

STANDARD

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No. 8.

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ADDRESS

TO

Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D.



HONORABLE SIR:—

With cordial welcome, and with greeting kind,
We hail thee here to-night, our honored guest,
Thy cheering presence and thy brilliant mind
Afford us pleasure which we deem our best.

Yes, thou art welcome to our quiet home,
Removed from cares and turmoil of the crowd,
And doubly you, who plead the cause of Rome—
Of truth—so nobly 'gainst impostors proud.

A faithful son of Mother Church to stand
Forth for her honor and fair fame assailed,
Of state a servant honest, trusty, grand,
Thou art, and proof 'gainst which the bribe has failed.

How few, alas! how few, in this our age,
Corruption spurn, and honesty hold dear,
How rare men pattern from the shining page
Thy life has writ, has published without fear.

Your glowing eloquence, your charming pen
Are made subservient with 'postolic zeal,
To cultivate and teach the minds of men
To value knowledge, to promote its weal.

We children of St. Viateur's feel pleased
To see him in our midst, who loves so well
To foster learning, and from minds diseased
With falsehood's bane the evil to dispel.

In you we see the patriotic friend,
The inspiration of good noble deeds,
The watchful, active citizen whose end
Is service in the path where honor leads.

We are but young, susceptible of mould,
And taking shape and character we'd fain
Place you as type, by which to live, grow old,
And leave a record shining without stain.

Before thy wisdom-crown'd, reveréd age
We bow respectfully; the ear incline
To messages of truth, and be your wage
Assimilation of our lives with thine.

Your love of youth we heartily applaud,
And for it we esteem thee still the more,
Though great's thy strife 'gainst bigotry and fraud
To serve the young th' occasion's ne'er passed o'er.

Once more welcome! and may thy words as dew
Drunk in by the violet's leaves at morn,
Be treasured in our minds as wisdom true,
To make us worthy, and our lives adorn.

And may this land of freedom and renown
Possess thee long her honored son to be,
May yet achievements great receive their crown
From thee in union with sweet Liberty.

F. C.

YOUTHFUL OPPORTUNITIES.

BY

REV. FRANCIS O'REILLY.



Continued.

Here, of course, the less sanguine will say, what can we do? it is an idle thought for any of us to dream of such unreal things as you seem to think not only our privilege but our duty as well. Only the few may ever hope to rise above mediocrity. What I am pleading for is the *genius of work*,—is that mental unfolding, which comes to every young man, whose

vocabulary contains no such words as *despair* and *idleness* and to whom college life affords opportunities not possible elsewhere. Marion Crawford says of writing, "There is, I believe, no greater fallacy than trusting to inspiration, except that of believing that a certain mood is necessary for writing. Ninety nine hundredths of the best literary work is done by men who write to live and who know that they must write, and who so write, whether the weather is fine or rainy, whether they like their breakfast or not, whether they are hot or cold, whether they are in love happily or unhappily; with women or with themselves".

Success comes to him who labors. As to heaven so to wisdom's shrine there leads no royal road. There was Athens City of 20,000 burghers. Small compared with our hundred cities, which would feel the blight of decay if limited to that number of souls. Insignificant, indeed as regards numbers it appears to us living under the spell of a Magic City on the plains whose million and a quarter of inhabitants entertain a hundred thousand strangers daily. A city, too, univiting was Athens in many ways; no modern land speculator would hazard any real estate booms there and yet this is the city that has made its impress upon the intellect of the world and whither today turn lovers of wisdom with that freshness and thanksgiving as when Hymettus, Pentelicus and Parnes, saw thousand workers at their feet.

There was Boeotia, with its rich marsh lands; Sparta the home of a race of soldiers; Corinth between her double seas the queen of Grecian commerce; Arcadia, amid whose graves was worshiped pastoral Pan; the plains of Elis where met the Hellenes in their sacred games—yet at Athens in the barren hills of Attica upgrew a love of wisdom that has made its people the divinest, the Jews alone excepted, it's given us yet to think of. Phidias and Anaxagoras, Plato and Aristotle, Polygnotus, Sophocles or Aeschylus, Lysias or Demosthenes were there. Thither went the youth of the western world for 1000 years. "The political power of Athens waned and disappeared"—to quote Newman, "Kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Capadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there.—Athens, the city of the mind.—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been."

In view, then gentlemen, of what I have been saying of the opportunities of youth of the select company to which student days introduced us, what further practical word may I add to you, who by your very presence have taken the first step toward companionship with the noble living and the noble dead. A sturdy pioneer in the conquest of civilization is in my mind. He stands alone in all his rugged manliness, features sharp, lines as deep set as the billowy hills which reared eternal barriers. Yet there with purpose mistaken stands Pizarro. Drawing forth his sword, he traces a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he says, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south."

The world recognizes the worth of the manly Pizarro; Peru opens up her treasures; Spain is enriched. Such dauntless courage walks into the life of every young man to whom many worlds remain undiscovered but which unseal their wealth to him who Pizarro-like has energy, patience, perseverance, resolution unshaken.

To you the members of the society by whose kind invitation I am here, may I add just that word of encouragement, which means renewed interest in the work society literary and debating of its nature may be expected to farther. Emerson in a most eloquent and beautiful passage of his essay on Nature gives expression to the value of early surroundings when arguing the advantage of country life, he says: "The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appeasing changes, year after year, without design and without heed,—shall not lose their lesson altogether in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amidst agitations and terror in national councils,—in the hour of revolution,—these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thought which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands." The poet whose songs you sing again or whose whisperings have awakened melody in your own soul; the orator whose deep-toned voice, whose earnest pleading, you rise responsive to: these even in miniature way,

if your heart is in your work, shall be "the call of a noble sentiment" in the after-time.

Life cast in whatever sphere is monotonous. To get away from routine is the pleasure of all avocations. Travel, I think, furnishes not fullest pleasure so much in seeing unwonted things, not in going over scenes where have been enacted the great dramas of the human race and which put into narrative we usually call history: not indeed so much in this as in getting away from our accustomed occupations. The same unceasing, recurring round of duties falls on us, grows tedious, dull. To be able to turn from these in the hour of leisure and hold commune with great minds, to stand mute in admiration at nature's mountains, to hear her torrent in the rushing speech of waves in wild eager chase to the sea and watch the sinuous waving of her forest as if some unseen spirit hovered there: These are pleasures opened to him whose youthful days have found companionship with books:

"The aids to noble life are all within."



THE HEART--THROES OF ERIN.



Why have all these forms assembled;
 What has brought us here to-night;
 Do not other pleasures call us,
 Scenes where linger joy and light?
 Why to-night do they not tempt us;
 Why those tearful, sadd'ning eyes;
 Why those sighs of tend'rest pity,
 Which from all our hearts arise?

Ah! to-night there kneels a mother,
 And her head is bending low,
 Bitter sobs her form are shaking,
 While the tears of anguish flow.
 Erin is that stricken mother,
 Hers, that bowed and drooping form,
 Hers, that heart, so pierced by sorrow,
 That of ev'ry hope seems shorn.

She is mourning in this silence,
 For a brave one who has gone,
 And her pray'rs arise to heaven
 For her noble martyred son.
 "Is there not one ray of sunshine,"

Cries she in her deep despair,
 "Round me? I see naught but darkness,
 Are there none my griefs to share?"

Come, my friends, and offer pity,
 To that poor heart rent with pain;
 Come and show her gleams of sun-light,
 Brightly shining through the rain.
 Rise up! dear old mother Erin,
 Needless are the tears you shed,
 For to-night a million patriots
 Offer tribute to your dead.

Ah! full well we know, poor Erin,
 Thou hast stood the struggle long,
 Time has never touched thee lightly,
 Care has ever been too strong.
 Well we know thy dauntless courage
 E'er has stood the test of years
 E'er has battled with the Tyrant,
 Crushing out all abject fears.

Will that courage now forsake thee,
 With sweet liberty in view,
 With thy banner floating proudly,
 Over millions staunch and true?
 Soon shall rise the sun of Freedom,
 Over hosts of valiant men,
 For the iron heel is forging
 That shall crush thy foes again.

Soon shall Emmett's tomb be honored,
 His epitaph shall written be;
 Soon, Erin, thou shalt take thy station
 'Mid the lordly nations free!
 With true Irishmen for leaders,
 We will storm the Tyrant's walls;
 We will hurl the stones of justice,
 Till Tyranny in ruins falls.

Then, shall we demand our birthright,
 Not as slaves who cringe and cower,
 But as men free, independent,
 Conscious of our might and power.
 Then, the hated links that bind us,
 Shall with scorn be cast away;
 Erin! thou shalt bask forever
 In the light of Freedom's day.

March 4th. '91

A. T. Higgins.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT

THE IDEAL CITIZEN.



Under the above title was delivered a practical and entertaining lecture by Hon. W. J. Onahan, City Comptroller of Chicago, in our College Hall; Sunday evening April 5th. The presence of so distinguished a person, the aptness of the subject chosen and the forcible and convincing manner in which the lecture was delivered tended greatly to make this evening one to be remembered at St. Viateur's.

Speaking of the future of young men, the orator showed well the importance of early training, to bring out those qualities necessary for future success. "I am justified in asserting that the future of the United States depends largely on the influences now in school and college—on the youth especially who are preparing themselves for their respective parts in the great drama of life".

The greatest opportunities are afforded our young men for advancement, provided they have the necessary requirements. "It is easy to see that in this democratic age and country, no place or lofty destiny is beyond the reach of the citizen—the aspiring youth, who possesses education, talents, energy and above all, *character*". The land is free to all; religious liberty is given to every creed. We are not a godless people. That we recognize God is an assurance of our safety. The nations which have rejected Him, though once flourishing soon fell into decay. But there are gross evils here, which are most destructive, and which because they assume a virtuous and worthy aspect are most alluring. One especially the love of wealth has taken almost complete possession of our people. "We live in a material money-loving age, when the greed for gain—the pursuit of wealth—seems to have become the universal and overmastering passion".

To teachers and to institutions of learning must we look for a cure of this—in as much as these instructors of youth have in their power to direct aright the ambitions of youth. Passion is always selfish and this love of wealth is the most selfish of all.

Our country is favored of all other nations. Possessing as it does the true spirit of liberty, a good constitution; favored by nature, as to climate, resources and all that goes to make a nation great socially, politically and financially, there seems indeed nothing more to be desired. But there is much to be desired—much to accomplish, if this favored nation is to continue peaceably on its march of progress. Our young men must

know then the wants of our country and be patriotic enough to relieve them. Catholic young men ought to be foremost in this work of regeneration, as their brother religionists were foremost in the discovery and settlement of this country. To quote again: "Catholic students especially have exceptional reasons for delight in this investigation. On every page of the history of America, from 1492, will be found recorded the names and services—the latter not fairly or adequately estimated—of catholic explorers and missionaries—Columbus, Champlain, Marquette, LaSalle. It was a catholic who first penetrated into Illinois; it was a catholic governor who first gave the example of religious liberty in America. These facts are stubborn and selfasserting, in spite of prejudice on the part of some and suppression on the part of others.

The young catholic will of course meet opposition, for which he must now school himself. He must press his way onward into prominence, not by brute force, unworthy of him and his religion, but by his culture and refinement, qualities that are appreciated and respected by our American people. Listen again to the Hon. speaker: "It is important that the youth of the country should have before their mind elevated ideas, and study and take to heart the lessons and the inspiration derived from lofty examples and illustrations of patriotism and public duty".

Catholic young men should study well their duties and should perform them conscientiously. The duties arising from one do not clash with those of the other. In conclusion the speaker said: "Your country has a right to expect that the youth of America will prove worthy of every public and social duty, and equal to every high endeavor. The teachings of our holy faith the training and discipline acquired here under the guidance of these professors I see around me, give assurance that this confidence will not be misplaced, as far as you are concerned, and that you will in due time go forth from the institution to take your places, in affairs, prepared and equipped to become *ideal citizens*."

We regret that space does not allow us to print in full this profitable lecture. But we trust that this short sketch will give some idea of the trend of the discourse and the few quotations an insight into the possible and elegant language of the speaker. It is a truism that the character of the speaker does much to impress his discourse on his auditors applying this principle as well as judging from the attention given by students we can safely say that this lecture will leave lasting impression as it will furnish much help to those who wish to know how to become good Catholics and good citizens..

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.



We have reason to be grateful to Hon. W. J. Onahan of Chicago for many remembrances in the way of books. We note the following kindly sent the College Library by Mr. Onahan:

* * *

"Mayor's Message and Reports of the City of Chicago for the year 1891." All the important acts passed by the City Council are compiled in this handy and handsome volume. We noted especially the description of the City Water Works of Chicago which will ever be a monument to the engineering skill of Mayor Cregier.

* * *

"The Comptroller's Report" for 1889 is a study for one who wishes to get a good clear idea of the vast monetary system of a great city like Chicago. Here we find it stated in concise way and between the covers of as neat a book as we have seen. We felt a little disappointed that this exterior did not cover a Shakespear or a Dickens

* * *

Another thoughtful remembrance came in the four beautiful volumes, published by Wm. H. Hughes, Detroit Mich. commemorative of the late "Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore Nov. 1889", of which Mr. Onahan was the prime motor. This official report of the Congress, is a real treasure, containing as it does so many excellent speeches delivered, as well as the numerous excellent papers read, by the foremost Catholics of this country. As the questions treated at the Congress were living issues, many of which still remained unsolved, this book must have a great value for those would post themselves on the principle questions of the day. The sound reasoning, elevating thought and beautiful style shown in many of the papers contained in this work, give them an intrinsic value that will make them interesting and instructive long years hence.

* * *

THE HOLY FAMILY.

This beautiful steel-engraving, size 29x23 inches is a fine reproduction of the celebrated painting by Raphael. The Holy Virgin holding with both hands Our Lord Jesus, while John the Baptist is kneeling by his side, holding a miniature cross. In the back-ground the Valley of Hebron, the Temple and the City of Jerusalem.

It is engraved and printed in the highest style of art on heavy enameled cardboard, every Catholic family should have one. This picture is favorably recommended by eminent Catholic clergymen, including His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Md.; also by the leading Catholic newspapers of the country. By mail, post-paid of One Dollar, or one dozen for Ten Dollars. Address: P. C. Kullman, 110 Canal Street, New York.

* * *

The Catholic Church and The American Republic is a much needed pamphlet, by Wm. F. Markoe Esq. Secretary of the *Catholic Truth Society*.

The writer addresses himself principally to the younger generation. He shows them how the true Catholic is the true citizen, the ideal American; proves that the church is the pedestal of our promising Republic as long as they work hand in hand. He explodes the fallacy that they are antagonistic and finally declares "that as God, in his Providence, creates a new soul for every human body that is born in the world, so the American Republic was no sooner born from the womb of time than He, in like manner, created a spiritual republic to be its companion, its protector, and its infallible guide through all the years of its existence. As the soul can live without the body but the body cannot live without the soul; so the church can live without the republic but the republic cannot live without the church".

* * *

How to make the study of literature interesting to the young, is always more or less trying to teachers. The books that do this are the ones to be sought and welcomed. "Kellogg's edition of Shakespear's plays is about as near the ideal as one would wish. In the first place the editor has arranged a thorough plan for "perfect possession" by which method it is his design to lead the student of Shakespear to a knowledge of this great author by a path at once interesting and easily trod. There are notes critical and explanatory; plans for studying; examinations based on the English Civil service commision. But what makes this edition of Shakespear, the best is that the author took great pains to eradicate any passages which ought not to be presented to young students.

This neat and practical edition must meet all the requirements of beginners, for its merits are at once apparent. The price is cheap 35cts. Each play is separate and bound in cloth. Effingham Maynard and Co. New York.



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Editorials.

The second Annual Convention of the "Catholic Press Association of the United States" will convene in New York City on May 6th. An invitation to attend has been sent us and we regret that circumstances will not permit us to be present. We extend congratulations and hope the meeting will be productive of much good to Catholic journalism.

THE WORK OF ST. VIATOR'S NORMAL INSTITUTE.

A movement which the students of St. Viateur's College hail with delight is the work lately undertaken by the Rev. Alf. Belanger, C. S. V. of building up the Viatorian Normal Institute at Irving Park, Chicago. This is a work which appeals to the generous sympathy and hearty support of all lovers of youth and friends of complete education. Father Belanger, to whom was lately committed the office of soliciting the necessary funds for this great and good purpose, has received large donations from prominent clergymen of the Archdiocese. God blesses the good work. We will be most happy to publish

the names of the patrons of this noble undertaking among whom will no doubt be found many an old student of this institution.

OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH GREAT MINDS.



There is scarcely any theme which can more frequently and with more profit be brought before the minds of the young than that of "books," i. e. the authors young people form an acquaintance with, thereby learning to love the noblest of mankind. Loving a dignified, a noble, a sublime object ennobles the lover. The mere contact with, or introduction into the company of, the best authors begets a higher sense of that which is worthy of admiration, of love, of imitation. It enlightens the intellect and trains the affections. One thus becomes easily susceptible of the thrills of generous enthusiasm which genius awakens in sympathetic minds.

* * *

Thus one will readily fancy himself in the Roman Forum listening to the eloquent outbursts of Cicero; will himself be moved with the Conscript Fathers, and with the whole people he will applaud the noble champion of the common weal; with Dante he will pass beyond the narrow boundaries of this life and explore the vast and varied regions of a life beyond our tombstones; he will be transfixed with terror as the majestic poem draws the sable curtains from the darker recesses of hell where crime suffers its merited punishment; he will have realized better perhaps than from philosophic demonstration or religious dogma the truth of a future life and will more clearly apprehend the fairness, the excellence of a faith, a religion, that leads to happiness unending. He will then be not only on speaking terms with the best minds the world has seen, but be in their intimacy, their particular friends—quite a distinction!

* * *

To be thus capable of sympathy with, or if you

will, of intuition into, the best thought of the world's best thinkers is in itself no mean accomplishment. It marks a mind sufficiently broad and deep to take in that which is great and not only that which is small and common, and a heart that can love more excellent things than the paltry matter in whose clutches we are held fast on all sides. To seek to make oneself capable of these higher and better pleasures, I deem, should be the chief aim of every student who studies not for filthy lucre alone, but for that completeness of knowledge, which makes the complete man.

* * *

Who that lays claim to an education can be without the consolation of philosophy and the pleasures of the imagination? The solitary student, the contemplative in his cell, even the convict in his dungeon, people their solitude with living presences conjured up from silent oblivion by the magic wand of an educated will. And in what pure delight do they not then revel? What ennui can be possible with a Milton unfolding before their wandering gaze the splendors and the horrors of Paradise Lost? What perplexing doubt will not be cleared by the reasonings of an Aristotle and a Thomas Aquinas? What brooding melancholy will not mysteriously burst into laughter in the genial presence of a Dickens or an Irving? Truly none can do without these great comforts through life. Then, make your friends these rich and rare geniuses—the best—and by your friends the world shall know you.

* * *

We cannot in all this afford to remain unacquainted with the best Catholic English literature. While we may read Macaulay and Addison as masters of English style we must not refuse due attention to our Catholic writers who to say the least, are ONLY A LITTLE LESS THAN they. Why should we be more familiar with the spirit and style of Bryon, Thackeray and Dean Swift than with the spirit and style of Aubrey DeVere, Marion Crawford and Cardinal Newman? . . . What a preposterous question! some one may exclaim. Let that one consider that he cannot love or admire that of which he knows nothing. Then let him ask him-

self how much of DeVere, Newman or any other Catholic writer he has ever read or studied. . . I think we owe it to ourselves in justice, and in fairness to our Catholic writers to read Catholic literature and become as thoroughly conversant with its excellencies as we are acquainted with the merits and demerits of other English writers generally.

* * *

Rarely do we ever find a friend so true, one that so thoroughly sees us through, one that is so free from ill-timed modesty that he will dare tell us our faults and point out the right path. Because of the paucity of these true friends we must fly to books, which, as the Thomas a Kempis says, frankly speak out to us needed words of correction and encouraging advice. Often when following the questionable doings of a novel hero we will, after the vivid description of his misdeeds, spontaneously exclaim in self censure with the candid Celt of the temperance lecture: "That's me!" Then reflecting upon the disorderateness of our past course of life we will the more readily place our acts in harmony with the rules of right and honorable living, more heartily despise that which is vulgar, course, ill-mannered, false, unchristian.

* * *

Such books do we all want for our reading hours, our hours of leisure, of sweet solitude, of rest from there toil. Every man, how little soever he thinks, has his ideals. A man's ideas give color and tone to his life. In the forming of ideals much depends upon the books we read—the society we keep. If we have much time to invest in reading and wish to stand firm on our moral feet, we cannot be too select about *what* we read. If the personal friendship of scoffers and cynics, of skeptics, of infidels and liars is unwholesome, dangerous, if not always fatal, to fair virtue, then must the evil geniuses of Voltaire, Rabelais, Paine, and Ingersoll etc. not be admitted among our circle of friends. We must learn early to be discerning.

* * *

Farrell says about books: "Almost my earliest plaything was a book; and probably a book shall be in my hand when the shadows deepen and it becomes too dark to read ever again. I have lived all my life amongst books: they became for me necessities of life. I began to read early, and being to a great extent my own guide, I read indiscriminately. It is a wonderful process, that indiscriminate reading—but forced fruit is not always the most desirable."

CORDELIA



The study of character must ever be a pleasant work. "Man know thyself" is a counsel which will always do more or less good to man.

We find around us men differing in dispositions, habits, customs etc. and all these facts leave their own peculiar stamp upon man. To study these in their varying course is a work which many have tried, but one in which few have excelled.

To one alone has it been given in an eminent degree to write well of man whether as the exemplar of noble deeds or the villain that feeds on man's misfortunes. With equal facility he calls to the front good and bad, rich and poor, statesman and literateur, king, peasant, each, true to his role, unveils his character with a fidelity to nature found in no other writer. This is the Bard of Avon—the immortal—Shakespeare.

It would be useless to call up in detail the innumerable specimens of character he gives us, showing as they do the intricate workings of the human heart; suffice that we choose one which illustrates that most beautiful of virtues—not too common in our days—namely, filial affection, as portrayed so admirably in the amiable daughter of King Lear, Cordelia.

We find it hard to realize that she is not a principal character. Her beauties are so prominent that, although she appears in but a few scenes, there is material enough in them to make twenty heroes. Her greatest charm lies in her art of uniting humility with dignity which she constant'y portrays in her passionate love for her childish father. Her every action was the expression of duty. It was her god before which she was in continual worship; and her father, the altar on which she offered her sacrifices.

The first time we meet her is at the trial of professions. With what hate she scorns the artful hypocrisy of her sisters. She knows the harmony of their rhetorical speech with the hollowness of their love and she determines "to love and be silent." Who other than the childish Lear would drink the sweetened poison of her sisters speeches or be deceived by their "oily art"? But Cordelia will not mock her father. Sensitive natures like hers, speak little but feel and act much. They are not living deceptions. Cordelia cannot speak what her heart cannot feel or rather, she cannot speak what her heart feels for it is too much, she can say nothing. Lear, who ever loved her most, enraged at her seeming obstinacy declares "nothing will come of nothing; speak

again." With truth and simplicity she tells him that she loves him as she loves duty and no more. She will not lie. Why do her sisters wed if they love their father all? Indeed her speech doth mar her fortune. She accepts her doom and with inexpressible pain receives her father's curse. Yet she loves him and without the hope of ever seeing him again, weeping, she leaves him; she who had ever done him so much good, prayed for his every pleasure; was his only comfort, joy, and by her magnetic charms made earth for him a heaven; now in being most true, seems untrue. and is by him abandoned, cursed, impoverished.

But virtue is rewarded. The king of France, struck by her angelic beauty, manifests his love, declares her "most rich in being poor" and welcomes her to grace the throne of France. His love being true, is taken. She is gone.

The depth of her sisters love soon proves itself. Lear, their father, king, (what a mockery) becomes their jester. With the forces of flattery having stripped him of his power, and, after having purchased every blessing from him, and having no more to gain, the hideousness of their true nature reveals itself. Robbing themselves in the very colors of crime, with ungrateful and hardened hearts, they laugh at the watered eyes of him that gave them all. Refusing him the least token of kindness, much less of duty, they wreck his pained heart with sorrow, and finally regardless of his grey hairs, turns his aged frame out to the rough usage of a stormy night.

Meanwhile Cordelia, the prized jewel of proud France, enjoys unbounded happiness marred only by the thought of a father's curse. Unwelcome is the messenger that tells her of his troubles, of her sisters deeds. Happiness is banished. Her father! He that stripped her of his benediction, gave her rights to her stone-hearted sisters, banished her,—what grief it causes her to learn of his discomfort, much more of his distress!

"And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Faith once or twice she heaved the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes
And clamor-moistened, then away she started
To deal with grief alone"—

the outcome of her love and pity. Lear crazed with passion, insensibly, through the aid of faithful

Kent, directed his steps to Dover, where arrived half conscious of the place, will not, through a burning shame of his treatment of Cordelia, yield to see her.

"Lest his uncontrolled rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it,"

Cordelia bids her courtiers seek him and imploringly yet almost hopelessly asks:

"What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth."

Soon there is brought before her the shadow of a king, a piece of dried earth with life but not reason. How lovingly and patiently, like a ministering angel she hovers o'er her father's senseless head and begs the "kind gods" to cure his sickness. She kisses him and when he wakes, finding some reason has returned, with her soul bursting with rapture and anguish joined, she kneels and prays him hold his hands in benediction over her. The action done she makes him master of her kingdom and her heart.

Fortune or rather fate is too changing. Strangely altered is the scene when we meet them again: Lear buried in grief over dead Cordelia. Thus this brightest jewel of Shakespeare's workmanship, the living virtue Cordelia, has acted her part and what a notable impression she leaves upon us! We think we have seen a vision of something supernatural, some celestial spirit dressed in matter, endowed with virtues powers. Yet "every thing in her seems to be beyond our view and affects us in such a manner that we rather feel than perceive." The beauty, love, and majesty, of her disposition; the height of her pity and devotion, her fiery flashes of dignified determination; and above all the heavenly sweetness she displays when attacked with the devilish taunts of her sisters all are inevitable charms which strike fire of love in every breast. Shakespeare has indeed proved the magnitude of his powers in his creation of Cordelia which truly has the stamp of his unbounded genius and may be called his grandest lady character.

H.

BASE BALL.

The Shamrocks played the first game of the season last Tuesday. Wilmington was the opposing team

and they came more anxious than ever to win. Their new uniforms are very neat and attractive. The Shamrocks anticipated new uniforms for the first game, but could not procure them. Perhaps we may have them in a short time. A large crowd was present for everybody knows the battles of the past between Wilmington and the Shamrocks. Many pronounced it the best game, save the memorable one of '89, that has been played on the college grounds. The score is far different, but there was pretty playing and hard work from beginning to end. The Shamrocks win many games by the earnest way they get at play which is a very good mark for a ball team. From the beginning of the game the College team held the lead and played very steady ball for the nine innings. The field work was the best they have put up for three years. The errors consisted in faulty throwing to bases. The batting also was something extraordinary. Bissonnette and Cannon did excellent work with the stick. In fact every man hit the ball well. The Wilmingtons played a good game but were not equal to the Shamrocks either in batting or in fielding. Not until the seventh inning did they bat a ball into the out field. They have good material and their presence in the race will be felt before the season is over. "Bud" Carroll pitched a very fair game, but his "out drop" was not the proper bait and he did not find many to bite. Dorsey a new man in the Shamrocks pitched a great game. All were anxious to see him in the box and every body is satisfied that he will do great work. He is a hard worker and not one that can be easily excited. His catch in the sixth inning was the feature of the game. All in all the Shamrocks are stronger this year than last, and when they go to Wilmington they expect to win. The many games to be played this year will keep the interest up, and it is to be hoped that they will do a great deal of practicing. The material is there, work it up. H. Durkin umpired the game to the satisfaction of all. The Shamrocks play in Kankakee Friday (May Day) and at the College Saturday May 9 and in Wilmington May 14. The following is the score:

Wilmington	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	4	—	8
Shamrocks	1	3	1	2	1	0	2	1	0	—	11

Base hits Shamrocks (12) Wilmington (5) Double Plays Shamrocks (2.) Wild Pitches, Carroll (2.) Struck out by Carroll (6.) By Dorsey (3.) Batteries: Wilmingtons, Carroll and Keeley; Shamrocks, Dorsey and Condon.—Umpire H. Durkin—Time of game 2 hrs

THE POETS ON FLOWERS.

Beauty is ever the song of poet. Real and ideal each in turn receives a tribute from his pen. Flowers reaching so nearly the ideal, because containing so many qualities of the beautiful, ought, we should think, receive the poet's closest attention. And such is really the case. The beauty of flowers so apparent to even the casual observer could not be lost on the poet whose life work is to search out the beautiful.

Why should flowers attract man so much? The first answer lies deep in man's nature: because there is in the soul of every one a love of the beautiful, not a mere feeling the result of study or cultivation, but a deep-seated passion, implanted in the soul by its Creator; the first feeling that causes man to yearn for purer and holier things than those of earth. Now flowers meet all or nearly all the requirements of the beautiful as they also appeal to the tenderer feelings in the human breast, consequently they not only suggest the most beautiful sayings of the poet but these same sayings meet a most responsive chord in the human heart.

Let us hear the poet express himself on flowers finding something in every flower to correspond with certain emotions in the human heart. He dreams of Love and chooses the "Rose" as its emblem:

"We plainly read the zephyr's stolen kiss
In your sweet blush; so where's the use to seal
Your lips so cunningly, *when all the world*
Calls you the flower of love?"

A tender tribute to love's emblem. But the course of true love did never smoothly run; it is fickle, shortlived:

"Love is like a rose,
And a month it may not see
Ere it withers where it grows."

Love's emblem is modest withal; it bears not the rude glance of prying eyes:

"Ah! see the virgin *rose* how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may."

And now in one burst of enthusiastic rapture the poet sums up the grandeur of the rose:

"Rose thou art the sweetest flower
That ere drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou the fondest child
Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild!"

But *sadness* comes to man, though unsought and never welcome,

"Then 'willow garlands 'bout his head,
Bedewed with tears are worn."

The "Marigold," as well as the weeping-willow, speaks of sadness

"She droops and mourns,
Bedewed as 'twere with tears, till he returns;"
and in hours of sadness recalling pleasanter days as is his wont, the poet addressing the "Harebell" sings:

"Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recalls in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And led by kindred thoughts will flee,

Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures."

Then speaking of *modesty* the poet seeing its beauty finds its emblem in the "Violet," sweet flower worthy of his sweetest lays,

"The violet is for modesty,"
and truly it has called forth his most musical strains.
The highest encomiums are not too much;

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Not yet content the bard continues:

'No flowers grew in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale—
None by the dew of twilight wet
So sweet as the deep blue violet."

And who can outdo Byron's tribute to the modest violet?

"The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's length'd hours.
And mid the roses ne're forget
The virgin, virgin violet."

But how recount all that has been said of flowers as types of virtues and of human frailties. Shakespeare speaks of the "Daisy."

"Whose white investments figure innocence."
"The Snowdrop bringeth *Hope* and spring."

In Hamlet, 'Ophelia,' sings:
"There's 'rosemary' for you: that's for *remembrance*."
Wordsworth says of the "Lily," the type of purity:

A Lily flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection'."

Thus man finds emblems of every movement of the heart, among the flowers; and the poet weaves these into song. How natural too! What more beautiful more angelic, more heaven-like than flowers. They come at earliest dawn of spring to cheer man on his weary pilgrimage. We call that season spring, which gives in the first flower. How anxiously we await the departure of winter's gloom and the approach of nature's first smile, the tender violet.

Providence ever kind is most profuse in His distribution of the beautiful. How natural too that He should give such eternal manifestation of that which makes Him so greatly desired by man—His infinite beauty.

Do we wonder then that the poets find in flowers such apt comparisons and that they should have expressed themselves so beautifully in speaking of flowers?

Then it is ours at all times to revel in the beauties of flowers, whether we feast our eyes on the realities; or our minds on beauties of the poet's descriptions when flowers are the object of his lays—

And now let the poet close:

"When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than curs,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Wherch merit not the service we bestow".

 LOCALS.

- I
- Am
- The
- Only
- Cupid.
- The Boss.
- Library.
- Had it pat.
- My brother.
- Hello Oscar.
- Ye big light heads.
- I took "six" on him.
- What do you think?
- I am a boss scorer.
- *Pax tecum.* Thank you.
- George was surprised.
- "Oh the head I have on me."
- Here is your tuth brush.
- Yes, I noticed the spurs bowing to me as I passed
- I'd break the man in two if I knew who did it.
- My conscience is at ease since you are around.
- Tommie and the Dr. are out, the latter has been informed that Tommie has turned out to be a ball player hence the split.
- Oh waiter that naur is rain, and then he went inside. This is from the solioquy on "whither" by the Col. Copyright applied for.
- Will the boy who wrote this statement, "that if you smell a smell thats me," please come up and receive this cake. J. G. take notice.
- We have been requested not to say anything about the "quotations" heard in the corridor 3 every evening.
- Mac. ("not our genial Ben.") but the learned Mac. is about to organize a roarcass for the furtherance of the Shakespearan dramas. "Here me for my caws" is the grand motto.
- Mr. John Carlon of Indianapolis, visited his brothers Joseph and George who are studying at the college. John was welcomed right heartily.
- The viillage boys came over to play the "Shamrocks" the other day and were given a very warm reception. Two innings were played and at the end the score, stood 11 to 0, in favor of the—Shamrocks.
- Mr. John Nawn visited Chicago for a few days, but is again with us.
- I am very sorry sir that you do not understand my latin.
- If any body wants to laugh let them befake himself to the play ground and there in conceal-

ment, cast his weather optic upon, The Hon. Jeremiah Elyoria Goode trying to play ball if you don't laugh well we will resign our position.

— We respectfully call your attention to the fact that vacation is just two months off, the commencement will take place on June 17 and 18th 1890. This is written particularly for Jenny.

— We were entertained last week by a lecture upon the evils of smoking by Jay Bird.

— Dr. McCabe delivered a very eloquent discourse the other day in favour of "No bluffing the umpire on the ball alley."

— Messrs. Durand, and Burke visited their homes lately.

— Last Tuesday a number of citizens was piloted over to the polling place and showed how to cast their votes. The boy's votes counted, as their man was elected.

— Several of the Juniors have developed quite a talent for sprinting as was illustrated in a rain storm, not long ago.

— The great problem is how shall we find time to work out our poll-tax. We have to do the job.

 RIFLE SHOTS.

The warm weather does not seem to effect the good earnest work of the companies.

Whoever wins the medals this year will certainly be The Tactic class has been changed from Sunday morning to Wednesday night.

Major Grandchamp '89 has charge of a battalion in Wisconsin. He is very successful and we wish our old major every success.

The raising of the American flag will be conducted with honored. In the officers contest there are about ten who are as near equal as it is possible to have them. The same can be said of the privates.

Band master Dandurand deserves much praise for the manner in which he has trained the band. Their playing is very good and the marching is much improved.

With the base ball season comes injured fingers; already many have applied for an excuse, but sore fingers have nothing to do with marching and that is what the companies need. The winter months were spent in manual exercise and particular attention should now be given to marching.

military ceremonies. And it is most probable that many military men of note will be present. As yet the day has not been decided and the Colonel can not say definitely that the competitive drills will take place on that occasion.

SPORTS.



- Let us meet the Wilingtons.
- The Shamrocks are still in the ring.
- The Croquet club, of this year will be exclusively for the members. N. B. Please read this twice.
- The cane to be raffled for the benefit of the Shamrock Base Ball club is a beauty. Or in the words of the mortal umpire "its de boss cane I can tell yes".
- Messrs, Durkin and Lane will alternate in the capacity of umpires.
- The hand ball alleys are by no means forgotten notwithstanding the warm weather. Messrs. Bowman, Lenert, Burns, Hayden, Hauser, and McCabe are prominent among the leaders.
- H. M. Stanley Durkin is one of the best and fairest umpires that ever called a ball or strike. His work has been most satisfactory.
- Capts. Fennell and Bowman though in the main advocates of hand ball, tested their powers as base ball-ists and with eight men behind each of them gave a large audience, (about five hundred trees) something to murmur about.
- The Shamrocks have reorganized for the season with the following players: J. H. Cannon, S. S.; J. Darcey, P.; J. Condon, C.; W. McCarthy, 1st. B.; P. Bissonette, 3rd. B; F. Moody, 2nd. B.; P. Houde, R. F.; F. Norton, L. F.; G. McCann, C. F.; Mr. Cannon Captains the team and Rev. J. J. Cregan, will act as Manager.
- The leagues, Senior and Junior, organized for the year and have already played several games. The Senior league is officered by the following gentlemen: Pres. Rev. J. F. Ryan; Sec. A. F. Moody; Treas. W. B. McCarthy. As last year it is composed of three clubs officered as follows.
Columbians: Man. Mr. J. Flynn; Capt. Peter Bissonette
Sec. E. A. Childers; Treas. John Howland;
Ethelyns; Man. Rev. J. F. Ryan; Capt. W. B. McCarthy; Sec. Geo. McCann; Treas. A. Boylan;
Edenias. Man. J. J. Condon; Capt. A. E. Moody; Sec. Geo. Carlo; Treas. J. Darcey.
- The Junior league though in the field is not yet prepared to place the names of its officers before the public so we must keep you in suspense a little longer.

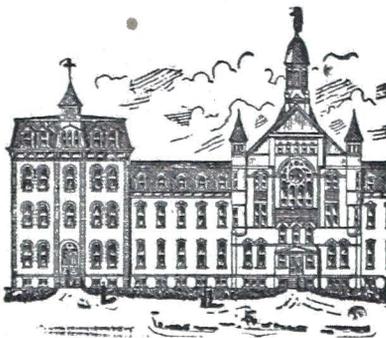
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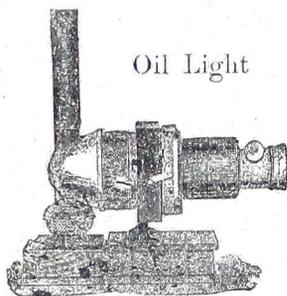
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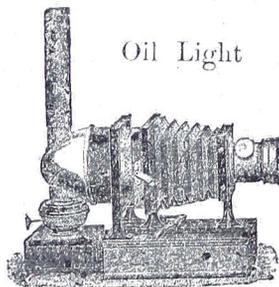
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