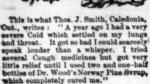
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LADIES

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Jail Anxieties Shown by Prisoners While Awaiting Sentence Day

Some Curious Observations by a Man Who Had Been "Pinched" Himself.

Some had waited nearly a year, oth- up the stairs of their cells and began up the stairs of their cells and began to overhaul their scanty raiment.

They discussed the merits of a patched vest and a frayed necktic as women do the most exquisite garments. "How day you think the old man'll-like this" one would say, and run to a neighboring cell with a shoe or a coat for a companion's opinion. By noon they had all put on their best, and the distraction of exercise had made them so jovial that they came down to the corridor for the approval of us, for whom "the old man" had no terrors. A dress rehearst was suggested, and one of the old prisoners was elected judge. A facetious elerk of the mock court called out the names of the men to be sentenced, and they stood up in front of the judge. oners cooked-their own meals., inceeds were above the corridor, and at night the sheriff came and looked us in till morning. We numbered 19 men and toys, 16 of whom had had their trials and were waiting for their sentences. The remaining three, including myself, had received their punish. myself, had received their punishment at the hands of, a local magis-rate, and were serving it out then and there. We had been unfortunate nough to fall asleep in a box-car in s railway yards of the town, where jail was situated, and the magis-te, before whom we were brought

called out the names of the men to be sentenced, and they stood up in front of the judge.

"Hungry," he said, in a pathetic voice, to the first one brought before him, "yer was caught in de act, wasn't yer? Now that means bunglin". Blokes what knows dere bizness don't get pinched in de act. But youse gettin'old, Hungry we all know that. You must be nearly 50. De law says that fer what yer did I ought ter give yer! I years, but I don't b'lieve you'll live that done. Youse got so many diseases that yer goin fer croak prefity soon. No, it ain't right ter give a man life fer what yer did, 'n' that's what it 'ud but if gave yer what de law says, I jughto. I'm goin' to give yer a chance to die outside. Yer good fer about two years yet, if yer take cure o', 'yerseff, so I sentenced yer, 'Hungry, ter 18 months in de pentientiary. Bring qui de next prisoner."

"Etis proved to be a boy of 15 who bary." "Kid," the pseudo judge went on,

trate, before whom yee were brought for a hearing, felt it to be his duty to make an example o' us. old offenders, see that the seed of them were old offenders, see the seed of them were old offenders, see the seed of them were old offenders, see the seed of them were old offenders, as they called their terms in prison, regularly, and without flinching, but none of them knew as yet what his next "stretcher" was to be. The boys were almost certain to go to the reform school, and the men saw the penitentiary staring them in the face. But for how long? The limit that each man could get was known, but no one believed that he deserved the limit.

Prisoners the world over feel that the fact that they have been caught justifies them in expecting a sort of conpromise with the judge who is to sent-nee them. Detection is itself a runishment, they think, and any further discipline that they receive outhit to be regulated according to the disaptor timent and chagrin which the detection may have caused. It was the nicertainty as to how far "the old man," as the judge before whom they were to be brought was called, would be willing to compromise on this basis that made the men so nervous. Morning, non and night their constant though was, what will "the old man" so f

months in de penitentiary. Bring yo de next prisoner."

This proved to be a boy of 15 who had been convicted of highway roblead been convicted of highway roblead. The provestion of the trappike act. If I sant yer to do the trappike act. If I sant yer to de pen yer might learn a little, but you'd get yer toad turned talkin' with the man, 'n' you'd tackle to big jobs for yer years and experience when yer god outside again. If yer goin' to be a crook, kid, yer want to begin at de beginnin, 'n' a good plan to do dat is in de ref. (reform school). All fly criminals has been trained in the ref., So sentence yet the ref. By years old, but I'll be square fifth, yer. If yer, run away 'fore yer time's up. I won't consider it any reflection on my conneckshun with the case.

The following morning the men put on their best, took 'their accustomed sents on the benches in the corridor, and stolidly awaited their fate.

Noon came, and still there was doubt as to the exact hour when the judge would be ready. Every time the bolts were shot back there were furtive glazes toward the iron door, and the mas straightened up, hoping that it was the sheriff. At last there was a shirp click of the lock at the door, and it was slammed against the wall in the quick way which we knew was the sheriff. At last there was a shirp click of the lock at the door, and it was alammed against the wall in the quick way which we knew was the sheriff's. At last there was a shirp click of the lock at the door, and it was alammed against the wall in the quick way which we knew was the sheriff's.

'All ready, boys,'' his said, as if it were a pleasure trip on which they were bound, and unlocked the cage door. For months the men had been anxiously waiting from these words, but on finally bearing them there came into their faces for the least appreciable second a look such as timid passangers on an occun steamer have when the loat makes an uncommon lunge or there is a strange noise below as if something important had terror in the yes of cattle awaiting but satisfaction that the announcement brought.

Before it was known, even approximately when sentence day was to be, I had been impressed with the indifference of the prisoners to stimulants to keep up their courage. Excepting the toys, they had been hard drinkers "outside" and it struck me as peculiag that they did not complain more about the enforced abstinence which they were go ng through. I had about made up my mind that in their cases, at least, the use of liquor had been more the result of habit than of appetite, that when necessary, they could manage without drink as well as with it, but my theory went to pieces when they had been told that sentence day was almost upon them.

and been tool that sentence day was almost upon them.

I have never seen men suffer more for want of stimulants. Young and old seemed to lose all control of their tempers, and for the next-few days it was one continuous quarrel. Men who for almost a twelvemonth had shown one another little favors and been pais in true prison fashion, drifted apart as if they were sworn enemies, and the shariff, who had been kindness itself, was scolded and berated to a point that a less tool man could never have allowed prisoners to go.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

What would He do with the tears tha

are falling?
Wise them away.
What would He do with the dark nations calling?
Bring them the day.
What would He do with those pining in sadness?
What with the gay in their short bour

of gladness?
What with the thoughtless, in folly's wild madness?
Call them to pray

What would He do with the Peters that

rail Him?
Gently restore.
What with por Thomas when dark doubts assail him?
Come as before.
What would He do with the hungry but feed them?
What with the blind, but enlighten and lead them?
Even size wretched—His love makes Him need them?
Wounded or sore.

Thy life and mine, Lord, I've just been comparing—
Shame covers me.
Filled with amazement that still Thou art sparing
This barren tree.
Yet in my tosom a great wish is heav

Everything willing to lose in such giv

oh, to be doing and being and living
Always like Thee.
—Manie Payne Ferguson

A MAY PASTEL.

The negro black as night
His whitewash brush is swinging.
It's dripping silver white
And flying left and right,
Which keeps the artist singing.

When these white streaks I see
Uron the ancient coon light,
Who's singing in his giee,
The whole is unto me
A symphony in moonlight.
—R. K. Munkittrick

The day before the last they devoted to putting their clothes in order. The sheriff had come and told us in the morning that on the following afternoon the judge expected to read the sentences, and the court prisoners set to work on their wardrobes. Young girls preparing for a debut never took more interest in dressing and prinking than did these uncouth men. "I want the old man to see me in my best," one said, and the others followed him

"breaks up"

COLDS

Open Cars

Open street cars may be all very well on warm days, but in the sharp change to night air and on rainy days they become veritable destit traps—responsible for more colds and sickness than any other single cause. Your greatest protection is to have a bottle of "7" hand; it's will "break up" and previous that the your druggist for a company of the cold of the company of the cold of the cold

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets at All Druggists, 35c a Box-60 Tablets.

Rebted the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows. If was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost pallew, eyes sunken, tongue costed, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite,—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters'; and to my great, joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only, 50c., guaranteed, at A. I. McCall & Co's Drug Store.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Mr. W. G. Phyall, proprietor, Bodega
Hotel, 36 Wellington street east, Toronto, says:—"While living in Chicago I
was in a terrible, shape with itching
and bleeding piles. I tried several of
the best physicians and was burnt and
tortured in various ways by their treatments to no avail, besides spending a
mint of money to no purpuse. Since
coming to Toronto I learned of Dr.
Chase's Ointment; I used but one box
and have not been troubled with piles
in any shape or form since."

KIDNEYS greatest kidney cure

It's a simple matter to test the kidneys. You need not consult a doctor. By asking yourself three questions you can determine whether or not your kidneys are deranged.

First: "Have you backache, or weak, lame back?"

First: "Have you backache, cr weak, lame back?"
Second: "Do you have difficulty in urinating or a too frequent desire to urinate?"
Third: "Are there deposits like brick dust in the urine after it has stood for twenty-four hours?"
In its earlier stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few botes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cures of disease you can take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with perfect confidence that what has proved an absolute cure in so many thousands of cases will not fail you.

So long as the cells of the kidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stage of Bright's disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will perfect of the sidneys are not completely wasted away, as in the last stage of Bright's disease, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will give there new vigor and scrength and make them strong, healthy and active. One pill a dose, aye. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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