

UNHAPPY IRELAND'S "BLOODSTAINED WILDERNESS" IS ALMOST THROUGH" SAYS LLOYD GEORGE, LIVING AGAIN THE DRAMA OF THE FREE STATE

Recalls the Fateful Hours in Downing Street When Treaty Was Signed.

ONLY COURSE OPEN

By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.
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London, Dec. 23.—When a few days ago I was half way through a speech I delivered in the House of Commons on the land system, the faithful commons were summoned in the manner consecrated by centuries of tradition to the bar of the House of Lords to hear the royal assent given to the bill for the constitution of the Irish Free State.

Notwithstanding my preoccupation with my interrupted speech, two scenes came to my mind during my journey to and from the upper chamber.

First was the spectacle of the crowded House of Commons nearly thirty years ago. When doors were opened for prayers there was the unthought sight of a throng hustling; M.P.s pressing through the swing doors to secure their seats. I need hardly say that this was not a symptom or outcome of any religious revival amongst our legislators. It was entirely due to the ancient custom that conferred upon a member occupying a seat at prayers the unchallengeable right to that seat for the rest of the sitting.

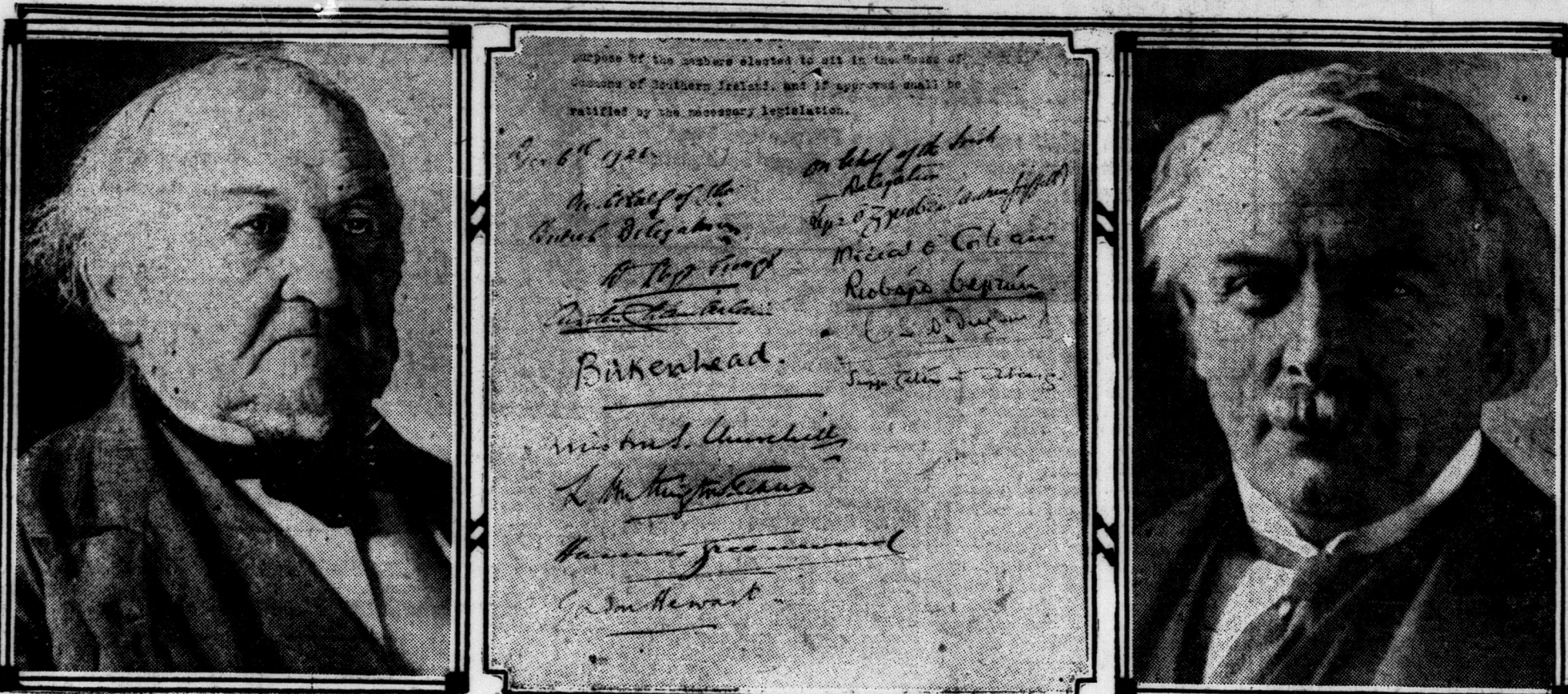
Rows of chairs were arrayed on the floor of the house. That was an innovation never since followed. What was it all about? There sat in the middle of the treasury bench, huddled up and almost hidden by more stalwart and upright figures, an old man of 83 years, to all appearances in the last stage of physical decrepitude and mental lassitude.

The Greatest Gladiator.
His name was William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest parliamentary gladiator of all time. The lifelong champion of oppressed nationalities was today to inaugurate his final effort to give freedom to the Irish race, trodden for centuries by ruthless force. The last remnant of his strength was to be consecrated to the achievement of Irish liberty, and hundreds of eager legislators, to whom Peel and Russell, Palmerston and Disraeli were but historical names, were avid competitors for seats from which they could better listen to the man who had sat in government with the first three and crossed swords with the fourth. It was a memorable sight.

Preliminary questions, which precede all parliamentary business, were postponed, and solemn silence, thrilled with expectancy, fell upon the hushed assembly as Mr. Speaker Peel, in his sonorous voice, called out: "The Prime Minister."

Gladstone At Bay.
The inert heap which was the centre of all gaze sprang to the table alert and erect figure. Decrepitude was cast off like a cloak—lassitude vanished as by a magician's wand, shoulders were thrown back, chest was thrown forward, and in clear, ringing tones, full of muscle and force, the proposed new Irish charter was expounded for three unwearying hours by the transfused octogenarian, rejuvenated by the magic of an inspired soul.

He had a seat just opposite the great orator, and I was one of the multitude who, that occasion listened with marvel to that feat of intellectual command and physical endurance. It was more than that. It was an unrivalled display of moral



THE SOWER, THE HARVEST AND THE REAPER.

The sower is Gladstone (on the left), who first championed Ireland's cause before the British Commons, as graphically described in the accompanying article. The harvest is the Irish treaty itself, the signatures of which are seen above. The reaper is Lloyd George, who expresses his pride in the part he has been able to play in the establishment of what he believes separates Ireland from "the squalor of the past" and the hope of the future.

courage rare in political conflict. Mr. Gladstone had only just emerged out of a general election, where, in spite of 60 years of his eloquent advocacy, the voice of Great Britain had declared emphatically against his Irish policy, and the poor parliamentary majority at his back was made up out of the preponderating Irish vote. He was confronted with the most formidable parliamentary opposition ever ranged against a minister: redoubtable in debating quality, still more redoubtable in its hold on British public.

He was 83 years of age, but he never quailed, and through the sultry summer months of 1893 he fought night by night with the mighty battle of Irish emancipation. He did not live to carry the cause through to victory, but he planted the banner so firmly in the soil that no assault could succeed in tearing it down, and this day when I stood with Mr. Bonar Law at the bar of the House of Lords, I saw this banner flourish in triumph from the steps of the throne by a Unionist Lord Chancellor. That was the first memory that flashed through my brain.

The Last Hour.
The next was of a dreary December night, just one year ago, when on one side of the cabinet table in 10 Downing Street sat four representatives of Great Britain, and on the other five Irish leaders. It was the famous room, wherein British cabinets have for generations forged their Irish policies. Cooperation and concession alike issued from that chamber. Pitt's act of union was discussed there, and so were Gladstone's home rule bills—the decision to use British soldiers to throw Irish tenants out of their houses with torch and battering ram, and equally the bill which made every Irish tenant the lord and master of his home all issued forth from this simple and unadorned council chamber.

And now came the final treaty of peace. Would it be signed? It was an anxious moment, charged with destiny for the two great races which confronted each other at that green table. The British representatives who were associated with me Chamberlain—I recall now how he sat by the side of this doughty father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in 1893 during the famous night duel between him and Mr. Gladstone. How strange-

ly little thirty arduous years have changed his personal appearance—Lord Birkenhead, who in 1893 was carving for himself a brilliant career as a student at Oxford, and as a debater in the Union; Mr. Winston Churchill, who was then a cadet at Sandhurst, whilst his father was engaged in the last great parliamentary struggle of his dazzling but tragic career; Sir Gordon Hewart, now Lordewart, a man who has risen on the plinths of a powerful intelligence to the height of lord chief justice of England. My recollection is that the other two British delegates—Sir James Worthington Evans and Sir Hamar Greenwood—were stricken with illness, and were unable to be present.

The Climax.

After weeks of close investigation the climax of the decision had been reached. Britain had gone to the limit of concession. No British statesman could have faced any assembly of his countrymen had he assembled his signature to a convention that placed Ireland outside that fraternity of free nations known as the British Empire, to free her from that bond of union which is represented by a common treaty to the sovereign.

It is not easy to interpret the potency of this invisible bond to those who are brought up to venerate other systems. It is nevertheless inviolable. Would the Irish leaders have the courage to make peace on the only conditions under which peace was obtainable—liberty within the empire?

Opposite me sat a dark, short, but sturdy figure with the face of a fink, the most un-Irish leader that ever led Ireland, quiet to the point of appearing stolid. A man of laconic utterance, he answered in monosyllables where most men would have considered an oratorical deliverance to be demanded by the dignity of the occasion.

But we found in our few weeks acquaintance that his yes was yes and his no meant nay. He led the Irish delegation. He was asked whether he would sign. In his abrupt staccato manner he replied: "Speak on my own behalf I mean to sign."

Michael Collins.
By his side sat a handsome young Irishman. No one could mistake his

nationality. He was Irish through and through, in every respect a contrast to his staid neighbor. Vivacious, buoyant, highly strung, gay, impulsive, but passing readily from gaily to grimness and back to gaiety, full of fascination and charm—but also of dangerous fire. That was Michael Collins, one of the most courageous leaders ever produced by a valiant race. Nevertheless, he hesitated painfully when the quiet little figure on his left had taken his resolve. Both saw the shadow of doom clouding over that fateful paper—their own doom. They knew that the pen which affixed their signature, at the same time signed their death warrant. The little man saw beyond his own fall Ireland rising out of her troubles a free nation, and that sufficed for him.

Michael Collins was not appalled by the spectre of death, but he had the Irishman's fear of encountering that charge which comes so readily to the lips of the oppressed—that of having succumbed to alien rule and betrayed their country.

Patriots who cheerfully face the tyrant's steel lose their nerve before that dread accusation. It was the first time Michael Collins ever showed fear. It was also the last time. I knew the reason why he halted, although he never uttered a word which revealed his mind, and I addressed my appeal to an effort to demonstrate how the treaty gave Ireland more than Daniel O'Connell and Parnell had ever hoped for, and that his countrymen would be ever grateful to him, not only for the courage which won such an offer, but for the wisdom which accepted it.

Hours of Waiting.

He asked for a few hours to consider, promising a reply by 9 o'clock. Nine passed, but the Irish leaders did not return. Ten, Eleven, and they were not yet back. We had doubts as to whether we should see them again. Then came a message from the secretary of the Irish delegation that they were on their way to Downing Street. When they marched in it was clear from their faces that they had come to a great decision after a prolonged struggle.

But there were still difficulties to overcome—they were, however, difficulties not of principle, but of detail. These were discussed in a business way, and soon after 1 o'clock in the morning the treaty was completed.

4 Great Men Who Are Dead Live Again In These Words

William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest parliamentary gladiator of all time.

"Opposite me sat a dark, short but sturdy figure with the face of a thinker. That was Arthur Griffith, the most un-Irish leader that ever led Ireland, quiet to the point of gentleness. A man of laconic utterance, he answered in monosyllables where most men would have considered an oratorical deliverance demanded by the dignity of the occasion."

"He was Irish through and through, vivacious, buoyant, highly strung, gay, impulsive, full of fascination and charm—but also of dangerous fire. That was Michael Collins, one of the most courageous leaders ever produced by a valiant race."

"Mr. Erskine Childers. A man whose slight figure, whose kindly refined and intellectual countenance, whose calm and courteous demeanor offered no clue to the fierce passions which raged inside his breast. At every crucial point in the negotiations he played a sinister part."

A friendly chat, full of cheerful goodwill, occupied the time, while stenographers engaged in copying a draft so disfigured with corrections, interpolations and addition, each of which represented so many hours of hammering discussion.

Outside, in the lobby, sat the man who had used all the resources of an ingenious and well trained mind, backed by a tenacious will, to wreck every endeavor to reach an agreement—Mr. Erskine Childers. A man whose slight figure, whose kindly, refined and intellectual countenance, whose calm and courteous demeanor offered no clue to the fierce passions which raged inside his breast. At every crucial point in the negotiations he played a sinister part.

He was clearly Mr. de Valera's emissary, and faithfully did he fulfill the trust reposed in him by that visionary. Every draft that emanated from his pen—and all the first drafts were written by him—challenged every fundamental position to which the British delegates were irrevocably committed. He was one of those men, who, by temperament, are incapable of compromise. Brave and resolute he undoubtedly was, but, unhappily for himself, he was also rigid and fanatical.

Childers Was Sullen.
When we walked out of the room where we had sat for hours together, worn with tense and anxious labor,

Don't Be Like Andy Gump Get a Chin Right Here!

Dental Clinic Is Building Chins Every Day in London—How the City's School Children Are Being Repaired.

BULLETIN: FLASH! Stop press! Truth will out. It may never be known how the rubber-bombed Paris. There is little hope of any final judgment on who won the war, or why San Marino thought she could fight; but science working in a dental laboratory, has unearthed the reason of the crown prince's chinlessness—he sucked his thumb.

Nature didn't cheat him. There are enough chins to go round. There are chins for everybody; good shapely chins; dimpled, distinguished chins for ladies; bold, aggressive chins for men. Chins that furnish props for stern expressions like second lieutenants ought to wear.

If you have your chin, well and good; use it lots and use it right, and it will never be outdone as a profile feature by your Adam's apple. If you haven't just the chin you feel you ought to have, trust to orthodontia; trust and strive in your own behalf for to have your chin; you must chew your chow.

All of which is a proven truth. But to return to the crown prince's thumb. Probably the best thing that could ever have happened him would have been to suck in infancy and bite his thumb off, for that self-same bite would have bit the hand of many a venomous neutral or allied cartoonist who in later years found ample warrant for pursuing his imperial chinlessness with all the manifold deficiencies of Andy Gump.

And as far as Andy is concerned, if he goes about it right, he can get his chin back—or not so far back—too. London's Dental Clinic.
London Board of Education during recent years has been operating an important new department, a dental clinic in charge of Dr. Fuller with assistants, Dr. Moore is an expert in orthodontia, which is just another way of saying "correct teeth." The services of the clinic do not extend to the children of the poor, but can be done and sent off to their own dentists there to seek the benefit of this extraordinary new art.

Amazing results have been secured in cases whose records are preserved



HOW CHINS ARE MADE IN LONDON.
The girl above with the bandage around her eyes is a pupil in one of London's public schools. Nature deprived her of a proper chin. The dental clinic of the London board of education took her in hand and gave her a fine new chin, as shown in the plaster cast. This girl is only one example of the work which is being done, as described in the accompanying article.

In plaster models of upper and lower jaws, and in facial masks of children made "chins" are being put to the attention of the dental clinic with a fourth end school. He is the son of a prominent business man, and a sturdy little chap, whose one shortcoming was a receding chin that was acute to chin at all.

The expert in orthodontia, knew without being told that the boy in babyhood and early infancy for many a day sucked his thumb. With the face of his thumb against the back of the two upper front teeth, and the knuckle pressing inward on the lower front teeth, he provided a prying action, that will take the chin off any baby if he stays at it long enough. Undoubtedly, he was born with a good chin, but when he grew up he had his face made over, so that the upper teeth were thrust forward, raising his upper lip, to give the face a more pleasing appearance. The ruin of his chin, while he had cultivated a receding chin of type never used to advertise men's collars.

A couple of years ago the task of building his chin commenced, and today he is possessed of a perfectly formed chin, and he looks as if nature intended he should, when life for him began.

Chins Are Growing.
Others, including the little girl shown in the accompanying photos, have had their features similarly re-molded and today under the magic of orthodontia chins are growing all over London.

The method is quite a simple one. In such cases the dentist anchors a mechanical contrivance firmly to a sturdy back tooth on each side of the

But the big, startling fact of the whole procedure is that dentists have taken to growing chins, and they are growing them for the boys and girls of the future. The method is quite a simple one. In such cases the dentist anchors a mechanical contrivance firmly to a sturdy back tooth on each side of the

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SANTA CLAUS VISITS NORTH CHILDREN

Patron Saint of Christmas Arrives in Halesbury to Distribute Presents.

750 LITTLE ONES BENEFIT Hundreds Gather Around Huge Tree Placed at High School.

Special to The Advertiser.

Halesbury, Dec. 22.—Santa Claus has not forgotten Halesbury, which suffered so much during the fire that swept over a large portion of the north country last October.

The little children of the fire sufferers who were told that Santa Claus might not pay them a visit this Christmas were overjoyed beyond description when the jolly old gentleman drove into town this afternoon and distributed presents to some 750 children.

Thanks to the generous donations and gifts sent by various organizations and private individuals throughout the province, the little kiddies' dreams of the visit from Santa, loaded with toys from his candy-made country, came true.

Besides the presents that have been sent to the town, the committee that is looking after the distribution of these gifts has received \$1,400 which has not been drawn upon, but is being used in supplying gifts to other stricken areas.

A heavy snow storm, and a cold, raw wind did not prevent hundreds of children from lining the streets when the patron saint of Christmas

drove in a sleigh through the town, behind a fine team of prancing horses. Several barrels of apples were thrown among the assembled children, as he proceeded on his way to the high school, where a big, gaily-decorated Christmas tree stood ready to be distributed.

Observes Fire Team.
While Santa was driving through the streets, one little chap pulled at his mother's skirts, and with a look of disgust pointed at his team of bay horses. "Why, that is the fire team that belongs to the town. Is that really Santa Claus?"

The mother quickly assured him that it was, and carefully explained to the little chap that Santa had had an accident and was forced to leave his reindeers behind.

Seven hundred and fifty little hearts were made happy this afternoon and evening, when the Christmas tree was depleted of its load and the presents that were piled high around its base were distributed.

He was pointed out to The Advertiser that it was only the children that would have no visit from Santa Claus otherwise that benefitted, and that great care was taken to see that none of them were missed. Skating and sleighing will be a popular pastime with the children here this winter, for among the presents received are 150 pairs of skates, and some 200 sleighs.

Sixty-two families are still being supplied with provisions from fire relief committee, and gradually the sufferers are getting on their feet and able to look after themselves. From the first to the fifteenth of the month 307 families have been materially cut down as the heads of families receive employment. Only men who cannot get incapacitated by sickness are receiving help.

Retain Cheerful Spirit.
These Northern people still retain their cheerful, undeniable spirit, and words of complaints are

never heard. On the contrary, they express glowing terms their thankfulness for the efficient manner in which the relief work has been carried on.

Even since a month ago, the town has changed almost beyond recognition along the main streets. The old residences are disappearing, as new stores are being erected. A prominent bank that a short time ago carried on business in a small garage that occupied the site of a now comfortably situated in a corner brick building of up-to-date type.

All about the town all sorts of residences are seen, from the small relief huts of sixteen feet by twenty, to the latest in Hollywood bungalows.

In some sections of the town, the builders have been experimenting by building their homes after the Spanish style of flat roofs and rough-sidled sides. One day a man is seen hammering away at a few boards, and a few days later, as one resident put it, smoke is seen curling out of a new chimney. And the proud possessor of a home built by himself returns to the town that they so hurriedly left during the fire of last October.

ALBERTA PROGRESSIVES CONTINUE CONFERENCE

Edmonton, Dec. 22.—A conference between the Progressive members of the House of Commons continued yesterday after a late session Thursday night. They were discussing the wheat board, the western grain route and the natural resources, and such interests, common to both the provincial government and the Dominion. All the Progressive members representing Alberta in the Dominion House are present, with the exception of D. M. Kennedy, of Peace River.

MUST HAVE LIVED 12 MONTHS IN CITY

Year Residence Clause Aimed to Insure Work for Married Men.

Whether the city council believes that charity begins at home or not, they instituted a much-needed reform in connection with the work of being done by the city, in the opinion of Mr. Spence of the government employment bureau, when they put into force the twelve months' residence clause.

This clause specifies that all men who are employed on work undertaken by the city must have a record of continuous residence in the city of not less than twelve months, and it requires that these men must also be householders. It insures the employment of married men. A good deal of weeding out has been done since this restriction came into force, about eighty men having been struck off the city pay roll because they failed to come within the requirements of this clause.

The government bureau has been brought to a good deal of trouble lately with men who come in demanding work on the ground of residence, only to find on investigation that this residence may have been temporary or intermittent and may even be confined to a few weeks in the summer or a period of military training during the years of the war. The city's work at present is restricted to the construction of sewers, and for each man for three days a week, but the officials regard it as a step in the right direction, which will to a certain extent, ease the situation and tide things over until the spring

STUDENTS HONOR SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

W. W. Althouse Recipient of Suitable Christmas Gift From Staff.

Principal M. W. Althouse of Rectory Street School was happily surprised on Friday evening on the occasion of the closing concert of the senior grades by a presentation made from his own class, Grade 8. On behalf of the grade, Vernon Keen presented him with a combination pen-knife and pair of scissors. Mr. Althouse replied, expressing his warm appreciation. Irene Sinclair followed with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the whole audience joining in singing.

The Mothers' Club took a prominent part in the entertainment, Mrs. R. Sinclair, the president, acting as chairman, and serving at the close of the program, ice cream, cake, and oranges, the last donated by Charles Keen.

In the afternoon, the junior pupils were also entertained by the Mothers' Club at the close of their interesting program. Prizes were offered for contests by the club, Iva Croie winning in the afternoon an amusing game "Uncle Wiggley," and Leslie Round in the evening, "Pollyanna."

ARREST SARNIA RESIDENT ON NON-SUPPORT CHARGE

Sarnia, Dec. 22.—Ernest De Lang, Belgian, was last night arrested by county police on a charge of non-support preferred by his wife. He will be tried at an early date.

ADVERTISER WANTS ADS BRING RESULTS.

No Coal, So Wealthy Go South To Be Devoured by Mosquitoes

By JUNE HADDADAWAY. Special to The Advertiser. (Copyright.)

New York, Dec. 23.—Still another plangent phase of the coal famine has just developed. It is nothing less than an epidemic of mosquitoes. Coal is so scarce that people are carrying it home by the bucketful. The forty coal stations opened in Manhattan by the coal conservation director are besieged from morning till night by frantic householders, many of them with invalids to care for, who have not coal enough to keep the kitchen stove going, to say nothing of starting the furnace fire.

As in the coal famine during war times, people from suburban districts who have been unable to lay in enough fuel, or whose carefully hoarded fuel piles have been seized by the fuel administrators, are moving into city hotels, where they feel reasonably sure of a sizzling radiator and a mind free from care. Other people unable to afford either coal or money, or unable to get enough coal at any price, have been driven to various substitutes.

One of these substitutes, of course, is coke. Many householders, especially many landladies in the semi-fashionable districts of New York city, have had their furnaces overhauled so that they may burn coke therein instead of coal. In New York, as in Montreal, N. J., a fashionable suburb, where, by the way, Princess Anastasia, formerly Mrs. Wm. B. Leeds, is spending the holidays.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST BOOTLEGGING ORDERED
Special to The Advertiser.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—A campaign against bootlegging in the United States capital building, the home of the prohibition amendment, has been ordered by Senate leaders.

The catual police, in view of the recent activities of bootleggers, have been warned to use all their powers to break up any attempt to purvey booze within the capitol—the Senate or House office buildings.

The order was issued by Senator Curtis, Republican whip, because of printed reports that senators had been solicited by bootleggers in the Senate lobby.