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A RESULT OF GODLESS EDUCATION.

Quite a commotion has been created in the religious circles of the United States by the fact that the young men of the Missouri State University have determined to invite Col. Robert Ingersoll to deliver their commencement address next June.

It appears to be the arrangement of the university rules that the students shall select the lecturers of each year, subject to the approval of the faculty, and usually that approval is given, but it has not been given on the present occasion, and the consequence is a war between the students and the professors.

Of recent years great liberality has been shown in the choice of lecturers at commencement, and among those selected during successive years were Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and Bishop Keane. Last year the address was given by the Archbishop of St. Louis.

The fact that the invitation to deliver the annual address has been thus freely extended to learned Catholic prelates as well as to eminent Protestants, certainly shows that the young men of the university are not by any means actuated by any spirit of narrow bigotry, but the invitation to Col. Ingersoll throws new light upon the broadness of their views.

Why was Col. Ingersoll invited at all? It was certainly not because of his eminence as a lawyer, for he does not occupy a high position among the lawyers of the country, but he is regarded as the leading infidel of America, and we may say of the world at the present day. He must, therefore, have been invited in this character.

On the other hand, the State University is professedly a Christian institution. Its president is a Protestant minister, and Protestant ministers of various denominations have always occupied the principal professorial chairs. Every Sunday there is a religious service held in the university chapel, at which the students are expected to be present. It is therefore an extraordinary occurrence that the leading infidel of the world should be called upon to deliver the commencement address simply because he is an infidel and because he scurrilously attacks Christianity for pay.

But we have to consider what kind of an education have the leading young men of the State of Missouri received, whereas they have issued such an invitation. We call the attention of the noisy opponents of religious education to the fact that these young men are the product of the system of godless education which they sustain. We have always said that the result of excluding religion from the schools would be exactly what it has proved to be in the case of the Missouri State University graduates and undergraduates: it has raised a generation of infidels, and this is the result of the reformed Christianity which has been so vigorously maintained by the Protestantism of the last three hundred years.

We do not by any means assert that all who are religiously educated become model citizens, and we admit that many Catholics who have received at school a proper training have proved recreant to the teaching given them, and have become both irreligious and dishonest. But all that is possible had been done for these young men, yet their free will could not be coerced, and the fact of their recreancy only proves that they had the power to throw aside all the graces which they had received. If with all advantage of a religious education young men will still become irreligious, what are we to expect when no religious education is given? We can only expect exactly what has occurred in the case of the Missouri State University students, that they will grow up without any religion whatsoever, and with an inclination to infidelity. But we may also expect that they will be addicted to horrid vices, intemperance, impurity, de-

bauchery, dishonesty, mendacity, etc. They may have a fear of the laws of the land, but they will have no fear of God, and there will be no restraint to keep them from the commission of crime except the fear of detection and of legal punishment.

OUR JUBILIANS.

Our venerable Jubilarians bear well as a rule the burden of Time. Their eyes are bright, their gait elastic, their vitality seemingly unimpaired, and one can scarcely imagine that they can look back and count fifty years of ministerial work. Yet so it is. Fifty have come and gone, silvering the hair but leaving the hearts as responsive to every call of zeal and self-sacrifice as in the days of their young priesthood. Fifty years have come and borne away with them the priceless tribute of a man's devotion to duty. And they only can tell at what cost that tribute was rendered. To be alone and unnoticed and yet to be calm and serene—to be beset by dangers and have no fear—to be confronted by obstacles and to flinch not—to look with clear eyes upon Duty and to obey her unhesitatingly and unselfishly—to do this in joy and unalterable peace for fifty long years may well be a subject for congratulation.

Every right-minded citizen recognizes that the action and presence of such men has an ennobling and strengthening influence upon the community. It is a power that uplifts us above the low ideals of an utilitarian age into purer realms, where the consciousness of duty done is the only guerdon and fidelity to principle the only title deed to true nobility.

True, we know this, but we seem to have more regard for the theory than for its practice. We talk much, dilate on our progress, have a tendency for scientific guessing, and thereby give color to the statement made by the grim philosopher of Chelsea, that the only achievement of the century is the bringing into existence of an almost incredible number of bores. Perhaps he had a fit of the blues when he penned the words, but we cannot deny that they are partly true. Our ideals have been lowered. Long ago it was the seer and the sage who held high place among their fellows, but now it is the man that can get a corner in wheat, etc. Not that it is a bad thing to have, but our admiration and fulsome praise of such achievements are indications enough that our standards of life are either low or false.

We affect a fine contempt for the past, and yet it would be difficult to find the reason. Our conquests in the realms of nature have indeed given rise to an intellectual activity almost without a parallel and placed us on a new earth under a new heaven. But the standards of life and the rules to gauge its worth are ever the same, and the men of the past, who, content with simple pleasures, went their way silently and laboriously, knew more than we, with all our vaunted progress. The lives of our pioneers bring these lessons to our minds. We may not describe their labors, for they alone whose names are held in grateful benediction can portray the hardships and privations endured by the missionary priests. Roads there were none, except, perchance, a bridle path through the forest. Their parishes sometimes extended for more than a hundred miles.

And thus, far from the amenities of life, they went their ceaseless rounds of duty and charity, upbuilding within human hearts the kingdom of God and laying thereby the foundation of an enduring civilization.

Sometimes their patience was put to a severe test, for people forget that even priests can become weary. One whom we know very well was summoned to attend a man living at the extremity of the parish, a distance of about eighty miles. The man was dying, said the messenger, and the missionary, already fatigued, sets out on the journey, in the face of a blinding rainstorm. After some hours he arrives weary and travel-stained at the house of the dying man. He enters hastily and enquires: "Am I too late? Where is the sick man?" "I am the sick man, your reverence," comes the reply in a rich, deep brogue, that had been tempered and mellowed by Nova Scotia fog. "You," exclaims the priest, as he beholds on a chair near a grate of antique pattern a weather-beaten veteran, hale and hearty enough to bid defiance to time and disease for many years. "Why man, you are not sick!" "Not now, your reverence, but I took a bad turn some hours ago, and I thought it best to send for you."

The priest is now the beloved pastor

of a populous city parish, and oftentimes when the day's work is o'er he tells his curates of the scenes of fifty years ago. We love to watch him as he narrates story after story, or reminiscences of college-mates who are still in the harvest field, or who have dropped their tools and gone home. His eye kindles and the worn face is transfigured as he steps backwards into the realms of the past and depicts, his voice quivering with emotion, the thoughts and deeds that fashioned his career when life was for him but a story and the blood of twenty-seven years pulsing in his veins inspired him with an enthusiasm that recked little of danger, and made him look straight and fearlessly into the future.

Life is for some a hymn with betimes an undertone of sorrow, but whose dominant note is one of joy and exultation: for others it is a threnody that wails and weeps o'er years that freighted with golden hopes and opportunities have gone out like phantom ships, leaving naught but a memory that pains. But we fancy the old priest's life must have been always one of joy, but joy that is born of loyalty to duty. As we remember his untiring energy and courage, his indefatigable zeal in creating resources, he is no longer the humble missionary but an apostle robed in all the majesty and supernatural loveliness of those who were first sent forth to sow and to garner. Difficulties and disappointments have caused him many weary hours of combat, but only to make him stronger, and his heart is as fresh and as responsive to every call of self-sacrifice as when he crossed the threshold of his Alma Mater and bent himself to his work.

He has always obeyed his ecclesiastical superiors as a child would his father. This we take it is the characteristic of every good worker. "It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faithful: it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of the leader appointed by him as commander of the faithful, which laid the foundation of whatever national power yet exists in the East: and the deeds of the Greeks, which has become the type of unselfish and noble soldiery to all lands, and to all times, was commemorated on the tomb of those who gave their lives to do it, in the most pathetic so far as I know or can feel, of all human utterances: 'O, stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here having obeyed their words.'"

This trust was not shaken because he did not obtain recognition of his services. All good work must be done for nothing. The successful speculator jostles on life's thoroughfares the seer and the saint. "Up with the Golden Calf," and let us kneel reverentially before it.

We have doubtless our ideas of higher things and we should scorn the charge that we are bondsmen of the Golden God. But observation seems to prove that his fetters are upon wrists of many men dragging them along the path of personal interest, and leading them into abysses of shame and ignominy. We scheme and plan, and hours and days brimming o'er with hard work are laid as tributes at the shrine of the world, and we wake up in the land beyond the spheres with our hands empty. Many an actor who cuts a figure on the world's stage will be surprised at the great rehearsal in the valley of Jehosaphat.

"We know all this," you say, "Yes, in a vague way. How St. Bernard would smile if he came and saw us at work! We should look askance at his russet gown and hempen girdle, and his words would sound strangely in ears attuned to the harmony of the Mart and Stock Exchange. But the friar would make his way. Principle, backed by a fearless heart, is invincible. Obstacles fly before it as chaff before the wind. Make our ideas visible realities by our practice. Send our life's blood through them, and we who have the truth would turn the world upside down."

Let them who love the world's joys have them, but let us push onward with Christ and His truth, never wavering in our fidelity, never daunted by danger, with heads bent low to hear command, with courage sustained by the thought of the millions who serve under the same banner—and some day the eternal gates will be lifted up and we shall march up the golden streets with our pennons torn, travel-stained and wounded perchance, and lay down our weapons before the Great White Throne.

We may have to do things in a way

at variance with old methods, and their opposition will strive to stop our progress. Mind it not, pass on with Christ and His truth.

Thus bravely live heroic men, A consecrated band: Life is to them a battlefield Their hearts a holy land.

He tells with great gusto a story of a sick call that came to him one St. Patrick's day. He was then in a little fishing village where the Atlantic waves cried him to sleep every night. He saddled his horse, looked to his shamrock, and started. Mile after mile went by and the fresh air and excitement of the ride banished the blues that had pressed on him heavily during the day, and he was glad that he was an Irishman and a priest. Nearing his destination he was met by an unexpected obstacle. The rain fall that Spring had been so abundant that a little stream that in dry season crawled slowly along like a wounded thing through a crevice in the rocks, had been made a swollen torrent that swirled fiercely by, uprooting rocks and trees and rendering its passage impossible or at least very dangerous. Going farther up he discovered a bridge that had been erected by the villagers, and he proceeded on his way. On his return he found that the bridge was no longer visible. "Had it been swept away," he asked himself. He jumped off his horse and peered intently down the stream, but only the waves mad at play met his gaze. He was in a quandary—ten miles from home and the shadows were lengthening. Suddenly he heard laughter harsh and scornful, and he beheld on the opposite side four or five individuals of a type that is fast becoming extinct, and near by a clump of trees the planks that had served in such goodly stead some hours before.

His blood was up. He measured the torrent's breadth. It was a big jump and to slip or stumble meant death.

But the horse was sound and true, and he would try it. Backwards he led the animal for a short distance, and then with whip and spur urged him to the torrent's brink, lifted and landed him in a few seconds that seemed like eternities, safe on the other side. Rising in his stirrups he gave vent to his exultation in a prolonged shout of "God save old Ireland," and galloped homewards.

'Tis a voice from the past, this story, but its echo rings musically in the old man's heart.

He is still active and energetic and, he boasts that he can do as much work as a young man.

He preaches every Sunday at one of the Masses, gives an instruction to some confraternity during the afternoon and always assists at the Vespers service.

We have always enjoyed his sermons, and indeed he imagines, and not without reason, that he has some talent in that direction.

They were always practical to the point, strong and direct expositions of the eternal realities. Now and then, a new curate would be placed under his paternal supervision, and would on the Sunday after his arrival be invited to preach. The curate would assent gladly, of course, and over his seminary sermon he would spend the days that separated him from Sunday and the expectant congregation. Perchance he wondered what effect his discourse, prepared with care, bristling with arguments from reason, tradition, and the Scriptures, would have upon his auditors. But he had no doubt of its success, for the sermon had received the commendation of his professors, and what more could be desired as a sign of its perfection?

Sunday came, and with confident step he entered the pulpit. After the sermon he encountered his superior, who congratulated him upon his effort. During the afternoon, his oratorical display is criticised mildly by his pastor, and after tea he receives from the same source some hints as to the best method of preaching to ordinary congregations. All this disturbed his equanimity and he went to bed thoroughly convinced that polite literature was not appreciated, and woke in the morning with the suspicion that perhaps after all his sermon was not a veritable masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. And as time went on, and experience taught that the earnest and peremptory language of practical life was most befitting the lips of the preacher, he appreciated the wise criticism of his pastor, and the desire to be eloquent, which is too often but the sign of unreality and emptiness, was banished forever, and brevity, simplicity and plainness became the guiding rules of his addresses to the people.

More we might say of the admirable

priestly life that was an example and an incentive to high and strenuous actions.

"He lives by the side of his Divine Master and by beginning and ordering the day with Him, he orders all the hours of the day to His service. He lives among his people and their feet wear the threshold of his door." We wish our venerable Jubilarians every blessing of the season. The seed sown by their faithful hands has ripened, and they stand amidst the golden sun-lit grain waiting the command of the Harvester to cut it down, bind it up in sheaves, and carry it home.

A. P. A. IN POLITICS.

Out of the thirty-one cities of Massachusetts nineteen chose their councils during December. In most of these cities the battle was fought on the question of Apaism, the Democrats opposing the A. P. A. conspiracy and the Republicans being in alliance with it. The State has been usually Republican, but the present alliance has so far changed the political status that it is difficult to say which side has won. In some cities the A. P. A. ticket was victorious, and in about the same number it was ignominiously defeated. In Somerville the A. P. A. candidate for the mayoralty was beaten, but the Board of Aldermen has an Apaism majority. In Boston the A. P. A. was totally defeated by a very large majority. On the whole the lesson to be derived from the contest is that there is bigotry enough in the State to elect a considerable number of men to office who will thrust religion into party politics, but not enough to actually rule the State.

In Pennsylvania also, Apaism has been an issue at the elections, with a result very similar to what has occurred in Massachusetts, but though the A. P. A. has succeeded in electing its ticket in many towns, it has failed in it in many others that we are justified in drawing the conclusion that the A. P. A. alliance has been disastrous to the Republican party.

A curious incident in connection with the election contest has occurred in one of the Pennsylvania cities, namely, Williamsport. There are very few Catholics in the city, and the bigots thought they had a fine field there for the display of their malevolence. Accordingly, during the last six months special efforts were made to insult Catholics to a degree hitherto unprecedented. Several no-Popery lecturers were invited by the A. P. A. to deliver a series of anti-Catholic lectures, among them being Justin D. Fulton, of Boston, a Baptist preacher who is well known in Canada, especially from the fact of his having occupied the pulpit of Rev. J. Wilde, in Toronto, for some months, while the latter was enjoying a vacation.

Among the other lecturers must be mentioned also the well known ranters Houser and Ruthven, both of whom are notorious for the utterance of impudent lies against Catholics.

Also, just before the election, a circular was issued to Protestant electors only, stating that the Democratic party in the nation had hitherto been ruled by the Catholic element, and calling upon all true Protestants to support the Republican municipal candidates. The electors were appealed to in a most pathetic manner to oppose the Democratic party on these grounds, the circular concluding with the words: "Do your duty, and rebuke the Pope-don in this city and county."

It might have been expected that in a community so thoroughly Protestant as the city is, these measures would have strengthened the Republicans, but the effect was altogether the other way. On former occasions Williamsport city and the county in which it is situated went Republican, the Republican majority in 1894 being from 200 to 300, but at this last election the Republicans were nearly all defeated by majorities ranging from 200 to 600, and only two A. P. A. men were elected to any office.

After the election, Mr. Cummings, a Catholic, and one of the successful Democratic candidates, issued a strange challenge to the A. P. A., to the effect that he would undertake to prove fifteen propositions, covering the whole ground of dispute between Catholics and the A. P. A., the tenor of which may be understood from the fifteenth and last, which is "that the A. P. A. and not the Catholic is an enemy of this Government, that it is a curse to Protestantism, and an enemy to Christianity itself."

Mr. Cummings proposes that there shall be six judges, of whom two shall be Catholics, three Protestants, and one a Jew, who shall decide whether the propositions are proven or not, and if he does not succeed in proving

to the satisfaction of the judges a majority of his propositions he undertakes to fulfil the penalty, provided an Apaism shall fulfil the same penalty if a majority of the propositions be proved. The penalty is as follows:

"The one defeated shall immediately proceed to execute the following sentence, viz: He shall serve four months working on the streets of the city, the proceeds of his labor to go to the public school library; four months standing in Market Square, city of Williamsport, eight hours each day. He shall wear on his breast a large placard upon which shall be written in large letters that can be seen across Market Square any denunciation that the victor proposes to dictate. If I am beaten I shall humbly execute the sentence. If the A. P. A.'s are beaten they shall select by lot or any way the party or parties to represent them. He must be a property owner, tax payer and citizen of Williamsport."

In Boston the A. P. A. candidate for the mayoralty was beaten by the extraordinarily large majority of 4,411 out of a total vote of 76,150. The A. P. A. journals themselves attribute their utter defeat to the folly of a meddlesome political parson, one Rev. Mr. Brady of the People's Temple, who on the Sunday before the election made a violent appeal to his congregation to support the A. P. A. and Republican ticket. The Boston Standard, one of the A. P. A. organs, thanks the meddlesome parson for the defeat, and says that such political and clerical mountebanks should be persuaded or compelled to keep silence on public questions so that every good cause may not suffer from their friendship and advocacy. It is worthy of remark, however, that it is not what the Rev. Brady said that the A. P. A. papers condemn, but his having said it inopportunistly.

It is not likely that the political harangue of the Rev. Brady was really the cause of the A. P. A. defeat, but at all events the preacher is now spoken of as the Boston Burchard, in allusion to the parson to whose similar meddlesomeness the defeat of J. G. Blaine was attributed when Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the presidency.

THE CARDWELL ELECTION.

Between the variety of parties now dividing Ontario, the results of the by-elections for Parliament has been very curious and to some extent unexpected. We already recorded in our columns the result in North Ontario, where the contestants were a Liberal, a Conservative, and a Patron. Mr. McGillvary, the Conservative candidate, headed the poll, the Patron, Mr. Brandon, having second place. The contest was remarkable from the fact that Mr. Dalton McCarthy went into the constituency to aid in defeating the Government candidate, and threw all his influence into the scale, but without success, to secure the election of Mr. Brandon.

Mr. McCarthy had no candidate in the field of his own third party, but no doubt he expected that by supporting the Patron candidate he would secure for his follower in Cardwell a considerable Patron vote, on the principle that "one good turn deserves another," and he undoubtedly succeeded with this ruse.

The election in Cardwell took place on Christmas eve. There were three candidates in the field here also, but they were not of the same parties as contested North Ontario. The candidate of the Government was Mr. Willoughby, and Mr. Henry represented the Reform party, the third being Mr. Stubbs, who posed as the McCarthyite candidate.

It is certain that at one time Mr. McCarthy's influence in Cardwell was great, and it is still considerable, nevertheless, even with all Mr. Stubbs' personal popularity superadded, he was not able to secure for his avowed follower a majority of the voters of the constituency, though Mr. Stubbs was elected in the three cornered contest by the fair though certainly not overwhelming majority of 207.

It is right to remark that Mr. Willoughby, the Conservative candidate, proclaimed that he would support the remedial legislation promised by the Government in favor of the Catholics of Manitoba, and yet he was able to come within 207 votes of Mr. McCarthy's candidate, in the stronghold of McCarthyism, which may be briefly described as the no-Popery policy.

As regards Mr. Henry, the Reform candidate, it may be presumed that he would favor the policy of Mr. Laurier, to endeavor to induce the Manitoba Government to restore by its own act the rights of which it has deprived Catholics, so that we may infer that Mr. McCarthy's no-Popery policy is sustained only by those who supported his candidate, that is to say,

by a majority of the judges a majority of his propositions he undertakes to fulfil the penalty, provided an Apaism shall fulfil the same penalty if a majority of the propositions be proved. The penalty is as follows: "The one defeated shall immediately proceed to execute the following sentence, viz: He shall serve four months working on the streets of the city, the proceeds of his labor to go to the public school library; four months standing in Market Square, city of Williamsport, eight hours each day. He shall wear on his breast a large placard upon which shall be written in large letters that can be seen across Market Square any denunciation that the victor proposes to dictate. If I am beaten I shall humbly execute the sentence. If the A. P. A.'s are beaten they shall select by lot or any way the party or parties to represent them. He must be a property owner, tax payer and citizen of Williamsport." In Boston the A. P. A. candidate for the mayoralty was beaten by the extraordinarily large majority of 4,411 out of a total vote of 76,150. The A. P. A. journals themselves attribute their utter defeat to the folly of a meddlesome political parson, one Rev. Mr. Brady of the People's Temple, who on the Sunday before the election made a violent appeal to his congregation to support the A. P. A. and Republican ticket. The Boston Standard, one of the A. P. A. organs, thanks the meddlesome parson for the defeat, and says that such political and clerical mountebanks should be persuaded or compelled to keep silence on public questions so that every good cause may not suffer from their friendship and advocacy. It is worthy of remark, however, that it is not what the Rev. Brady said that the A. P. A. papers condemn, but his having said it inopportunistly. It is not likely that the political harangue of the Rev. Brady was really the cause of the A. P. A. defeat, but at all events the preacher is now spoken of as the Boston Burchard, in allusion to the parson to whose similar meddlesomeness the defeat of J. G. Blaine was attributed when Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the presidency. BETWEEN THE VARIETY OF PARTIES NOW DIVIDING ONTARIO, THE RESULTS OF THE BY-ELECTIONS FOR PARLIAMENT HAS BEEN VERY CURIOUS AND TO SOME EXTENT UNEXPECTED. WE ALREADY RECORDED IN OUR COLUMNS THE RESULT IN NORTH ONTARIO, WHERE THE CONTESTANTS WERE A LIBERAL, A CONSERVATIVE, AND A PATRON. MR. MCGILLVARY, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE, HEADED THE POLL, THE PATRON, MR. BRANDON, HAVING SECOND PLACE. THE CONTEST WAS REMARKABLE FROM THE FACT THAT MR. DALTON MCCARTHY WENT INTO THE CONSTITUENCY TO AID IN DEFEATING THE GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE, AND THREW ALL HIS INFLUENCE INTO THE SCALE, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS, TO SECURE THE ELECTION OF MR. BRANDON. MR. MCCARTHY HAD NO CANDIDATE IN THE FIELD OF HIS OWN THIRD PARTY, BUT NO DOUBT HE EXPECTED THAT BY SUPPORTING THE PATRON CANDIDATE HE WOULD SECURE FOR HIS FOLLOWER IN CARDWELL A CONSIDERABLE PATRON VOTE, ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT "ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER," AND HE UNDOUBTEDLY SUCCEEDED WITH THIS RUSE. THE ELECTION IN CARDWELL TOOK PLACE ON CHRISTMAS EVE. THERE WERE THREE CANDIDATES IN THE FIELD HERE ALSO, BUT THEY WERE NOT OF THE SAME PARTIES AS CONTESTED NORTH ONTARIO. THE CANDIDATE OF THE GOVERNMENT WAS MR. WILLOUGHBY, AND MR. HENRY REPRESENTED THE REFORM PARTY, THE THIRD BEING MR. STUBBS, WHO POSED AS THE MCCARTHYITE CANDIDATE. IT IS CERTAIN THAT AT ONE TIME MR. MCCARTHY'S INFLUENCE IN CARDWELL WAS GREAT, AND IT IS STILL CONSIDERABLE, NEVERTHELESS, EVEN WITH ALL MR. STUBBS' PERSONAL POPULARITY SUPERADDED, HE WAS NOT ABLE TO SECURE FOR HIS AVOWED FOLLOWER A MAJORITY OF THE VOTERS OF THE CONSTITUENCY, THOUGH MR. STUBBS WAS ELECTED IN THE THREE CORNERED CONTEST BY THE FAIR THOUGH CERTAINLY NOT OVERWHELMING MAJORITY OF 207. IT IS RIGHT TO REMARK THAT MR. WILLOUGHBY, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE, PROCLAIMED THAT HE WOULD SUPPORT THE REMEDIAL LEGISLATION PROMISED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN FAVOR OF THE CATHOLICS OF MANITOBA, AND YET HE WAS ABLE TO COME WITHIN 207 VOTES OF MR. MCCARTHY'S CANDIDATE, IN THE STRONGHOLD OF MCCARTHYISM, WHICH MAY BE BRIEFLY DESCRIBED AS THE NO-POPERY POLICY. AS REGARDS MR. HENRY, THE REFORM CANDIDATE, IT MAY BE PRESUMED THAT HE WOULD FAVOR THE POLICY OF MR. LAURIER, TO ENDEAVOR TO INDUCE THE MANITOBA GOVERNMENT TO RESTORE BY ITS OWN ACT THE RIGHTS OF WHICH IT HAS DEPRIVED CATHOLICS, SO THAT WE MAY INFER THAT MR. MCCARTHY'S NO-POPERY POLICY IS SUSTAINED ONLY BY THOSE WHO SUPPORTED HIS CANDIDATE, THAT IS TO SAY,