

Comment on Negotiations To End Trouble In Ireland

Important Meetings at Foreign Office in London—
Asquith and Lloyd George—Rev. R. J. Campbell
to Be Canon at Westminster?

(From our own correspondent.)
London, Dec. 24.—During the last few days there have been persistent rumors of negotiations between the government and representatives of the Sinn Féin for a settlement of the Irish question. There is good reason to believe that these rumors have had some foundation in fact. The four parties may not have been officially recognized, but I am in a position to say that meetings of an important character have been taking place at the foreign office. The well-meant attempt of the Labor leaders, Messrs. Henderson and Adamson, to effect a truce with a view to pacific discussions for a settlement must not be confused with this other and more important endeavor to attain peace by direct negotiations.

The effort of the Labor leaders has ended, so far, in failure, possibly because it was overshadowed by the more vital conversations taking place at the foreign office. At the moment of writing, there is still a tentative groping after some form of settlement. Incidentally, it is the Catholic archbishop of Perth, western Australia, who has been interviewing prominent Sinn Féin leaders in Ireland, and later talking the position over with Lloyd George.

The Key Position

The axiom that it is possible to fool some of the people all the time is being constantly illustrated by that energetic section of the London press which is now indulging in an orgy of vituperation against "the wasters." The fact is, of course, as the conductors of the journals know perfectly well, that the economy campaign was launched by the cabinet months before they started pillorying Mr. P. who have merely supported the government in the division lobbies. But simple souls still make the error of confusing the crowing of the farmyard cocks that herald the dawn with the forces that impel the sunrise.

The value of this agitation may be gauged by the programme of the "anti-waster" candidate for the vacant seat at Dover, who was to limit national expenditure to six hundred millions. Everybody would like to do that if it were at all possible, but a budget of six hundred millions would leave little room for running the empire, after first meeting our liabilities for interest on war debt and pensions for those who got hurt winning the war, these two items alone totalling six hundred millions between them. Necessarily the economy campaign entails tremendous pressure on the key ministerial position—that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And once more there are rumors of Mr. Chamberlain's impending departure from the treasury to another Heracles' tasking the Argonauts.

The Feud Grows

Not only is there no prospect of the feud between the "Wee Fee" Liberals and their Coalition cousins ending, but there personal relations between the leaders grow even more bitter. Both Mr. Asquith and Lloyd George, in public references, to say nothing at all about any private and confidential aides, are saying things that hurt and are obviously meant to wound. The premier's personal attack on the ex-premier at the Unionist dinner last week was more uncompromising and severe than anything before uttered on either side in public in this remarkable controversy.

Apart from the rankle of old wounds, and the heat engendered by the new Black and Tan dispute, one phrase in Lloyd George's after-dinner speech will not readily be forgotten or forgotten by the House of Asquith. I refer to the allusion, in a satirical parenthesis, to Mrs. Asquith's "Memories." Those who know the ex-premier's real feelings about his wife's latest venture, brilliant as it is, and how sore a topic it is within the Asquithian ménage and circle, may almost regard this as hitting below the belt. And yet in the Abbey, on the memorable noon of Armistice Day, the two white-headed statesmen, the premier and ex-premier, walked side by side, conversing amicably, while the music thrilled through the aisles, and the vast multitude looked on. But Margot cannot object to being hit at in this way. She not only lives in a glass house and throws stones, but she actually pulls up the blinds.

The Turn-Over Tax

The side of opinion in favor of a percentage tax on all sales is said to be rising visibly and the general city view is that, if money has to be raised, as it obviously must be, this form of taxation falls most fairly on the community as a whole. It is not, like the E. P. D., only a tax on the successful. Every one who makes use of any commodity will contribute something—one per cent, or just over 2d. in the £1, is suggested—to the revenue, and, moreover, by the man with the greater capacity for expenditure will contribute more per head than the less prosperous, who to limit his expenditure. The great point claimed in its favor, however, is that it discourages extravagance, instead of encouraging it, as does a tax on pro-

fits. It is a tax, moreover, say its advocates, of universal incidence, but yet one graduated for the individual solely by his personal expenditure. It will be interesting to hear what account the chancellor of the exchequer will give of the working of the turn-over tax in France.

Canon R. J. Campbell?

There is an interesting rumor, which is, at all events, sufficiently true to be worth mentioning, that the vacant canonry at Westminster, caused by the appointment of Dr. Temple as our youngest bishop in charge of the important Manchester diocese, may be filled by the nomination of the present Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, the honorary chaplain to the Bishop of Birmingham. The Vicar of Christ Church, is, as some people may have forgotten, none other than the Rev. R. J. Campbell, a former Nonconformist pastor of the City Temple. Dr. Campbell held that responsible post, the most attractive in the congregation, from 1903 to 1915, but was ordained into the ministry of the Church of England in the following year. He made himself very famous and somewhat unpopular in trade union circles incidentally, on his first appearance in the City Temple pulpit, by attacking the fetish then surrounding the British working man, whose virtues Dr. Campbell was willing to admit, but not to blink at his faults. Dr. Campbell has been heard little of since he left the City Temple and joined the Church of England, but his personality is one that would readily respond to such opportunities as the resident at Westminster would afford. With Dean Inge at St. Paul's, and Canon R. J. Campbell at the Abbey, London would certainly have to wake up a little on the side of intellectual Christian thought and activity.

How rapidly the familiar old figures are vanishing from the parliamentary scene! Life is hardly more permanent than a cinematograph after all, considered from a bird's-eye historical angle, and Omar was right about "the shadow show." Another long familiar figure and personality will disappear with Wilkie Abraham, who has been the Rhonda miners' M. P. for more than thirty-five years, and now accepts the Children's Hundreds. A short, stocky figure of a man, with big, good-humored features, huge shoulders and a paragon's beard, Mr. Abraham was the soul of sturdy proletarian endeavor. But he is, and was, no Bosche. Everybody knew him by his Barlow name, Mr. Mabon, from the first moment he appeared on the Westminster film, and his jovial, short-spoken, loquacious, and by his deep-chested "Clewch! Clewch!" during the debates, were among the traditions of the present Parliament. Known as the "K. S. Muir McKenzie," it was constructed by the great maker at Crenova in 1894, and one of the best of the "Strad" period violins, other examples of which are in the museum of the Paris Conservatoire. During its life, Stradivari constructed some 1,200 violins, and of these about 300 are known to be still in existence. Not all of them are the very valuable instruments always associated with this maker's name, but the majority, if placed on the market at the present moment, would probably command £1,000 each. Quite recently a model specimen was sold for £225. The highest sum ever given for a Strad was £5,000 by Kubelik for his cello, and this figure is so many times larger in excess of the total paid to Stradivari for his whole output, which is estimated, averaged £4 per instrument.

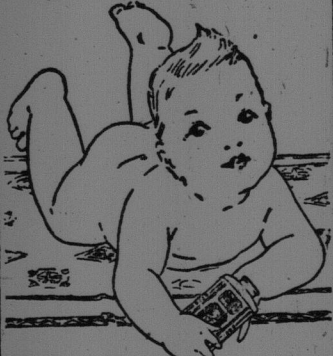
Our Protean Peer

Without doubt Lord Derby has been cast, in the firm decision of the London press, as the most nervous and exacting in these times of desperate crisis and fell emergency, of utility man to the British Empire. Most people have forgotten by now the first public capacity in which the present Earl of Derby, then the youthful heir to lordly Knowsley Hall, near Liverpool, and some £400,000 a year, served the nation. It was a characteristically difficult one, and disgraced with characteristic tact and non-homocentric press censor in South Africa during the Boer War. Since then Lord Derby has figured in so many various capacities of public service, and done so comfortably well in each, that the disposition to plot street to keep him in harness is understandable. Nevertheless, His Lordship hastens to contradict the latest rumor about him, self-circulated with affable intention by a Sunday paper. He has no intention of going out to India as viceroy, Lord Derby will stay in England, and mainly in Lancashire, for a while.

Professional Blackmailers

According to a famous Scotland Yard authority, the gentle science of blackmail is just now more flourishing, especially in London, than ever before in a long recollection of this fascinating department of criminal activity. There are men and women who are known to be living in some influence on the proceeds of systematic blackmail, cunningly planned within the limits of the law, and on whom the police have long been waiting for that inevitable false step that will some day place them in the dock. The explanation for the present boom in the blackmailers' business is the war, so many people, during the hectic period of that wild upheaval in social life, committed excesses and were guilty of faults which are the golden books with which blackmail sharks grapple them to their hearts. The fashionable professional blackmailers can afford to pay large sums in bribery to menials or decoys, who

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The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of powder perfumes for the skin. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. It soothes and cools, is convenient and economical and takes the place of other perfumes for the skin. Splendid after bathing with Cuticura Soap. A few grains sufficient.

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and Cuticura Talcum to soothe and perfume. Cuticura Soap is sold in 10¢ and 25¢ boxes. Cuticura Talcum is sold in 10¢ and 25¢ boxes. Cuticura Soap and Talcum are sold everywhere. Cuticura Soap and Talcum are sold everywhere.

WHITE SOX CLUB NOT FOR SALE

President Comiskey Denies
Report Emanating From St. Louis.

Chicago, Dec. 24.—President Comiskey of the White Sox denied emphatically the report that he had given an option on his league franchise to L. B. Patterson of Chicago and Jim Crawford, oil magnate, of Tulsa, Okla.

The story came out of St. Louis, where the two alleged purchasers of the South Side club were said to be in conference with Phil Ball, owner of the Browns, a business associate of the two men. The White Sox owner, in putting the canard brand on the news, declared that he had never approached Patterson or Crawford with such a suggestion to buy his club, said Comiskey tonight. "Every one who knows me, knows it would be useless, because my club is not for sale. Baseball has been my life ever since I was old enough to play it. It will continue to be my life as long as I live, and it is my greatest ambition to leave to the fans of Chicago the magnificent White Sox as a monument to the name of Comiskey."

LOCAL NEWS

Rev. George Titus, formerly pastor of the Duquesne avenue Christian church, is being greeted by old friends in the city. He is now at South Bend, Indiana, and has a flourishing church there. He will be remembered as an enthusiastic baseball player here several years ago.

The new ten-ton aerial ladder truck was given a successful demonstration yesterday afternoon. The ladder was given a test on the Ames-Holmes-McCreedy building in Canterbury street, and the McArthur Apartments in Germania street, and the ladder reached the top story of both buildings.

In the police court yesterday Amos Jones and William Jackson, who came in as protectionists on Wednesday night, charged yesterday afternoon with vagrancy and not being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, were remanded over the holiday. Alice Stack, charged with theft from a store, was allowed to go on the complaint did not wish to press the charge.

When the steamer Benin sailed from this port on Wednesday last for South Africa she took away with her the yacht Amica, formerly owned by Walter Logan, vice-commander of the R.N.Y.C. Mr. Logan shipped a yacht to South Africa about a year ago and the yachtmen there liked the boat so well that they requested Mr. Logan to send out another.

Secretary Romans of the Canadian Club has received a holiday greeting from John A. Stewart, chairman of the board of governors of the Sulgrave Institution, New York. Mr. Stewart recently addressed the club. A message was also received from Lloyd George to the effect that he will not be visiting Canada in the near future, but should be at any time he here he would remember the invitation of the Canadian Club.

The numerous wireless appliances carried by the C. P. O. S. Victoria, docked at New York, and due to sail tomorrow, places her in a class which few other ships occupy. Besides the ordinary speech and telegraphic communication, she has the "continuous wave" device, (in which the frequency of vibration is thirty thousand per second), wireless telephony apparatus and direction finding instruments.

CLOSES BANK WITH \$100,000 SHORTAGE

Pleasantwood Mont. Dec. 23.—The Sheridan County State Bank at Pleasantwood is closed and Chester J. Beisker, the cashier, is under arrest today charged with making false reports to the state bank department.

PRESENTATION TO PASTOR

At the annual Christmas entertainment and tea in the Coburg street Christian church on Wednesday evening Santa Claus took the presents to the pupils and teachers. The feature of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful electric prior lamp and a handsome set of cut glass to the pastor, Rev. F. J. M. Appleman and Mrs. Appleman. W. Dunlop presided and the "lowing" took part in the programme. W. Clarke, E. Arthur, Lola Leonard, Hazel Currie, Robert Heister, R. Currie, M. Chittick, Mrs. Appleman, H. Hughes and Mrs. Pendie.

WINNING THROUGH TO BETTER TIMES

(Financial Post.)
A feeling of confidence in Canada's ability to win her way through the uncertain conditions that prevail in the business world at the present time was a welcome note pervading the addresses of the president and of the general manager of the Bank of Montreal at its annual meeting this week. While emphasizing the need for the utmost caution Sir Vincent Meredith declared that Canada was "well buttressed on many sides and the exercise of prudence and sagacity should enable her to meet the shock of falling prices, restricted credits and inflated currency without serious impairment of her commercial and financial vitality."

Facing this country, as all others, was the necessity for the reduction of inventories and the making good of deficiencies by drawing upon excess profits of previous years. He urged that producers, merchants and others carrying heavy stocks must face the inevitable by recognizing that it was futile to attempt to overcome natural laws. Economic conditions were the cause alone of price declines, Canada alone could not control world-wide conditions, and it was idle for those interested in wheat or any other commodity to demand intervention through government control. "A lower price level must be reached before we can reasonably look for a resumption of business activity on a sound basis." He found cause for satisfaction in the early action that had been taken to restrict credit to legitimate requirements; in the fact that "the strain on credit appears to be now reaching its peak," and that "an easier tendency is the logical outcome of the deflation of prices." At the same time he pointed out that the process of deflation and slacker trade will somewhat swell the failure list, and that some reduction of bank deposits may also be required. "The process of deflation is a painful one, but it is a necessary one, and it is a process that we must all accept."

Outside of the reading of the addresses by the president and general manager the whole proceedings, at the annual meeting were quiet, dignified, and exceedingly brief, less than ten minutes in length. Outside of an expression of thanks there were no remarks; no enthusiasm, save for the reference of Sir Vincent Meredith to a time when the government railways might come back to corporation control. There was a quiet satisfaction pervading the whole proceedings, however, and an atmosphere of reserve power emanating from the prominent figures of directors, who entered through the proceedings without a word.

BASKET-BALL INJURY FINALLY CAUSED DEATH

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—Two deaths resulting from accidents during a basketball game and a football game are recorded in Pittsburg. James Ryan, aged 11 years, injured a finger in a football game, near his home, two weeks ago. Blood poisoning developed and he died in a hospital.

John H. Bowers, aged 14 years, who died in a McKeesport hospital from blood poisoning, was a member of the Duquesne High School basketball team, and was bruised on the right shin during a game last week. He died no attention to the injury for several days.

A Cure by Proxy

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after composing a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat in some milk."—Maritime Baptist.

Kola

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Price: ONE DOLLAR.

3 Features of the KOLA PIPES (Dead Root Beliers)

1. They smoke cool and sweet from the start.
2. They last longer than ordinary pipes.
3. They have and retain that beautiful, rich and mellow "Kola" color.

Designed and made by France's most expert pipe artists and sold in 50 different shapes and sizes by all good tobacconists.

BIG TOBACCO TRADER FAILS.

J. M. Buckner's Liabilities Are Estimated at \$1,500,000 in Louisville.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 23.—James M. Buckner, said to have been one of the world's largest traders in tobacco, was declared bankrupt in the United States Federal Court recently. It is thought that his liabilities will approximate \$1,500,000 and his assets \$1,000,000, as many of the claims are secured.

The petition was filed by attorneys, on a claim of the Western Tobacco Company, of which Mr. Buckner was president. The claim amounts to \$600,000. The company is operating under control of a receiver. Mr. Buckner filed an answer to the petition, admitting his liability.

Mr. Buckner owns the Southern Leaf Tobacco Company, a leaf jobbing concern, and accumulated, it is said, more than \$800,000 in tobacco deals during a period of three years. Mr. Buckner became a tobaccoist in Louisville many years ago, when he entered the commission and warehouse business with his father. He was a large stockholder, director and promoter of the Western Tobacco Company, which engaged in the re-handling and exportation of dark tobacco. During the last three years Mr. Buckner has been in New York, where he was connected with the Gaston, Williams & Wigmore Company, exporters.

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MILLBANK

THE BEST 15¢ CIGARETTE

STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES

MADE IN CANADA

100 CIGARETTES

MUTT AND JEFF—INSTEAD OF A BUCK, JEFF COLLECTED A BLACK

JEFF, I JUST SPENT AN INTERESTING TWO HOURS IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!

DO THEY HAVE A BEARDED LADY THERE, MUTT?

YOUR IGNORANCE IS REFRESHING! IT'S NOT A MUSEUM OF FREAKS, BUT A COLLECTION OF RELICS DATING BACK TO THE STONE AGE. YOU OUGHT TO DROP IN THERE SOME DAY. YOU'D LEARN SOMETHING!

AW, I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT OLD STUFF!

LISTEN! I'LL BET YOU A BUCK YOU CAN'T NAME ONE BIRD THAT IS NOW EXTINCT!

BAXTER!

BAXTER? WHAT SORT OF A BIRD IS THAT?

BAXTER—SIR SID'S PARROT! THE CAT EXTINCTED HIM LAST NIGHT!

SAP!