A Talk With Lord Morley

THE VENERABLE JOURNALIST, WRITER AND STATESMAN NOW IN HIS SSEN WEAR,

Mord Moriey, who is in his eighty. second year, has, for some time now, withdrawn himself from public affairs, and not even an ect his views on the New World has ound its way into print. His silence all remain unbroken, But all midlle-aged students of polities and iterature will read with special inerest some recent thankits and relections of the veteran statesman as they are set down in the following striking interview which "The Evening News" is privileged to pub-

fit was with but slight hopes of see ng Lord Moriey and having a word me in Wimbledon with a reques hat the veteran statesman and writer ould give us his opinion on a ques on of high national importance,

"I was shown to the spacious Ilary, bright and light this sunny ing. I reached it through rewi rows of hooks: A short passage c either side, fined with book tres that began on the floor and

TAIL I Can say is, was the con at that it's a very had form of in-

Wife a deprecating wave of his shelves all about him, he said in penitent tenes, Took there! A THOUGHT ON IRELAND.

Tord Morley ross from his basket hair as I entered this book-lovers

at to see me about? "I came at ence to the point

"He smiled again, and speaking with faint quaver in his voice said: "I we nothing to say. I can give you eninion on the matter "But Lord Morley was evidently not willing for a brief crack. He asked

to take a seat, and sat down him "I recalled an eloquent sentence m one of his early speeches at New stle: 'We may yet see the dawn of

et of Midlothian.' Not a very comforting though morning,' was Lord Morley's re-

on on his optimistic words of long o, And there was a note of disillument in his voice. "I had the delight of the herowor ipper in telling Lord Morley of the

rice

times I had heard him on Irend in his great days in the North the veteran statesman was not to drawn-on Ireland, at any rate. "I blurted out, still in the role of worshipper, that I had in my way been a book buyer, had

ed his career since the days when bers for Newcastle—the colleague not comrade of his fellow Radical bitter opponent, "Joe" Cowen ose oratory was a revelation to the se of Commons of his day.

"There is no bitterness in Lord Mor-'s memories of "Joe." 'I could never erstand Cowen,' he said. 'I went to wCastle, accepted Home Rule, of ich he was a strenuous advocate a time when Home Rule had not been taken up by the Libera rty. I talked over questions with in the House afterwards, but it all no use. He was determined not accept me as a fellow member. Morley was too generous to conthe truth. He must have known enough that Cowen would not a rival near his throne.

owen, I said, never forgave Gladfor the remark he was said to e made after one of "Joe's" great ches in support of Disraeli's Eastpolicy-that 'it was an eloquent ch, but had obviously been preparfor some other occasion. ord Morley capped the story with

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know, of the Northumbrian pitman, and many members found it difficult to catch what he said. Bright said to me that Cowen's speeches were wonderfully eloquent, always provided Morley's keen interest. When there you didn't hear what he was saying.'

THREE FINEST WRITERS. son Nicoll, I said, in an article naming the first three, had not included Lord Morley. He put Mark Rutherford "Joe" Cowen,' he said, 'spoke the preference. He sees no such dis-

"The talk drifted to the subject of odern English writers. Sir Robert-"Flattered to have aroused his curiisfy it. 'I can't remember both of them.' first. Lord Morley was surprised at a strong burr—the burr, you tinction in Mark Rutherford as entit-

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I said, 'but one was Goldwin Smith.' "The very name roused him like a trumpet call. 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'Goldwin Smith,' adding, with striking emphasis: 'He was a writer.' He glowed with a touch of the old fire at the reollection of how the Toronto profes-

he readily admits his merits.

after he came back to it.

"But the question of the three best

writers of the day had awakened Lord

or used to let himself go. " 'But will he live? Wasn't too much of his work merely polemical?"

"Lord Morley was inclined to agree Yes,' he said, 'I'm afraid it was largely polemic, but what a master he was!" "It was an excusable transition to Lord Morley's own books. I respectfully suggested that possibly his Essay on Voltaire was his best work.

"Lord Morley confessed that he had not made any definite choice in this matter. 'But if you ask me,' he said, which of my books I consider the best I should say "Cromwell."

"Going back for a moment to the question of finest passages, Lord Mor-ley said, 'George Moredith used to say that the two passages marking the high-water mark of English prose were a page or two in Charlott

led him to be ranked so high, though playful smile.

" 'I may take it,' I asked, as I prewith public speaking?' "His reply cast an interesting side-

was a pause in the talk a little while " Who were the other two,' he ask- ran through the mind of one who had ed. 'that Nicoll classed with Ruther- long stood apart from the mass of his ous belief. It was to the pulpit he osity, I regretted I could not quite sat- turned for an illustration.

"'If I were a clergyman,' he saidwide enough supposition—'I should

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" I give you that,' he added, with not care to preach to empty pews. tabilshed a Society for the Preventic And I'm afraid that with the temper of the nation as it is at this moment pared to leave, 'that you have done anything I might have to say from a public platform would be so little in harmony with the popular opinion light on the vein of Puritanism that I should find myself addressing empty benches.'

"I made a last half-serious appeal for a word on the purport of my er-

" T've had enough of glory' he said with an air of humorous resignation. "So we shook hands and parted."

Cabbages Dislike Being Boiled.

By means of the crescograph, a device invented by Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, an Indian savant, a number of cientists in London were able recently to watch a plant growing, and tudy the beating of what in vegetable life corresponds to the heart of an

ate of one-millionen part of an inch per second, yet the crescograph so nagnifies this that, thrown upon a screen, the increase is easily seen. The crescograph shows us that plant life does not differ greatly from animal life. Place the roots of a plant in boiling water, it struggles and dies and its struggles are the same as in the

There is something rather alarming in this to the sensitive housewife. A cabbage dislikes being boiled as great y as would your pet dog. The only ference is that the cabbage is dumb and cannot protest, but it squirms and

Possibly we may even yet see es-

Lightning on the Lose.

of Cruelty to Cabbages.

December last saw some queen freaks of weather. At Dalton-in-Furness a snow storm and thunder storm got mixed up, and during this countrymen on the question of religirand. Lord Morley was not to be tempt storm lightning struck the windingcolds from evening or morning ex-

> This is not the first time that lightning has performed similar extraordinary pranks. Some years ago way of the gas-main.

case in India, which is even more extraordinary. During a bad storm at the beginning of the monsoon, the keeper of the lighthouse at Mangalore was killed by lightning in his room within the lighthouse. Yet the window was closed, and there was no sign at all how any flash or branchflash had reached him. The building itself was quite unaffected. Disobeying Every Rule.

Colonel Fraser, R.E., writes of

There was no doubt about the damage being done by lightning, for at the same moment that the keeper was killed, a native outside the door was also killed.

No one can prophesy what lightning will or will not do. It is generally supposed that you are safer if standing at a moderate distance from some conductor, yet here is a case which quite upsets that idea.

On a warm afternoon in May some years ago, a sharp storm burst over Hampstead, and a flash was seen to strike in a garden at Windmill Hill.

Afterwards it was found that & good-sized hole had been cut by the lightning right through the thick brick wall of the garden. The odd thing is that the wall at this point was overgrown by a young beechtree, while exactly opposite, and only a few feet away, was an iron lamppost. The latter, by all rules, should have attracted the flash, yet it was untouched, and so was the tree.

Bad storms travel down the valley of the East Dart. During one of these a house at Dartmeet was struck, but without doing any great harm. But the same flash smashed a tree near by, turned up a flagstone in a cottage opposite, and-this is the extraordinary part of it-struck into the ground some two hundred yards up-hill, and affected the spring that supplies the cottage. For hours afterwards this spring, which is piped down, ran red with iron oxide.

Make Your Fire Last.

When a steady fire is required—one that will burn all day without feeding or poking-lay in the grate a piece of paper, the thicker the better, and on it pile up small fresh coal more than half-way up the grate. The larger pieces should be towards the front bars, and the smaller ones at the

Then place a liberal supply of paper, shavings or sticks on the coal and scatter old cinders on the top, finishing off with a layer of good but small lumps of coal.

Light the paper at the top half of the fire, not the fitting piece at the bottom, and the flames will soon light the centre of the fire. The fire spreads downwards, and the smoke cannot help but come to the top and pass through the upper layers of burning coal. This method makes for perfect combustion, as the gassy, smoky fumes are thoroughly consumed.

A fire built up in this way will burn for at the very least six to eight hours without being mended. It not only saves coal, but does not make an untidy hearth, or require the services of the chimney-sweep. Sometimes the top part of the fire will cake, and it must then be stirred with the poker it the top: but if the bo touched with the poker it will cause it to burn away very quickly.



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BRANCH LINES OPERATINGlightning melted a gas-pipe in a cel- The Southern Shore line is now open lar at a house at Wavertree, and set as far as Renews; a train left for that fire to the gas. Yet the house itself point at the regular hour this mornwas uninjured, and the only possible ing. The branch line to Bay de Verde way in which the electric charge is again in operation after being shut could have reached the cellar was by down since December, owing to the

