

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

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## ALL SOULS' DAY

Oh, it is sweet to think  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted.  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.  
Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them:  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them;  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well known features;  
God with his glory signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures.  
Dear dead! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.  
They whom we love on earth  
Attract us now to heaven;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.  
O dearest dead! to heaven  
With glowing sighs we gave you,  
To Him—be doubts forgiven!  
Who took you there to save you:  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our homes above,  
And trust to God more boldly.  
—FATHER FABER

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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EXTRACT FROM BISHOPS' PROTEST

For my review this week I shall simply give two extracts—one taken from the united protest of all the bishops and archbishops of Ireland, assembled at Maynooth, and the other from a sworn statement of one of the hundreds of men, who, in the past few months, have been fearfully tortured by the British military in Ireland. The first, from the bishops' protest is only a short sample of the alarming statements marshalled in an long document, arraigning the unparalleled savage rise of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland. The bishops say: "On a scale truly appalling have to be reckoned: "Countless indiscriminate raids and arrests in the darkness of the night; "Prolonged imprisonments without trial; "Savage sentences from tribunals that command and deserve no confidence; "The burning of houses, town halls, factories, creameries and crops; "The destruction of industries to pave the way for want and famine—by men maddened with plundered drink and bent on loot; "The flogging and massacre of civilians—all perpetrated by the forces of the Crown who have established a reign of frightfulness which, for murdering the innocent and destroying their property, has a parallel only in the horrors of Turkish atrocities or in the outrages of the Red Army or Bolshevik Russia. "Needless to say we are opposed to crime from whatever side it comes. Nearly two months ago His Eminence Cardinal Legue, in condemning the murder of a policeman, wrote as follows: "I know that we are living under a harsh, oppressive, tyrannical regime of military and brute force; which invites, stimulates and nourishes crime. I know that lately at least, all pretence of strict discipline has been thrown to the winds, and those who profess to be the guardians of law and order have become the most ardent votaries of lawlessness and disorder; that they are running wild through the country making night hideous by raids; that reckless and indiscriminate shootings in crowded places have made many innocent victims; that towns are sacked as in the rude warfare of earlier ages; that those who run through fear are shot at sight; that in one case lately an inoffensive and industrious man, knowing nothing and caring less for politics, has been dragged from his family while they were reciting the Rosary, and shot on the public road. "Things have become much worse since this was written. Men have been tortured with barbarous cruelty. Nor are cases wanting of young women torn and undressed from their mothers' care in the darkness of night. "For all this, not the men but their masters are chiefly to blame. And it is not a question of hasty reprisals which, however unjustifiable, might be attributed to extreme provocation, not of quick retaliation on evil doers, nor of Lynch law for misdemeanors—much less of self-defense of any kind whatsoever.

"It is the indiscriminate vengeance of savages deliberately wreaked on a whole town or countryside without any proof of its complicity in crime by those who ostensibly are employed by the British Government to protect the lives and property of the people and restore order in Ireland."

### SWORN STATEMENT OF THOMAS HALES

The sworn statement of the tortured man Thomas Hales is copied from the latest number of the Freeman's Journal to hand. The Freeman is the leading paper in Ireland. In reading this document it is to be remembered that under the new special law in Ireland any paper which publishes a misstatement liable to instant suppression, and its proprietor and editor to heavy jail sentences. Also please note that they have had to suppress the name of the military captain and of the military lieutenant (according to the law) using the terms "X" and "Y" for their names.

The statement, which was made by Thomas Hales, of Knocknacorra, Bandon, Co. Cork, follows:

"On the 27th July, 1920, at about 5 p. m., I was standing outside a farmhouse at Laragh, about two and three quarter miles from Randon—Mr. Harley is the proprietor of the house. Some police and soldiers came and surrounded the house and took me and Harley.

"I was brought inside the house and there saw Captain X with other military officers. I had no coat on at the time. They then took me into an outhouse and took all my other clothes off me and searched them for documents. They found some documents on me, and on searching my coat which was hanging up, they spilled out of it some cartridges. I had no cartridges in my possession, and I am of the opinion that these were placed there.

"Captain X said: 'You will be shot.' They tied my hands behind my back with leather straps and strapped my legs together also. They did the same thing with Harley. They made me stand up and they made Harley stand behind me. They discovered a slab of gun-cotton in the farm. I do not know whether it was brought in by the military or not. They placed the gun-cotton on Harley's back, strapped it there and Captain X said: 'Be prepared for the shock.' They looked round for a detonator, but could not find one. They then took the gun-cotton off Harley's back and while my hands were strapped behind my back, and Harley's hands were also strapped behind his back, Lieutenant Y hit me and Harley in the face several times. He hit me very hard, and he had in his hand, I believe, the butt end of a revolver.

"They then tied my right leg to Harley's left leg and marched us off to a lorry about 200 yards away. I was prodded by a bayonet and I was hit in the nose by the butt end of a gun. I was very weak and it was very difficult to walk in a three-legged fashion.

"I was nearly blind, as blood was running down my face from the injuries I had received. We were taken to Bandon into the military barracks yard, and were lined up to be shot. The soldiers were bowling for our death and were anxious to shoot us.

"We had our backs to the wall, and Harley was on my left-hand side.

"Lieutenant Y said: 'Do you want to be blind-folded?' We said: 'No.' I asked to see a chaplain. Lieutenant X said: 'Damn D, why do you want to see a chaplain?' I said: 'All right; so ahead.'

"We were still tied with our hands behind our backs and the soldiers hit us with their fists. My sight was getting very dim owing to the blood that I was losing, and I felt very weak.

"Captain X paced out 12 to 15 paces from me, and then put 5 or 6 men with rifles at the end of the 15 paces. Harley was then very weak and could hardly see. He stuck a flag into Harley's hand and made him hold it high up. I recognized that the flag Harley was holding up was the Union Jack, but Harley himself was too far gone to recognize it. A man came with a camera and took a snapshot. Captain X then said: 'We must get some information first before we shoot them.'

"We were then taken across the barracks yard into a room in the barracks. The soldiers were furious at not being allowed to shoot us and they punched us and pummelled us the whole way across the yard.

The statement then goes on to describe a midnight scene before six officers. Hales' hands were still pained and a strap fastened round his neck and mouth. An oath was administered but Hales refused to repeat the name of the Blessed Virgin. Two officers took their canes and beat him on the legs for five minutes. Hales admitted he had been Commander of a Brigade at one time, had refused to say who was next in command.

"The two officers then gave me about 40 cuts each on my bare legs."

"Captain X then said: 'Will you refuse to tell me was Professor Gerald O'Sullivan commander of the Camp? I told him I did not know such a man. He said: 'You are a damned liar.'

"The two officers gave me vicious blows on the legs, and the blood was flowing down my legs from several wounds in them.

"He asked me what rank did John Buckley of Bandon hold in the I. R. V.? I said, 'He is a builder and a good Sinn Feiner at that.'

"I was again viciously whipped for that statement.

"He said: 'What position does your brother John hold and where is he staying?' I said: 'I refuse to give you any information about him.'

"He then turned to the officer whom he had sent for the pinners and he started bending and twisting and pinching my fingers at the back.

"He gripped them at the back, placing one portion of the pinners against one side of my nail and the other portion of the pinners against the other. He brought the blood to the tops of my fingers, and for some time afterwards, my fingers were black on the tips owing to congealed blood there.

"I was feeling extremely weak, almost fainting, and the blood was dropping down my legs. I was asked several questions about other individuals and about military matters, but I refused to give any information.

"Captain X also put the pinners on my thighs, but my senses were becoming quite numb.

"After that, and finding that I would answer no questions, he told me I would be shot at dawn. He said: 'You are a Commander of a Brigade and know all about these murders. If you do not know you should know or you can have no control over your men.' I said: 'If that is so that I have no control over my men there are other people besides me that have no control over their men.'

"Lieut. Y then landed me a terrific punch in the face. I said I would not defend myself. I would not give them an excuse to say I had hit them. Lieut. Y hit me several times in various parts of the body, but especially in the face, and he broke the four front teeth in my upper jaw. He then knocked me down on the ground. I was absolutely exhausted and nearly fainted and my senses were beginning to go. He hit me on several occasions while I was on the ground.

"After five minutes one of the officers said: 'That's enough.' I was then dragged up and led out of the room. Five or six soldiers hit me while I was going to the room where Harley was.

"After I had been placed in this room, bleeding and exhausted, Harley was taken upstairs. He was treated in a very similar fashion, and it has, unfortunately, had a detrimental effect on his brain and he is now practically mentally incapacitated.

"In the morning at daybreak, the 28th July, we were taken to get up and were taken into the barrack yard. They put me against a wall.

"I said: 'Will you let me see a chaplain?' 'No,' said Captain X. 'I will not.' I said to Captain X: 'Your life will only be a short one, the same as mine.'

"He immediately drew out an automatic pistol and placed it against my temple, and said: 'One question and on the answer of this question depends your life—give me the names of the six battalions.' I said: 'Even if I knew the names of the six battalions I would not tell you.' Captain X said: 'I will give you another chance, and if you don't tell me the battalion names I will shoot you dead.' I said: 'Go on, I won't tell you the names.'

"He then took down the revolver and walked over to where some of the officers were and said something to them. I heard him say: 'We will take him off and we will give him some more torture.' They threw me into a motor lorry. Harley was also thrown into the motor lorry and we were brought to the Military Hospital in Cork.

"On the next morning after this fearful savagery these men, one of them Harley, being then a raving lunatic, were 'tried' by a court-martial of military officers and gentlemen on the charge of having in their possession cartridges which they had planted on them, and were sentenced each to two years' imprisonment and hard labor! And readers are just asked to remember that such dreadful savagery as this now reigns common in every quarter of Ireland. With America and the world complacently looking on that little nation is today suffering such crucifixion as was never before known in the history of nations.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.

We complain of the ingratitude and hardness we still find in the hearts which love us most; we are right; God alone is fatherless tenderness. It is so unjust toward me, I must expect justice from God alone.—Lacordaire.

## TWO MEN MURDERED AT THURLES

### RELATIVES' ACCOUNT OF THE OUTRAGE

Special Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian

Limerick.—Tuesday's Irish papers reported the shooting of four civilians—two near Thurles in Tipperary, one in Galway, one in Clare. The circumstances in each case were much the same and bear a remarkable similarity to those in at least six other murders in the last month.

Local opinion in each case charges the police on some branch of that force with the crime. I have particularly investigated the shooting of the two men near Thurles, and I think a bare recital of the evidence as it has come to hand from a perfectly independent inquiry will go far to justify the impression that murder has now been added to the other forms of terrorism, arson, flogging, intimidations, and arrest by which Ireland is being coerced in the hope of stamping out police murders by Sinn Fein.

In the early hours of Monday morning three or four men in a lorry or motor-car visited five farms in Tipperary hills, ten miles from Thurles. The statements of the people in the houses agree on several points—that one of the men was like an officer and wore a slouch hat, a trench coat and khaki woollen scarf, that two others wore long dark overcoats, while one at least of them had khaki trousers. One wore a white mask, another a black one. To fit the times together, the party seems first to have visited the farm house of the Ryans, Curraghfield, Upperchurch, which stands 300 yards off the road. There were in the house at the time Mrs. Ryan, her two daughters, and a son Michael, aged twenty-seven, who was in bed suffering from pneumonia. I give what happened in the words of Margaret Ryan, one of the daughters:

"We were all in bed when a knock came to the front door. I went to the door and opened it, and a man asked was Michael Ryan in. I said he was in bed with pneumonia. The man wore a black uniform and mask and had a revolver in his hand. He went back in the yard and spoke with some others. Another man with a white mask tied round his face and khaki trousers and a black coat and cap, with a revolver, then came in with a man with a trench coat and khaki scarf. They said: 'We are going to shoot him.'

"I went up the ladder first and cried, 'Oh, Mick, they are going to shoot you.' He replied: 'They won't when I tell them they have no charge against me.' The two men came up the ladder and one pointed his revolver at me, and Mick began to shriek: 'You have no charge against me.' One of them said something to him that I did not hear. I screamed, and the officer pointed his revolver at me and said: 'If you don't go out I will shoot you.' I had a candle in my hand, and the officer stepped forward and snuffed it and pushed me out of the room on the landing. I ran back again and he turned on me, saying: 'Go down, you scoundrel, or I will shoot you dead.' My mother was calling out from the bottom of the ladder for them to spare her son, and they replied: 'Although you are an only son we will shoot you.'

"I stood on the ladder looking through to my brother's room, and I saw the officer standing by the bedside holding a candle, while the second man was leaning towards my brother with a revolver. Four shots were fired. We protested as they came down, and they turned to us threateningly and said: 'We will shoot every—brate in the house; we are secret service men over from Egladun.'

"They went out and we ran up to my brother. We asked him if he was shot and he only gave a moan. We said an Act of Contrition for him, and my mother got a prayer-book and read the prayers for the dying and the dead. Other members of the family declared that as one of them was coming into the house from the back he was held up by the yard by the officers while they went inside. One man was left covering him with a revolver and told him that he was to be shot. He made a dash for the gate and got away safely, although shots were fired after him. The wounds which killed Ryan were a revolver shot through the heart, two through the chest, and one through the arm. I saw one of the bullets that had been fired.

## BROTHERS' DASH FOR LIFE

From Curraghfield the party seem to have gone through Upperchurch village for a mile or so to Stapleton's Farm at Finghly. Here they inquired for James Stapleton, but he was not at home, and they contented themselves with killing some geese. They next went to the farm of John Kiamee, and threatened to burst in the door if it were not opened. It was opened, and two boys, James and Jeremiah Kiamee, were taken out and told to prepare for death. They were made to kneel, with revolvers pressed to their heads. Suddenly they made a dash, knocked the revolvers out of the raiders' hands, and ran. They were fired at, but were missed. Jeremiah, however, ran into the motor that had brought the men, and fire was opened from it which wounded him in the side and leg. He dragged himself away to a turnip field, where he was found some hours later. Before they left the men fired shots into the house.

## THE DEATH OF GLEESON

Coming back towards Upperchurch they called at the house of William Gleeson at Mober. What happened there was told me by William Gleeson, the father, whom I caught in the churchyard in the midst of the mourners at the funeral this morning. He told his story with a fiery reticence, shouting, 'Swear me! I'll give it on oath,' while a daughter standing by became hysterical at the recital and screamed: 'They pressed a pistol here'—she put her hand on her heart—and I was ready to die for my darling brother. He died a martyr to Ireland.

"They came to the house (said the father) and asked for Jim Gleeson. My wife and daughter, who went to the door said: 'There is no Jim Gleeson.' They came into the room where my son Willie and I lay in bed. My wife held a candle. I spoke out: 'What in heaven's name do you want?' They urged a revolver on me. Willie sat up in bed like a man and cried: 'Take me will you. Don't shoot my father!' One of the men said: 'This is not the man.' But another replied: 'You will do. Come out here!' We all got up, but they threatened to shoot us all. They took him out. He was in his night attire. I went out looking for him, but I said to his mother: 'I can't meet him dead, I am not able; don't take me any further.' We went over to his first cousin's house, and his mother and my two girls went out with neighbors and found him lying dead on the road 200 yards away. 'What were the men like who came to the house?' I asked. 'Devils,' the old man answered fiercely, 'devils! One of them had a black coat, and was very red in the face, and from his looks not decent. The fellow with the revolver was dressed in what they call a trench coat with a belt on, and wore a brownish scarf. They tortured my son.' Here the old man went off into pitiful declamation. 'They must have questioned him about Jim Gleeson, and I have not any son called Jim Gleeson.'

## LOOTING A PUBLIC HOUSE

The raiders returned in the direction of Thurles, and four miles from Upperchurch called at the licensed grocery shop of Patrick Ryan at Drumbane, about four in the morning. There were in the house Mrs. Ryan, a girl assistant aged seventeen, and a grandchild under two years. Mrs. Ryan told me this morning that they drove up to the door, and when she came to open it put a revolver to her face and asked who was in the house. She told them, and they asked where her husband and sons were. She gave no answer. There was a consultation between the men, and then she was given five minutes to clear out. She said, 'I have a little grandchild in bed.' They replied, 'Bring it out quickly.' They wanted to know where the two women and the child were going, and set a man to watch them as they went across the fields to a neighbour's. The shop was then set on fire though not before the till and cashbox had been looted and £12 in gold, over £12 in notes, and some in silver, a dozen bottles of brandy, some rum and whisky, shaving soap, and tobacco had been taken. The fire did not, however, take full hold. The contents of one room were destroyed, but in the shop not a great deal of damage was done, although the fire was left for some time before neighbours came to put it out.

To turn the question of provocation, by which occasionally a reprisal might have been occasioned, there has been none since her attempt on the lives of several policemen in Upperchurch in August, when two were wounded. This attack led to a reprisal outbreak in which a creamery was destroyed, the cottage of a labourer named Whelan burned and attempts were made to burn the house of the creamery manager and the house of a man called Larkin,

whose son was taken out and fired at and wounded in the arm. When the claim for damages was heard at Nenagh Quarter Sessions evidence was given that a police lorry drew up at the creamery before it was seen to be on fire, and the judge gave a decree for £5,000.—Manchester Guardian, Oct. 29.

## CHIEF SECRETARY AND GALWAY FLOGGINGS

A REPLY  
(From our Special Correspondent)

Limerick, Wednesday Night, Oct. 27. In his statement in the House of Commons last night, the Chief Secretary declares that the statements you published from me about the floggings at Corbally, Co. Galway, are "complete fabrications." One can only reply that the testimony of the eyes of three English correspondents, as honest in intention and open as the Chief Secretary, and the tested and corroborated statements of witnesses seen individually without any possibility of collusion uphold those statements absolutely. The Corbally case was particularly well authenticated. I saw the bruised heads and faces of the Feeney brothers, their broken bicycles, heard not only their story but that of their sisters and mother and the story of neighbors.

In regard to the Cummer case, the Chief Secretary rides off on a quibble which happens to be untrue. The police did not clear the public-house, for the landlord, seeing the police approach, made all his customers go outside, as he knew the gentle manners of the Galway force rather too well. I note that Sir Hamar Greenwood does not refer to the girl who was shot at her cottage door by this same party of police or to the man, Michael Welby, whom they seriously wounded by a shot in the back. The Chief Secretary is also silent on the long statements taken down from the six men now in hospital at Galway suffering from shots fired by his police.

No more need, perhaps, he said. It is, of course, obvious why the families do not "accuse the police." In a countryside where people live in a state of terror it is difficult to get them to admit even the ill treatment they receive for fear of a repetition of ill-treatment, and for fear even of death. It is the same in Galway as one has found it today in Tipperary and Limerick—no man who has any sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement feels his life quite secure.—Manchester Guardian.

## THE HOLY SEE AND MONACO RE-ESTABLISH RELATIONS

(By N. C. W. C. Special Cable)

Rome, Oct. 30.—The new minister of the Prince of Monaco on Monday presented his credential letters to the Holy Father. This means a reconciliation of the Prince with the Supreme Pontiff, Prince Albert of Monaco writing on the War published opinions concerning the action of the Holy Father. The Holy See request an explanation and received a letter which the Prince now publishes in the official paper of the Principality. The letter reads: "I regret that some expressions in my last work on history and social sciences inspired by the German war have been given a meaning quite contrary to the sentiments I have always professed toward the person and character of the Holy Father. These sentiments of the deepest regard I have never changed. I renew to Your Holiness the homage and unshakable attachment with which I have the honor to be, "Most humble, devoted Son, "ALBERT."

After the publication of this letter the relations between the Holy See and the Principality were re-established on the basis of their ancient cordiality.

## THE RECONQUEST OF IRELAND

The Government had the choice of two courses in Ireland—reconciliation or reconquest. The weapons of the former way—generosity, trust, and courage above all—the Government has decided not to try. The weapons of the other way—fire and terror and murder—are now in the hands of the lawless among its servants, while the old terror of the secret assassin which that policy is intended to put down has not been abated. Half the population of young Ireland is on the run. The determination to "re-claim the land from end to end" extends to the houses of good Protestants and staunch Unionists. The murders of two civilians in Thurles—the story has been sifted and investigated by our special correspondent—is the latest horror in the abyss. The revolver of Thurles follows hard on the scourge of Galway. Meanwhile there is a terror for Great Britain, too, in the refusal of the Chief Secretary to come to the front in August, when two were wounded. This attack led to a reprisal outbreak in which a creamery was destroyed, the cottage of a labourer named Whelan burned and attempts were made to burn the house of the creamery manager and the house of a man called Larkin,

Without patience you can be messer neither of others nor of yourself.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Trappist Monks, refugees from France, who established a home at the Monastery of Our Lady of Compassion near Kingsbridge, England, are planning to return to their old home, the Abbey of Mellere, near Nantes.

Out of a population of 815,000,000 souls India possesses 8,500,000 Christians, or about one for every one hundred persons. Of these the Catholic Church claims 1,400,000, or 1,800,000, counting the Christians of the Syrian rite. The Church of England has about 880,000.

For the first time in the history of Catholicism in South Africa the Blessed Sacrament was carried in public procession at Rondebosch recently, the occasion being the inauguration of the federation of the Catholics of the Western Provinces with their brethren in the other portions of the Union.

Discussing recent reports that the privileges and indulgences granted by Pope Pius to the secular medal of Our Lady of Mount Carmel were no longer attached to the medal because of the expiration of the original five-year time limit, the Rev. Jose Maria de Iseai, vicar of the Displaced Carmelites of the Washington Province, has called attention to the fact that the privilege had been indefinitely renewed by Pope Pius and therefore still held good.

Mess was said and a large number of people prayed in the Church of St. Mary of Mercy, Pittsburgh, Pa., while a score of workmen were moving the building along Third avenue to a new site. The building is of stone and was erected in 1892. The task of moving the building was begun about two months ago and was completed only last week. On week days, even while the church was in motion, the congregation attended Mass. This is the third time that the place of worship of St. Mary of Mercy's parish has been moved since Colonial days.

The National Committee of the United States for the Restoration of the University of Louvain has announced that \$142,607.25 has been received and forwarded to the university faculty, for the purpose of erecting a new library to replace the historic structure destroyed during the War. The committee expected to raise \$50,000, but has thus far been unable to attain this amount. It is expected, however, that the funds available will be sufficient to erect an adequate library building. Cardinal Mercier has sent the committee a message expressing his gratitude for the generosity of the American people.

Paris, Oct. 25.—In 1914, the town of Langres, located at a few kilometers' distance to the south of Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters in France, made the vow to raise, after the War, a statue to Joan of Arc to testify its gratitude for being spared the German invasion. This vow materialized early this month when the whole town celebrated the dedication of the statue. The ceremonies were presided over by Cardinal Dubois, the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris. He was surrounded by the Bishops of Langres, Poitiers, Chalons, Verdun, Dijon and Le Mans. A procession went all over the town. The senator-mayor of Langres together with the municipality took part in the procession.

Bogote, Colombia, Sept. 30.—In the latest issue of the Diario Oficial, the official gazette of Colombia, is contained in full the sermon preached by the Right Rev. Monsignor Lopez y Lleras on the occasion of the solemn public consecration of the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, last month. This masterpiece of sacred oratory was pronounced in the presence of President Marco F. Suarez, members of his cabinet, the Right Rev. Monsignor Medina, Auxiliary Bishop of Bogota, the Right Rev. Monsignor Minaur, auditor of the Apostolic Nunciature and a host of other important ecclesiastical and civil personages. The ceremony took place in the National Temple Bogote, on August 1, and gave Colombia the distinction of being the first nation to consecrate itself, in pursuance of legal enactment, to the Sacred Heart.

Paris, Oct. 31.—Cardinal Dubois, following his return from Rome, has expressed to Monsignor Roland Gosselin the wish that he remain near him as Auxiliary Bishop, just as he did for Cardinal Amette. Monsignor Gosselin has accepted the post and has been commissioned by Cardinal Dubois to organize in his name the public participation of Catholics in the Armistice Day celebration, November 11, and in commemoration the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic. President Millerand yesterday signed the decree conferring the Legion of Honor on Monsignor Roland Gosselin, Monsignor Chellet, Archbishop of Cambrai, and Monsignor Lemenier, Bishop of Bayeux, who was president of the last social week at Caen. Monsignor Marbeau, Bishop of Meaux, and the archbishops of Noyon, Senlis, Laon and Bethune were also knighted.