

capable of swallowing such twaddle. In the case of this particular production, we happen to be able to give definite evidence of the author's utter inability to substantiate the truth of this ridiculous story. A little more than a year ago this identical tract—which emanated, not from Dublin, but from Tunbridge Wells, England—was being circulated in that neighborhood, and was being sent anonymously, in sealed envelopes, to leading Catholics. In this way it came into the hands of an intelligent layman—Mr. James A. Walsh, of Batley—and that gentleman took prompt action. He at once applied in writing to the author of the tract—the Rev. J. H. Townsend, D.D., St. Mark's Vicarage, Tunbridge Wells—for more definite details regarding the events referred to in the story. The *Batley News*, Mr. Walsh wrote, says that Mr. Townsend is willing to furnish these details to any inquirer, and he, therefore, asks for—1. The date of the alleged occurrence. 2. The name of the priest mentioned in your story. 3. The name and locality of the convent in Dublin. The reply he received from the Rev. Townsend was as evasive as it was brief. It ran: 'Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter, and in reply beg to state that I know nothing of the newspaper to which you refer; therefore, of course, I am not bound by any statements which it may have made about me.'

Naturally Mr. Walsh was not satisfied with this communication, and he said so in the following plain terms:—'Reverend Sir,—I have to thank you for your note received this morning, but I cannot regard such a reply as satisfactory. You commence your story by informing the reader that it is true, and that the date of the occurrence appears in an old note-book in your possession. Could you not have supplied me at least with this meagre information? However, I did not expect it, and am, therefore, not disappointed. The *Batley News* to which I referred in my previous letter says: "It is a story the accuracy of which the writer vouches for, and is prepared to prove to anyone who will communicate with him." I leave you to settle the matter in your own time with the editor of the *Batley News*. That does not concern me at all; but the fact that your tract was forced upon me by being sent anonymously in a sealed envelope does concern me, and in requesting you to furnish some evidence of the truth of its contents I am only asking for what, under the circumstances, I am entitled to. As I suspected, you are palpably unable to supply any proof, and I have no hesitation in characterising your "story" as something far worse. It is a reckless and disgraceful fabrication!—Yours truly, etc.' That is strong language, but it is justified; and Mr. Walsh's verdict on this precious production may safely be allowed to stand.

## THE THREE REDMONDS

### AN INTERESTING FAMILY GROUP

The entry into Parliament of Mr. William Archer Redmond, the son of the Irish leader (writes Mr. Frank Dilnot, in the *Daily Mail*), adds a third Redmond to the Nationalist Party, and completes the most interesting family group in the House of Commons. The name of Redmond has long been associated with the British Parliament, for a member of the family was in the House in 1859, and the grandfather of the latest representative of the family sat for Wexford as far back as 1872. Mr. John Redmond, the present Nationalist chief, was first elected in 1881, and his brother, Mr. William Redmond, has been in Parliament continuously from 1883 to the present time. Mr. William Archer Redmond now comes to continue the line, and the House, which, even to its most Radical sections, takes a domestic pleasure in any hereditary connection with itself, has given him a very hearty welcome.

#### The Maiden Speech.

The Messrs. Redmond, indeed, possess a personal interest in the House as great as the political interest roused by the name in the constituencies. The characteristics of Mr. John Redmond and his brother, Mr. William Redmond, have long been known and appreciated by their fellow-members, and there are signs that the third Mr. Redmond will prove as interesting a figure as his predecessors. Everyone in the House knows the affectionate relationship between the two Redmond brothers, and no differences of political opinion have any effect on the sympathetic recognition of the pride which father and uncle feel in the election of the younger member of the family.

This was very pleasantly voiced on the night of Mr. Archer Redmond's maiden speech by Sir Edward Carson, the bitterest Irish opponent of Mr. John Redmond. Before commencing a particularly vigorous attack on the Home Rule propositions of the day, Sir Edward turned to the Irish benches and said with what pleasure he had listened to young Mr. Redmond's speech. 'It is a gratification to know that the honourable member for Waterford (Mr. John Redmond) will be so well succeeded by the honorable mem-

ber who addressed the House for the first time this evening.' Sir Edward referred to that maiden speech as a manifestation of the hereditary principle. His tribute recalled the occasion on which Mr. Austen Chamberlain made his maiden speech. That speech, like Mr. Archer Redmond's, was on Home Rule, a topic which had just separated Mr. Joseph Chamberlain from Mr. Gladstone. The latter, with the fine courtesy which always distinguished him, promptly offered his congratulations. 'It was a speech,' he said, 'which must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart.' It is quite certain that the same thing might have been said the other night with reference to Mr. John Redmond and his son.

#### The Irish Leader.

The political work of nearly a quarter of a century has made Mr. John Redmond and Mr. William Redmond into a part of the great Parliamentary machine, and has established them firmly in the personal regard of both friends and foes. If the gifts of Mr. John Redmond are the more admired, it is the human traits in Mr. William Redmond which have secured for him general affection. What niche Mr. Archer Redmond is going to carve for himself we cannot tell, but, at any rate, he starts with great advantages.

Though each of the three Redmonds in the House is typically Irish, each of them has a very definite individuality. Strangely enough, the two brothers so closely associated politically and personally are very different men. Each in his different way has been a striking figure in the House of Commons for many years past. The Irish leader is a passionate man who cultivates silence. Animated by an unwavering enthusiasm, but forcing himself to severe restraint for the sake of his future plans, he is known as the hard, determined political fighter, giving no mercy, asking for none, and ready when the day comes to strike mercilessly. He has had no time to develop the humor which no Irishman ever lacks. His purpose has been too serious, too grim, his difficulties too great, to permit the light jest and the witty repartee. His life has been given up to political warfare.

And yet away from his political work Mr. John Redmond is not at all an ogre. Amiability and reasonableness go with a certain business acuteness. In Ireland I heard him telling funny stories of his American experiences with a gravity which only gave them keener point. But both in the House of Commons and out of it he maintains a dignity which is absolutely part of him.

Mr. William Redmond is an entirely different type of Irishman. He has wavy iron-grey hair, humorous eyes, and his face, though of the Redmond type, is much softer in contour than his brother's. He is not heavily built, and in place of the almost invariable frock-coat of Mr. John Redmond, he wears always a jacket suit, generally with a bunch of violets in his button-hole. His voice has a drawling brogue, peculiarly effective for purposes of repartee. He makes frequent use of it, and question time in the House is a great period for him. As his courage is equal to his wit, he has added much vivacity to Parliamentary proceedings. He is a great favorite with members. Popularity at Westminster, as in school life, is often indicated by the manner in which a man is known, and no one ever refers privately to Mr. William Redmond except as 'Willie Redmond,' which, with its implication of affectionate familiarity, exactly describes the attitude of the House towards him. They idolise him in Ireland. I was at Cork during the recent election, in which he was a candidate, and was present when one of a crowd of working women forced her way into the brake from which he was speaking, put her arm round his neck and kissed him.

#### A Son of His Father.

To these two is now added Mr. William Archer Redmond, aged 26. He was returned at the last election for East Tyrone, the seat previously held by Mr. T. M. Kettle. He chose the debate on Home Rule on Wednesday last as the occasion on which to make his maiden speech, and it is safe to say that after Mr. John Redmond and the Prime Minister there was no speaker who was looked forward to with such interest by the Nationalists. He took his place on his father's bench, being separated from him by two or three other members. There was a general desire to take part in the debate, and young Mr. Redmond had to wait his turn throughout the dinner hour. The loyal Nationalists waited with him. He looked indeed the son of his father as he sat there frowning with nervousness with a bundle of notes in his hand, crossing and uncrossing his legs as he waited for the opportunity which was so long in coming. He has his father's bold, hawk-like nose, his square jaw, his determined mouth, and there is the Irish leader's expression in his eyes. The resemblance would be phenomenal were it not that in place of the grey hair, thinning rapidly, of his father, he has a luxuriant mass of dark hair. When the Speaker at last called on him he rose amid enthusiastic cheers from the Nationalists, and plunged at once into his facts and arguments. He spoke fluently, but with just a trace of awkwardness, which will disappear when he becomes accustomed to his environment. His voice is a strange blend of his father's and his uncle's. Mr. John Redmond had a place at the end of the bench in the comparative obscurity of the gallery, and one could imagine his emotions as he leaned forward to lose no word of his son's first speech. Mr. William Redmond came hurrying from the lobby, and stood at the Bar listening

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