

ST. VIATEUR'S

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1889

MEMORIAL

YEAR

BOURBONNAIS GROVE

KANKAKEE ✠ COUNTY ✠ ILLINOIS

VOL. VI

MARCH ✠ 30 ✠ 1889

No 15

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

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East.		Wes
5.15 P. M.	..... Passenger	..... 8. 34 A M
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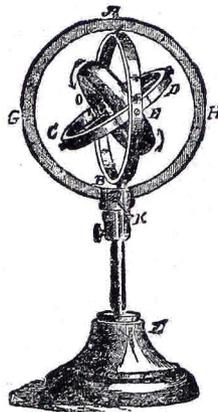
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# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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### EDITORIALS.

EVERY NATION keeps alive the memory of her orators, historians, inventors, painters, sculptors and poets. Her people anxiously await and properly celebrate the annual return of their festal day. There is scarcely a nation, to which a feast day is more welcome, or brings with it more reminiscences of the past, than St. Patrick's Day does to the Irish people. On this occasion they call to mind the life, time and labors of the great Apostle—the seed which he planted, and how, despite all opposition, it grew, developed and survived all trial. With light hearts and generous feelings they enter upon the festivities of this memorable day, firmly trusting, that the time is not far distant when Ireland shall again be free.

\* \*

ORDER is among the first things which are necessary for success in life. No matter what our calling may be, order is required and its presence

is felt. Order in work, of any kind, enables us to accomplish more and to achieve superior results. The difference between the man who has method in his work and the one who has not, is readily perceived. The latter may be superior in mind and intellectual acquirements, but without method his efforts and attainments will not, and cannot be rightly estimated. System, in any undertaking, is among the first things for which we look. This acquisition is indispensable to one vested with power to direct others. If he possess this power over himself, with comparative ease, he will be able to assert it over others. If he has not, he soon finds his mistake; and too soon realizes the endless difficulties against which he must battle.

\* \*

TO THE MINUTE ORSERVER, the smallest and most worthless object, conveys a deep and significant meaning. Many persons fail to cultivate this power of observing and inquiring into things. By a close study of nature, we notice that everything, both small and great, has its part to perform, and unless prevented from so doing, it proves true to its task. The diligence and perseverance manifested by the smallest object, in playing its rôle, is interesting and instructive.

\* \*

THE REAL VALUE of time is seldom realized: otherwise there would be less of it spent in ways that are useless. They who waste most time are often those who complain that they have no time to do anything. Call them to account for the non-performance of their task and their excuse is lack of time. They do not consider the amount of time they have let pass, nor regret the golden opportunities which they have lost. We all may have time enough at our disposal if we arrange it properly and employ it well.

## SLAVERY AND THE CHURCH.

EDWARD H. KRAMER.

At the dawn of Christianity all nations were involved in the dusky clouds of Paganism and corruption. The Jews themselves, once God's chosen people, were wandering from the path trodden by their forefathers and turning their steps towards the gilded images of their Pagan neighbors. We may say with Balmes; "Morality was without reality, manners without modesty, the passions without restraint, laws without authority, and religion without God." Slavery, the offspring of poverty, war and luxury, like a plague, and attended with its baneful effects, had spread among all nations and seemed to have usurped the sanction of law. Rome having gathered the world within her walls had fulfilled her mission. Her streets echoed with the tread of representatives of all nationalities, loaded with chains driven into one hoard by her might. At every battle in which the Roman eagle triumphed the number of slaves increased. History relates that some nobles possessed from ten to twenty thousand; in Greece they were almost innumerable, Athens alone reckoning 40,000. The Helots of Sparta were more numerous than her citizens. Pliny says, "That the cortege of a family resembled an army." Among the barbarian nations their numbers were immense. They were considered as mere *things* who could be put to death at the masters' caprice. Their marriages were looked upon as no union, and their children were treated like progeny of animals.

The cruelties exercised on these wretched creatures need not be mentioned. The reader of history remembers well Vedius Pollio, who fed his fish with the bodies of his slaves at the least cause of displeasure, and the massacre of the 400 slaves of Pedanius Secundus. It was not an unusual occurrence for them to be hung up with weights attached to their feet. In Rome it was customary to chain the porter at the door like a dog. Think of them shut up in large partly underground barracks, fed on corn, a few fallen olives or a little salt fish with vinegar. Once in two years one cloak and a pair of wooden shoes were given them. A fugitive slave when caught was branded on his forehead with the letter F. A collar is said to be preserved at Rome with this inscription: "Fugi: tene me: cum revocaveris me domino meo Zonino accipies solidum." "A runaway, catch me, when you have returned me to my master you shall receive 17 shillings."

Thus the slave passed his wretched existence in the entire subjection of his own will to that of another and this was one of the great cancers of the social state, which the Church had to heal. And how did she pro-

ceed? Her sound judgement showed her the impossibility of an immediate abolition, and prudence dictated a slow and cautious proceeding. Had the Church endeavored to emancipate them at one decree, thus ruining the social organization and changing the relations of property, Europe would have been turned into a heap of smoking ruins covered with gore. In her slow progressive way she began gradually to change the freeman's prevailing ideas in regard to slavery, by attacking his mind and heart, to gain which, patience and perseverance were necessary. The state of ideas in regard to slavery may be inferred from Aristotle, who teaches that nature forms one part of the human race for slavery; the other for liberty. Cato had a maxim that slaves ought to be at work or asleep. Homer says that "Jupiter has deprived slaves of half the mind."

The first words uttered by the Church against this abominable evil were employed in depriving the owner of the right of life and death over his subjects, and declaring the equality of man. Now a sentiment of hope began to lighten the slave's burden. No more did his eyes continually seek the earth but were often turned towards heaven in the silent expectation of a better future. The next step was to ameliorate their lot; in the 6th. century slaves, who had committed some grievous offence, providing they took refuge in a church, were spared all corporal punishment. The intention of the Church in this was not to shelter crime but to check the masters' excesses. Punishments, which appeared too severe, were moderated by the bishops; thus the Church revolutionized the ideas of antiquity and changed man's heart and mind. But she did not stop here although placed in the most perilous positions, especially by the irruptions of the barbarians, who spread like a swarm of locusts over Europe's smiling fields and well fortified cities, divesting her of all ornaments. Now the Church began to aim at universal emancipation. Those who were oppressed by feudalism were especially favored. The violence of petty lords was checked by the protection offered by the bishops to the serfs of their dioceses. Manumission *manumissio per testamentum* performed within the sanctuaries of God were surrounded by an air of inviolable sanctity and awe inspiring solemnity. The yoke was taken from those engaged in domestic service and all who were employed in tilling the fields became hereditary tenants. The Church often liberated those enslaved by fate of war, even sacrificing her sacred vessels for their redemption. The most intellectual and pious of her children who trampled in the dust the vanity and pride of the world and who in their silent cells were employed in promoting and guarding art and science would often come forth willingly offering their hands to be shackled for the deliverance of these poor beings. Moreover the

Church had instituted the order of Trinity and that of Mercy for the ransoming of the captives. You who think this substitution an act of rashness, basing your arguments on the custom of the times and on capital punishment, do you not perceive in them something nobler and loftier than what is found in mere human nature?

Now turn toward that celebrated monk of the West, Gregory the Great, who declares that those wishing to embrace the monastic life should not be hindered and that they be given full liberty. Thus the portals of the Church were thrown open to them and those giving evidence of talent and capacity were elevated to the sacerdotal dignity.

What must have been the gratitude of the slave toward the Church, when in the evening of life, having borne the heat of the day, the setting sun haloed his brow with joy and flooded his cabin with peace and contentment. Europe was changed from an habitation of woe, watered by the tears and resounding with the groans of thousands, into a garden, whose beauty and fragrance were enhanced by the stamp of liberty, impressed upon all countenances. Now when the last ripple caused by the galley slave's oar had died away upon the waters, when the last shackle had fallen from the European slave and lay rusting, imbedded in the soil, then only did Protestantism appear.

Look at Brazil; was it not but yesterday you heard the clink of chains as they fell and the joyous shout of thousands as they looked towards heaven freemen by one decree of a Catholic empress. Among the inhabitants of the dark continent, one of the brightest lights of the present day, Cardinal Lavignerie, with a pious band of volunteers is working to cast the yoke of slavery from the neck of her children. From the throne of St. Peter we hear one of our greatest philosophers, theologians and statesmen, Pope Leo XIII. inviting the co-operation of Europe against this evil. Whence have you Americans derived those grand ideas on the dignity of man's origin and destiny, of fraternal love and and charity which led to the emancipation of the negro? Go, ask your Catholic ancestors, they will conduct you to their sacred shrines and say;—here those ideas were implanted in our minds, which we left you as a precious legacy.—Does the Church stop after she has freed the slave? No look among the negroes of our own country, you will see many zealous missionaries under the standard of St. Joseph, forsaking all to sacrifice their lives for the elevation and salvation of this neglected people. Thus does the Church protect and ennoble the individual and surround the domestic hearth with contentment where she possesses the sceptre of command.

## IRELAND'S FUTURE

FROM IRELAND'S PAST.

GEORGE E. DONNELLY.

Doubtless, there is no heart sympathetic to human sufferings, no eye which ever shed a tear for down-trodden humanity, that is not now turned across the sea to the land of heroes and scholars, to Ireland, the emerald isle of the ocean. Centuries of oppression have swept over her head and yet there she still stands a queen, but a queen shorn of her jewels, robbed of her riches and nothing left her save unrivalled natural beauties which cruelties and bitter wars have disfigured but could not remove.

The last few weeks have, indeed, been eventful ones in Erin's history and recall with vividness to our minds the days of Grattan and O'Connell. The outcome of the late nefarious plot of a tyrannical government against the able leader of Ireland's destiny, is too fresh in the minds of all to bear repetition. And that eventful day, when the charges against Parnell were dismissed, when Justice deigned to smile on an Irishman, is looked upon as a day which means a new epoch in the history of Ireland.

The golden echoes which bore the news of Parnell's acquittal whispered into the ears of Ireland's every son and lover the magic word "Home-rule." Yes, the late conspiracy of the government against Parnell, the murder of Irishmen in prison by Balfour, the mighty rising of the English people in favor of constitutional justice for their sister country and their firm trust in the wisdom of Gladstone, have made ripe the time for Ireland to force from an unwilling sovereign the long cherished right of ruling herself. And what a day it will be when the Irish capital decked out in her holiday attire will welcome to the most historic building of an historic country, her own legislators. How the old house of Parliament will rock with the cheers of those assembled to witness the triumph of truth and justice over coercion and centuries of oppression.

Those who are the the happy beholders will, doubtless, bring to their graves memories of this event which they would not, if they could, banish from their minds. For Patriotism, so long worshipped, and Religion, so long cherished, joined to the long desired Liberty, will form a trinity which will raise Erin from the Niobe of nations to her proper sphere in the company of government.

Let us take a cursory view of Ireland's past and draw from it her future prospects.

Centuries ago, ere the foot of the English invader entered her soil, she was happy. The Spring's fresh

breezes awoke the husbandman to his work of cultivating the most fertile land of the earth's surface; the Summer's sun brought out the happy inhabitants to scenes of pleasure, mirth and enjoyment; Autumn invited the honest farmer to gather to himself the fruit of his toil; and Winter, dreary as it was, served as a season of rest and domestic happiness.

This was Ireland in happier days. Institutions of learning graced her venerable hills, religion softened the hearts of her inhabitants, and freedom did homage at the shrine of this most patriotic people of the world.

But times have sadly changed. The frightful marks of the tyrant's heel are now found everywhere. Deprived of her land by a cruel government, her citizens made aliens in their own country, the sweat of whose brow serves but to enrich men whose sole purpose is to rivet tighter their chains; these are a few of the cruelties Ireland has to suffer. Incited by such deeds her sons have sought refuge in other, but happier countries, and have distinguished themselves both in the science of war and the pursuits of peace.

The sun of Ireland's destiny, however, still lurks behind the dark clouds of persecution; but when she has her own legislators this sun will again shed on all, the beams of national culture and the refinement of the industrial arts. Erin's progress will then be most rapid. Justice will be the watch-word, and Experience the guide, of those long buried, but then resurrected principles of Irish liberty. Irish commerce will receive an impetus; the green flag will be a companion of the "Stars and Stripes" on every sea and in every clime; and Emmet's epitaph will at length be written. In learning she will again resume her place. From the fifth to the fourteenth century few countries of Europe excelled Ireland in architecture, sculpture and the decorative arts; and with prosperity these long lost traits of Erin's ingenuity will again break forth. Goldsmith, Tyndal, Moore, O'Connell, Burke, Sheridan and Griffin, representing every department of literature, are the off-spring of a persecuted parent, and when persecution shall have ceased, when her own legislators shall give an impetus to literature, science and art, by the dissemination of learning, what can we not expect from the isle of scholars?

Ireland! in all your future glory we behold you. Your past actions bespeak a happy future, and in our country as long as the flag of freedom waves over our heads we will not forget you. Centuries have passed since the invader set his foot on your then happy land—centuries of oppression and crime—chastened by these misfortunes, the doom of nations has not taken place with you. Fresh, vigorous and hopeful as when Sarsfield marched to a foreign land, as when Emmet ascended the scaffold, you need but an opening. and Freedom—

long since an alien to your shores—will once more revisit the "gem of the ocean."! Go on then, land of my fathers, sacred place long ago dedicated to learning, many generations will not pass till England, writhing in the throes of corruption, will sink in power and glory; till you, faithful to God, guided by the morning star of hope, will ascend the political horizon, free from foreign oppressors, happy in civil government, and an immortal example of Christian fortitude!

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### A HUNTING TRIP TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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It was in the latter part of September 1863 that I received an invitation from a famous hunter by the name of John Smith, to spend a few days with him and to pass away the time in hunting. Being a lover of this pastime, I thought I would accept. So one fine Monday morning I shouldered my gun and started for his cabin which was in one of the most secluded parts of the country, one which I very seldom visited and only on such occasions as this one. I arrived at his cabin about noon and was greeted with a hearty hand shake. He told me that I was the first man he had seen since he left our camp, which was about two months before. We ate our dinner of venison and wild turkey—which were as plentiful then as rabbits are at the present day—and after we had chatted awhile, he proposed that we take a trip to the woods, to find some fresh meat.

We had gone but a short distance when we saw a deer, so he gave me the first shot. I fired, but without any apparent effect, for the deer ran on as if it had not been struck. We didn't think any more about it until John looked at the sky and suggested that we retrace our steps to the cabin as there were dark clouds gathering in the west. We turned back, and had not gone far when we saw tracks of fresh blood. We walked on with the expectation of finding a dead deer. When within sight of the cabin we saw our game lying in the path. John laughed, and said it was the first time he had ever heard of a person shooting a deer and then running it home. We took the deer and carried it to the cabin and my friend dressed it; and I must say that he was an expert at the business, for by the time I had my share of the work done,—and that was building the fire and getting some water—he had the deer dressed and a nice steak cut from the loin, which is one of the choicest parts of the deer.

After supper we passed the time talking about old times and telling stories. I went to bed that night well pleased with my day's sport, but could not go to sleep for some time for it was raining very hard.

In the morning I awoke very much refreshed and when I went out, the rain of the night previous had cleared away and all nature seemed refreshed; the golden leaves on the huge oak trees looked more beautiful than ever and the long brown grass sparkled like so many diamonds.

After we had eaten our breakfast, which consisted of some nice brook bass, a piece of venison, bread and butter, and a good cup of coffee, and were sitting in front of the cabin smoking our pipes, my friend began talking about a large bear that had been the terror of the mountains for years, and that its den was in a large cave about five miles distant; he said he was always afraid to go near it alone but thought that there was no danger in our going together. So we prepared a lunch and started.

We arrived at the cave about noon, and being tired and hungry we sat down and ate our lunch. After that we prepared to go into the cave, which extended back about a quarter of a mile. We lit our torches and entered. When we had got half way in, we found, to our consternation, that our torches would not burn. We immediately turned back, and had gone but a few steps when the last sparks of our lights went out. Just imagine our feelings! There we were in a worse darkness than was Moses when his light went out; at least, I thought so. We tried our best to find the entrance, but find it we could not.

We had wandered about for three hours and were about to give up in despair, when suddenly we heard a noise which made our blood run cold; and I imagined I felt my hair pushing my hat off, and all at once I was struck as by a cyclone. I immediately got up and was glad to find that no bones were broken. It was the bear that had struck me in running towards the entrance, having been frightened at seeing our lights.

We started in the direction the bear had gone, and to our relief, soon found our way out; and never were we more thankful at seeing daylight. We could not see Mr. Bear, so we resolved to wait for him, knowing that a bear never stays away from his den longer than 24 hours. We built a fire and camped for the night; and after we had talked about our exploit, as it was getting late, I told John that he could go to sleep whilst I would watch. He agreed, and was soon wrapped in happy slumber, leaving me to amuse myself with the screeches of the night owl, and the distant howl of a wolf or some other wild animal.

I began to get sleepy about 12 o'clock and I could hardly stay awake. I was startled about 3 o'clock by the crashing of brushwood near by. I immediately awoke my friend and told him that I thought our game had come. We threw more wood on the fire so that we could see better. When it began to burn brightly we

could see two eyes glaring in the brushwood. My friend who was an expert with the gun, took aim and fired. He struck the bear right between the eyes and with one bound he fell dead at our feet. Delighted with our success, we turned our steps homeward, heroes of the day.

T. Swegman.

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## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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St. Patrick's Day of '89, so long looked for and prepared for so earnestly, has come and gone, and leaves only a pleasant recollection. The College, Faculty and Students, attired itself in holiday garb and prepared to make the 17th. of March a day long to be remembered. Every one will concede that the undertaking was successful and a good time was the keynote of the hour. As usual the celebration opened by a theatrical entertainment by the Thespians under the management Rev. J. P. Dore. The play produced was

"GUY MANNERING,"

or "The Gypsy's Prophesey." The play had been re-arranged for this production and the distribution of characters was as follows:

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Guy Mannering, <i>a retired Colonel</i> . . . . .	T. J. Normoyle.		
Archibald Mannering, <i>his nephew</i> . . . . .	F. P. Dillon.		
Henry Bertram, <i>the missing heir</i> . . . . .	F. Dandurand.		
Arthur Bertram, <i>his brother</i> . . . . .	W. B. McCarthy.		
Dominie Sampson, <i>an old tutor</i> . . . . .	L. J. Grandchamp.		
Teddy O'Rourke, <i>a happy Irish lad</i> . . . . .	J. J. Smith.		
Gilbert Glossin, <i>a scheming attorney</i> . . . . .	P. Bissonette.		
Dirk Hatteraick, <i>chief of the pirates</i> . . . . .	W. F. Kearney.		
Balie Mucklethrift, <i>in hardware line</i> . . . . .	W. H. Conway.		
Gabriel	} Gipsies . . . . .	} C. F. Knisely.	
Sebastian			J. J. Coyle.
Franco			J. W. Shea.
Fitz James, <i>servant to Arthur</i> . . . . .	H. F. Baker.		
Mr. McCandlish, <i>keeper of "Gordon Arms"</i> . . . . .	J. B. Gallet.		
Jock Tobos, <i>Ostler to McCandlish</i> . . . . .	A. F. Kerr.		
Sergeant McCrae . . . . .	F. G. Baker.		
Farmers . . . . .	} M. D. Wiseman.		
		A. P. Norton.	
MEG MERRILIES, <i>the Gipsy Queen</i> . . . . .	D. McNamara.		

The title role was ably handled by Mr. T. J. Normoyle. His fine appearance at his first entrance won him the audience, whose appreciation his acting held through out the performance. Mr. F. Dillon and Mr. W. McCarthy, and Mr. F. Dandurand, interpreted their characters remarkably well, and Mr. Dillon's sweet voice was used favorably in two solo numbers. The appearance of Mr. Louis Grandchamp, as *Dominie Sampson* was

always a signal for applause and laughter. Mr. Grandchamp's acting was as perfect as it is possible for the amateur to achieve. Mr. Bissonette's *Gilbert Glossin* was a finished villain, and *Teddy O'Rourke* by J. J. Smith a neat piece of character work. Mr. Conway proved a good comedian, and Mr. Gallet a competent *McCandlish*. The minor roles were well filled by Messrs. W. Kearney, H. and F. Baker, A. Kerr, C. Knisely, J. Coyle, W. Shea, M. Wiseman, and A. Norton. But Mr. McNamara as *Meg Merrilies* needed not the prominent letters on the programme to proclaim him the star of the evening. His acting was forcible but polished, bringing out all the shrewdness and witchery of the Gypsy Meg. He merited the frequent applause which often deterred him in reciting his lines.

The music was of a far higher order than has ever been rendered before by the orchestra, for which the painstaking director, Rev. P. A. Sullivan deserves the greatest credit. Prof. C. Gattine's flute solo was a classical interpretation of his number. Rev. P. A. Sullivan executed his violin solo *Cavatina* faultlessly and brought out its sweet tones unerringly. The audience was large and appreciative. There were many in the hall from a distance whose names will be found at the end of this article. A neat sum was realized by the management, which the Thespians have generously donated for a window in the Roy Memorial Chapel.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS

was celebrated in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart on Sunday morning at nine o'clock by the following clergymen officiating: Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. Celebrant; Rev. Amb. D. Granger, Deacon; and Mr. Kursch, Subdeacon. At this mass the First Communion class received their first Holy Communion. Rev. Chas. O'Brien's sermon was an eloquent discourse on the faith planted by St. Patrick and so zealously and piously cherished by the Irish Race. Wourth's Mass in C was sung under the direction of Rev. Bro. Dionne C. S. V. accompanied by a string quintette. This is one of the most beautiful masses ever heard in the Chapel and reflects a great credit on the choir and its zealous director. After an hour of relaxation during which the visitors inspected the building and grounds

DINNER

was announced. The spread was a tempting outlay of delicious viands, pastries, fruits, etc. to which the students, friends and guests did ample justice. As usual the crown of the centre cake on the President's table was presented to the bearer of the Good Conduct Medal Mr. Arthur Fortin of Kankakee, was the fortunate gentleman. About the middle of the afternoon an

EXHIBITION DRILL

was given in the recreation hall. The orchestra rendered two selections one at the opening and another at the

close of the drill. The brisk soldierly entrance of the Ford Rifles under command of Capt. Chas. H. Ball was the signal for an outburst of applause which was kept up almost UNCEASINGLY until the cadets left the hall. The rears, wheels, and complicated fancy moves at double time were so generously applauded that at times it was almost impossible for the captain's voice to be heard. The only other event of importance was the

IMPROMPTU

given in the evening. The following gentlemen acquitted themselves very creditably. Rev. J. P. Dore's lecture and Mr. Cahill's singing were especially pleasing.

PROGRAMME.

- Piano Selection.....Rev. Jos. Kuhn.
- Declamation.....Mr. T. J. Normoyle.
- Violin Solo (Cavatina).....Rev. P. A. Sullivan.
- Vocal Selection.....Mr. D. J. Cahill.
- Oration.....Rev. J. P. Dore.
- Vocal Duet.....Messrs Cahill and Normoyle.
- Declamation.....Mr. W. F. Kearney.
- Piano Selection.....Master A. B. Boylan.
- Vocal Trio-Rev. J. P. Dore, Messrs Cahill and Normoyle.

So closed St. Patrick's Day proper but as the students are entitled to a whole "rec" day their other holiday was taken Monday. A Battalion Parade was made through the streets of the village in the morning and in the afternoon a game of Base-Ball interested those on the campus.

We are pleased to say that the celebration was a most enjoyable success and one long to be remembered by those whose pleasure it was to be among us, and to whom we extended a hearty invitation to any of our college festivities. Among the visitors were Mesdames Abbey, Sippel, Meehan, Suerth; Messrs Gleason, Cahill, Baron; Misses Roach, Oliver, Meehan, Sippel, of Chicago Ill. Mr. Normyle, Rock Island, Ill.; Leo Fitzpatrick, Indianapolis; Mr. John Flavin, Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. and Joseph Norton of Danville, Ill. and Mrs. Jas. Wiseman of Danville.

LOCALS.

- Spring.
- Beelzebub.
- Easter next.
- "It slipped!"
- "Swiftly six."
- No. 26, this way!
- Beef it up, Mac!
- *Exeunt* double windows.
- Learn your trade, boys.

— Drill up for April 30th.  
 — Got time to carry a trunk?  
 — Lend a hand on the Chapel.  
 — "Lots of weather we are having!"  
 — Ye Gawds! Gus is a Republican.  
 — The Division drills of late have shown marked improvement.  
 — Dave can't get over his devoted attachment for tobogganing.  
 — Latest: Half of the M. & M. O. U. got *their* hair cut.  
 — Evening promenades on the campus are once more popular.  
 — Aspirants for graduation honors are crawling into the harness for preparation.  
 — Behold the Mystic and Mysterious Order of Undertakers! (Red lights.)  
 — Even the best friends of the Administration are complaining of developments in the mail service.  
 — A large number of new songs were given an introduction on the Thespians' trip last Tuesday.  
 — Force of habit.—Student: Doctor, I have the Spring fever. M. D: Three black pills.  
 — Everett Wheeler was seen behind a pipe last Sunday visiting in the Pickwick Hall.  
 — And they all went in silence next day. Chorus, (*Andante con espressione molto.*) Poor....Dear.... Things!!  
 — Rev. President Marsile desires to thank Hon. Daniel Paddock for complimentaries to Springfield and to the next session of the Legislature.  
 — Just at present in military circles it looks as if more companies than one were to help dispose of the pennant. Make it exciting, and here's to the victor!  
 — On Tuesday the 19th. inst., the "Guy Mannering Company" had their pictures taken in full costume at Knowlton's Gallery, Kankakee.  
 — With characteristic celerity, Prof. J. Alacrity Donnelly comes to the front as founder of the "Swiftly Six" an enterprising association organized for —, —, and especially for—.  
 — Father Dooling took a short rest last week and availed himself of the opportunity to visit Chicago friends. Father Rivard made a short business trip to the city early in the week.  
 — Visitors since St. Patrick's Day were Rev. and Miss Wonge of Norway, visiting Rev. G. M. Legris; Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Vigeant, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. McGuire, Chicago; and Mrs. Kelley, Danville, Ills.  
 — Revs. President Marsile and Dr. LaBerge conducted a French mission at St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, last week and last evening Rev. Fr. Dooling C. S. V. opened the English mission which Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. is conducting.

— Spring cometh, and dissolveth the ice,  
 And bringeth back the birds, and  
 (Wondrous are the the works of Spring)  
 Separateth Philo and his overcoat!  
 — Perrie and Sam have a most decided attraction towards the foundation diggings, ever since they "just happened" to see some people on the street. A poem from either of them would be acceptable.  
 — Mr. Philip Maher we are glad to say is now removed to his elegant and commodious new business block across from his old place on Indiana Ave. and 35th. St., Chicago. Mr. Maher handles one of the finest stocks in the city in his line.  
 — And all this time Joe. McAndrews has been trying to make us believe he is not an ancient female, i. e., an old woman. The antiquarian will have food for contemplation in comparing with the above Joe's business as moon regulator. Prof. Brady has considered the matter and cogitates Joe is the old lady who rode to the moon on a broomstick.  
 — The Rev. Prefect of Studies announces that the first examinations for Commencement Day honors and gold medals, will take place early in April. There is no reason why the contests should not be exciting, thus combining study with pleasure. It should be every student's ambition to allow no one to have a walk away. Pull up anchor and sail into the race, there's place for every one.

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#### ROY MEMORIAL NOTES.

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The ground is broken!  
 The foundation will soon be in.  
 The Juniors and Seniors expect to hold a meeting next week to report on receipts for their respective windows.  
 Such weather! Providence is certainly favoring our work, for Our Lord always looks benignly on any honor paid to his Sacred Heart.  
 Rev. Father Gosselin of Ashland, Ky., has come forward with \$50.00 and an encouraging letter which we will publish in the "*Cercle Français*" next number.  
 Twenty-five dollars is credited to Mr. Patrick Canavan of St. Joe, Mich. and a like sum to his brother Mr. Thomas Canavan of Sumner, Ills. Many thanks.  
 The Seniors and Juniors believe they can unite hard work with exercise and pleasure and frequently numbers of them may be seen working around the foundation of the Chapel. That's the idea boys. Every little bit helps, and there are plenty of picks and shovels, so lay to!

In the corner stone of the Chapel will be placed the signature of the one who blesses it and the Rev. Attendants, and also copies of the current catalogue and Journal.

Time makes no inroads on the zeal of Father Beau-doin, that he is as indefatigable to day as he was twenty years ago when he laid the first stone of our College is manifested by the earnestness with which he is circulating a subscription among his parishioners for the Roy Memorial Fund. He has placed subscriptions under the patronage of the Ladies of St. Anne, whose zealous activity promises a handsome addition to the Fund. Every one interested in the new work cannot but praise the energy of Father Beau-doin and co-laborers.

The ground for the Roy Memorial Chapel was broken on Wednesday, March 20th. a historical date in the annals of our young College. Very Rev. Cyril Fournier C. S. V. Superior turned over the first shovel full of earth and the shovel was passed successively to Rev. P. Beau-doin C. S. V., Rev. President Marsile C. S. V. Rev. J. B. Bernard, and Rev. L. A. Senecal. It is hoped that the basement excavations will be completed by the middle of next week and then the masons will begin their work on the foundation. If possible the first stone will be laid on April 3rd.—just twenty years the to day after the present buildings was placed in position.

Rev. G. M. Legris,  
St. Viator's College  
Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.  
March 18th., 1888.

Dear Father Legris:

Permit me at this late day to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 25th. ult. which came duly to hand, and which should have claimed my attention at an earlier date than the present, had I not been prevented from attending to any business by the protracted illness of my wife and later of myself. I assure you my dear Father Legris, that no one of the Alumni of the dear old College, will respond with any greater degree of cheerfulness and pleasure to call for aid to erect a Chapel to the memory of our sainted Director, dear Father Roy, than will your humble servant though I regret to say, in casting my eye over the list of generous subscribers which lies before me, in most of whom I recognized old friends of former days, that my humble donation toward the worthy cause, will not take that place amongst the sums subscribed that in my heart I would fain give it.

I am, at present, what is termed, "land poor" having caught the western craze for Real Estate, and invested my surplus revenue. This I say, not boastfully but by

way of an apology for the smallness of my subscription at this time.

Put me down for \$50.00 and draw on me through the First National Bank here on July 1st, '89 for \$25.00 and on Sept. 1st. '89 for \$25.00. Many thanks for your kind invitation to attend the Old Students reunion this year and so far as I know now I will be with you, and I hope there will be a large number of the old students in attendance.

Please bear my kindest regards to Father Marsile, Bro. Bernard, Frs. Beau-doin, Lesage and all the other friends who may be there. Not forgetting yourself and believe me

Ever Truly Yours

Thos. Colfer.

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### SPORTIVE JOTTINGS.

Strike

Him out!

Safe on 1st.!

"Now you're off!"

"My first choose!"

"I am on with you!"

McCarthy the pitcher.

Get the umpire a chest protector.

"Just look at Willie Shea over on 3rd."

For good ball playing witness the Juniors' games.

Brother Senecal now has a large supply of all kinds of sporting goods.

A large reward is offered for some new coaching gags. Condon will please take the hint.

If the Minims can't play ball as well as the other departments, they can at least beat them at collecting for sporting goods.

Since Stafford's departure the position of "Lord High Kicker" has been vacant. Who is going to fill the place? Condon and McCarthy both stand a good show.

For a first class "Battery" there is no better place to go than to the "Rover" club of the Juniors. Dostal and McCann are really an excellent pair and "put up" a fine game.

The "Two Kids!" Who are they? Frank Baker and Harry Donnelly. The former at "short" and the latter in "left," and you have a pair seldom equalled in any college team.

Choosers on the ball-alleys are getting things down to a pretty fine point. Teams are arranged several days in advance. Did you ask who will play after dinner, Monday? We respectfully refer you to Coffey,

Donnelly, or McKernan.

At last Samuel Sidney has discovered his vocation and every "rec" day he is found over on the "Ponies" campus umpiring their base-ball contests. Sam is bound he'll rule over the Minims in some way and since his

deposition from *Prefectship* he has taken up the office of Umpire.

During the last ten days the "St. Viateur's Stars" and the "Rovers" of the Junior department have played the following games with the results mentioned below. March 19th., Score. Rovers 7, Stars 4. March 21st., Rovers 16, Stars 6. March 24th., Stars 10, Rovers 5. March 28th., Rovers 13, Stars 3. George McCann captains the Rovers, while John Coyle fills that office for the Stars.

Companies A and B besides having an ambition to see which is superior in military science, are also infused with a sporting pride and desire to place the base-ball pennant along side of the military. In consequence of this the best players were selected from each company and marched to the diamond where for two hours they labored to see who would leave the field victorious. The score shows that A is a little the superior, as its nine stalwarts rolled up 16 runs while B could only find 12. The batteries were McCarthy and Baker for Co. A, and Gallet, Conway and Rivard for Co. B.

Two pick nines in the Senior department have been holding the diamond for several days and have made things interesting by playing some very good games. James Condon is Captain of one nine while the other heeds the instructions which are delivered with great oratorical power by W. Ben McCarthy. The nines are about evenly matched which fact the scores of the last two games will go to show. The score of the first was 8 to 5 in favor of Condon's side. That of the second was 7 to 6. This time Captain Ben with his great aggregation of "sphere-chasers, carried off the honors.

Now a word of advice to all our ball players. Avoid what we call in the parlance of the diamond, "kicking." There are three men, and three men only, who should be heard in a game of base-ball. These men are the two Captains and the Umpire. Once in a while the Captain may appoint a "coacher" to help him, and this gives the gentleman a chance to make himself heard, but only in "running a man off" and not a word is he allowed to say in the conducting of the game. As for the other players, all they have to do is to play their very best and keep their mouths shut. Again, don't get the "big head" and think you can play one position better than another man and get mad because you are put in the out-field, when *you* think you ought to be placed in the in-field. Again, because a boy happens to be Captain he need not think he must get awfully "loud-mouthed" and disgust everyone by his would be "bully shouting" and general toughness. Boys, try and follow out this and you will see that your games will be more pleasant to yourselves and far more agreeable

to those who are looking on. And let us ask the Umpire to see that these things *are* carried out. It is his duty and though sometimes unpleasant it must be performed. But why should it be unpleasant? A boy who has the least grain of common sense cannot feel hurt if the Umpire should check him if he is going too far; but on the other hand he should be thankful that he was stopped before he made a fool of himself.

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## ROLL OF HONOR.

### CLASSICAL COURSE.

Gold Medal for Excellence deserved by George Donnelly.

First and Second Silver Medals equally deserved by G. Hauser, L. Falley, M. Lennartz, P. Parker, J. Doheny, M. Wiseman.

Distinguished—J. O'Connor, R. Pratt, J. Cyr, A. Besse.

### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Excellence Medal awarded to . . . . Frank Woodward.

First Silver Medal awarded to . . . . Joseph Gallet.

Second and Third Silver Medals equally deserved by T. Swegman, A. Rivard and J. Coyle.

Distinguished—A. Brouillet, D. Shea, A. Boylan, M. Babin, F. Dillon, W. Woodward, J. St. Aubin, N. McGuire, H. Boyle, and A. Fortin Sr.

### GUILFOYLE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

George Donnelly and Joseph Gallet.

### CONWAY MEDAL.

P. Parker, G. Hauser, M. Lennartz, A. McGowan, F. Woodward, and John Laurie.

### LESAGE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

Awarded to August Frazer.

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### QUINQUINITES.

Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.

March 17th. 1889.

Dear Quinquinites:

It is with pleasure that I pause a moment, pen in hand, and endeavor to entertain you once more with a short epistle. Were I to tell all my heart and mind contains of thoughts of the past and hopes of what is in a time yet unspent, but which is fast coming, I would perhaps take more space than I would be allowed in the far circulating columns of the

College JOURNAL. I will therefore keep them unrevealed till the sweet opportunity will be given to us of communicating them within the sound of each other's voices.

I am still at my college home, and so well contented that I shall remain yet for six years. I have been made to pass from the concise, obscure in ideas, and head-breaking verses of the short, profound-in-thinking Horace, to the select orations of the proud, glory-seeking, long-necked, fiery Cicero: who sometimes brings us into the temple of Concord, into the forum, or into the senate-house in the presence of Cateline, the vile conspirator. Everywhere his loud thundering eloquence commands admiration; however, his language, though beautiful, has several "Nodi digni dis immortalibus explicari," as Horace would have said.

Then, my friends, if I should be successful, as I hope I shall, in translating this dark author, I will finish my classics this scholastic year; and next year I will begin my philosophical course together with several other members of our society.

I conclude this short message wishing to all my fellow Quinquinites, the best of success in their enterprises; and calling Heaven's choicest blessing upon them and theirs. *Au Revoir en '92!*

Yours truly,  
L. J. Grandchamp.

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Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.  
March 14th. 1889.

Dear Quinquinites:

As the poet would say, "I am still a breathing." I have been doing so ever since you left this blessed isle of peace to voyage out upon the bubbling ocean of life, and I suppose my principal reason for having done so is that I have found it not only healthful, but also necessary in order to sustain my character. Since the year that we were all here together I have been in Europe—have visited "Fair France," "Cæsar's Rome," "Merry England," "Poor Ireland," and "La Canadienne," (in spirit oft betimes) and in like manner different parts of the United States, in towns, townships, villages, cities and wherever I imagined I could find a fellow Quinquinite out upon the tossing waves. I think I must have met nearly all of them and it did my heart good to see how bravely they were steering their gallant barks over the breaking billows with ambition at the wheels and wisdom, born of college rules and text-books, at the helms. Some of us still remain here in the harbor "rigging up," as the poet would say. During my above mentioned spirit-travels I have personally been pretty

much confined to the old South-East corner of *la salle d'étude* where happy Glenn Parks formerly drank from the sacred fount and besought the muses in whom I have long since lost all faith. Major Louis Grandchamp has his apartments here next door to the left of me where he night and morning entertains his ancient guests Messrs. Homer, Horace, & Co., wholesale dealers in obscurity. Looking down along the mahogany avenue towards the South-West corner where I formerly resided with Brother Golden at my right, I beheld but one face, other than that of my neighbor just mentioned, that was once familiar to you all; it is that of "the only" Samuel Sidney Saindon, Lieutenant of Company B., S. V. C. Battalion; member of the Dooling Knights of the Sword, and of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Association; Professor of mathematics, Volapuk, elocution, and the fine arts, and finally the leading candidate for the village Post Office under the new administration.

My old homestead in said South-West corner is now leased to a tall dark eyed gentleman, a real type of the true Kentuckian. I withhold his name, for certainly after I have finished my description of him you would know the gentleman were you to meet him in China, and this is not intended to be a letter of introduction. But why do I speak of my southern friend? I guess the only reason to be given is that I wish to say something about myself, and a word or two about him makes connection. Then too I must confess, I owe him a debt of gratitude, and I do like to be grateful sometimes. Well brethren, you will remember that I am not of the pygmean build and, though perhaps you never thought it, your comments, jeers and jokes about my excessive altitude often wrung my tender heart-strings with exruciating pain; but I bore all in silence, and since I seriously contemplate joining the Negro Mission, who knows but a day may come when the world shall pronounce upon me the martyr's crown to shine beneath the halo of my spirit, and then my biographer (lucky creature) will find my youth enriched by at least one virtue—that of magnanimous forbearance. Yes brethren, I forgive you all—you were young and thoughtless then like all college boys are, and as the poet would say, "were young and giddy." Then too, it always seemed to me that the actions of some students are judged solely according to the distance of space they occupy from the earth's surface upward. Well, I was relieved from my conspicuous position in September 1887, by the arrival of my Kentucky friend who happens to be six feet five inches and a half, whilst if his penetrating eyes wish to fathom my sky blues their sight must travel a downward path at a decline of about three inches and a sixteenth. But I entertain slight fears of being inexcusably long yet, for people

tell me I'm still growing. I'm not anxious to find out, and consequently refrain from measuring myself lest I find that people sometimes tell the truth.

There are many other things I would like to speak about, as for instance the devastating conflagration that consumed Sanasack's "star block" and leaves "Flat-iron Square" at the present moment of time but a heap of smoldering ashes. Also I fain would solve the complex problem viz.: *Effeminate Suffrage*—expatiate on L'Annexion Canadienne, or say a word of praise in behalf of Perrie Parker's latest literary work i. e. a volume on the absorbing question which, no doubt concerns many or all of you, viz.: "Is Marriage a Failure?" All this I would gladly do but I fear my stub pen, inanimate thing though it be, has already led me beyond bounds and I close by saying that I hope we may all live to meet in a grand re-union in '92, and prove that it was not a mere "slip knot" that we tied on Feb. 22nd. '87, but one that was made to hold good, and that it is as strong as was the cigar that Brother Golden smoked at the meeting at which we tied it. Please burn this letter and oblige

Quinquite,  
T. J. Normoyle.

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#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

*Table Talk* for March has many interesting articles. "A Japanese Dinner" describes the peculiarities of dining in the land of the Mikado; "The Olive in California", is a word in praise of a pure oil said to be obtained from the fruit of that State. "Old Probs and the Poet" is a good poem through which a good streak of humor pervades. The Magazine has many fine features peculiar to itself. The part pertaining to Cooking and Housekeeping generally is managed by experts, and there is hardly any one that will not be benefited by a perusal of the paper. It is published monthly at 402, 404 & 406 Pace St. Philadelphia Pa., Table Talk Publishing Co. \$1.00 per year.

One of the most useful papers we receive is the *Queries*, which with many beautiful essays on various subjects has in each issue a large number of practical questions as well as the answers to the questions of the preceding month. Each number is replete with useful information worth many times the subscription for a whole year. We recommend it to all.—Charles A. Werborne, Buffalo, New York. \$1.00 per year.

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#### EXCHANGES.

We have not received the Centennial Number of the *Georgetown College Journal*, which it appears was to

be issued after the late celebration. We expected something good and have been disappointed accordingly.

The last two issues of the *Adelphian* contained some interesting notes on literary topics, which are always a readable thing and in keeping with the character of a college paper. We can appreciate this much better than the attempts at illustrating in the same journal.

*The High School World* in an article on "Physical Culture" brings something before the student's mind which cannot be brought up too often. There is no doubt a neglect of this part of our training, and a neglect of such an essential, leaves its traces in a bad stomach, bad lungs and an early death. It is an old topic but it cannot receive too much attention.

*Hamilton College Monthly* holds its own in the College World. "American Women" is a spirited article in a recent issue, in which the writer ably shows up many of our distinguished heroines, proving that they compare favorably with those of other nations. "Songs and Song-Writers" has much to say, in short space, of this interesting subject. The Editors show great skill in their able management of the paper. The Editorials embrace every variety of subject, and are always intelligently treated. We could wish to have many such visitors.

In reply to a harangue on "Romanism in the United States" which appeared in one of our exchanges we said that the "Protestant pulpit has almost ceased to be a power." Now the exchange to which this was directed swallowed the pill, and remained silent; but from the barren wilds of Ontario comes a low murmur of agony, because the pill reached a few individuals there who can only take the above medicine when it wears a sugar coat. It is a bitter dose to swallow no doubt but it is true nevertheless and we ask any or all of the fourteen editors of the *Censor* to contradict the assertion successfully. Many and great evils threaten us and among these are Divorce and Intemperance. What power we ask has the Protestant pulpit to check these? What cure do they offer for these prolific sources of crime? Let the Ministers of these dissenting sects oppose vice; call things by their names; tell men of the evils that await them in the next life if they persevere in sin; let them propose these things to their congregation and how will it be received? With jeers and with a great falling off of their flocks. We have the words of such a man as Lyman Abbot of New York who in a late article to one of the Magazines said that "were the preachers of New England to threaten hell on their flocks as did the Puritans of old, they would be asked to resign immediately." How then can men who are so controlled have power we ask? They have not and to assert the contrary is to mistake prejudice for common sense.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

In the State of Florida there are only 1,200 Catholics among a negro population of 150,000. The cry is schools!

Cardinal Gibbons has just completed a literary work entitled "Our Christian Heritage." The first number will be issued about the first of April.

The Canadian Jesuits have sued the filthy Toronto Mail for \$58,000 for imputing to the members of the Order that they take an infamous illegal oath.

Father Lambert, who made his name famous by his unanswerable work in regard to Ingersoll's infidel principles, has written a grand and graphic description of the closing scenes of the Pope's Jubilee.

The Alumni Association of St. John's College, Fordham, intend to erect a bronze statue of Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the college. The statue will be placed in the college grounds and will cost \$10,000.

The Bishops, priests, and lay men of the great Catholic pilgrimage for the Holy Land, arrived safely at Paris, and started from that city for Palestine. The leaders of the pilgrimage sent letters to ex-President Cleveland and President Harrison.

Mr. Gladstone has a sister who is a nun in a convent in England. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, it is said, have each a sister in one of the religious communities. A granddaughter of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Disciples' Church, made her profession of the Catholic faith many years ago.

The Pope passed his seventy-ninth birthday on the 2nd ult., and began his 80th. year. A day later he entered on the twelfth year of his pontificate, and received the congratulations of the universe, and its wishes for an extended reign. The "Pauline Propagandists" have plainly not overthrown the Papacy yet.

A noble gift of \$10,000 has just been made to St. Meinard's Abbey, Spencer County, Ind., by a wealthy Catholic of St. Louis, Mo., who refuses to make known his name. Five thousand dollars were also donated to this excellent institution recently by a citizen of Dakota, through the influence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Morty, D. D., O. S. B., who was formerly Abbot of St. Meinard's.

The Christian Brothers have in view the erection of a college in Chicago, in which the pupils will receive a religious training as well as a commercial education. The cost of the proposed edifice is reckoned at \$100,000, and will have a capacity of 600 scholars. It will be four stories in height, the basement being about completed. It will be known as "La Salle Institute."

Leo XIII. is desirous of leaving a literary monument of his jubilee and has commissioned Canon Farabulini to write the book, which will contain a description of the audiences given by the Holy Father, and a report of the discourses pronounced by him in connection with the celebration; a complete list of the offerings sent to him on the occasion; and a statement of the manner in which they were disposed of.

There have been erected by Leo XIII. one new Patriarchal See in the East Indies; twelve Archi-episcopal Sees, besides twelve Bishoprics that were raised to the rank of Arch-bishoprics, and fifty-eight new Episcopal Sees. There have also been established one new Apostolic delegation and thirty-one new Apostolic Vicariates, in addition to six Apostolic Prefectures that have been raised to the rank of Vicariates; and twelve new Apostolic Prefectures.

Gen. Bronsart von Schellendorf, the War Minister of the German Empire, has published a decree by virtue of which Catholic priests who are liable to military services, will be employed only as non-combatants in the ambulances. They are to go through a four weeks course of training, during which they will be allowed to wear the ecclesiastical dress. These are important concessions, and the Archbishop of Cologne has given permission to his priests to follow the prescribed course of training.

The divinity building of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., will be completed in May and opened for students in September. The contracts for furnishing are now being made. The cost of the building is now about \$100,000. It is simply a wing, and has been built with relation to the entire future structure. It is believed that the whole university can be finished in five years, and the total cost is roughly estimated at between \$2,000,000 and \$4,000,000. The trustees do not mean to incur any debt.

The Catholic Cathedral at Peri-tang, which was lately consecrated to the service of God, is the largest Christian temple in China. It is in charge of the Lazarists. A large concourse of Chinese, including some high mandarins, and nearly all the foreign residents, and the ministers from the foreign courts, were present on the occasion. The wood from which the altars (ten in number) are made is Oregon pine, covered with Pekin lacquer. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fayliabue. At the dinner afterward Colonel Denby, the representative of the United States, made a speech in exquisite French in honor of Abbé Fabar, the architect of the Cathedral. This truly magnificent church is dedicated to the Holy Savior.

(Ave Maria.)

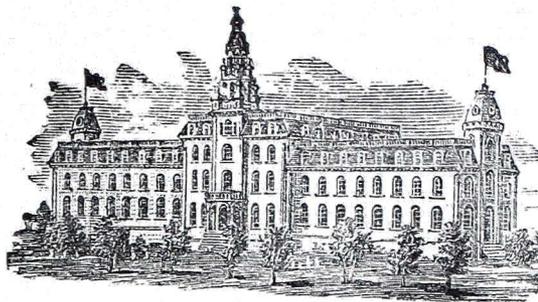
The Holy Father has given £2,000 sterling to Prior Glynn, the distinguished Irish Augustinian, towards the building of the church in honor of St. Patrick, which the zealous Prior has undertaken to build. By this magnificent contribution from his slender means, the Holy Father gives a fresh proof, if any were wanting, that his thoughts, so much occupied by the care of the universal Church, are turned to Ireland in a very special way. Such a proof as this is, following so soon after the recent magnificent gifts, which were the talk of Rome, and we may say the subjects of jealousy to many, shows that these thoughts and kindly feelings of the Holy Father for the Irish people, are of a kind to manifest themselves in a practical form when the occasion comes.

(Catholic Record.)

The appointment of the Rev. Father M. J. Dowling, of St. Bridget's Church, to the Vicar-Generalship of the Archdiocese of Chicago, has been officially announced. The Very Reverend gentleman, who was born in Fermoy, Ireland, some fifty-five years ago, received his vocation, after some years passed in the mercantile pursuits which his family were engaged in, and during his pastorate has been most zealous and successful in establishing fine parochial schools. He is not likely to be transferred from the scene of his labors; as a matter of fact he is technically an "irremovable" pastor, an honor partly due to the sound financial position in which the parish stands. The office is by no means a sinecure, even though the Most Reverend Archbishop assumes so large a share of work, and in case of his absence the Vicar-General undertakes the duties of the diocese.

(Catholic Home.)

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