

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, March 26, 1887.

No 19.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

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EDITORIALS.

A PROPOS of the general interest manifested in regard to Catholics and Catholic education it is comforting to chronicle the well chosen remarks so eloquently spoken by Rev. F. Perry at St. Patrick's late banquet. Among other excellent things, the Rev. Father said: "It has lately been charged against the Catholics of this country that they owe allegiance to a foreign prince, and that therefore they cannot be true and free citizens of the United States. But we know that the obedience which our faith requires us to give to the decisions of Rome in spiritual matters can in no way clash with any of our obligations to our country. When we behold to-day Ireland's long and wasting struggle, it is her unflagging steadfastness in her faith that we especially admire. We see her patriots in the front line on the fields of our great battles; we are thrilled by the eloquence of her statesmen and orators; she has men of genius in every walk of life, and always and everywhere on battlefield, at the bar, or in the tribune they are staunch Catholics if they are Irishmen! Let that same loyal adherence to the Catholic principles you here learn be your safe-guide; be proud of your grand old faith, and be sure that your Catholic allegiance will never conflict with your American citizenship."

THE REV. MODERATOR of the Thespians requests the JOURNAL to present his very sincere thanks to the actors and musicians for the earnestness and good will they displayed in preparing and playing their respective parts of the programme rendered on St. Patrick's eve.

THOUGH FAR from fair Ireland's own green sloping hillsides, and (seeking linguistic roots) in the comparatively prosaic prairies of Illinois, we nevertheless all enthusiastically joined in the universal peal of gladness, the "Erin go Bragh" which rang forth all the world over on the day of Ireland's great Apostle, the immortal St. Patrick. The interest taken by everybody in the celebration and the eclat with which it was enacted here remind one of what such a day may once have been in the good old days of Ireland. The fete reflects credit on those who organized it and thus furnished their fellows and guests such enjoyable entertainment.

NOW THAT the dear festivities of St. Patrick and of St. Joseph, with their burthen of eloquence, enthusiasm, and edifying devotion are once more past, we again betake ourselves studiously to our tasks, looking forward to the sun-lit and softly breezy days of May and June. The coming contests for elocution and debating (?) medals will soon again claim our attention; we must needs bestir ourselves, each and every one. Very encouraging as a preparation for a grand and brilliant exhibition are the past months of elocutionary and oratorical drilling. We have reason to hope that this year's display will yet outshine the uncommon one of '86, of happy memory.

AMONG THE REMARKS passed by Rev. M. Marsile at the reception given him by the students, one was especially worthy of attention, and that is relative to gratitude, or a proper and due appreciation of what is done in our behalf by our Superiors. The Rev. Father mentioned that, as a general thing, "much slight and inconsiderateness is to be expected rather than a grateful acknowledgement for favors and kind offices done youth; and for this is gratitude in the young the more a loveable virtue and one worthy of admiration." We should treasure dearly this lesson and should make it our endeavor to practice it daily.

WHEN?

BY G. M.

Some day when our hearts have grown weary
Of struggling with sorrow and sin,
When life holds but little sweetness
For us midst the world's strife and din,
A voice which will still our heart's beating
Shall reach us and one must then go
To rest in the tomb, silent, peaceful—
What greater gift can God bestow?

Ah none—*there* is rest for the weary,
There peace for the soul that has known
But toil in this wearisome exile.
How tired of the cross they had grown—
Nor dreamed that their journey was ending
That soon would their trials be o'er,
That soon they would rest in God's bosom,
Soon sleep to wake nevermore.

For which will the toil be first over?
Which one must yet longer remain?
Must gaze on the loved face in anguish
While memory sharpens the pain?
For one there will be peace, contentment;
For one there is still grief and woe,
For one there is rest from life's turmoil
For one there is work yet below.

God pity the one left in sorrow
To list for the voice that is stilled,
To watch for the one that was cherished
So dear, that we said "Had God willed;
All, all had been sacrificed gladly
From sadness to save that dear heart—" *God*
God heard—placed the loved one past sorrow
Which thought from our grief takes the smart.

TRIBUTE TO IRELAND.

ORATION DELIVERED BY MR. A. MCGAVICK

ON THE EVE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 16th., 1887.

"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,
All the great ones of earth can still learn from thee."

Few nations enjoy a fame as pure and as bright as that of Ireland. Her history is full of illustrious names; and among them there is none which shines out with such splendor, none so near and dear to the Irish heart, or so closely interwoven with the national greatness of the Irish race, as the one whose memory we honor to-night—the much loved and revered St. Patrick. The light of grace and truth which he carried to Erin's sea-beaten shores has enveloped her hills and dales with a halo of glory, and has made the land of the Shamrock one of the fairest and brightest lands on the face of God's earth. Though ages have rolled by since St. Patrick first raised aloft on the hill of Tara the shining cross of Christ, his blessed memory has ever lived fresh and green in the great warm heart of the Irish people; and although persecution and bitter exile have driven many of them far from the home of their forefathers, they still always carried with them the remembrance of their great apostle; so that to-night in every land and clime, wherever the sons of Erin have turned their wandering steps, wherever virtue or valor or genius receive aught of veneration or esteem, wherever oppression finds an enemy or patience and long-suffering a friend,—there, to-night, the name of St. Patrick is honored, and Ireland, the beautiful land of his love, is spoken of with tenderness and reverence.

It is needless to say that on such an occasion as this Irishmen the world over are joyous and happy. They boast of their Celtic blood; and many of them, whether they be Nolans, O'Neils, McCarthys, Fitzgeralds, or O'Shanghnesseys, delight in tracing back their ancestry to some powerful king of Munster or Connaught—often indeed to Brian Boru himself. St. Patrick and Parnell, the first and the last, the beginning and end of the golden chain, are on every lip; and over every rapidly throbbing heart,

"The shamrock! the shamrock!
The green immortal shamrock!
The chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock."

Decked with that beautiful national emblem it is the pride and joy of the Irish people to turn in thought to-night to their beloved country, recalling the glory and greatness which were once her bright heritage, the patient endurance and unflinching heroism which her faith-

ful sons have ever displayed, and, above all, recalling the pure stainless virtue, the peerless honor and integrity, and the unshaken faith in Christ, which have always been shining traits of the Irish character, and which form to-day the brightest jewel in the crown that decks the brow of Erin. And well, too, may they turn to her; for the history of Ireland is a credit to the Irish race, and there is no Irishman to-night who cannot hold it up to the gaze of the whole world and acknowledge it as his own without a blush of shame.

While yet her banner waved from Tara's hill, and before foreign foes had disturbed her quiet happy shores, Ireland was known throughout the wide world as the land of saints and scholars. Churches, schools, and monasteries dotted the entire land; and the thirst of the Irish for knowledge was surpassed only by their zeal for virtue and sanctity. Happy had those bright days continued! But Alas! The island of saints and doctors was soon, too soon to be the island of heroes and martyrs. The invaders came. First the Danes who smote her cities, devastated her fair fields, robbed the land of its beauty, and bathed it in the blood of her patriots. It was only after three centuries when Ireland at last rose in her might and rallied her bravest sons on the field of Clontarf, that the enemy was overcome and beaten into the sea. Then came another and stronger foe the English, against whom the gallant defenders of Irish liberty rallied in vain; for over their pale lifeless bodies the merciless invader marched—marched on into the heart of the kingdom and with hands streaming red with pure warm blood reached aloft and tore down the fair emblem of freedom, tore ruthlessly down the green spotless banner of Erin. Henceforth Ireland was a captive manacled and chained.

"The emerald gem of the western sea
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

Now, indeed, were inaugurated Ireland's days of agony. Her rivers and streams ran crimson with patriots' blood. The calm waters of her silvery lakes, and the flowers of her valleys and hills were reddened with the life-tide of her courageous children. Nations may boast of their heroes, they may point to the triumphal arches of their favorite conquerors, but the palm of pure disinterested patriotism, the palm of fearless self-sacrificing devotedness to country, the world will ever award to the sons of St. Patrick. But it was all in vain. The grasp of the tyrant was only fixed deeper and firmer.

Yet it was not enough to rob Ireland of the precious boon of freedom; she had to be despoiled of her faith, that pure bright faith which she received from the lips of her favorite saint, and which she has ever loved and cherished as the immediate jewel of her soul. Bitter persecution swept over the land. The terrible penal laws,

the worst, as Edward Burke declared, that the ingenuity of man could invent, were enacted and mercilessly enforced. What the Irish Catholics then endured no human tongue can tell. A brutal soldiery overran the country; the smoke of burning churches, monasteries, and convents obscured the light of heaven; and on the bright hill-sides of dear old Ireland, where once stood happy homes, now could be seen the blood-stained block, or the gloomy scaffold raised aloft, the picture of grim death. Holy religious were beheaded or hanged as soon as caught, and saintly bishops and priests were cut down like wild beasts on the wayside and their bodies left to rot in the sun.

Oh! you who value patience, and endurance, and suffering for Christ's sake, you who hold up to the world's admiration the fortitude and steadfastness of the early christian martyrs, look to the martyrs of Ireland! See that people robbed of their lands, driven from their homes, the parent separated from his child, the pastor from his flock, and all hunted like wolves to the mountains. See them pale and emaciated gathering together to worship their God in some deep cavern or lonely recess of the earth; hear their plaintive voices echoing among the gloomy rocks; listen to the music of their prayers ringing out in the silent midnight, and when you praise virtue, when you praise charity, faith, and hope, when you praise patient suffering and endurance for the Gospel of Christ, oh! do not forget the bitterly persecuted Catholics of Ireland!

But as the rock stands unmoved despite the rolling waves that sweep over it or lash themselves to fury at its foot, so the faith which St. Patrick delivered to the Irish remained unshaken, remained pure and firm and grand, long after the storms of persecution had spent their force, long after the vile hearts, that conceived and applied the most inhuman code of laws ever devised by man, had rotted in the tomb and mouldered into dust. Ireland came forth from her agony clothed indeed with her faith, her virtue, and her honor—but stripped of all else. Her lands were in English hands, her cities were razed to the earth, her rich fields had grown wild for want of cultivation, and the fox and wolf looked forth in fancied security from the ruined homes of her children.

Such is indeed a part of the sad story of Ireland's history. It is a shame to humanity to have it told; but that shame is Ireland's glory. The tears which the sons of dear Erin weep to-night as they glance sadly back at the wrongs which their nation has suffered, as they look sorrowfully upon the bright banner of green which to-day it is treason and death to unfurl, those tears are not the bitter tears of guilt and crime, but the soft worm tears of virtue, love, and chaste affection. Ireland can well be proud of her past. The great army of mar-

tyrs, saints and heroes, who had fought and died for her, and reddened her hills and valleys with their fresh warm blood, she can well press closely and affectionately to her bosom to-night, for they have won for her a name and a fame that God seldom gives to a nation, they have woven for her and placed upon her brow a crown which shines out among the brightest diadems of earth.

And not only in Ireland's own warm bosom do her saints and heroes sleep; they slumber in every land; they have been in every clime and the virtue and glory of Ireland have always gone with them. The graves of her devoted missionaries are scattered the earth over; and the names of Irish saints are honored and revered in lands and countries, far, far away from their own green shores. On the battle fields of Europe, in the armies of France and Spain and Austria her soldiers have won imperishable fame; and many a gallant hero, as he lay down to die in those far distant lands, turned in thought to his island home, and like the noble Sarsfield only lamented that the life-blood which was slowly ebbing away, was not shed for dear old Ireland. Exiled and dying he might well repeat those beautiful words once written of a banished son of Erin:

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!" [tion

In our country, too, the roll of fame counts many Irish names. When there was no hope of liberty at home they came and fought for liberty here. On Gettysburg and Bunker Hill, they have written Ireland's name with their heart's blood. And not only on our battle-fields have they won distinction; but in every walk of life they have always shown themselves the gallant defenders of right, the friends of law and order, the patrons of learning, and especially the zealous lovers of their holy religion. Though far from Erin's green shore, the spirit of Erin is with them and the spirit of St. Patrick hangs over them. May it ever be so. May they ever carry with them Ireland's virtue and valor, Ireland's bright honor and integrity and, oh! above all, Ireland's unshaken faith.

Closing we cast one more glance at dear Erin, she is lonely to-night and dreary. The wild winds sweep over her with a desolate groan; and the waves of the ocean dash mournfully on her shores. Her lands are rich and fertile; her fields are green and flocks and herds feed upon them. But, blessed God! her children cry for bread. Their homes are rude and uncemely; and the bleak cold

winds of the sea whistle through them. Many of her children indeed have no homes, or others have been driven from their homes, and pass the long night shivering hungry and naked by the wayside. Ruins too are everywhere. Dark crumbling walls of old monasteries and abbeys dot the banks of her streams, and look gloomily down from her hill-tops. Here is a martyr's grave, there a patriot's, and yonder a mound of earth half-overgrown, the site of an ancient castle, or perhaps of a majestic cathedral. Before you rises the hill of Tara, desolate, without a stone upon a stone; at your feet is the "Crop-py's Grave," the last resting place of a brave and gallant band; while not far distant old and gray loom up the great "Round Towers," venerable monuments coming down from a remote antiquity. Thus on rich green fields, in verdant groves, and on the banks of beautifully flowing streams, dark, dismal ruin, and misery, sore and wretched, sit sorrowful together—a spectacle as sad and as unnatural as the sun or the moon or the stars of heaven look down upon.

Such is Erin to-day. Such the Isle of the Ocean that once filled the earth with splendor, and to which the world in ages yet to be will turn for examples of virtue and valor. Her garment of glory has been stripped from her, poverty and patient suffering is the cloak she has worn the many years. And why? why is the mark of poverty on Ireland's brow to-night; her people labor and toil much harder than we. They are honest, industrious, frugal, and temperate. Why then this wretchedness? Oh just Heaven! The cause is too well known. The hand of the oppressors is heavy indeed. Unloose that foul grasp! strike those manacles from her limbs! Give her back her lovely Green! give her back her glorious banner! and Ireland swift and unerring as the eagle to its lofty aerie, will take her course to the front of nations.

Let us hope that the day of her liberation is not far distant. Let us hope that the dark shadow which overhangs dear old Ireland to-night will soon pass away, and that ere long the blessed light of God's liberty will shine brightly down upon her, making her to bloom and blossom as of yore. Her brave and fearless sons are battling for her hard and well. May Heaven assist them and crown their efforts with success. O Ireland, blessed home of our forefathers, land of St. Patrick, may thy liberty, long long ago so ruthlessly torn from thee, soon be restored! may thy long silent harp soon be attuned to joyous, happy strains! and may thy exiled children, who to-night salute thee from afar, live to behold thee, O Erin, released from thy bondage—fetterless—glorious—free!

In the death of Count Robert de Mun, brother of Albert, France loses a good citizen and a great defender of Catholic principles in regard to Labor and all other social difficulties of the day.

REV. FATHER MARSILE'S DAY.

According to a time honored custom at St Viateur's, the students of '86 and '87 thought it their dear duty to salute their kind and fatherly Director on the anniversary of his patron's day, March the 19th., the feast of St. Joseph. While busy preparations for a demonstration were going on in the afternoon of the eve, many doubts were entertained as to the probable presence of the Rev. gentleman that evening; but at 5 o'clock he returned from Manteno where he had been preaching for the opening of the "Forty Hours" and all was a smile of gladness: we had him! Some time after seven, the orchestra being fairly "in time," the Rev. Father was ushered into the hall where the students stood in waiting; the musicians beat their gayest measures as Fr. Marsile marched along saluting all gracefully, and took his seat on the stage with our devoted prefect Fr. Dooling.

When the orchestra had finished Mr. Thos. Normoyle, of the senior department, and Mr. W. Maloney, of the Junior side, came forward with an address and an elegant basket of fresh roses. Mr. Normoyle read the following address:

Rev. and much beloved Director:

"It has always been your endeavor to instill into our young hearts sentiments of gratitude, a virtue which you have taught us to admire and to cultivate as being perhaps the fairest flower that should adorn the garden of youth. You will not therefore be surprised if we have thought it our dear right as well as our filial obligation to express to you our very sincere thankfulness, our strong and lasting affection, and also our hearty good wishes on this the thrice welcome anniversary of your saintly Patron's Day. To this day we have looked forward for satisfying the necessity we felt of acknowledging in an especial manner our indebtedness to you for the many, many benefits we have constantly enjoyed under your kindly direction.

On an occasion such as this we love to recall the early sacrifice of your young years for the sacred cause of Catholic education, the next and perhaps greater sacrifice of country and kindred; we love to follow and admire your persevering continuance for these many years in the arduous labors of avocation and we applaud your deserved promotion to the position of trust, of responsibility and of honor which you now occupy—a trust which you so faithfully keep, a responsibility which you sensibly feel and an honor which you ever nobly uphold and fittingly grace.

Your untiring labors in our own special behalf, your ever watchful and indeed fatherly care so unsparingly bestowed, and especially your lessons and examples of piety are all eloquent and abundantly evident proofs of

how deeply we should hold ourselves under obligations to you, and how very justly and sincerely we thank you and wish you many more years of a life indeed full of arduous self-sacrifice, but also full of grand merits and of consoling results.

May we enjoy many years of your mild direction, and as best proof of your true esteem, may we ever follow faithfully the principles and high aims which you have taught us and the excellent examples which you have constantly shown us, and thus may we ever remain true and worthy children of St. Viateur's College."

After this address came a second one from the Minim's department. It was read by Master Hiram Lingle while Frank Moran presented a beautiful bouquet, the central flower of which was a large white lilly. The Minim's address was as follows:

Dear Father Marsile:

We are not often allowed to unite with the Seniors but we all the more gladly do so to-day as it is to tell you that we like you very much and that we wish you to be our Director until we grow to be Seniors ourselves and have graduated even to the smallest Minim.

We love to hear from the Seniors that you have always been good to the boys and kind as you are now to us; and we too thank you very much for making our College home so much indeed like home.

Be pleased, Rev. and very dear Father, to accept these flowers: the full bloom roses of the Seniors, the rose-buds of the Juniors, and the lilly which you have often told us is the emblem of St. Joseph's virtue. And with this offering we would also confide to you what we so often heard you call the precious innocence of our years and ask you to keep that ever as fair as is the white cup of this flower."

To these the Rev. Father responded in about these terms:

"My dear boys, I thank you for the kind words you have addressed me and the good wishes you express. I would here avow that I am personally opposed to any such demonstration as this for I believe very little in what is merely written on the paper, and I consider action by far the better expression of your feelings; this year, however, I cannot complain that your actions belie your words: I have been well satisfied with your behavior: wherefore it is more acceptable to receive your thanks, congratulations, and well-wishing, and it is even perhaps safe enough to consider them sincere.

Again, I do not accept these manifestations of your respect and esteem for me personally but for the principle, the authority which I represent, the body that it is assigned me to direct.... Yes, my dear boys, gratitude is a grand, a noble virtue, and it is, I say it candidly, the more appreciable in youth as it is less gen-

erally a characteristic of the young. Gratefulness, inborn, instinctive, self-acting, is very rare in the thoughtless unappreciative years of childhood and even in the teens. It is the mark of a more advanced and more considerate age. But oh! how gratifying to find that fair gem adorn the soul of children. Only a few days ago one of the younger students was writing home to his parents and telling them how thankful he felt towards one of his professors for some slight favor, the keeping of a musical instrument in his room I believe, or some such little service. When I had finished that letter I felt moved and tears of admiration at so beautiful a sentiment filled my eyes. And but yesterday I entered a restaurant in Kankakee; it was full of people going and coming. As I sat quietly lunching I heard an old student say that what prosperity and bright prospects he enjoyed to-day he owed to his few years' sojourn at St. Viateur's College. That, my friends, was a noble acknowledgement of what his instructors have done for him. He is to-day one of the leading druggists in Kankakee.

Do learn, then, ever, even now, to appreciate what is being done for you and be persuaded that you can scarcely better repay your benefactors than by manifesting how deeply grateful you are for their kind offices. Once more I thank you in my name and in that of your professors who more than I are constantly around you and spending their best energies in your behalf."

After much applause the band played *Capisculus* and Rev. Fr. Marsile came from the stage to receive the congratulations of the faculty. As it was growing late in the evening the intermission between the last chord of the band and the prayer bell was rather limited. After night prayer Fr. Marsile gave a short instruction on the devotion to St. Joseph and announced confession. Most of the students received the next morning. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 8.30 by Fr. Marsile with Rev. G. Legris as Deacon, Rev. J. Dum as Subdeacon, and Mr. J. Brouillard as master of ceremonies. The choir chanted the Royal mass, and Rev. Fr. Manville with J. Rivard and Prof. Therien accompanied by Prof. M. A. Roy rendered a beautiful "Justus." The day was agreeably spent by all: some, geese and duck *hunting*, others ball playing; some preparing the reading room, others a quiet walk to the woods. The day was much enjoyed and will remain among our most cherished college souvenirs.

J. M. 1st. Gram.

LOCALS.

- Lent(e) festina!
- April Fool's cap in store!
- Only 93 days before vacation—Just think!
- Poor Peedee couldn't *go over*! Bottle your ire,

boy, and smile unto us and pipe sweetly again as the pet of Euterpe that you are.

— Who are these two youngsters going to church with a new born babe?

— St. Patrick's day was celebrated most enthusiastically by all.

— Mr. S. E. Moran of Chicago, spent an agreeable afternoon at the College visiting his son Frankie.

— Mrs. J. Smith of Chicago, visited her son Eldie who lately matriculated in the Minim's department.

— Paul Wilstach, of the Staff, returns from home after a fortnight of beneficial rest. He is most welcome.

— The nasal solo in the study hall reminds us forcibly of a like performance by Ichabod Crane in the regions of Sleepy Hollow. Look out Two Cent.

— The beautiful feast of the Annunciation was celebrated yesterday by an edifying number of communicants and devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

— A handsome picture of St. Patrick, a gift from Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V., gracing the south end of the reading room on the morning of the 17th inst. Our very sincere thanks to the Rev. Donor.

— On Sunday last, our genial friend Mr. Joseph Maloche, foreman in the machine shop of the Three I Company, gave us a pleasant call during which were talked over the topics of the day. As he was leaving he made a generous donation which will be most useful to the office. Call again, Jos.

— Rev. J. Dum and Rev. J. McGrady, Subdeacons, left last Wednesday for Galveston Texas whither they were called by their Bishop to be ordained. While regretting their absence we sincerely wish them heaven's best blessing and every manner of consolation and success in the far off fields of their mission.

— Whoopem' up! could it be possible that a dummy railroad is to be built between Kankakee and Bourbonnais, surely this would be a big thing for us all, especially St. Viateur's College. It would make one of the finest resorts in the West, being near a beautiful cave and splendid groves. I heard Mr. and Mrs. P. Sanasack state they would and could run a first-class hotel and restaurant. The house they now occupy is well fitted with four lovely parlors and large dining room, and has ten sleeping rooms. They can surely make guests happy and comfortable. This will make a fine place for city people to rest and for the sick, all we lack is that dummy mentioned. Could it be done and will it be done, a bird in hand is worth two in the shell. (Chicago papers please copy.) "*Graves*" in *Kankakee Times*.

— That violin solo was very "moving" indeed.

— A grand reception was tendered Rev. Fr. Director on his patron's feast, St. Joseph's day. The orchestra and handperformed selections, after which Mr. Thos. Normoyle read an address in behalf of the Seniors, and Master

Hiram Lingle for the Minims. Father Marsile responded in his usual happy manner, thanking the students for their thoughtfulness in remembering him so kindly.

— Alex. has just discovered that "that" overcoat he has been wearing all winter is in reality a spring overcoat.

— The Rhetoricians' annual retreat will begin on Wednesday evening, April 6th, and continue till Holy Saturday morning.

— Prof. M. A. Roy of Chicago spent several days with us last week.

— It is being frequently remarked that Thos. Normoyle distinguished himself in the able impersonation of Major Lookout.

— At the late ordinations in Milwaukee Seminary, Rev. W. Hogan and Prof. Therien received Deaconship and Sub-deaconship respectively.

— "Dude" is developing a rich *basso profundo* voice as was proven by his *base* performance in the parlor, St. Patrick's afternoon.

— The Altar Society sincerely thank Miss Patti, of Lafayette, for the elegant altar lace sent them by Mr. Paul Wilstach. It is pronounced by connoisseurs an exquisite work of art.

SPORTIVE.

The coming man behind the bat seems to be T. Cleary.

Roach has entered the pitcher's box for the coming season and one of the Minims had the audacity to say that he can't curve.

Pat from Champaign dons a uniform in the athletics this year. In spite of high offers to join outside clubs, Pat will once more hold up the slaughter House corner.

The boss kicker both at meetings and in the field is Carroll. He even kicked when he was told he could'n't play ball a little bit.

The Profs. sojourned to the Senior's Campus last week and indulged in a game of hand-ball. After two well contested games Messrs. Sullivan, OBrien and Cusack bore off the palm.

The sporting season was formally opened last Thursday by a game between the Athletics and Superiors. After not a few brilliant plays victory perched on the banner of the Athletics. We forbear criticising the game too closely since it was the maiden effort of the season and the weather was not the best that could be desired for Base-Ball.

No effort has yet been made to organize the representative nine of the house. Ere long we will have visitors and must be prepared to meet them. Some of our old players have left us, but with the material which we have at present, we think a first class nine could be formed in short time.

Juniors and Minims wake up from your lethargy and organize before it is too late; follow the example of the Seniors and by the next issue we hope to present your leagues to your many admirers.

Those interested in Base-Ball among the Seniors met last Tuesday for the purpose of organizing a League for the coming season. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested on the occasion, which argued that we may expect some well contested game, in the near future. Messrs. Cusack, Ball and Roach were chosen Pres. Treas. and Sec. respectively. Three clubs were selected composed of the most expert players among the Seniors. A committee composed of the Captains of the respective clubs was delegated to prepare a schedule of games. Be generous therefore now that you have started and both by your physical and financial make the scheme a grand success. Another meeting is to be held on the 27th at which time the committee will report.

The Profs. are quietly organizing themselves and feel confident that they can still repeat, "the boys have never beaten and will never beat us." To prove this they are ready at the first opportunity to cross bats with the select club from the Senior.

The following are the different clubs, with their officers;—"Athletics"—Pres. Mr. James Cusack;—Capt. James Roach;—Treas. Chas. Ball;—Sec. Thos. Walsh. "Superiors" Pres. Mr. Patrick Sullivan; Capt. Hugh O'Neil;—Treas. Dennis Carroll;—Sec. William Deering. "Stayers" Pres. Mr. J. P. Dore;—Capt. Edward Bennet;—Treas. Dan Cahill;—Sec. William Convey.

It has been suggested, and the idea is capital, luminous, that the members of St. Patrick's society prepare a public debate for the entertainment of the students and to be given some April or May evening. Such a performance, we think, would be very desirable and with some care of preparation could be made instructive and relishable.

The spread of intellectual fodder on the reading room table is sufficient to satisfy the most voracious reader, the hungriest bookworm. All the publications are excellent, and *à propos* of one taken up at random, hear the Catholic American. "Donahoe's Magazine continues to be one of the marvels of American Journalism for the richness of its contents and the cheapness of its price. It has in every issue a hundred pages of original and selected articles, yet it costs only two dollars a year; and not satisfied with its profusion of reading matter it occasionally embellishes its pages with timely illustrations. The veteran editor, Patrick Donahoe gives the assurance that his periodical is making a steady advance, and because of his progress all his friends rejoice with him in his joy."

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Among the many pleasures of a catholic school boy's life, are the feast-day celebrations of the great Saints, and in this respect St. Patrick's Day is second to none. Long before February was torn from off the calendar, the all-absorbing topic of our conversation was St. Patrick's day. The Band and orchestra were practicing soul-inspiring Irish airs, which resounded through the halls from morning till night. At last the day drew near and everything was ready to make it a grand success. And so it was.

On Wednesday evening the Thespians presented a drama which was in every respect appropriate and well rendered. The title was, "The Duke" or "More Sinned against than sinning." The scene is laid in Ireland and the play possesses a plot of much interest. It rehearses the evil doings of a miserable land agent and the good actions of a magnanimous Duke. In the prologue Belhaven, the land agent, prevails upon Squire Hilton, the Duke's father, to disinherit his son. This the old man does, and the Duke accompanied by his ever faithful Teddy, departs for America. The first act opens on Belhaven who is now trying to get the Squire out of the way so as to gain control of his immense fortune. With the assistance of two smugglers, Richard Harvey and Captain De Balzac, he is successful. He drags the old man and has him carried off to a secret cave, there to await the arrival of a ship, which is to carry him to Normandy.

At this time the Duke and Teddy suddenly return from America. This, Belhaven considers as a favorable circumstance, for he can now fix the guilt connected with the Squire's disappearance on the Duke, as the relations between father and son were of an unpleasant nature. The Duke is arrested and placed in prison. The second act is devoted to the prison scene. Here the Duke receives visits from his enemy, Belhaven, who attempts to take his life, but is defeated once by the timely arrival of Teddy and again by the sudden appearance of Major Lookout, a friend to the Duke. Teddy who was in prison once for "punchin" a land agent's head discovered a trap door which led to a secret cave. He now proposes to lead the Duke through this freedom, if he would but consent to go. At first he refuses; but Teddy finally persuades him to effect his escape. They then make ready to depart. Teddy removes the hand-cuffs from off the Duke's wrists and they both descend. Just as the Duke's head is disappearing through the trap door Belhaven enters and fires. The Duke drops and from the cries which issue forth from the se-

cret passage, Belhaven thinks he has killed his game.

As the curtain goes up for the third act, it discloses a den of smugglers who have been hired by Belhaven, to do the cowardly work of carrying off the Squire. Teddy here enters disguised as an old woman. He distributes drugged whisky to the men who are soon sound asleep. But Captain De Balzac "who dont drink ze whisky but drinks ze vine" is still in the road. Teddy here resorts to an "exceedingly laughable" stratagem and in a short time has De Balzac lying senseless at his feet. He then proceeds to tie them all hand and foot, after which he departs to find the Squire. The Duke then enters, but finding the men already prisoners he is about to depart when Belhaven crosses his path. They both draw revolvers and Belhaven attempts to shoot, but his pistol misses fire. The Duke then has the villain's life in his hands but, magnanimous as he is, he pardons him. But as soon as the Duke turns his back the miserable wretch rushes at him with a dagger and is about to strike when a bullet from the well-aimed revolver of Major Lookout pierces the scoundrel's brain. Teddy re-appears with the Squire, who acknowledges he has committed a grievous wrong against his son and reinstates him in his inheritance. The play here ends with a magnificent tableau.

Though short the drama presented many novel and exciting situations, in which full scope was given for the young actors to display their ability. Mr. Amb. Granger as the Duke was an excellent impersonation of all generous Irish instincts. The passion, nobleness and magnanimity of the character were well portrayed. Mr. Cleary and Mr. H. Legris, as the Squire and Belhaven respectively, were quite at home and entirely in the spirit of their roles. Mr. T. Normoyle as Major Lookout and Mr. W. Convey in "ze Frenchman's" leave no room for criticism; they did admirably. But the star of the evening was Mr. J. P. Dore as the ever faithful and jolly Teddy. His entrance on the stage was the signal for prolonged applause. But while mentioning the entertainment we must not forget the oration of the day entitled "A Tribute to Ireland." For its praise let it suffice to say that Mr. McGavick delivered it and recall the frequent applause it excited. The music was also especially appropriate. Taking the entertainment as a whole, it was a perfect success and at its close, not a few compliments were bestowed both on the amateur actors and young musicians.

THE DAY ITSELF.

In the morning, as the sun was peeping timidly from beneath his thick couch of gray clouds, we were aroused from our sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams, once more to indulge in the festivities attendant on the feast-day of the Emerald Isle's Apostle. After morning prayer

and breakfast we participated in both outside and indoor games, until the bell rang calling us to the Chapel. Here we assisted at solemn high mass with Rev. F. Perry, of Chicago, as celebrant, Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Deacon, Rev. J. McGrady, Sub Deacon, and Mr. J. Cusack, Master of ceremonies. Here again the music reflected great credit, both on the Professor and the musicians. Prof. M. A. Roy's organ solo and the grand chorus, "Hail Glorious Apostle," were especially noteworthy. After mass the sports were resumed until the welcome jingle of the bell floated out on the cool midday breeze and from the happy look and telling smile that at once lit up the face of every boy, you could tell it called us to

THE BANQUET.

As we entered the refectory, tables laden with delicacies of every sort met our delighted optics. Every one sat down determined to wage war against and defeat *Turkey*. But it was with a hard struggle that the feat was accomplished and it was some time before the signal was given to cease hostilities. After the warfare a speech was called for and Ex-Alderman Sweeny responded. He spoke for a few minutes on "the day we celebrate" and afterwards called on Father Perry. The Reverend gentleman arose and delivered an excellent eulogy not only on St. Patrick, but the entire Irish nation. He showed the undying love which they possess for their country and also the good they rendered our own dear nation, both in her infancy and during the rebellion. He also said, he hoped and prayed that the day of liberation was soon to come, as a reward for the enduring perseverance in the faith of this now down-trodden nation. The signal was then given to retire. Immediately the games were resumed and again engrossed our attention and amused us abundantly during the afternoon.

About two o'clock, the band proceeded to the parlor where it serenaded the visitors. After supper an informal entertainment was prepared which consisted of songs, speeches, and instrumental music. Following the closing remarks by Father Dooling, the boys retired to the dormitory, their only regret being that St. Patrick's Day came but once a year. Among the visitors who assisted at the exercises were; Rev. F. Perry, v. A. Labrie, Alderman Sweeny, Messrs. P. Malony, P. Prendergast, D. Bain, M. W. Sullivan, G. Geer, A. J. Brosseau, N. J. Rousseau, T. Normoyle, C. Lowe, C. Harbour, D. Healy, H. Sullivan, S. Stafford, Dr. Gleason, E. Bergeron, M. Roy, and Master W. Fortune. Mesdames B. Tierny, G. Tierny, M. Stafford, J. McDonald, M. Powers, J. Fortune, A. Ryan, C. O'Neil, A. Swerth, M. Shuenmann, Misses. M. Prendergast, J. O'Neil, S. Oliver, A. Roach, B. Gleason, M. Baron, S. Ryan, and A. Ryan. The following students of the Holy Name School, Chicago, also visited us on St. Patrick's Day.

Masters F. Rowland, L. Fosse, L. O'Connor, D. Carroll, J. Irwin, J. McDermott, G. Wynn, I. O'Malley J. Cannon, D. McDonald, T. Banett, N. Brady, J. McMahon, E. Lacey, J. Hart, T. Grant, E. Mohan, J. Micholson, J. Grant, J. McDonald, G. Caowe, J. Sampson and W. Hanrahan.

The exercises of Wednesday were conducted according to the following.

PROGRAMME.

OLD IRELAND.....COLLEGE BAND.
TRIBUTE TO IRELAND,...MR. A. MCGAVICK.
IL TRAVATORE.....ORCHESTRA.
"THE DUKE"

OR

"MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE MILTON, "who comes of an illustrious family,	J. CLEARY.	
Marmaduke, his son, commonly known as "The Duke"	AMB. GRANGER.	
Alph. Belhaven,	a characteristic land agent,	H. LEGRIS.
Dick Harvey,	an unscrupulous villain,	C. HARBOUR.
Major Lookout,	a jolly good fellow, ye know,	T. NORMOYLE.
Teddy O'Neil,	a rale spring of the ould sod,	J. P. DORE.
Captain de Balzac,	a remnant of the Empire,	W. CONVEY.
Andy		D. CAHILL.
Tom } Smugglers.....		W. POWERS.
Joe }		E. BENNETT.
John Jameson, an aristocratic servant of the olden time,	J. MCGAVICK.	

PROLOGUE.

OVERTURE FROM LITTLE TYCOON.....{ REV. A. D. MAINVILLE.
MR. P. SULLIVAN.
ALEX. GRANGER.

ACT I.

ON THE SEA.....CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.

ACT II.

BREEZES OF AUTUMN WALTZ.....ORCHESTRA.

ACT III.

POSTILLION, Violin Solo.....MR. P. SULLIVAN.

TO IRELAND, Declamation.....W. PRENDERGAST.

MARENGO.....COLLEGE BAND.

Charles Hamilton B.

ROLL OF HONOR.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. Saffer.....Conduct Medal.
Distinguished—P. Granger, Swerth, L. Grandchamp,
R. FitzGerald, D. Carroll, A. Fortin and J. Maher.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Distinguished—W. Lehman, E. Frassr, A. Besse, J. Ricou and V. Cyrier.

MINIM'S DEPARTMENT.

E. Smith.....Politeness Medal.
Distinguished—F. Falley, A. Letourneau, H. Lingle.
L. Napierre, J. Tierney, A. Besse and G. McDonald.

LATIN COURSE.

L. Grandchamp.....Gold Medal.
Silver Medal equally deserved by J. McGavick, G. Ricou.

Distinguished—J. O'Callaghan, D. Ricou, Saindon, P. Granger, Falley, FitzGerald, Lamarre, Harbour, Lingle, Convey, and Normoyle.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

GOLD MEDAL: equally deserved by T. Burns, J. Bennett, F. Lesage, T. Dowling—Drawn by J. Bennett, 1st. Silver Medal; F. Lesage, 2nd.; T. Burns, 3rd.

Distinguished—W. Prendergast, G. McDonald, L. Welsh, E. Bennett, E. Grandpré, J. Belton, A. Fontanel, W. Tynan, V. Cyrier, J. Palissard, L. Rousseau, A. Granger, G. Rivard, A. Kerr, L. Giroux, E. Harbour, E. Smith, M. Conlon, J. Culver.

CONWAY MEDAL: Equally Deserved by J. O'Callaghan, J. Belton, W. Tynan, L. Falley, S. Saindon, G. McDonald—Drawn by Belton.

HOLY NAME SCHOOL.

ROLL OF HONOR.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

GOLD MEDAL..... } John O'Connor.
Thos. McDonald.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Jno. O'Malley, Wm. Rooney, Ed. Mohan, Frank Walsh, Jno. Carney, Jos. Lynch, Jos. Fitzpatrick, F. McDermott, M. McDonald, Thos. Grant, Thos. O'Hara, Ed. Ryan, Martin Marley, Dan. Collins.

DISTINGUISHED.

Patrick Minogue, Jno. Bradley, Walter Huggard Jno. Conway, Ed. Kennelly, Nicholas Brady.

EIGHTH GRADE.

SILVER MEDAL.....John McHugh, Frank Healey.

DISTINGUISHED—Richd. Gavin, Jno. Sheridan, Andrew Nash, Jno. Beckman, Jno. Connelly, Thos. Belknap.

SIXTH GRADE.

SILVER MEDAL..... } Henry Vercouter.
David McDonald.
Joseph Irwin.

DISTINGUISHED—Louis Fosse, Chas. Sheehan.

FOURTH GRADE.

SILVER MEDAL.....Wm. Walsh.

DISTINGUISHED.

Michael Gleason, Jas. Lynch, Ed. Lacey, Thos. Stack, and Geo. Gallagher.

THIRD GRADE.

DISTINGUISHED.

Joseph Tierney and John King.

SECOND GRADE.

SILVER MEDAL..... } John Coyne.
William Coleman.
Aloysius Carroll.
James Maloney.

DISTINGUISHED.

William Hereley, Joseph Norling, Joseph Carmody, Francis Curran, John Freitas, Robert Ganford, John Henry, Thomas Malloy, William O'Malley and Edward Harper.

PRIMARY CLASS.

SILVER MEDAL.....John Monahan.

DISTINGUISHED.

Michael Bidinger, Thomas O'Connor, Thomas Kennedy, James Healy, John Hester and Guy Maloney. Uperry Cross.

PERSONALS.

Mathieu—St. Louis—As it was announced in the Locals of our last issue, Joseph St. Louis, '77, and George Mathieu, '72, have opened a store in partnership in the booming city of Kankakee. They have the best wishes of their many friends of St. Viateur's who trust that Fortune may smile on them and crown their efforts with success. Both these young men have distinguished themselves as clerks heretofore in that same city.

Roy—St. Patrick's day brought Professor Roy, '86, from Chicago into our midst. He is as genial as ever and well pleased with his profession. Chicago is a vast field in which he can display with advantage the talents with which nature endowed him. Oh, the charm of music.

Healy—Lowe—It was quite a surprise to meet, at the small entertainment of St. Patrick's night, the beaming countenances of our "far west" men, Dan. Healy, '83, and Elmer Lowe, '82. Both look healthy and strong, no doubt the result of the invigorating and bracing atmosphere of the western plains. Now they could tell in truth of the wonders and adventures of the life of early settlers.

Caron—Edward Caron, '84, after an assiduous attendance at the courses of the Chicago College of Pharmacy, graduated from that Institution on the 23ult. We congratulate our friend on the happy result of his arduous endeavors and wish him all success in the future.

Blanchette—The "West" has tempted and gained one more family, that of Norbert Blanchette, '83, who quitted his home in St. George to go and establish himself along with his father in Ghent, Minnesota.

where they own quite a tract of fertile land. They are in a part of the State where the Catholic Colonization Society of Bishop Ireland is doing its good work for the people.

Lockwood—By the latest, Seth Lockwood, '84, has removed from Marseilles, Ill., his old home, to Streator where he is now occupied. We expect to hear more from him in the near future.

Brosseau—Jaspar Brosseau lately left us to accept a position as clerk in the store of Mr. Kerr of Kankakee. He is at a good school and will no doubt succeed in his aims. Our best wishes and encouragement.

Gelino—It will be a pleasure to his many friends to learn that Arthur Gelino, '82, of Kankakee, is pursuing his course of studies at the Montreal College, with the Sulpician Fathers. He had taken all last year to rest himself from hard work and is now feeling well as usual.

Rivard—We hear regularly from George Rivard, M. D., '78, who holds on to his favorite town of Assumption, Christian County, Ills. He has of course joined the Benedicts, is the father of a lively little girl, and enjoys the prosperity of a booming business in the line of his profession. He has built a store of late and bought a farm which transactions indicate a good financial status. Such good news cannot come too often.

Murphy—We sympathize with James and Dave Murphy, '86, who have lately suffered the irretrievable loss of their kind mother. This leaves the family under the care of James who has now taken management of his mother's store. May good fortune and all success attend the bereaved family.

EXCHANGES.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL, quite a number of exchanges have accumulated on our table. For the majority, "Excelsior" appears to be their motto as all, with but few exceptions, are making quite a noticeable progress in the art of journalism. Indeed, college journalism is rapidly rising to the acme of perfection.

With charity towards all and malice towards none we prepare ourselves to partake of the rich literary repast that is spread out so temptingly before us. In order not to appear un-gallant we will give the ladies precedence.

Our Canadian friend, the *Sunbeam*, still continues to diffuse its genial sunshine over the college world. Its fair editors complain of the non-support and lack of encouragement which they receive from their friends in their endeavor to render the *Sunbeam* an able exponent and worthy representative of its Alma Mater. We forbear further notice until harmony has been restored among its staff.

The *Portfolio* next claims our attention. After spending some time in its perusal the conclusion forced itself upon us that its editors could make it more interesting and readable by devoting more of its columns to original essays. Why leave one of the pages blank? If we depended entirely for our sustenance on the literary provender which you supply we would soon be reduced to the extremity of a "dime museum skeleton." Perhaps you have taken advantage of the *lenten* season upon which we have just entered and wish to give your readers scanty diet.

Quite a contrast to the *Portfolio* is the *Crescent*, whose pages are well filled with choice and instructive articles. "A pleasant trip on the wheel," judging from what was contained of it in the last issue, promises to prove quite interesting. We anxiously await the arrival of the next number to see how the young wheel-man was saved. The essay on "Promise and Performance," although short, contains some truths which not a few could advantageously put in practice in their intercourse with men.

The last issue of the *Student*, representing Cumberland University, was quite commendable in all respects. We were well pleased with the Editorial Department, as it is conducted in an able manner. T. W. G. in his essay on the "Art of Conversation" gives his readers some good advice as to the best means to be employed in the acquiring of proficiency in that accomplishment. Some of the other productions were well treated and give evidence that their authors are no amateurs in the art of Composition.

The *Chronicle* edited by the students of the Northwestern College, holds a prominent place among college publications. The number before us is replete with choice and instructive articles. Several of the essays are far above the average. The one entitled "What is Life," is skillfully handled, and was read with pleasure. We congratulate the editors of the *Chronicle* for the able manner in which they conduct their paper.

The *Fordham Monthly* for February is a breezy number, filled from cover to cover with articles which cannot fail to please and entertain the most exacting. Quite a feature of the *Monthly* are the poetic contributions which fill its pages and which are quite a contrast to those usually found in like publications. "Arthur Stewart," a continued article, is interesting and instructive. The character of Callista, the heroine of Cardinal Newman's well known Catholic novel, receives a careful portrayal at the hands of J. F. Clare. Such characters when encountered, in the fields of literature, which to-day are almost choked by the tares and cockle of worldly ideals, are as refreshing to the mind as a bright oasis in the desert to the eye of a weary traveller. The *Fordham* is one of our most valued exchanges.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Ludden lately took possession of his new see in Syracuse, N. Y.

A pilgrimage is talked of from the Pacific Coast to Rome on the occasion of the Pope's Golden Jubilee.

The feast of St. Thomas of Aquin was duly kept in all Catholic schools throughout the world on the 7th. of this month. Under the protecting hand of Leo XIII a new era of glory seems to blossom for the Angel of the School.

Rumors are afloat to the effect that the great artist and no less great writer, John Ruskin, of England, is about to join the Catholic Church. May he follow the noble example of the Newmans and Mannings.

The anniversary of the coronation of Leo XIII was solemnly observed in Rome on the 24th. ult. His Holiness officiated in the Sistine Chapel and pronounced the benediction on the kneeling throng of prelates, priests, ambassadors and laymen surrounding him.

Major John D. Kieley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who organized the first pilgrimage to Rome from this country, has been decorated with the grand cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by Cardinal Gibbons at the instance of the Pope.

Bishop Ireland absented himself from Rome to visit in the South of France the colleges where he studied as a boy. What refreshing memories were thus brought back to soothe his busied mind.

Archbishop Feehan has established a mission for the benefit of newsboys and waifs that roam at large in the city of Chicago without homes or care. Rev. Father Campbell has been entrusted with the arduous duty of bringing these urchins to this school of virtue and learning. May God bless his labors.

The Catholic Church in this country maintains over two hundred and twenty five orphanages and supports over 175,000 dependents, a number greater than the population of Delaware or Nevada, or of some of the Territories. (Union and Times.)

A monument will be erected at La Prairie, Canada, over the grave of the saintly Catherine Tigakwita, an Indian girl who died in the odor of sanctity. The monument is being constructed in Albany and will be paid for by Father Walworth and his niece, Miss E. H. Walworth.

We are so used to hear bad news from France that we are lead to think that its government is entirely incapable of generous deeds. Such is surely not the case in regard to the merited honor conferred on Sister Mathilda, by inscribing her name on the roll of the Legion of honor and presenting her with the beautiful cross awarded on such circumstances. This Sister has devoted herself for 28 years to works of Charity of all kinds.

The Republic of Ecuador, South America, lately observed the second centenary of the origin of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in a most religious manner. The Senate suspended its sittings on the feast day and voted "an act of gratitude to the Most Sacred Heart the patron of the Republic of Ecuador." In the evening all Quito was illuminated.

The Patriarch of Armenia is in Rome at this time negotiating to bring back to the true Church the schismatic flock entrusted to his care. He has already succeeded in bringing back whole villages at a time and will no doubt bring many more in the near future.

To all appearances the Knights of Labor seem to find favor in Rome and their association will not be condemned. Cardinal Gibbons is doing his work nobly as ever and the workingmen of this country may rest assured that they have no better friend than the Catholic Church which he represents.

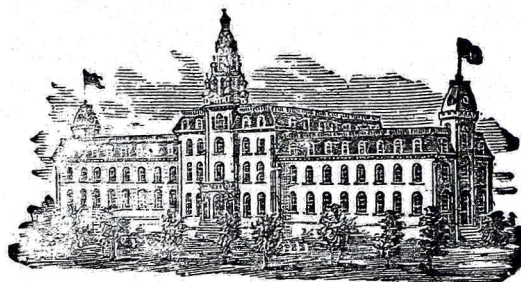
The Right Rev. Augustine Magliore Blanchet, Bishop of Nesqually, Washington Territory, died at his home on the 26th ult. This truly apostolic missionary was born in Saint Pierre, Rivière du Sud, in the Province of Quebec, in 1797, so that he had reached the old age of 90. He had been consecrated in Montreal, 1846, for the newly erected diocese of Walla-Walla, Oregon. He had been relieved of the burden of his work in 1879 by Rt. Rev. Ægidius Junger who replaces him in Nesqually.

The Church has suffered a great loss in the death of one of its most eminent Dignitaries, Cardinal Jacobini, noted the world over for his skill as a diplomat and for having effected such a happy *rapprochement* between Prussia and the Vatican. The illustrious deceased had been Secretary of State to the Pope for six years and had ruined his health in the arduous work. Born in 1832, he was created Cardinal in 1879 and appointed Secretary of State in 1880. He was a short, stout man, with the happiest disposition of mind and countenance.

On the 17 inst., took place in Rome the Consistory at which the red hat was conferred on their Eminences, the Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, of America. The scene was a grand one, enhanced by the splendor of the many beautiful costumes of Prelates, Ambassadors and other Dignitaries from all climes, united together for the solemn occasion around the throne of his Holiness Leo XIII.

How often have we not heard the pusillanimous manifestations of fear of some bigots who keep crying that if this country ever becomes Catholic it is done with our republican Institutions and government. As a sure cure for their morbid chronic trepidations we beg them consider the few significant figures which follow: There are in the world 20 Republics, 2 of which are Protestant and 18 Catholic; and 21 Monarchies, 10 of which are Protestant and 7 Catholic, the 4 others being of different religions.

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