

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Oct. 11 1884.

No. 11

A. H. PIKE

JEWELLER,

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS.

STUDENTS and TEACHERS.

Attention!

The Pantagraph, Ornamental Pencil TABLETS WILL PLEASE YOU; ask for them at your Stationery Store kept at the COLLEGE BOOK STORE.

The Pantagraph Est.
J. T. RONEY, Manager.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

NEW

ECLECTIC GEOGRAPHIES,
TWO-BOOK SERIES.

ECLECTIC ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY.
ECLECTIC COMPLETE GEOGRAPHY.

ENTIRELY NEW

Accurate Maps, showing latest Discoveries and Boundaries, Concise Descriptive Text with uniform Topical Arrangement, Superb and Appropriate Illustrations.

Maps.—THE MAPS ARE WHOLLY NEW, and present, with the greatest accuracy, the results of the latest investigations and explorations. They have been drawn after long and patient study and comparison of the best authorities, statistical, descriptive and cartographical.

The names on all the maps are collected in an alphabetically arranged index, in which is indicated, not only the map, but the precise place on the map in which each name can be found. This "Ready Reference Index" contains nearly 10,000 names of cities and towns found on the maps.

Text.—A large, clear and distinct style of type is used.

By the use of two sizes of type, a longer and a shorter course are indicated.

MATHEMATICAL and PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY are fully treated in the first chapters. Great care is given to the explanation of the CAUSES OF NATURAL PHENOMENA.

Although published only recently they have been very favorably received in Catholic Institutions everywhere and are now in satisfactory use in **St. Viateur's College.**

For circulars and terms address

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., Publishers,
CINCINNATI & NEW YORK.

Ottoman Cahvey Company

Chicago,

ILL.

56 LA SALLE STREET.

C. R. E. KOCH, Pres. A. E. GILBERT, Secty.

Dealers in

**Choice Teas
and Coffees.**

And the celebrated

PREPARATION OF COFFEE

Known as

OTTOMAN CAHVEY.

Send for circular containing testimonials from Catholic and other public Institutions throughout the Country.

56 La Salle St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Babel & Stamm.

MISS K. MORGAN
Academy, Bourbonnais
PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE

No. 52 Court St. Kankakee, Ill.

SWANNEL'S BLOCK,

Telephone

No. 52

Druggists and Dealers

IN ALL KINDS OF FANCY AND TOILET

ARTICLES.

Choicest Brands of Cigars, etc

All should give them a call.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

SOUTH.		NORTH.
11:00 A M.....	Mail.....	5:37 P M
10:47 P M.....	Express.....	5:05 A M
6:55 P M (arr).	Gilman Passenger (arr)	12:05 P M
1:20 P M (lve).	Gilman Passenger (lve)	7:25 A M

MIDDLE DIVISION.

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
5:20 P M.....	Passenger.....	11:05 A M
11:55 P M (north).	Bloom. Pass. (north)	12:10 P M
1:20 A M (south).	Bloom. Pass. (south)	7:05 P M

INDIANA, ILLINOIS & IOWA.

East.		West.
5:15 P. M.....	Passenger.....	8. 34 A M
11:40 A M.....	Freight.....	11.20 A M

NOTICE.

Take the Park Phaeton at Central Depot for St. Viateur's College and Notre Dame Convent at Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.

N. BERGERON,
Kankakee, Ill.

NOEL BROSSAU,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE,
REAL ESTATE, LOANS
And Collections.
NOTARY PUBLIC. COURT ST., SECOND STORY
Nos. 11 and 13
KANKAKEE, ILL.

A. H. NICHOLS.
Stationer and Printer.
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.
Cigars and Tobaccos, Fancy Notions, etc.
2nd Door south of P. O.,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

CHAS. E. VOSS.
Photographer.
37 Court Sreet,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

C. H. ERZINGERS
Is the place to get choice Ice-Cream,
Fruits, Nuts, Candies, Oysters, Cigars
and Tobacco. The largest Ice-Cream
and Confectionery Parlors in the city.
Cor. Court St. & East Ave.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

J. D. Fraser, M. D.

KANKAKEE, ILL.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
All calls by Telephone promptly
attended to.



4 PASSENGER TRAINS each way per day,
between Cincinnati and Indianapolis.
3 PASSENGER TRAINS each way per day,
between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis
and Chicago.
2 PASSENGER TRAINS each way per day,
between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Terre
Haute & St. Louis.
2 PASSENGER TRAINS each way per day,
between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette,
Kankakee, Seneca and Davenport, Ia.
2 PASSENGER TRAINS each way per day,
between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette,
Sheldon, Peoria, Ill. and Keokuk, Ia.

KANKAKEE LINE.

Entire trains run through without change be-
tween Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and
Chicago. Pullman Sleepers and elegant Reclin-
ing Chair Cars on Night Trains. Parlor Cars on
Day Trains.

BIG 4 and VANDALIA.

The ONLY LINE running Pullman Sleeping Cars
through without change between Cincinnati and
St. Louis, for the accommodation of travel be-
tween these points. At St. Louis connections are
made in Union Depot, with all lines diverging.

KANKAKEE & SENECA ROUTE.

The ONLY LINE running Elegant Reclining
Chair Cars through without change between Cin-
cinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette & Davenport, Ia.

SHELDON ROUTE.

Commodious Reclining Chair Cars run through
without change between Cincinnati, Indianapo-
lis, Lafayette and Peoria, Ill. and Keokuk, Ia.
Close connection for Burlington, Ia.

**THROUGH TICKETS & BAGGAGE CHECKS
TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS.**

Can be obtained at any Ticket Office, C. I. St. L.
& C. Ry. also via this line at all coupon Ticket
Offices throughout the country.

See Agents of this Company for Rates,
Routes, &c., or write
C. S. La Follette,
W. Pa. C. I. St. L. & C. Ry., Lafayette, Ind.

JOHN EGAN, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agent,
CINCINNATI, O.

LYON & HEALY
State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.
Will send prepaid to any address their
BAND CATALOGUE
for 1883, 200 pages, 210 Engravings
of instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts,
Pompons, Epaulets, Cap-Lamps,
Stands, Drum Major's Staffs, and
Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing
Materials, also includes Instruction and Ex-
ercises for Amateur Bands, and a Catalogue
of Choice Band Music.

A. Ames,
DENTIST.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

N. BARSALOUX.
No. 211
STATE STREET,
CHICAGO.

We have lately bought an immense lot of
Chamber Sets
the whole stock of a
Manufacture,
40 cts. on the Dollar.

We can sell you the most beautiful set
in the city for

\$42.50,

which never was sold below
\$60.00.

If you wish to make a present to a
friend, come and see us, we will give
you the best opportunity you may
ever be offered; we have a few
hundreds left, and they go rapidly.

If you are in the city, come and
see our large stock of

Parlor Sets,
Magnificent Mirrors
20 x 72,
French Glass
\$27.00.

Parlor Bureaus,
in great varieties;
BOOK CASES,
Office Desks,
CHAIRS,
CARPETS,
LOUNGES,
Sofas,
&&&

J. Gelino.

No. 12 COURT STREET,
KANKAKEE, ILL.
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
FANCY GOODS NOTIONS DRY GOODS

J. R. MALOCHE.
General Blacksmith.
Horse shoeing a specialty.
Wood work of all kind.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Corner Court street & 3rd. Ave.
Kankakee, Ill.

P. L. MONAST, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.
All calls promptly attended.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Oct. 11 1884.

No. 11

The following ballad written by the gifted "Father Prout" commemorates the glorious victory gained by the Christian Powers over the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. The defeat of the Infidels is attributed to the prayer of the Rosary, the public recitation of which has been ordered by the holy Father during this month to avert evils not less in a spiritual sense than those of the sixteenth century.

Let us sing how the boast of the Saracen host
In the Gulf of Lepanto we scattered,
When each Knight of St. John from his cannon of
bronze,
With grape-shot their argosies batter'd.
Oh! we taught the Turks then, that of Europe the
men
Could defy every Infidel menace—
And that still o'er the main float the galleys of
Spain,
And the red-lion standard of Venice.
Quick we made the foe skulk, as we blazed at each
hulk,
While they left us a splinter to fire at;
And the rest of them fled o'er the waters blood-red
With the gore of the Ottoman Pirate;
And our navy gave chase to the Infidel Race,
Nor allowed them a moment to rally;
And we forced them at length to acknowledge our
strength,
In the trench, in the field, in the galley.
Then our men gave a shout, and the ocean through-
out,
Heard of Christendom's triumph with rapture.
Galliottes, eighty-nine, of the enemy's line;
To our swift-sailing ships fell a capture;
And I firmly maintain that the number of slain,
To at least forty thousand amounted;
To be sure 'twas sad work, if the life of a Turk
For a moment were worth being counted.
We may well feel elate, though I'm sorry to state,
That, albeit by the myriad we've slain'em;
Still, the sons of the Cross have to weep for the loss
Of six thousand who fell by the Paynim.

Full atonement was due, for each man that they
slew,

And a hecatomb paid for each hero;
But, could all we'd kill give a son to Castle,
Or to Malta a brave Cavalliero?
St. Mark, for the slain, intercedes not in vain—

There's a Mass at each altar in Venice;
And the saints we implore, for the Banner they
bore,
Are *Our Lady, St. George* and *St. Dennis*.
For the brave, while we grieve, in our hearts they
shall live—

In our mouths shall their praise be incessant;
And, again and again, we will boast of the men
Who have humbled the pride of the Crescent.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

It is asserted by many that the Americans are a nation of readers. This is especially true of young America. The school boy and street urchin have their weekly story-paper and their dime novel. The school miss and the working girl indulge in the same kind of literature, though gotten-up in a more pretentious form. Evidences of this fact are not wanting. Enter a street car in any of our great cities, morning or evening and you will behold the youth of both sexes poring over a sensational story paper or a novel bound either in the orthodox yellow or in morocco and gilt.

This mania for novel reading has crept into colleges and students waste much precious time perusing sensational literature. This is a sad fact, though it has been said that seven eighths of the novel reading of the country is done by women and that three novels a week form their average reading. Be this as it may one thing is certain, that college students do more than their share of novel reading.

A stranger, judging from appearances would probably conclude that the Americans were a learned and cultured people; that the rising generation was taking the surest means of becoming good men and good women.

But in reality is this the case? To answer this question it is necessary to examine the mental food with which our youths gorge themselves and then we shall be able to judge of the knowledge and culture of young America

Knowledge is built upon facts; culture upon thoughts. What we acquire is knowledge what we develop is culture. With this idea of knowledge and culture before our minds let us ask what forms the bulk of the reading matter of the rising generation? It is the sensational novel the story paper and other such trash. This indiscriminate reading is an alarming feature in American life, when we consider the tone of these novels and papers. Judging by them, divorces, elopements, intrigues and other crimes against society, are but the normal attendants of modern life. The reading of this trash is fast sapping the morals of community. While Scott, Hawthorne and Cooper are neglected this vile stuff is read. Only high seasoned tales suit the public taste. Mysterious murders, rash marriages, run away matches, terrible secrets, awful mysteries and hidden perils of the most improbable kind, go to make up the readable novel. Scenes are described, circumstances are mentioned, conversations retailed and vices introduced in these stories, which would cause any man to be banished from decent society were he to allude to them.

Yet such are read by the young. Once familiar with crime of every sort and degree, through the florid descriptions of the novel, our young men and women become mentally debased, an insidious poison is infused in them which corrupts the imagination. Their thoughts unbidden stray to matters, of which they have lately read, a dangerous curiosity is excited and from constant reflection, they begin to lose that horror for crime which is one of the safe-guards of virtue. The mind once disturbed, the imagination led astray every defaulter or swindler, if he be a criminal on a large scale, is apt to appear to them as a smart fellow; the disloyal wife and faithless husband, more sinned against than sinning.

It has often been asked, why is it that this age is so superficial, so different from the common sense and solidity of the past? The answer is simple. It is due to the vile flashy, vulgar literature of the present. Reading for mere pleasure is substituted for solid reading; excitement for thought. What alcohol is to the body, sensational literature is to the mind. Habitual indulgence in such reading may be termed dissipation, not reading for improvement. Students should remember this. Much of their success at college depends on their memory and on profitable reading which is but the power of study; of mastering principles and details. But the memory is weakened and the power of study lost by continual reading of novels and sensational papers.

What knowledge or what culture can be expected from such reading? Knowledge indeed of the most pernicious kind, culture which would fit a person to become a boon companion of the dregs of society. This is not exaggeration for every day's experience confirms the fact. Listen to the conversation of devotees of this literature. Dress and scandal from the staple of small talk among girls; raillery, foul jokes, showing their contempt of authority, that of boys. Do you wish a further proof? Take the police reports. In New York city alone in six months of last year there were four hundred and twenty six young criminals arrested and of this number fifteen were held for murder. In the majority of cases, bad literature had started these young persons on their career of crime.

We do not condemn all novel reading, but indiscriminate novel reading and especially the reading of sensational novels. There are many novels that may be read without detriment to morals; but unfortunately these are considered flat by the majority of modern readers. Fiction should not be banished, but purified; for it can be made the channel of truth and instruction. We acquire a better idea of the character of Richard Cœur de Lion from *Ivanhoe*, and of the court of Elizabeth from *Kenilworth* than from Hume. Dickens wrote his novels to show the injustice done to the poor. Thackeray wrote, to expose the shams of English society.

Let fiction then remain but purify it and make it the channel of knowledge and culture. Materials are not wanting for there is a magnificent field. Our government, society, national manners, the extravagance of our great cities, the enterprising spirit of our people, the rapid changes of fortune in our commercial centres, where the born beggar dies a millionaire, life at our watering places—all these form inexhaustible subjects for romance. We have also contrasts of character, the gay Frenchman, the practical German, the generous Irishman, the reserved Englishman, the proud Spaniard and the eager and calculating American with his heart of ice and his brain of fire.

There is no lack of material but of novelists. We want a Thackeray to expose the extravagance of our best society; a Dickens to soften our hearts towards the poor; a Bulwer to polish the manners of our people and to teach us that knowledge is power and that the Almighty dollar is only its handmaiden.

II.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Some months ago, the untold pleasure was afforded me of visiting the old, old school, where childhood's happy days were passed in innocence and glee. Although

life's stern realities had swept away many of the old familiar landmarks that formerly served to guide my youthful steps, enough remained to recall quite distinctly the bright and sunny past when all was as merry as a marriage bell. The shattered structure was still standing on the banks of the creeping sedgy stream the old rocks on the brown hill side were still visible; while the weather beaten mill on the opposite shore, though lone and desolate was yet reclining over the craggy brows of the venerable river. I looked to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West, to meet a friendly face, to find some one who might inform me of the ravages of time around the home of my boyhood since my many years of absence. I strolled about the surrounding meadows, I visited the white-capped graveyard on the green hill-side down the shadowed lane, but from no one and in no place could I find any sojourner to unfold to me the cause of the desolation recognizable all around, all was sad—all was silent. The sounds of boyhood revelry had long since died out—the merry parties had long since been broken—comrades had long since been torn asunder—father and mother had passed away—"gone" was written on the once joyous surroundings—"gone and gone forever". My sorrow knew no bounds—yet I lingered, yet I tarried amid the scenes of earlier years communing with myself about the dear departed. The dear old schoolmaster who taught me my alphabet and who so often pulled my ears, where was he? Where was that smiling face that greeted the children of the village on their arrival a cold, frosty morning? Where was that tenderhearted old man whose greatest joy was to partake in our innocent recreations, our juvenile sports? Had that fond heart also ceased to beat? Alas! it had I knowingly concluded—"gone" I uttered, as a tear fell upon the hallowed ground upon which I once so nimbly capered in the golden rainbowed past. Whilst pondering upon the perishableness of all human things, methought there came to my ears the sound of the old bell slowly swinging to and fro from the weather-beaten cupola calling us to recitation. I was startled. I felt a thrill of joy then a pang of pain pass over me. However I cast aside my melancholy thoughts and forebodings and wandered up to the threshold of the school—stood before it, hat in hand as if to reverence one of the departed, I peeped in through the old shattered shutters, searching for some indication of life, casting an eye towards the dustcovered, elevated desk, towards my old seat, towards the few pious pictures that adorned the rude walls—but in no place could I find evidence of any thing save long abandonment, total neglect, total forgetfulness, a fading monument of boyhood's happy hours, slowly but surely crumbling to the ground. The plaster had entirely fallen down—large chinks in the

walls were letting in the last rays of a beautiful summer evening's sun—the old door swung to and fro upon creaking rusty hinges, the soot-covered chimney was perceptibly falling—while the aged, cracked stove which so often contained a cheerful, blazing, gladsome fire to make the young heart rejoice, was as brown as the autumn leaves. Whilst gazing upon these scenes, filled with loneliness, filled with a certain despair in being unknown in now an almost unknown land, with no one nigh to impart to me any information concerning the past and the innumerable changes a few decades of years had wrought, the sound of a heavy wagon was heard on the old drawbridge that crossed the stream by the mill, I hastened to the street across the green sward—I accosted the stranger who was a big burly fellow of some forty summers enquiring of him in anxious tone, if any of the old boys of long ago were yet in the neighborhood. I did not have to wait long for a reply. He gazed at my face—he scanned my features, he grasped my hand he almost kissed me—it was old Tom Brown—my former classmate,—he knew me. To say what pleasures were the result of such a meeting would be an impossibility. The past—the good old days of schoolboy life were called back—and each fond incident was passed over in review between us—whether in relating some humorous anecdote that produced unbounded laughter or in sadly commenting upon some fair-haired, rosy cheeked boy, upon whom misfortune had fallen—or whose departure from terrestrial things had left a vacant chair. Youthful days, what a charm, they possess especially when the brilliancy of their sunlight is already fading before the darkness of the long dreary wintry nights of old age! Boyhood hours what countless pleasures they contain, when the young life is throbbing with the warmth of its earliest pulsations, when the young flower is beginning to bud out and blossom into the maturity of manhood's spring! And on this occasion none could better appreciate these truths than ourselves—truths which all men, no matter in what condition of life, would once more gladly realize, were it permitted. For it may be said that the life of all is divided into two wishes—the desire to be a man, and the second desire to be once more a boy to enjoy the pure air—the consciousness of innocence—to roam at will as happy and contented as the forest songsters flitting about from tree to tree. With fond affection would we all retain the perpetual springtime of a youth, and the world's wealth, which so many esteem in preference to their immortal soul should be gladly abandoned to continually possess vital forces that bestow health, vigor and energy to the barefooted, ragcovered boy who dances in merriment over the crowded streets of our large cities. But alas! as friend Brown expressed it—we only possess one boyhood—one manhood—old age follows and like

the once sturdy oak of the wildwood we bend before the storms and approach the winter of decay—we fall before the blast, nor stone nor slab to finally mark our resting place. The same peaceful stream shall continue to glide onwards with prattling step, the same winds shall continue to blow or sigh their lonesome sigh—the grass beneath our feet shall fade and return: but when frolicsome boy of earlier years departs he is almost lost amid the mazy windings of the world's domains or he strays into the great unseen ocean—but never more returns. The moral observations of my friend Brown—called up by scenes of loneliness, where one were mirth and glee—made an indelible impression upon my memory. They carried the mind back to the dawn of existence and down to the eclipse of life—and while weighing with the scales of impartiality the joys, the sorrows, the tears, the pleasures, the gladness, the pains of both periods, both of us with one voice—yet breathing the fervid heartiness of boyhood exclaimed with one accord “Come back brights days come back! I lingered around the old town a few days strolling amid the silent witnesses of the merry past obtaining from time to time some further information about some missing one fond and true: but the supreme sadness and silence that dwelt all around compelled me to shorten my intended visit. I bade friend Brown an affectionate good-bye promising some day to wander back again. He wished me a hearty God-speed to the Prairie State and I could not refrain from repeating—whilst casting one fond long lingering look behind towards the old school now shining beneath the rays of an autumnal sun—

Deserted now is the school of my boyhood.

The cricket makes mirth in the chinks of the walls
 Departed and dead are the friends of my childhood
 Their glad pleasant voices fill not the halls:
 The chimney top is now tottering and falling,
 Rank weeds and bushes grow thro' the floor,
 Night owls and wild birds each other are calling,
 The echo comes back—never more—never more!

J. P. M.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

To a mind capable of reflecting seriously on the history of the nineteenth century, many subjects are offered as food for meditation. But from whatever standpoint it may be viewed, whether scientific, literary, or artistic, the question naturally arises: Have we improved on the olden times?

That we have made wonderful advancement in science, there can be no shadow of doubt, but whether the spirit of this advancement has been beneficial or injurious to the human mind is quite another question. In reading the lives and in studying the characters of

our contemporary savants, one is astonished to find that they are men of little or no religious convictions; men, seemingly so wrapt up in their scientific specialties as to have lost sight of the First Great Cause and in striving to supply his place, wandering through mazes of the most ridiculous philosophy. Huxley, Spencer and a host of others are undoubtedly men of brilliant talent, but they are as apparently ignorant of the eternal truths as the babe unborn. There is something wrong in this; what that something may be is beyond our knowledge to ascertain. Truth, whether revealed or acquired by reason, is eternally one. Why, then, should the scientific knowledge of our advanced thinkers clash with the truths of revelation? The conclusion forces itself that their deductions are based on false principles—and on such a foundation they can never build a temple to replace the church of God. Mankind is in possession of the eternal truths and, until our parvenu free thinkers can perform the impossible task of falsifying them the will tenaciously clings to that possession. This is one phase of the nineteenth century progress.

In Literature, our pretensions are as utterly groundless. Lord Byron and Lord Tennyson are admittedly the master poets of this century. The genius of the former is universally admired; the inimitable graces of his style are the pride of literary connoisseurs. But were not the world better, had Lord Byron never lived? Literature is a means, not an end. What useful object Byron attained by his writing, critics have failed to perceive. The character of the man exerts a powerful influence over the works of the writer, and the character of Lord Byron was certainly not an admirable one. While ranging delightfully over one of the lovely scenes of his creation, enjoying the cool ocean breeze beneath his own Italian moon, we fear the envenomed hiss of his snakelike cynicism and recoil in horror from the lurking dangers of his enchanting, yet satanical, paradise.

Nor does Lord Tennyson merit the literary distinction that his friends would claim for him. Brilliant as he is amid the lesser lights that shine around him, his brightness pales before those suns of Literature who shone in former ages. He is yet living and of few living poets can it be said that they received their just meed from their contemporaneous critics. Compare him with Shakespeare, Milton or Spencer and then judge as your good sense dictates.

What has been said of our poets may, with equal truth, be said of our prose writers. Their works are now, in the full bloom of youth, but the chill frosts of age will nip their smiling buds. In the grave of the past lie buried works that in their day were looked upon as products of giant-minds. So will our writings be judged by an impartial posterity.

It is in art, however, that our poverty most openly displays itself. The days of Da Vinci and Murillo are gone, never to return, until the changes of time have formed a better generation of men. Governments may encourage, generous patrons may lavish wealth but nothing strikingly original in art can be produced. The reason is sufficiently obvious. A true artist cannot labor without a worthy aim. To acquire wealth and prominence in society, to see the result of years of patient application exhibited to the passing glance of a hurrying crowd are motives not sufficiently elevated to awake that ambition necessary to the production of a great art-creation.

In the Catholic times the grand old masters lived to see their works embellish the almost supernatural beauty of the Gothic cathedral. It was the height of their ambition to produce something that would raise a struggling soul to the contemplation of higher things; their labor was a labor of love and nobly did they perform it. This was a motive worthy the noblest intellect and this was the motive that gave the world an Angelo and a Raphael.

In the face of such considerations can we call our century an age of progress in that which is good or admirable?

O. T.

LOCALS.

- Apples!
- Apples-cores!!
- Will we throw in for more water melon??
- All hail to St. Viateur's day! all aboard for the races!
- Frank R. is tannerizing in expectation of St. Viateur's day's customary square meal. Rob. and Rib. faithfully stand by Frank encouraging him on by word and example.
- Prof. M. expects to be appointed ambassador to China if his candidate gets there in time. There will be peace in China at last—and we shall have *tea totally*. Take your G. W. hatchet, Prof.
- We don't speak of the lost Chaley Ross any more—it is the lost Martin Luther K. that we are looking for now. Could any one give us information as to his whereabouts? The boy is never seen with a chew, always wears a soldier's cap and a 2 for 5cts. smile.
- Albert B. (alias Bib.) has a sore finger from a foul tip and takes toast with quail on the fence.
- Say Billy bring the quails home for poor Bib.
- Lord Orson, the boxer, will be a big addition to the dramatic corps. Roll up your sleeves B.
- Three cheers for the boss Baker—shake, old fellow, and bake on!

— Henry, the war whoop man, is back and settled down.

— James D. is reported to have taken a great liking for the immortal "Sweet Violets" which he is oftentimes heard to render in rare melodious strains reminding us of the "Gum-tree canoe" of old so admirably sung by Father D.

— Glad to make your acquaintance M. Artístico-scientifico Musical Editor!

— Very latest: the little pup up stairs, property of Fr. Toomey.

— Will Cutsinger got a handsome 85 dollar shooter, gift of his father who visited him this week. Claude L. is giving Will private lessons on shooting and says he will be satisfied with a share of the booty for a remuneration.

— A crowd of the minimis on a nutting tour discovered a great big stone by the bank of the River near the happy-hunting-ground which, they say, marks the grave of an old Indian chief who is buried there with his tomahawk under his head—The Indian stone is a favorite rendez-vous with them now to crack nuts and tell tales of the Indians long long ago.

— Dr. Geo. Rivard and lady from Assumption, Ills, are visiting their friends and relatives of Bourbonnais, Doc looks well and reports business as prosperous.

— Visitors during the past two weeks—

— The Cagwin boys who got beaten 7 to 4—good game, come again; Rev. A. Bergeron, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Powers; Mrs. Quinlan, Chicago; Mrs. Flanagan; Mrs. Nutting and Miss. Meyers Chicago; Miss. Patti, Lafayette, Ind.; Miss. Bertrand, Baton-Rouge, La.; Mr. Cutsinger, Edinburg, Ind.

Rev. McCartney and Deveney, Gilman; Mrs. Cross, New Orleans, La., Rev. Spellman and Morrissey, Batavia, Ills.; Mukautz, Manistee, Mich.

— Arrivals: MM. McGrady, Dore, A. Mukautz, J. Bennett, J. Moynihan, McMillen.

Dear Father Marsile,

I cannot refuse your very kind request to furnish you with some information relative to Arizona and New Mexico—Mexico's old provinces—tho' I am scarcely able to find time for it.

New Mexico and Arizona are as your readers all know stock-raising countries. Their superficial conformation suits them for nothing else. Vast tracts of rolling ground—large valleys fenced in by natural walls forming the sides or faces of *mesas*—then the great expanses of the mesa surfaces themselves. Water is found only at great intervals and with difficulty in supplies sufficient for herds. Then there are mountain regions—the Sierra Madres running through New Mexico—the White and San Francisco groups figuring in Arizona. Grass is almost everywhere. Everywhere too are evidences of

terrific upheavels. There is written in the face of Arizona especially, in characters such as God alone can write in, and which time will never erase, the records of terrific volcanic upheavels and changes.

New Mexico has her Indians, so has Arizona, like all the rest of this continent. The pueblos—so called because they live in pueblos (in villages), are the peculiar Indians of New Mexico. In pueblos they were found by the Spanish explorers who came into what is now New Mexico in the 16th. century, and there they still live—their grounds secured to them by our government and their tribal laws respected. They are a peaceful semi-civilized people, their structures, rude things of mud called abode, their manner of tilling the soil now, as when the Spaniards first beheld them, primitive and of that rudeness which the bible tells of in patriarchal times. They are not warlike. They love peace. They have clung perversely to their heathen rights, through ages of besotted ignorance—shut out from the true light of revelation—almost the commandments which are written by God in every human heart illegible to them—they, like the Indians of Arizona, are a terrible example of what comes unto a people for running counter to the laws divine and natural.

The Indians of Arizona are the Navajoes whose range originally and whose immense Reservation to-day extends into New Mexico, and the Apaches—the fiercest and most brutal Indians of this hemisphere. The Navajoes are the most numerous of all Indian tribes—they number now about 20,000. They have never given any serious trouble since Kit Carson overcame and almost destroyed everything they had in bringing them to terms. The Apaches who are closely held on Reservations in Arizona and New Mexico have been the scourge of Arizona ever since the Spaniards set foot upon it down to very recent years.—within the last decade in fact. They murdered, they burned, they ravaged, they destroyed everywhere. The record of their depredations constitutes some of the most fiendish pages which preserve accounts of man's depravity.

Of all these Indians not one of them is aware of his origin. The real story of their past has slipped from them ages ago. If asked of their origin, a ludicrous genealogy—resembling the folk-lore of Africa—starting from the rabbit, the coyote or the prairie dog will be the reply. That they are not the aborigines—the first inhabitants of these vast territories—is evident from the fact that there exist to-day architectural remains indicating a civilization higher than that of any of the present Indians, and of these structures and as to who lived in them, they can say nothing. In the Canon de Chelley, in Eastern Arizona, in Southern Arizona near the present city of Tucson, and throughout this region are found these remains of an ancient people who must

have been in the enjoyment of much of those comforts and arts which is the boast of our civilization to-day. But no record lags to tell who or whence they were or what they did. An invasion of barbarians, such as that which Europe suffered, came upon them, but with more terrific results, for by it they were wiped away.

One of the strange features connected with these archeological remains is that they are never found near spring or rivers. Yet the fragmentary existence of acequias (water ducts) shows us that they had water whose sources have disappeared. Was it not after all the invasion of fierce northern or southern or western hordes which blotted out this people—but was it some dreadful change of nature which dried up the river and the secret welling places of the spring? No record lags to tell.

The climate of these regions—like the climate of all areas of a considerable altitude above the sea-level—is very healthy, and its far southern situation renders it in summer and winter an extremely enjoyable one. It is one especially favorable to those who are so unfortunate as to have weak lungs. Its almost constant sunshine cheers the invalid—and its pure bracing air strengthens and sustains him.

And now, dear Father, I must say *adieu*, but may it prove to be *au revoir*. If my leisure permits and you should still desire there are many other things in these old territories which could interest if not instruct the reader.

Yours very sincerely,

J. W. W.

Oct 5, 1884.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Jesuit Fathers are to open a new college at Denver, Col.

Owing to the prevalence of cholera in Italy, the Papal Consistory will not convene until December.

The Italians of Chicago are to have a new Catholic church, the corner-stone of which was laid Sept-21st.

Catholicity is making great progress in Washington Territory. Five years ago, the Catholic population was 10,000, it is now 20,000.

The Mahdi's Catholic prisoners, the nuns and Missionaries, are receiving good treatment. The Mahdi has assigned to their use, a house and garden outside the city.

The late Charles W. West of Cincinnati, Ohio in his will, bequeathed to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Cumminsville, \$10,000 and to the Sisters of the good Shephard, and Little Sisters of the Poor \$5,000 each.

Through the efforts of the Benedictine Fathers, the colored people of Skidway Island, Georgia, have been changed from an irreligious and shiftless case to good

Catholics and industrious workman, and consequently good citizens.

The Missionaries engaged in the evangelizing work of the Propaganda are fulfilling the injunction of their Divine Master: "Go and teach all nations" as the following interesting figures inform us.

These apostolic laborers number in all, 6,700, divided among the following Orders and Congregations, 1,000, Capuchins in India and the islands of the Indian Ocean; 2,500 Franciscans in Morocco, and America; 300 Oblates at Jaffa, in Natal and Ceylon; 700 priests of the missions *étrangères* in Malasia, Corea and Tonquin; 1,500 Jesuits British Guyana, Armenia and Madagascar; 200 Lazarists in Persia Abyssinia and Kiang-Su; 500 Dominicans in the Philippine Islands, Central Tonquin and other ports.

A new Catholic church has been erected at Grand Crossing, ten miles south of Chicago, by Rev. T. Horan, the pastor at Hyde Park.

Rev. F. S. Hennebery for many years assistant at St. James Church Chicago, and latterly at the Cathedral, has received the appointment as pastor of St. Pius Church in the same city.

Fifty years ago there were but three Sisters of Charity in Paterson, New Jersey, now there are sixty-three.

The Oratorian Fathers new church at South Kensington is one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures in England. Although not entirely finished it has already cost £80,000.

The Propaganda after mature deliberation, has reaffirmed the decree of 1883 by which Laval is declared the only Catholic university in Canada.

The Catholic missionary authorities in Pias have received advices from Hong Kong stating that the Chinese have destroyed Catholic chapels in the province of Canton and that 9,000 in the province are homeless.

The fortunate winners of the prize medals, annually distributed to the students of Roman Colleges by the cardinal prefect, comprised ten students from the Irish College, five Friars from the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore and eleven Alumni from North the American College.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Scholastic year of '84 and '85 finds us once more at our old occupation with quill in hand endeavoring to note the excellent qualities of our many exchanges—as well as to pass over whatever failings, which, as our JOURNAL, all must necessarily contain. College Journalism of late years has grown to be almost an imperative necessity, as is evidenced from almost all

educational institutions of any standing possessing an Organ for the expression of opinion, specially for stimulating young men to cultivate the great practical science of composition. Of all the influences that control the people of a nation in this age, the newspaper may be regarded as the greatest. The Journal the Periodical, the magazine—each in its turn is a mighty instrument either in advancing the masses in mental as well as in moral acquirements—or in holding back the progress of good government or in scattering broadcast the seeds of iniquity or of unsound doctrines. The freedom of the Press however should not be abused—and such a gigantic vehicle of thought should always be conducted for the benefit of the many, for the injury of none.

College Journals however as a rule have reason to feel proud of their conduct in this matter. Their mission being to amuse, to instruct, to impart ambition to the young mind, they as a rule confine themselves within those bounds—scarcely ever wandering out into the domain of politics or mixing up with questions of national supremacy—or national excellencies recognizing the fact that we are all members of the same human family and consequently equal. The mission of our college papers is certainly praiseworthy, and their literary efforts must surely be regarded as worthy of patronage by any thinking man. In glancing over the various College and Academic Journals, it is a matter of surprise—but a matter worthy of recognition to note the amount of pains—the amount of labor, bestowed upon those periodical publications—and this is to be more esteemed when we reflect that such work is something extra to regular daily routine occupations.

It is pleasant to us to note the general good will that all manifest towards one another especially as these Journals represent various sects, who at times manifest anything towards each other but friendly feelings. We extend the hand of friendship to our many contemporaries for the scholastic term of '84 and '85 and trust that our future acquaintanceship shall continue and that our former associations shall be filled with many as pleasant memories as in the past.

Papers that have arrived since our last issue are as follows:

Connecticut Catholic, Western Catholic, Danville News, LaSalle Times, Kankakee Times, Kankakee Gazette, Valparaiso Herald, "Ave Maria," Notre Dame Scholastic, Philomathean Review, High School Index, Scientific American, Occident, The Echo, Academian, Catholic World, Echo de l'Ouest, Hropigateur des bons livres, L'Etendard, Petite Revue du Tièrs Ordre, The Critic, La Revue Canadienne and New York Tablet.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR
LUMBER AND COAL,**

{ *First Yard North of Court Street,* }
{ *Opposite Johnson's Grain House.* }

Hard Coal Direct from Breaker at
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Hard Wood Wagon Stock a Specialty.

S. M. DAV,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

MARDER, LUSE & CO.

TYPE FOUNDERS,

ALL TYPE CAST ON THE

AMERICAN SYSTEM OF
INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE BODIES.

SEND FOR EXPLANATORY CIRCULAR

139 and 141 Monroe Street, CHICAGO.

JOHN DALE.

45 Court Street, Kankakee, Illinois.

PIANOS & ORGANS.

Best Makers.

Every Instrument sold Warranted for
5 years.

J. C. MATEER. R. O. SCOVILL.

Kankakee Planing Mill.

Blinds, Mouldings. Sash, Doors,

Planing, Re-sawing, Etc.

Done on Short Notice.

KANKAKEE, ILL.

Kankakee Stone and Lime Co.

INCORPORATED FEB. 23rd. 1867.

Proprietors of the celebrated Kankakee
flat Lime stone Quarries.

Fresh Wood-burned Lime
always on hand.

Kankakee Ill.

Depot of the Celebrated "GOLDEN CROSS"
Fine Cut. Established 1856.

S. ALPINER,

Manufacturer of FINE CIGARS, and dealer in
Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos and All Kinds
of Smokers' Articles.

No. 22 East Ave. Kankakee, Ill.

GREG. VIGEANT,

ARCHITECT,

Rooms 5 and 11,

45 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

PETER WALZEM,

Grower of

PURE ALTAR WINE.

Warsaw, Hancock Co., Ill.

REFERENCES.

Rt. Rev. JOS. MELCHOR, Bishop of Green Bay.
Rt. Rev. M. Fink, Bishop of Leavenworth.

**J. K. EAGLE.
LUMBER.**

A large and complete assortment of
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Sash,
Doors, Blinds and Mouldings always
on hand.

Filling large orders for Dimension
Lumber a Specialty.

Yards, on East Avenue, Kankakee,
Ills., 2nd Yard north Court Street,
and at Momence, between C. & L. I.
and River. Address,

J. K. EAGLE, KANKAKEE, ILL.

J. A. LANGLAIS.

Bookseller Stationer and Wine Merchant.

177 St Joseph Street, St. Roch (Quebec)
Proprietor of the celebrated French Classics
by E. ROBERT, and also of "A New Course of
Canadian Penmanship" in 9 Nos. (French and
English) \$10.50 a gross—of "La Semaine Sainte,"
with music, 180, half bound, \$6.00 1/2 dz.—of "Le
Paroissien noté," 180 full cloth: \$10.80 1/2 dz; half
bound \$12.00 1/2 dz.

Has always on hand, and at the lowest prices.
all kinds of French and English classical goods.

BROPHY BROS.

Publishers of

BAND & ORCHESTRA MUSIC

132 & 134 South 7th. St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Send for BAND RECORD, contain-
ing four sample Eb parts to our
latest music. Monthly.

DRAZY & SON,

General Blacksmith.

Repairs of Machines, Wagons, Plows.
And Horse shoeing.

All work done on short notice
And guaranteed.

Near the bridge; KANKAKEE, ILL.

A. J. ROY.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats,

Sausage, Poultry, Etc.

Market, North Side Court St.

Kankakee, Ill.

WILLIAM DARCHE,

Groceries,

Dry Goods,

Yankee Notions.

Bourbonnais Grove, Illinois.

**CHAS. RIETZ BROS.,
LUMBER CO.**

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS

In Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts,

WINDOWS, DOORS, BLINDS AND SALT.

KANKAKEE ILL.

Opp. Ill. Central R. R. Depot.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Steel Pens.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

His Celebrated Numbers,

303-404-170-604-332,

and his other styles may be had of all dealers
throughout the world.

Joseph Gillott & Sons. New York.

L. S. FORMAN. J. FORMAN. B. E. COON.

Office of

FORMAN & COON,

Practical house Painters, and Dealers in Wall
Paper and Window Shades, Painter's Stock and
Tools.

Paper Hanging and Decorating.

One door south of Post Office, KANKAKEE, ILL.

K. L. BOYSEN.

Undertaker. KANKAKEE, ILL.

FEELEY & CO.

Gold and Silversmiths.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

Religious, Graduating & Reward

Medals,

Of Choice Designs and Fine

Workmanship.

ALL GOODS AT FACTORY PRICES.

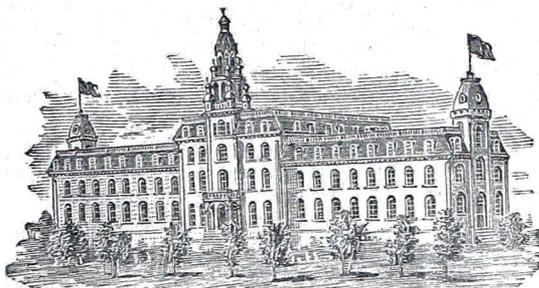
Send for catalogue.

OFFICE & FACTORY,

195 EDDY STREET,

Box 621. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FOUNDED 1869.



CHARTERED 1874.

St. Viator's College.

THE COLLEGE affords excellent facilities for study, and the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of MODERN LANGUAGES, MATHEMATICS, CLASSICS, MUSIC, SCIENCE, LAW, MEDICINE, PHILOSOPHY, and THEOLOGY. Most careful attention is paid to the business training of young men, and a thorough practical knowledge of BOOK-KEEPING and COMMERCIAL LAW is imparted by skilled Professors.

The best authors and most approved system of teaching are adopted in all grades of the College. Students may enter at any time. Term and tuition will begin with date of entrance.

Terms for board and tuition \$200.00 per annum.

Catalogues, and any desired information will be cheerfully given on application to the Director.

Rev. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

A. BABST,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

In all kinds of Household Furniture
OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE KINDS.
WAREROOMS ON EAST AVENUE.

A. Babst

DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
IRON, NAILS AND WAGON STOCK
No. 13 EAST AVENUE, KANKAKEE, ILL.
Jobbing Done to order.

D. Q. Scheppers, M. D.

292 Larrabee St. Chicago, Ill.
Dr. SCHEPPERS
will be in Bourbonnais on the 1st. of
each month.

J. W. BUTLER PAPER Co.

Wholesale Paper Dealers.

A full line of **Cards** and **Wedding** goods
kept constantly on hand.

Nos. 173 & 175 Adams Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

FRED ZIPP.

The oldest Boot & Shoe House in the City.
Customers will always have good Bargains.
No. 17 Court St. Kankakee, Ill.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

LEGAL BLANKS.

D. L. Durham.
STATIONERY
Books, News, Music,
BASE-BALLS and BATS, FISHING TACKLE.
KANKAKEE, ILL.
TOYS, CROQUET. BABY CARRIAGES.

R. J. HANNA,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
43 Court Street,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

BRAYTON & CHRISTIAN

DEALERS in Men's, Women's, Misses' and
Children's fine and medium Shoes; also all sizes
and grades of Boots. Special inducements for

Students.

Two doors north of Post Office.

Kankakee, Ill.

KERR BRO'S,
HARDWARE, STOVES, IRON
STEEL, TINWARE, NAILS, &c.,
Job work done in any part of the County.
CORNER COURT ST. & SCHUYLER AVENUE.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

E. D. BERGERON, M. D.
Assistant Surgeon, Mercy Hospital '81
Resident Physician, Alexian Hospital Chicago '82
Residence, Bourbonnais Grove Ill.

MUHLBAUER BEHRLE,

Publishers, Importers

AND

Book-Sellers,

Dealers in

CHURCH-GOODS.

41 La Salle St., Chicago, ILL.

V. STAMM,
No. 7 Court Street,
KANKAKEE.

Dealer in choice Bakeries, Groceries, choicest
brands of flour. Keeps on hand constantly
a large assortment of Produce.

Please call and see me before going

ANY PLACE ELSE.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper, \$3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 251 Broadway, New York.

J. J. SCHUBERT.
 PROPRIETOR OF THE
 German, French and American Pharmacy.
 Cor. East Ave. & Merchant St.
 KANKAKEE, ILL.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, ETC., ETC.
 Also a fine line of Toilet Articles of all
 kinds. Fine Cigars and Tobacco.
 CALL AND SEE ME.

Preston Sanasack.
BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL.

General Store. Dealer in Groceries,
 Dry goods, Hardware, Cutlery, Glassware.
 Also keeps constantly on hand a large
 stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING,
FAMILY MEDICINES,
 And wholesale Liquors.

LOUIS GOUDREAU, Jr.

HARDWARE.

Stoves, Iron, Nails and Wagon wood
 stock. Tinware and tin work of all kinds.
No. 3 Court Street,
Kankakee, Ill.

Those in need of choice Confectioneries,
 Canned goods, all kinds of Fruits, Fish
 and Oysters will do well and save money
 by calling on

T. O'GORMAN.
 East Avenue,
Kankakee.

JOHN G. KNECHT,

Merchant Tailor,

READY-MADE Clothing

Hats and Caps. —Gent's underwear.

Trunks, Valises, Furnishing Goods.

Wilson Bros' Fine Shirts.

NOS. 2 AND 4 COURT STREET.

Kankakee, Ill.

L. DROLET & BROTHER.

DEALERS IN

Boots and Shoes.

A Large Stock of Women's, Misses'
 Children's, Men's, Boys', and Youths'.
 Bargains in Crochery and glassware.
 25 Court St., Next to 1st National Bank.
 Kankakee, Ill.

G. O. ANDREWS.
 MERCHANT TAILOR.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and
 Caps.

EAST AVENUE, Kline Block
 KANKAKEE, ILL.

C. WOLF.
 Barber Shop
 Under Umbach's Harness Store
 Kankakee, Ill
 First class work guaranteed
 Students especially invited.

Notre Dame Academy.

DIRECTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE
 CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME.

This Institution affords every advantage to
 Young Ladies desirous of obtaining a solid and
 finished education. For particulars apply to

Mother Superior,
 Notre Dame Academy,
 Bourbonnais Grove,
 KANKAKEE CO., ILL.

SCHOOL BOOKS. LEGAL BLANKS.
FRANK E. BELLAMY.

DEALER IN

STATIONERY.
 Books, News, Music,
 Wall-Paper, Window Shades.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

TOYS PICTURES. BABY CARRIAGES'

CHAS. KNOWLTON'S

NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
 Dearborn Avenue

1st. Door South of Court St,
 East Side,

KANKAKEE, ILL.

Commercial Hotel

Opposite I. C. Depot.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION.
 FREE 'BUSS TO AND FROM DEPOTS.

C. G. UBELLAR, PROPRIETOR.

C. P. TOWNSEND.

Dealer in American and Swiss
 Watches. Silver and Plated ware,
 Jewelry, Clocks, all kinds of Musical
 Instruments. Watches and Jewelry
 carefully repaired by best workmen
 and Warranted.

East Avenue, 1 door south of Knecht's Block.

KANKAKEE ILLINOIS.

Staple and Fancy Groceries.
 40 Court Street KANKAKEE, ILL.

Jas. H. Fellows & Co.

A CARD.

To all whom it may concern.
 Having adopted the One Price
 System to all my Patrons, I will give
 a further Discount of 10 Per cent to
 all Clergymen, Professors and Students
 of Bourbonnais College. Call at the
 Philadelphia One Price Clothing
 Hall No. 8 Court St. Kankakee Ill.

M. Rohrheimer, Prop.

Ed. DESLAURIERS.

ARTISTIC TAILOR, Give him a call.
 Court St. No. 13 Kankakee, Ill.

Kurrasch and Stege,
 Proprietors of

The Old Beauchamp & Babel.)

PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE,

Where you can find the Largest assort-
 ment of Hair and Tooth Brushes Toilet articles
 Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges and all varieties of
 Druggist Sundries.

All should give them a call,

No. 5, COURT ST. TELEPHONE No. 10

A. Ehrich
 EAST COURT STREET
 KANKAKEE.

Dealer in choicest Groceries, choicest
 brands of Flour. Keeps on hand constantly
 a large assortment of Feed and Produce.

Please call and see me before going
 any place else.

H. L. Crawford & Co.,
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL

GROCERS.

No. 36 Court Street.

KANKAKEE, ILL.

WANNER, WEBER & CO.,

TYPE

Foundry, & Printers' Supplies.

Specimen Book and Estimates upon
 application. Write for Second-hand list of
 Presses and Machines.

54 & 56 Franklin St., Chicago, Ills.

Outfits for COLLEGE PAPERS.

Send for estimates.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

Printers to the Holy Apostolic See

Publishers & Booksellers;

also manufacturers and importers of

Church Ornaments and

Vestments.

No. 206 South Fourth St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The "JOURNAL" a bi-weekly paper devoted to
 SCIENCE, LITERATURE and ART, published
 by the Students of St. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE,
 BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL.

The "JOURNAL" is a first class
 medium for "ADVERTISING." Spe-
 cial attention paid to the printing of

BUSINESS CARDS,
BILL HEADS, ETC.

Terms reasonable.

The "JOURNAL" will be mailed
 to any address for

\$ 1.50 PER ANNUM
\$ 0.75 SIX MONTHS
 THE STUDENTS, Editors-Proprietors