsterdam, via London, Dec. 31.—A telegram received here from Muiden, Holland, at the mouth of the Vecht, says a steam trawler has landed there Flight Commander Hewlett, of the British navy, who was one of the British airmen taking part in the recent raid at Cuxhaven, and who was supposed to have been lost, his machine having been picked up off Heligoland.

Hewlett was rescued off Heligoland soon after he fell, but rough weather prevented the trawler from making port before to-day.

THE COLORS OF OUR FLAG

WHAT is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sunny smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.
What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.
What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands,
And the froth of the purple main,
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves out-rolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.
We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one;
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword,
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone, if the flag float on
And Britain be lord of the main?

ERRDERIC GEORGE SCOTT.

DOMINION'S TRADE FOR LAST YEAR $1,000,000,000

[Special to *The Standard*]

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 3—Making allowances for the importation of $86,000,000 worth of coin and bullion more than the previous year, the total trade of Canada for the twelve months ending October 31 last, was just an even billion dollars, a drop of only $127,000,000 as compared with the preceeding twelve months. Imports of merchandise were $514,000,000, and exports $459,000,000.

Imports from the West Indies increased from $4,135,000 to $6,046,000 as a result of the preferential tariff, but imports from the United Kingdom fell from $143,000,000 to $106,000,000 and those from Germany from $15,640,000 to $9,270,000.

Imports from the United States declined from $442,341,840 to $421,074,528. Exports to the United States increased from $179,000,000 to $213,000,000 millions, those to Australia from $4,459,000 to $5,500,000 and those to British Africa from $3,800,000 to $4,809,000, while exports to the United Kingdom fell from $212,000,000 to $204,000,000.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S GREETING TO MEN ON SALISBURY PLAIN

Fredericton, Dec. 31—Hon. George J. Clarke, Premier of New Brunswick, to-day cabled New Year's greetings from the people of the province to the New Brunswick boys encamped on Salisbury Plain awaiting an opportunity to go to the front and fight for the Empire.

Lt. Col. H. F. McLeod, officer commanding the 12th Infantry Battalion, will convey the greetings to the New Brunswick boys, the cablegram, which was addressed to him, reading as follows:

12 Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force,
Sling Plantation Camp,
Salisbury Plain, England.

New Brunswick sends greetings to her boys on Salisbury Plain and all good wishes for the New Year.

GEORGE J. CLARKE, Premier.

INVALIDED SOLDIERS AND "MISFITS" ARRIVE AT HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 30.—The Uranium liner Principello, which arrived here today from Avonmouth, brought twenty-four invalids and seventeen "misfits" from the Canadian forces at Salisbury Plain. The invalided soldiers were in uniform, the others were not.

MORE MISFITS EMBARK FOR HOME

London, Dec. 30.—A third batch, made up of thirty-nine undesirables attached to the Canadian contingent, at Salisbury Plain, was shipped back to Canada during the week-end aboard the S. S. Hesperian.

THE EARNINGS OF FISHERMEN

There is no good reason for suspecting that the earnings of the shore fishermen of the maritime provinces and the Gaspe coast this year will be less than they were in the previous year [1913]. A member of the trade, in discussing the question, said that so far as dried fish were concerned the catch was practically all in second hands, and at remunerative prices, before the war had started. Loss, if any, on these, he said, would be borne by the dealers. Fish prepared for the American boneless trade have brought and are to-day bringing as good prices as at this date last year. Speaking of pickled fish, the same merchant said that he thought the earnings of the fishermen this year [1914] in excess of an average year. —*Maritime Merchant.*

PULP MILL BURNED

Newcastle, N. B., Jan. 2.—Three-fourths of New Brunswick pulp mill at Lower Derby, six miles from here, was burned to-day, leaving only the chemical and boiler plants. The fire caught in the office part of the main building. The damage amounts to about $100,000 and is covered by insurance in some thirty companies.

ST. JOHN'S FUTURE AS A PORT

That there are great possibilities for the future of St. John, N. B. as a port, and that a good plan of development is being carried out there, was the opinion expressed to The Journal of Commerce this morning by Mr. Farquhar Robertson, who with Mr. W. G. Ross and Col. A. E. Labelle, the other members of the Montreal Harbour Commission, has just completed a visit of inspection to the New Brunswick city. The Commissioners were the guests of the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine of the Dominion.

On arriving in St. John on Tuesday, they were entertained by Mr. Hazen at lunch at the Union Club. In the afternoon they inspected the west side of the port and on Wednesday viewed the harbour and the new works in Courtenay Bay, making the trip on the Government steamer Curlew.

Mr. Robertson was greatly impressed with the work being carried out in St. John, and with the future possibilities of the port. "Yesterday there were twelve ships in the harbour, and they were being handled without any evidence of congestion.

"The trade of the port," he said, "will undoubtedly be enormously increased by the improvements that are being made, and that are contemplated. If the facilities are there the business will come." He thought, however, that Montreal would continue to hold her position. St. John was open winter and summer, whereas Montreal was only a summer port. Nevertheless the great volume of traffic was moved in summer, and Montreal would continue to handle it.

St. John, however, he said, would undoubtedly develop to a great extent. Some of the works being undertaken might not be actually needed at present, but they would draw business to the port. One of the principal improvements was an enormous breakwater built in Courtenay Bay, opposite St. John, with the purpose of keeping sand from drifting into the bay, and filling up the portions that had been dredged.

The members of the Montreal Harbor Commission last year visited the principal harbors of the British Isles, and the continent of Europe. The visit to St. John was in accordance with this system, and they were given every opportunity of inspecting the harbor works there.—*Journal of Commerce*, Montreal, Dec. 31.

S. S. NAVARRA ASHORE

The British steamship Navarra, 2,847 ton register, Capt. Milliken, which sailed Tuesday morning, Dec. 29, for Havre, France, struck on Holmes, Tusket Island, N. S., Tuesday night. A despatch from Yarmouth states the water is up to the engine floor, and probably the steamer will be a total loss. The Cann steamers went to her assistance. Messrs. J. T. Knight & Co., consignee of the Navarra, also received a telegram stating that the bottom was damaged and that there were two tugs near by. Mr. Knight had made arrangements with the Marine Department to dispatch the Government steamer Aberdeen, also the Strathcona, to the assistance of the stranded steamship.

Another despatch from the scene of the disaster to Mr. Knight stated that the Navarra was full of water and that she would be a total loss, and that it would be useless to send help from St. John. Arrangements were immediately made to salve the cargo.

The Navarra struck at low tide and filled as the tide flowed. The cargo is now being salvaged. The sea is very rough.

The Navarra loaded at St. John a cargo of hay, oats, automobiles, blankets and other army supplies for the British Government.

Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 3.—Five cargoes of hay and bobsleds have been landed at Yarmouth from the steamer Navarra, about 85 tons of hay and 100 bobsleds in all. A portion of the sleds were placed on board the Glenmorgan, which is to sail for Havre as soon as the 800 bobsleds are saved. The position of the ship is unaltered, and surveyors say she may be floated if no storms arise.

Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 4.—So far 298 bobsleds and about 300 tons of hay have been landed from the wrecked steamer Navarra not damaged. The sleds are loaded directly into the steamer Glenmorgan, and the hay stored in warehouses. The prospects are good for saving a large quantity of sleds, as they can now be easily reached with the Navarra's own winches. A small lot of the ship's stores were also landed.

PROSPECT FOR $10,000,000 YEARLY PENSION FUND FOR CANADA

Ottawa, December 30.—It is estimated that over $20,000,000 has already been expended on war contracts by the Dominion. This amount covers over 5,000 contracts and 197 commodities, including uniforms, boots, etc., waggons, trucks, tarpaulines, tents, rifles, ammunition, bicycles, etc.

Several hundred Canadian firms have benefited by these contracts, and many thousand employees.

This large sum does not include the pay of soldiers, separation allowances, etc., which total up to a heavy amount.

It is estimated that even when the war is over Canada will be faced with an annual expenditure of $10,000,000 for pensions alone.—*Journal of Commerce*, Montreal.

NEW YORK QUARANTINED

Washington, Dec. 31.—New York City and New York County were quarantined to-day by the Department of Agriculture because of foot and mouth disease in cattle.

TWO SKATE TO DEATH

Sydney, N. S., Jan. 2.—Norman McLeod, aged 17, and Miss Lena McDonald, telegraph operator, aged 18, were drowned at the village of Fourcha, C. B., yesterday. They broke through the ice while skating and disappeared before they could be rescued.

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