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LORD ROBERTS DEAD

HE PASSED AWAY AMONG THE BRITISH TROOPS.

Giving up His Life For a Vist Among His Beloved Troops - The Service Over Remains To Be Held At St. Paul's.

London, Nov. 15.-Lord Roberts died of a chill, this evening, while on a visit to the troops in France.

London, Nov. 16.-England, to-day, is awaiting in sorrow the body of "Bobs." It is expected that, to-day or to-morrow, the remains of Lord Roberts will reach Folkestone from France, where, among the British troops, literally giving up his life for one more visit among his beloved Indian troops.

Funeral services for the late hero of the South African war, and field marshal, will probably be held at St. Paul's, where the bodies of Wellington, Nelson and other British heroes have been held.

Messages of condolence have been sent Lord Roberts' widow and daughter by King George, General Sir John French and others have arrived from all parts of the empire.

Sketch Of His Career.

The late General Frederick Sleight Roberts, G.C.B., V.C., Earl of Roberts, was the son of the late Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B. and was born in Cawnpore, India, in 1832. He entered the army in December, 1851, when he was gazetted a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He was made a first lieutenant in 1857; captain in 1860; brevet major in 1860, major in 1872; brevet lieutenant-colonel in 1875; and major-general in 1878. He served through the Indian Mutiny, 1857-58, (as deputy assistant quartermaster-general of Royal Artillery) including the siege and capture of Delhi. He was present at many engagements, was frequently wounded, and in several battles had his horse shot under him. He received the Victoria Cross for personal bravery on the field and was thanked by the governor-general of India for his services. He was employed on special service with the expedition of 1863 against the tribes of the Northwest frontier of India. He served in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868 as assistant quartermaster general with the Bengal brigade, and in the same capacity and as senior staff officer with the Cachar Column, Loo-shai expeditionary force in 1871-72. He commanded the Korum field force from the occupation of Cabul in 1879, and in 1889 the Cabul-Candahar field force during the celebrated march from Cabul to effect the relief of Candahar, which he accomplished, and subsequently defeated and dispersed the army of Ayub Khan, for which he received the thanks of parliament. He was made a G.C.B. and created a baronet for his distinguished services in India. He then became commander-in-chief of the Madras army with the rank of Lieutenant-General. In December 1899, with Kitchener as his chief of staff, Lord Roberts was sent to South Africa to direct the British army against the Boers, and as soon as he took command, the British swept the Boers before them, although the campaign lasted two years.

In 1895 he was appointed field marshal from 1895 to 1904 he was commander of the forces in Ireland; from 1901-1904, he was commander-in-chief of the British army. In 1902 he was created a baron, and in 1903, he was created Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Prenderghast and Waterford. He visited Canada in 1908 to attend the Quebec bicentenary. In September, 1913, he was appointed honorary colonel of the 1st Canadian expeditionary force organized to go to the front and it was with great pride that during the past month he viewed the Canadian troops at Salisbury Plains, England. He declared that they were as fine a body of soldiers he had ever commanded. Whether or not he had a premonition that his end was at hand is a question, but many rate his courage to see the Indian troops fighting side by side with the British soldiers in France. It was in India that he was born and lived for years, and he had a deep regard for the Sikh warriors who have been so loyal to Britain.

Men Cannot Keep Warm. In spite of all the woollen comforters and knitted vests, made by women's hands at home, the wind finds its way through the boots and narrow of the soldiers, so that they are numbed. At night it is an agony of cold, preventing sleep even if men could sleep, while shells are raining for them with their cry of death.

Gunners have dug pits for themselves and when they cease fire for the time they crawl to the shelter, smoking through little outlets in damp blankets in which they have wrapped their heads and shoulders. They tie bundles of straw around their legs to keep out the cold and pack old newspapers inside their boots as breast plates and swear to keep themselves warm at least by imagination.

The wind gave a new horror to this war. There was something devilish in its howling, in its long an-belching out its storm of deadly sound, force across the flats and hurled it self against the walls of the village or the roof of an old barn, as if nature itself had been seized with the fury of destruction.

It was very hot; as well as cold, at Oudecapelle and Neucapele and along the line to Stuyvenskerke and Lombedryde. The German batteries were hard at work again, belching out an inexhaustible supply of shells. Over there the darkness was stabbed by red flashes and was zig-zagged with forked lightning made by machinery.

In Wind And Shell. At intervals the whole horizon was illuminated by waves of vivid splendor which showed for some moments upon the blanched faces of men, who were for a while, high above the witchlike howling of the wind, the shrilling whistling note of the shells, like night-birds, rushing through the storm, in search of prey.

The guns of the allied batteries answered back, roar echoing roar. The thunder claps of the wind were less loud than the concussions of gunfire and yet mingled with them and prolonged them and became a part of this storm of deadly sound, increasing the horror of war. Through the darkness along the road infantry tramped toward the lines of trenches to relieve other regiments who had endured a spell in them. They bent their heads low thrusting forward into the heart of the gale, which tore at the bluecoats of these Frenchmen and plucked at their red trousers and slashed their faces with cruel whips. Their side arms, flung against the teeth of the wind, which tried to snatch at their

PROBS.—Tuesday, local snowfalls and flurries, mostly fair, much colder.

His desire was met, and he died near the descendants of the men among whom he was born. The "little red-faced man," as Kipling called him, was publicly proclaimed by the Kaiser himself no mean tribute as the "best soldier of his time." From William II, he received the decoration of the Red Eagle, being the first non-German to be thus honored, and in explaining his action the Kaiser compared him with the ablest military geniuses of the past, and declared him to be the greatest of to-day's generals.

While he was on his wedding tour he was commanded to attend Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle, and there was given the V.C. The exploit in which this coveted decoration was won occurred in the Indian Mutiny, in the course of a pursuit of a number of rebels, who faced suddenly round, and firing on their pursuers stood at bay. In his book, "Forty-One Years in India," Lord Roberts has given a matter-of-fact account of the deed.

"I saw Youngblood fall," he records, "but I could not go to his assistance as at that moment, one of his sowars was in dire peril from a Sepoy, who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the fellow and disposed of his opponent he must have been killed." An instant later I described in the distance two Sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be recaptured; so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired, fortunately for me the piece missed fire. I carried off the standard."

TERRIFIC WINDS WHISTLE AND SHELLS SEEK VICTIMS. Chilled To Very Marrow.—No Dashing Bayonet Charges Take Place. While Sows of Dunes Are Swirled Up Into Blinding Clouds.

London, Nov. 14.—In view of the reports reaching here to-night that the allies have retaken Dixmude, which the Germans stormed on the 12th, following a description of the conditions of fighting in the neighborhood of the town from a Daily Chronicle correspondent in Northern France is of particular interest.

"It was one of the most unpleasant surprises which we have had before and shall have again, when Dixmude was re-taken by the Germans. As a town, its possession is not of priceless value to the foe. They have re-taken a pitiful ruin—many streets of skeleton houses, filled with burnt-out ashes, a town hall with gaping holes in its roof, the archway of which crumbles up from the wreck of pillars like a giant rib, and a litter of broken glass, bricks and decomposed bodies.

"The character of the fighting in Flanders does not permit a detailed description, so nothing to conceal in the way of heroic charges by cavalry, dashing bayonet attacks, or rapid counter-movements of infantry in mass. Such things for which the public imagination is eager are not happening just now. What is happening is a howling gale shrieking across the dunes and swirling up the sands into blinding clouds and tearing across the flat marshlands as if all the invisible gods of the ghost world were playing at racing in their chariots.

"In the trenches along the Yser men crouch down close to the moist mud to shelter themselves from the wind, which is harder to dodge than shrapnel shells. It lashes them with a fierce cruelty.

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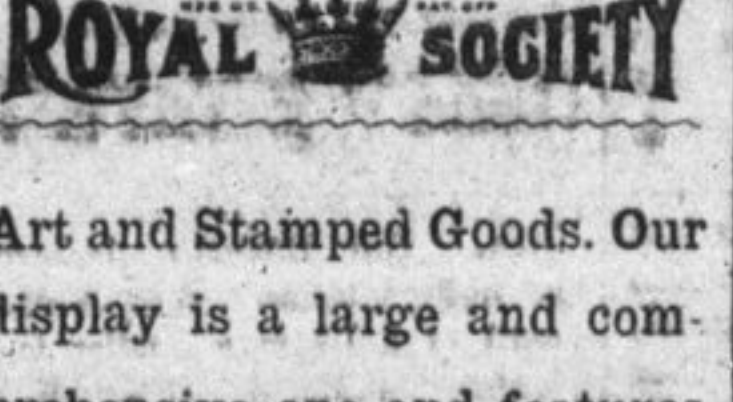
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Canadiana There To Serve Cause Of Empire. London, Nov. 16.—A communication subscribed to by a number of Canadian soldiers appears in the morning papers complaining of a wrong impression that has been spread about by the more "chicken-hearted of the members" that conditions at Salisbury Plain Camp are not so satisfactory. "It's true," they say, "they are not such as we should adopt for pleasure in times of peace, but have we not adopted them in grim earnest at a time of imperial danger. For ourselves and all those with whom we have come in contact we most assuredly say that we are a great deal more comfortable and better off than most troops in England to-day.

"Our tents are not poor, but we have three or four good blankets a-piece, straw mattresses, pillows and water-proof sheets; we have good great coats and an abundant supply of warm underclothing, sweaters, socks, helmets and boots.

"Finally we should like to say the Canadian troops arriving in England were given a reception that went to the heart of us all and particularly those who are Canadian born and transients to this country. This treatment, has, we regret to say, been returned in a manner that may well ring a bell of shame to all, though happily, the great majority, do have come here not to picnic, but to undergo whatever might be necessary, to give up our comforts if we are to be of service to the Empire."

WILL GO TO JAPAN. Former Commander of Tling-Tanand Five Thousand Prisoners. New York, Nov. 15.—The following cablegram was received here from Tokio.

The formal meeting of the commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, Lieut-General Kamio, and Captain Meyer-Waldeck, formerly governor of Tsingtau, occurred on Nov. 10th at the Moltke Barrack. Captain Valdeck will go on board a transport bound for Japan on Nov. 14th. The total number of prisoners taken was 5,000.

The ceremony of entry by the Japanese troops into the City of Tientsin is expected to take place Nov. 15th.

Insist on White Rose Brand. The United States troops will evacuate Vera Cruz on Monday, November 23rd.

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