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"83"

Sinking, slowly sinking, like some weary traveler, whose life and vigor a long struggle with suffering has overcome, "83"—its work done, its conquests made, its harvests gathered, its hopes blighted, its anticipations realized, "83" is dying to-night—dying slow but sure. Yet not slow; for the hands of the clock must tell sixty and a half to mark the midnight hour and within that time the fate of thousands may be foretold. But if the remaining minutes speed as swiftly as their mates, the passage from old to new will be as hurried as a friend's farewell, as brief as leave-taking when the heart is full and men clasp hands to meet—in Heaven above.

And this old departing year almost ready to be numbered with the solemn hundreds and the thousands in oblivion gone; this old year in which we have lived, of which we have been a part, whose months and weeks and days, we have called our own, until now at last the few remaining hours seem scant as shadows in the noonday—this old year—what has it been to us, friend or foe?

Lifting the veil that hides January twelve months ago from this bleak and leaden-skyed 31st. of December each one knows the best answer deep down in his own heart, to this question; what fruits of kindness done or gathered by the wayside to make the social harvest golden; what flowers of friendship strewn or garnered in the sunshine to bloom and be treasured in hours of sadness; what chords of harmony awakened in other hearts, perhaps as charity giving as charity needing as our own, attuning, it may be theirs and ours even now with cheering remembrance, in the dim retrospect of the year so swiftly speeding to eternity—these things each one knows for himself and from the reflection, may determine how much "83" has been a friend or a foe.

One thing is certain. The year just closing has been of our own designing and not unlike, in most particulars, all the past years of our life. A kindly Providence bestows time, leaving however, its make up and completion to be our handwork. He gives the frame and the canvas wherein men paint the picture. One day

he will furnish the originals stolen by each departing year and the morning of the judgment day will show what artists men have been and what prizes they deserve for the beauty or deformity of their creations. As God has dealt in the past, so will He, if the years be given, deal in the future. Men are the builders of their own fortunes. To construct these so that they may reach up to and deserve a blessing from the Heavens and yet have foundations sufficiently broad, not only for self but for some poorer neighbor, depends upon experience, upon forethought and on wisdom oft times purchased at a high price in a very dull market. Plans, it may be observed, are serviceable guides, not only in the process of material construction but likewise in the course of human life. Plans however are not, nor, should they always be considered, infallible. Following them too blindly sometimes results in folly and not infrequently in serious disaster. A margin is a good thing, not only "On change" but also in household and social affairs. A margin for the improvement of the things of life, with that keen sense of appreciation for a fellow being, begotten of a higher motive than that of, "how much is he worth and how much can be made out of him," opens a better and broader horizon for nature's nobleman—to say nothing of the christian—than that afforded by the storm tossed lowering clouds of selfishness and deceit. To be a helper and a worker in the great battle of life, to do one's whole duty well, how humble soever it may be, is better than to be a Vanderbilt or a Stewart. To build our house or our heart so large that there will be always a guest chamber with "welcome" over the door for some one more dependent, poorer, more infirm, weaker than ourselves, is better than to dwell in a brown stone front, or, a marble palace into whose luxurious apartments death will one day stalk finding things perhaps not half so comfortable as in the unanxious beggar's cabin which he robbed but yesterday of a willing to—go and well prepared tenant. The years come and the years go. Hurrying they hurry us on. Hurry to make them full. "83" was younger when his obituary began. Alas! He is almost gone! He's going! Good bye, old friend, good bye. His light is out. He's gone! Sleep well old year and peace be with you!!

S. M. H.

INNSBRUCK.

Innsbruck is a city of the Tyrol and necessarily a Catholic city. The rationalistic theories of the nineteenth century find but few adherents among the good Tyrolese, who have been always distinguished as most loyal to the Holy See and to the traditions of Holy Church. On this account the festivals of the Ecclesiastical year are celebrated with the greatest possible fervor and religious enthusiasm.

One day, however, is loved beyond all others by this people—All Souls day. Devotion to the souls in Purgatory is one of the most touching devotions of the good Tyrolese. There is no church in the Tyrol so poor that it cannot afford to have its Purgatorial chapel and it is rarely deserted. Indeed there are always some pious visitors in the churches here and our Lord is seldom alone.

Then the cemetery or as the German tongue so beautifully expresses it *God's acre*, speaks volumes for the love of the Tyrolese for their dead. Several days previous to All Souls' day the good people are busily engaged in decorating the graves of departed loved ones with wreaths and transforming the cemetery from a place of mourning into a beautiful garden brilliant with the richest flowers and innumerable candles. The grand event of the year, though, is the procession called *Poor Souls procession* which I this year had the pleasure of witnessing. After Vespers on All Saints' day the people assembled in the *Pfarr Hof* or square before the Parish Church and formed a procession headed by the crucifix and candle bearers. The men followed immediately being divided into groups, each group having a leader who recited the Rosary. After the men came the women who also recited the Rosary in the same manner as the men. Then followed the different orders of the clergy and after them came the Dean of Innsbruck in a black Cope. The cemetery is a mile from the Parish Church and on the way thither the procession was constantly increased by new comers. The day was delightful, not a cloud was to be seen, the Alps towered above us in their majestic beauty and the whole scene was indescribably beautiful. The deep murmur of men's voices blended in beseeching tones to the heavenly Father for mercy for these dear departed ones and the plaintive melody of the "Dies Irae" added much to the impressiveness of the scene.

Before I describe the close of this moving ceremony in the cemetery I will try to give a short description of the cemetery itself. The entrance or portals are approached by a grand avenue shaded on either side by

tall and stately trees. Over the grand entrance is a magnificent statue of our Divine Lord and under it these consoling words for the suffering souls "Ego sum Resurrectio et vita."

The cemetery is enclosed by a high wall and as one enters the Grand Portal he finds himself in a cloister which leads around the grounds to the Mortuary Chapel. The walls of this cloister are covered with beautiful frescoes and all along are grand Monuments of the nobility of Innsbruck. The Mortuary Chapel is a little Gem. In the court where the priest performs the last rites before consigning the body to the tomb are two grand paintings representing the reprobation of the wicked and the glorification of the just.

These printings are striking and it would be worth coming to Innsbruck merely to see them. We left the procession at the grand entrance. After entering, the procession moved on slowly through the cloister towards the chapel. What a sight greeted the eye on entering this city of the dead. One saw through the gothic arches of the cloister a sight almost too beautiful for earth.

Over every grave was a cross and each grave was literally one mass of flowers and candles, so that one could scarcely see the crosses over the graves.

On arriving at the chapel the procession separated and the Dean attended by the rest of the clergy entered and in a clear mellow voice intoned the "Libera," which was caught up and rendered in the grand old Gregorian chant by the rest of the clergy.

After incensing the cemetery and sprinkling it with holy water the people separated to visit the graves of their respective friends. Thus ended the procession of the *poor souls*.

One year ago, although there were some of the ecclesiastical students of the University buried here, the American ecclesiastics had not the mournful task of visiting the grave of a fellow countryman and students.

This year, however, it was our sad duty to decorate the grave of one of the most exemplary and pious ecclesiastics that ever attended the university of Innsbruck. I refer to the late Mr. Dillon formerly a student at St. Viateur's.

In his second year here he was attacked with a lung affection, and from the very beginning of his illness the Doctors knew there was no hope of his recovery; he lingered on, however, for a few months bearing his illness with the most heroic patience and resignation. Every morning he received the Bread of Angels and prepared himself by prayer and the frequent reception of the holy sacraments to meet his God.

Everything that loving hands and hearts could devise for his comfort was done and no remedy left untried to effect his cure.

But it pleased God to take him to Himself, and he was never to see his loved ones again in this world, never to see the dear land of his birth. Great as this trial must have been for him he was never heard to murmur, never did he complain but calmly resigned himself to the inscrutable decree of Providence and sweetly breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Creator, his last words being a prayer. His life was cut short, 'tis true that life from which so much was expected but although he did not live a long life, it was long enough to give us an example of how we should prepare for death.

Well may the words of Holy Writ be applied to him, "Consumatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa." He is buried here as I said before in this beautiful God's acre and his grave is kept bright and green by his loving countrymen at Innsbruck.

Almost one of the first trips every new American makes here is a visit to Mr. Dillon's grave.

On All Souls' day all the American Ecclesiastics twenty in number, visited the grave and many heartfelt prayers were recited for the repose of his soul.

His grave is distinguished by a simple cross with the words: "Here rests in the Lord, the body of Patrick. F. X. Dillon, theologian of the second course. Born at Chenoa in America. Died February 1883.

As long as there is a student at Innsbruck the brilliant example of Mr. Dillon's virtues will be held up to him as a model of all ecclesiastical virtues and will incite him to become like Mr. Dillon, saintly and learned.

May our last end be like unto his.

Eugene P. Turner.

SAG BRIDGE, Ills. Dec. 28 '83.

DEAR JOURNAL:

Your representative has just passed a few days here with one well-known to our readers, Rev. J. A. Bollman. Some 15 years ago he and I played upon the same campus at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary Cincinnati, and this fact alone, the occasion of calling up many and pleasant reminiscences, not to speak of many other enjoyments peculiar to the Christmas season, has made my visit one of such a kind that shall long be remembered. Sag is situated almost 23 miles from Chicago and three from the flourishing town of Lemont on the C. & A. R. R. Hills and valleys, huge rocky bluffs, projecting craggy peaks, upon whose summits herds of cattle roam at will, stretch out as far as eye can penetrate while the Desplaines River winds gracefully by, its icy surface made doubly beautiful by crowds of youthful skaters skimming rapidly along with merriment and glee. The immense valley of the Sag, now dotted with cabins

the homes of hundreds of quarrymen that are annually employed here, presents a picture, that can not, I do not hesitate to say, be surpassed by any in the state. Its history from the time when the Indian war-whoop resounded from crag to crag affords to the antiquarian an abundance of facts that might well serve to throw a light upon the greatness of the work that our ancestors performed when they first penetrated these western wilds cut their way through dense forests with axe in hand, constructed rude cabins many of which yet remain and thus began to develop the various resources of this great nation, the fruits of which we to-day enjoy. During a drive to Palos with our Rev. friend our admiration for such evidences of the toil and energy and final prosperity and happiness of these men was unbounded. When our horses would at one moment climb a lofty, rugged hill and in almost the next instant plunge down into narrow ravines or curving valleys, when here and there the curling smoke ascended from neatly built rustic mansions and floated far away over the towering giants of the forest standing and shivering in their wintry nakedness, when the jingle of our sleigh-bells was at times the only sound that reverberated from hill to hill over expansive fields of snow, our sense of vision was gratified, satiated, and we could not refrain from exclaiming—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, with music in its roar."

Sag, aside from its natural scenery, its many relics of Indian mounds and forts, with specimens of the deadly tomahawk, shattered bow and arrow, and many other warlike implements yet remaining, has a special interest for the Catholics of this part of the state. Here is located a burying ground of ten acres donated 35 years ago to all the Catholics of Illinois by Messrs. Murphy and Sullivan. The grant gives the right of christian burial to every one without the usual charge. The grounds are situated on a bluff some 150 feet over the surrounding country and the taste and care bestowed upon them, the costly monuments erected to perpetuate the memory of the departed make them present an extremely edifying appearance, such a simplicity of beauty that might tempt the spectator to long for repose in yonder hill-sides when life shall have passed away. In the centre of the graveyard surrounded by charming evergreens which faintly foreshadow that future life that knows no decay, stands a neat and cozy church which the Rev. Pastor has lately enlarged at no small expense. In this the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered for the living and the dead, crowds flock at various times and often to offer up their supplications to the throne of mercy, another great and incalculable blessing for those that herein peacefully slumber, an attraction and blessing for those that yet remain.

Mr. Thomas Kelley well deserves the title of Historian of the Sag. He is one of the earliest settlers coming thither when land-marks were unknown, when wolves were as thick as prairie-chickens, when timber was so plenty that it had to be felled to make room for the log-cabin.

While at the Sag this gentleman amused us for many an hour with the recital of his adventures in days gone by. Gifted with many of the characteristics of the good and faithful Irishmen of half a century past he stands out as a firm believer in ghosts and fairies.

Of the abundance of these to be seen around the Sag Mr. Kelley stands forth as a living witness. He informed us in apparent good faith that it was of usual occurrence to see half a dozen of these spectres playing tag up and down the hill-sides, amusing themselves by climbing trees, stealing chickens, cutting the tail off his best Setter, entering his barn and stealing his horses for a moonlight ride, in fact on one occasion they leaped into his wagon when returning from market and ran off with the dash-board. "In fact said Mr. Kelley, they are worse than Texan cow-boys they do so much mischief and Begor! they must be from the other world."

Without offering any remark about my belief or skepticism as to the statements of this "real old Irish gentleman." You will please give space in your limited volumes to my trip to Sag Bridge and to my heartiest expression of thanks to my old friend and one of the Alumni of St. Viateur's—Rev. J. A. Bollman for the extreme kindness and hospitality shown me.

Yours truly

J. P. M.

LOCALS.

- Keno!
- Chicquaw!
- Gate Post!
- Who lost? I did.
- "Biscuit takes the cake."
- Who took Herbert's key?
- Victory or blood cries Park.
- My name is *Mr. McAuliffe*.
- Who says Charlie ain't a drummer?
- Why is B's mouth like the state of Kentucky? Ask Nagle.
- "We never speak as we pass by" is one of Gallet's favorite songs.
- One of our Kentuckians caught a wolf during vacation.
- Charlie was really disappointed at not receiving the drum.

— Brennan exchanges oranges for photographs which he will receive when the snow goes off.

— Owing to the snow storm many of our old students have not yet returned. It's strange how the new ones arrive on time.

— We are sorry to hear that Prof. McCann will not be able to resume his duties for a few weeks owing to sickness.

— Sleigh-riding is all the rage now. Boys hire a "Bob" and go to St. George. You'll have lots of fun.

— We have a Dr. from Kansas who pretends he can tell what a person's malady is without *diagnosing* his case.

— James Shannon '83 who has been pursuing a theological course at Troy, N. Y. for the past four months is now numbered among our theologians.

— The bazaar which was held in the college hall during the holidays closed Wednesday night Jan. 2nd. The results were fair though not so generous as such a worthy object merited.

— We notice quite a number of strange faces among the students and when all the old ones dig their way through the snow drifts we think our members will reach two hundred. Come on boys we have room for a few more.

— We understand that Charlie Baker will return this session. Charlie we want you now but we will want you still more next summer "when the balls are flying in the air."

— We understand that Prof. Murphy and Geo. Lavery of K. K. K. took upon themselves the great responsibility of seeing the old year out and the new year in to the tune of "sic transit gloria mundi."

— During the Holidays we met many of our old friends. At Dwight we were entertained by our time honored friend Gibbons. At Kinsman the proprietor of the Clark Hotel asked for Prof. Murphy and bade us welcome while Messrs. Latch and Maher left nothing undone to make our stay a pleasant one. At Minonk C. M. Golden '81 did the honors for his town in "Golden style."

— On last Tuesday Jan. 8th. our Rev. Director went to Indianapolis to attend the funeral of our dear friend and fellow student, Willie Reaume, an account of whose death will be noticed in another place.

— All the classes are reviewing preparatory to examination which will take place about Feb. 1st. There are only a few weeks now to make up for lost time and hard work is now the order of the day.

— On Friday 11th inst. exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the College Chapel; the students having approached the tribunal of penance the previous day all offered a Holy Communion for the repose of the soul of our departed dear one, Willie Reaume.

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Vendredi, 11 Jan. 1884.

No. 2

LA NEIGE.

La terre est toute blanche,
Comme le lis qui penche
Sur les ruisseaux au chant si doux.
Pure cire des cierges,
Chastes voiles des vierges
Oh! devant elle, qu'êtes vous?

Un long manteau d'hermine
Sur sa forme divine
Se déroule en plis délicats;
Et sur son front rayonne
La plus belle couronne:
De fines perles de frimas!

Sous la neige venue
Des hauteurs de la nue,
Sous cette éclatante blancheur,
Son regard étincelle,
Son âme se révèle
En sourire, éclair de bonheur!

Où va-t-elle parée
De sa blanche livrée?
Serait-ce de l'Époux du ciel
La fraîche fiancée
Que l'amour empressée,
Dès l'aurore, amène à l'autel?

Oh! rien, rien qui surpasse,
Qui, dans ce monde, efface
Les charmes de la pureté!
Virginale parure
Qu'un jour à la nature
Prête l'éternelle Beauté!...

ADIEUX A WILLIE REAUME

DECEDE LE 6 JANVIER 1884.

Willie, où allais-tu quand tu partis, si joyeux et léger?
Plus rapide que l'oiseau qui vole à son nid, retournais-tu au toit paternel, nid de tes amours? Hélas! non, tu courais à la mort, tu t'envolais au ciel!

Je t'ai revu, non plus comme hier encore, brillant de santé, des roses sur les joues, ton éternel sourire se jouant sur tes lèvres, comme un rayon de soleil—oh! non! mais pâle, insensible, froid, couché dans la tombe!...

Plus blanc que les lis, tu dormais au milieu de fleurs sans tache que des mains amies avaient tressées autour de toi en guirlandes, en couronnes!

Ton cercueil, aussi pur que l'ivoire, aussi luisant que l'émail d'une blanche coquille, s'était ouvert pour te recevoir, perle, joyau de nos cœurs!

Comme était belle et gracieuse cette couche funèbre et qu'elle voilait bien les horreurs du trépas! En la voyant, on se demandait: est-ce là le lit nuptial que l'époux a préparé pour l'épouse. Erreur! c'est le berceau où repose un ange que sa mère doit bercer pour la dernière fois!

O mère, baise bien au front ce doux fruit de ton amour! O père, presse bien ces petites mains transparentes, comme la cire! C'est l'adieu! C'est le départ! Willie dort encore, mais il va s'éveiller en paradis; ses yeux sont fermés pour ne s'ouvrir qu'aux splendeurs éternelles!

Déjà il s'est séparé de ses compagnons d'enfance et de ses maîtres qui l'idolâtraient: ses pieds ne fouleront plus nos verts gazons; les grands arbres du collège n'inclineront plus affectueusement leurs rameaux sur sa tête chérie!

L'heure est venue où il doit laisser le toit qui le couvrit d'ombre et de tendresse. Il lui faut quitter ce foyer dont la flamme joyeuse éclairait une famille unie dans les embrassements de l'amour le plus pur!

Adieu donc! ou plutôt au revoir! adieu pour quelques jours, car la nuit du tombeau bien vite viendra pour nous! Au revoir là haut, où le soleil est sans crépuscule, le printemps sans automne, où Parents et enfants, amis de cette terre se rencontreront sous les regards de Dieu pour ne jamais se séparer!

CHRONIQUE DE VACANCE.

Nous voilà donc encore revenus à nos livres et à nos classes. Les contenance sont assez gaies et semblent illuminées d'un rayon des joies passées. Les cercles se forment: quels joyeux babil! que de choses à se raconter! Il faut faire l'histoire des vacances.

"Oh! que ce temps nous a vite échappé!" s'écriait notre retardataire, Aldéric Prairie, comme il venait se joindre à un joyeux groupe de jeunes écoliers. "Oui," répondit l'ami Wilfrid Souigny, "il me semble que ce n'est qu'hier que nous fermions de si grand cœur nos livres, que nous mettions de côté plumes et cahiers pour nous acheminer en toute hâte vers le toit paternel."

Oui! comme nous étions légers! N'est-ce pas qu'un cœur filial bat bien fort en approchant de ces lieux familiers qu'on avait laissés tout en verdure et que la neige maintenant a couverts d'une blanche toison? Qu'il est beau ce vieux logis et que tout nous y parle d'une voix connue! Quel affectueux échange de baisers et de poignées de mains en revoyant un père, une mère, des frères et des sœurs! Et puis les belles et intimes soirées de famille! Pendant que l'aquilon siffle au dehors sa rauque complainte, que la neige est poussée en larges tourbillons et que la gelée fait craquer chaque clou du domicile, qu'il fait bon de se ranger autour du foyer où un bon feu pétillait! Que d'heureux souvenirs se réveillent, que d'aimables choses se disent, que d'intéressantes histoires se racontent, quelle attention à écouter les aventures de ceux qui ont été absents!... O beau temps, que tu t'es vite envolé!

Noël! y étiez-vous à la messe de minuit? Avez-vous vu la splendide illumination de la crèche, entendu la grande musique et ces anciens cantiques qui excitent en nos cœurs de si pieux sentiments, en nous annonçant la venue du Messie? Avec quelle allégresse nous avons répété le "Gloria" que les anges entonnaient jadis dans la campagne de Bethléem!

Et le Bazar! encore un lieu où on rencontre quantité d'amis qui vous demandent et traite et chance. Vous avez beau protester, c'est toujours si bon marché. "Oh prenez donc une chance, rien que dix cents, rien que vingt-cinq cents!" enfin jusqu'à ce qu'on mette votre bourse à sec. Si vous résistez aux sourires, si vous osez plaider pauvreté, on vous complimente ainsi: "Pour se faire dire que les temps sont durs, il faut faire un bazar." Dites donc, ça payait d'y venir cette année, ne fut-ce que pour entendre le crieur ou pour se faire dire que les huitres venaient d'arriver par un train spécial!

N'oublions pas les commis qu'on a trouvé prudent d'emprisonner derrière un comptoir et d'affubler d'un tablier! Il fallait voir comme celui-là vous faisait *pop-per* la *pop*! et l'autre comme il vous détaillait les cigars et les *peanuts*!... Pauvre Brennan! il est bien désappointé de n'avoir pas gagné le petit tambour, il se se-

rait si bien amusé! Il a pourtant pris beaucoup de chances et payé beaucoup de traites, et avec quelle grâce! vous le savez MM. les commis! Ca lui appartenait bien, mais que voulez-vous? le sort est contre lui.

Parlerons-nous de nos promenades! Que ça ne prend pas de temps en vacances pour faire une sortie. Tout de suite le complot est tramé; on fait une visite chez un tel. La voiture s'appareille, et, bien assis dans un spacieux traîneau, entortillés dans les fourrures, nous partons au son des gaies clochettes. Les coursiers volent comme l'éclair. Les chemins sont superbes et l'on se rendrait sans encombre, si ce n'était la gaucherie ou la malice du cocher qui se plaît à faire de mauvaises rencontres pour se donner le plaisir de nous faire planter la culbute. On sort de la neige comme des ours blancs, mais on est bientôt de nouveau en route. On oublie le fâcheux accident près d'un bon feu où l'on pardonne tout au cocher, qui amuse nos amis en racontant notre mésaventure.

J'allais finir sans faire mention du jour de l'an. Pauvre '83! lui avons-nous gaiement donné le coup de grâce.... Tandis que les beignets se font, nous attendons la *guignolle*. "Gare à la fille aînée!" Chacun a pendu son bas et va essayer de dormir.

De bonne heure on est sur pied. C'est à qui demandera le premier sa bénédiction. Délicieuses scènes de famille, touchante répétition de celles qui se passèrent sous les tentes de Jacob! Le Père lève ses mains et appelle les faveurs d'en haut sur ceux qui sont à ses genoux. Les enfants se relèvent, embrassent leurs Parents et échangent entre eux mille souhaits. Puis rien de plus pressé que de découvrir les étrennes qui sont mystérieusement enveloppées. Quelles surprises! Qui un pantin! qui une épinglette! qui une montre! tous sont au comble de leurs vœux.

Après tant de plaisir on peut éprouver un peu de désenchantement à l'idée de revenir à l'étude, mais courage, camarades, remettons-nous à l'ouvrage avec ardeur: le travail fait passer le temps vite, et puis n'avons-nous pas nos amusements de collège? La rivière est couverte d'un brillant pont de glace: affilez vos patins. Elevons un fort de neige: à qui sera la victoire? au Nord ou au Sud?

La *Base-Ball* nous reviendra avec l'hirondelle, et les promenades au bois, et les bains dans les eaux claires de la Kankakee!... Sans nous en apercevoir, nous arriverons au jour des récompenses et des couronnes, au jour béni entre tous, le jour des grandes vacances!

Un Camarade.

BIBLIOGRAPHIE.

Illustrated Historical Atlas of Kankakee County, Illinois, Edited by J. H. Beert & Co., Chicago. (Suite.)

Les Pottawatomies, qui appartenait à la grande nation Algonquine, étaient les maîtres du sol, lorsque les blancs

vinrent s'établir dans l'Illinois. Lors du premier voyage de La Salle, les Indiens habitaient les îles situées à l'entrée de Green Bay, et le vaillant explorateur ne rencontra aucun sauvage dans la vallée de Kankakee.

Les Pottawatomies étaient alors célèbres pour leur habileté à la chasse et à la pêche. Ils étaient aussi renommés pour leur succès dans la guerre et leur attachement envers les Français. Cependant, malgré leurs bonnes qualités, ils commencèrent à décliner bientôt, et en 1721 le père Charlevoix dit qu'ils avaient perdu presque tout leur pouvoir à Green Bay. Mais dans le même temps ils avaient tourné leurs regards vers d'autres plages; ils s'étaient établis à Détroit et sur la rivière St. Joseph, Indiana, où ils avaient déjà plusieurs villages. Ils se multiplièrent rapidement et, après quelques années, se trouvèrent en pleine possession de tout le Nord de l'Illinois et de l'Indiana. Les femmes faisaient l'ouvrage des champs, cultivaient les légumes tels que les fèves, les pois, les melons etc., tandis que les hommes s'amusaient à faire la chasse. Les deux sexes montraient beaucoup de goût dans le choix de leurs habits et dans leurs parures; ils se peignaient le visage et le corps et faisaient grand usage de vermillon. Ils étaient plus amis entre eux que les autres sauvages et restèrent une seule et même famille, refusant de se diviser en tribus.

Les Pottawatomies furent les plus fidèles alliés des Français, jusqu'au temps de la défaite de ces derniers par les Anglais. Lors de la guerre de la révolution, ils s'unirent aux Anglais, quoiqu'ils se fussent battus entre eux auparavant sous Pontiac. Ils furent les principaux instigateurs du massacre de Chicago en 1812; plusieurs bandes de ces malheureux, venus de la rivière St. Joseph, de Kankakee et des Illinois en général, se montrèrent les plus féroces et les plus sanguinaires.

Le gouvernement des Etats Unis reconnut les droits des Pottawatomies, comme nation, en 1789; et le général St. Clair fit avec eux un traité de paix par lequel les blancs obtinrent de grands privilèges. Mais les blancs abusèrent de toutes ces faveurs et prirent beaucoup plus de terre que les Indiens ne leur en avaient donné; de là s'élevèrent des mécontentements et des disputes. Cependant il était impossible d'arrêter le courant d'immigration et les sauvages voyaient avec peine plusieurs établissements Européens surgir au milieu de leurs belles prairies. Depuis le temps des Césars, l'étoile des Empires a marché vers l'Ouest, et il n'était pas probable qu'elle s'arrêtât au milieu de ce nouveau monde. Cependant la vallée de Kankakee était strictement réservée aux Indiens et ce ne fut qu'après le traité de Camp Tippecanoe, en 1833, que les blancs s'y établirent.

Parmi les chefs sauvages qui méritent d'être mentionnés, Shabonna est sans doute le plus célèbre. Il naquit sur les bords du Kankakee, vers l'année 1775. Dès l'âge de quinze ans il fut nommé chef et alla habiter Shabonna Grove, dans le comté de De Kalb. Toute sa vie, il se fit remarquer par son amitié pour les blancs et

maintes fois, il devint leur protecteur. Il s'aperçut, dès qu'il fut placé à la tête de sa tribu, qu'il était impossible pour lui et ses compagnons de faire la guerre aux étrangers avec succès, et il eut la sagesse de conseiller à son peuple de rester neutre dans toutes les difficultés qui s'élevèrent alors. Le fameux Black Hawk lui-même essaya de l'enflammer contre les visages pâles, et, dans ce dessein, il fit deux visites à la cabane de Shabonna, mais en vain; celui-ci demeura ferme jusqu'à la fin. En reconnaissance de cet attachement aux blancs, le gouvernement lui donna deux sections de terre, et on lui bâtit une petite maison qu'il habita le reste de ses jours. Il venait de temps en temps revoir les terrains de chasse de ses pères et les lieux chéris qui avaient fait la joie de sa jeunesse. Il mourut en 1859, à l'âge de quatre vingt trois ans.

Pontiac, le Napoléon des Peaux Rouges, vint s'établir après 1812 avec sa tribu dans le comté de Kankakee où il fut assassiné par un sauvage Illinois, au moment où il prenait la parole en défense de son peuple affamé.

Shawanasee, non moins célèbre que les précédents, possédait l'un des plus grands villages du pays: celui de Rock Creek, situé dans notre comté. Il mourut dans ce village, en 1832, ayant assisté au dernier grand conseil de sa nation, qui avait eu lieu en 1830. Son nom et celui de Shabonna sont joints au traité du "Camp Tippecanoe."

Le traité du "Camp Tippecanoe" est très célèbre, car c'est par lui que les sauvages cédèrent aux blancs cette immense étendue de terre, qui comprend la plus grande partie de l'Illinois et des Etats environnants.

Ce fut peu de temps après ce traité que les Pottawatomies émigrèrent à l'ouest du Mississippi. Leurs adieux à la terre de leurs pères furent déchirants. Les femmes se répandaient en plaintes et s'arrachaient les cheveux; les hommes versaient des larmes et jetaient un long regard sur ces lieux de leur enfance. Comment aurait-il pu en être autrement? C'est là qu'ils avaient vu le jour, c'est là que reposaient les ossements de leurs pères. Pour eux, c'était une terre où coulaient le lait et le miel. Comme ils chérissaient ces grands bois entrecoupés de rivières et de lacs, ces immenses prairies où paissaient le buffle et le daim! Au printemps, les pommiers et les pruniers sauvages couronnaient d'une auréole de gloire les tombes de leurs morts; les forêts et les prairies se coloraient des nuances les plus riches et les plus variées, selon les différentes saisons. Pauvres enfants des enfants des bois! ne semblent-ils pas tous condamnés à être balayés de la face de ce continent, comme les feuilles qu'emportent les tourbillons de l'automne? Les blancs sont-ils les exécuteurs de la justice divine? Qui résoudra ce problème?

Ambroise Granger.

Belles lettres.

(A continuer.)

A L'ENFANT JESUS.

Les pailles de la crèche, enfant de Bethléem, sont aujourd'hui des fleurs, et même des roses; demain elles seront du fiel.

Vous pleurez parmi la litière de paille: c'est le froid que vous ressentez, et c'est aussi le chaud, mon beau petit enfant.

Dormez, mon agneau blanc; ma vie, ne pleurez pas! Si le loup vous entend, il viendra vous ravir, ô mon bien!

Dormez dans votre chaume. Si froid qu'il vous paraisse, il n'est aujourd'hui que fleurs et même roses; demain ce sera du fiel.

Cette paille qui, pour vous abriter et vous défendre aujourd'hui monte si fine à votre front, demain, changée en épines, vous deviendra une couronne cruelle.

Mais moi, je ne veux pas vous dire, bien que vous les prévoyiez sans doute, des paroles de tristesse dans les jours de plaisir....

L. de V.

CUEILLETES.

— 1884!

— Etrennes!

— Classe! Hélas!

— Adieu les vacances!

— Serrez les jones et les bagues!

— Lebrun, malgré tout, est encore garçon.

— Lesage et Caron ont fermé boutique—Edouard dit qu'il ne sait pas encore assez la Tenue des Livres—Phil. est dégoûté du commerce et se remet au latin avec une nouvelle ardeur.

— Le Fr. Dionne nous a laissés pour St. Georges. Son nouveau Pasteur lui a fait présent d'un beau piano. Bravo! Nous irons bientôt entendre le chant et voir les parures.

— Leblanc, quoiqu'on en ait dit, est de retour.

— Mathieu, notre rossignol, s'est envolé. Pourtant ce n'est pas encore le printemps....

— Mr. Lauzon a abandonné la salle. Il a fallu deux hommes pour le remplacer: Mr. Labrie et le Fr. Rivard se sont mis en société pour faire sa besogne.

— Quelles étrennes le jour de l'an nous a faites! Un vrai temps du Canada: des banes de neige qui couvrent chemins et clôtures, un vent qui vous perce et vous gèle tout debout. Frère Bernard, apportez-nous une provision de capuchons, qui s'appelle!

Le Rev. M. Letellier, curé de Muskegon, nous a fait

visite pendant les vacances en compagnie de Mr. Bertrand qui est venu placer ici ses deux fils. Le Rev. M. Letellier est à la tête d'une paroisse de 600 familles Canadiennes et a jeté les fondations d'une église qui sera une autre cathédrale de Chicago en *miniature*. Nos compatriotes de Muskegon ont chaleureusement répondu à l'appel de leur Pasteur qui ne tarit de faire l'éloge de leur générosité. On apprendra aussi avec plaisir que Mr. le Chanoine Winter a été nommé curé d'Alpena Mich. qui compte autant de familles que Muskegon. On se rappelle avec quel succès le Rév. M. Winter donna, il y a quelques années, des retraites aux Canadiens de l'Illinois.

— Nous détachons la page suivante d'une lettre du Rév. N. Gosselin qui intéressera ses amis nombreux en même temps qu'elle fait l'éloge de son bon cœur.

“Cher Bourbonnais, comme tu es aimable! Comme on aime à penser à toi! Ces asiles de science et de vertu ont bien leurs charmes qui suivent l'homme partout où il va. Dans un pays comme le mien on a besoin de semblables souvenirs. Le matérialisme, l'indifférence, et les crimes de toute sorte, découragent les âmes les plus fortes. On pense souvent à vos beaux vers:”

“Où reposer sur cette terre,

Qu'attristent déjà tant d'horreurs?” etc.

“Eh bien! l'âme va se reposer à Bourbonnais. C'est à la source de ces heureuses reminiscences qu'elle se retrempe et prend de nouvelles forces pour le combat.

Si la vie du prêtre est rude et sérieuse de sa nature, comment pourrais-je qualifier celle du prêtre au Kentucky? Le prêtre ici mène la vie nomade des Bédouins. De plus il est à cheval les trois quarts du jour. Il me faut parcourir dans un mois plus de la moitié des *hunting-grounds* de Dan. Boone. Ah! cela devient sérieux. Tout de même ma santé ne paraît pas en souffrir beaucoup; au contraire, je commence à *profiter*, comme disent nos sorciers de l'Ile d'Orléans. C'est sans doute dû au bon air. Dieu merci! nous avons du bon air, si nous n'avons pas d'autre chose.

J'ai passé ma journée du jour de l'an, à la pluie et à cheval, sur une vieille rosse. Cruel jour de l'an! Mon cœur était tout plein de l'Ile d'Orléans, de St. Louis, de Bourbonnais. Si je n'avais pas 37 ans, je crois franchement que j'aurais pleuré.”

Que Dieu bénisse et l'apôtre et ses labeurs.

— Bonne nouvelle de Pierre Fortin '81—Notre ancien élève a été le premier colon de l'endroit qu'il habite et qui porte le nom du grand Apôtre, St. Paul. Cette nouvelle place du Dakota est tout à fait canadienne et catholique. La première démarche des paroissiens a été de demander un prêtre: ils ont réussi et maintenant ils ont le bonheur d'avoir la messe, une fois par mois. St. Paul semble être un autre St. Georges. Pierre est propriétaire de 480 arpents de terre de choix. Courage et succès, l'ami! Soyez dans la grande vallée du Dakota un autre “Jean Rivard.”

 IN MEMORIAM WILLIE REAUME.

The joyous christmas tide has come and passed, the merry greetings of the glad New Year are o'er, and the heart of man is filled with bright hopes and strong resolutions. The loving salutations and the kindly gifts have been exchanged and the season of universal rejoicing and congratulation is now a memory of the past.

Yet what a strange uncertain world is this in which we live. The glorious sun that rises so resplendant with his heavenly beams and calls from the lips and hearts of many an involuntary prayer of love and thanksgiving, oftentimes serves but to waken many from uneasy and heart broken slumbers.

To-day we laugh and play in the strength and buoyancy of our youth and early manhood, a week hence and we may be numbered among those who have passed from the memory of earth, or are cherished, perchance, only in the deep recesses of a dear father's or a loving and affectionate mother's heart.

While the beautiful season through which we have just passed has been to most men a time of peace and good will, yet it has also been to many a season of sorrow and of mourning.

It is but two short weeks ago since we parted from each other and in that short space of time death has stalked through our midst and with relentless hand has torn from amongst us, one of our brightest and fairest gems.

It is with heartfelt sorrow and regret that we announce the death of our dear friend and fellow student Willie Reaume who departed this life at his home in Indianapolis on Sunday Jan. 6th. after a very brief illness. His demise was the result of brain fever superinduced by a fall while skating a few days before.

'Tis but a few days since we shook him warmly by the hand and wished him God-speed and a merry Christmas; the bloom of youthful health and vigor gave every promise for him of a long and useful life, but alas! how uncertain are the lives, how futile the hopes and plans of men.

Of a strong and rugged constitution, with mental abilities of a high order, of a genial disposition and a warm and kindly heart, with a smile and a pleasant word for all, we shall, indeed, greatly miss him from our midst. He was a universal favorite both with faculty and students and had he lived would have filled no inferior place among the few who are in our day entitled to be called nature's noblemen. Rev. M. J. Marsile Vice-President of the College sang the Requiem Mass in the Cathedral and Very Rev. Vicar Gen'l. Besonie of Indianapolis preached the funeral sermon. The services were

solemn and impressive and many were moved to tears.

The casket in which the body lay was a complete bed of flowers and they were truly indicative of the purity and sweetness of the loving character of him they surrounded in death. His whole life up to the moment of his death was well calculated to prepare him to meet heroically and resignedly the most sudden call Divine Providence might see fit to send him. He was most regular in his attention to all his religious duties and was a most deferential and conscientious student.

When all hope of life had been abandoned and his case was pronounced hopeless, his pious parents and friends united in fervent prayers to Heaven to spare their noble boy, but when his good mother besought him to unite with them in their petition, he shook his head—for he could no longer speak—and looking and pointing upwards signified his wish to die.

We deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their profound sorrow, and with them we deeply deplore the loss of the dearly beloved one whose bright intellect, generous qualities and kindly and earnest nature had endeared him to the hearts of all.

We mourn his departure, yet we cannot but feel that his union with the great future is another link added to the golden chain of immortality, another bond that binds the heart and draws humanity closer to God.

Requiescat in pace.

 CATHOLIC NOTES.

At last accounts Bishop Becker of Wilmington, Del., was in Naples

At a consistory to be held at Rome in April several Cardinals will be consecrated, and the vacant Sees will be filled. It is thought that Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore will be made a Cardinal.

The Dominican nunnery, Galway, was badly damaged by fire on the 11th. ult.

The Jesuits are about to build a new church in Montreal on Rechelle, near Sherbrooke street, on the old Logan homestead. When completed it will be one of the finest in the city.

A new bell weighing 400 lbs., was blessed on last Sunday for the new St. Michael's Church, Milwaukee.

Cardinal Anthony Luca, is dead. He was born Oct. 28, 1805 and created Cardinal March 16, 1863. At the time of his death he was Prefect of the Congregation of Studies.

 BOURBONNAIS. (Continued.)

Le Vasseur lived with the Iroquois during several years, in the service of John Jacob Astor. When his engage-

ment expired he found himself master of \$1,500. A merchant in Montreal sold him \$5,000 worth of merchandise and the monopoly of a radius of sixty miles. Eighteen months after, our pioneer found himself worth \$18,000. About this time the Indians had received their annuity granted by the government, subsequent to the famous battle of Tippecanoe. By virtue of a treaty which followed that battle the government had agreed to pay those Indians \$200,000 a year for twenty years, and besides grant them a certain reserve near Danville. Le Vasseur bought in large tracts of those lands, at \$1.25 per acre, and sold them again to certain immigrants whose descendants to-day are said to be as savage as the Indians whose lands they occupy. Le Vasseur, in his quaint way, says that on one occasion while here; an Indian who wanted to buy a horse obtained from him a quantity of whisky in order to facilitate the transaction. Both parties became intoxicated and the would be purchaser was killed. The son of the murdered man was also drunk and swore that the death of his parent would be revenged in the blood of the liquor-seller. His widowed mother tried to show that the liquor dealer was a stranger to the event, but the young man, *an admirable aboriginal crusader*, would not listen to her logic, and in spite of her entreaties, set out on his errand of vengeance. Le Vasseur, seeing the Indian covered with war paint, his eyes emitting murderous flashes understood his danger. He seized the uplifted knife, and being himself athletic, by a movement of the foot not unknown to wrestlers, prostrated the Indian to the earth. He bound him hand and foot and left him in charge of a squaw until his sense had fairly returned. When he awoke he asked for his liberty which was readily granted on condition of his future good behavior. A short time after, the real assassin fell a victim to this young man's rage, although he had timely warning to save himself by flight. After sojourning at this time for about three years with the Iroquois, Le Vasseur sold all his property and came to settle permanently at Bourbonnais where he had previously purchased 1500 acres of land.

Bourbonnais at this date only contained the modest shanty of Francis Bourbonnais, who gave the locality his name, and was what is known in western parlance, a squatter. Bourbonnais had married a half breed named Josephine, and by his marriage had acquired his wife's right to a part of the reserve granted to the Indians. He was also owner of the town of Kankakee, and one of his sons owned 680 acres contiguous to it. Bourbonnais was a hardy pioneer, fond of savage habits. He adopted their manners and customs, and even their costume, and finally emigrated with them to Council Bluffs, where he died.

Fr  chette, writing of Le Vasseur's settlement, says:

"I have known an old Canadian who might have been as rich as Rothschild if he had sufficient forecast. He had married according to the custom of the country, a chief's daughter whose bridal dowry was either 5,000 acres of land where the commercial part of Chicago stands, or the now flourishing town of Bourbonnais. The bridegroom could not then read in the muddy marshes of the lake the prospective future which Chicago has since realized. The limpid waters of the flowing river, and the little hills covered with luxuriant vegetation, had more attractions for Le Vasseur." This circumstance, however, the old gentleman himself denies. He says he never married a chief's daughter, and that it would have profited nothing if he had.

Linsey in his pamphlet called "The Western States," is also mistaken when he writes that "the red skins traded off their lands for horses, rifles, &c." The first settlers of Bourbonnais could not obtain a valid title to their lands short of actual payment of the price fixed by government valuation.

Le Vasseur having come to Bourbonnais at the approach of winter, fearing the long nights and sad feelings attendant upon his lonely condition, he yielded to a desire of seeing his *cloche natale*. How many young Canadiens like their Irish brethren, are gone like the leaves in October, never to return.

He tells how he got home on the eve of All Saints Day, and how he was not recognized. After nineteen years the timid boy was a strong man. His mother did not know him; she believed him dead. Like Joseph, he could speak to his brothers. He was at last recognized by his cut finger joint. It is useless to say that the fatted calf was killed.



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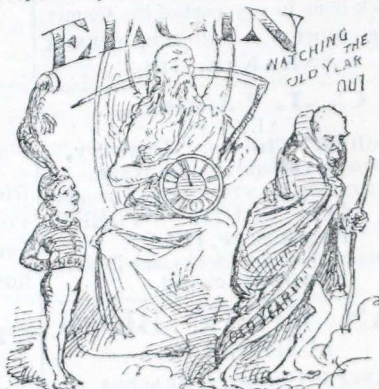
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