

BEHIND THE WALLS

Brave Act of an Unlucky Hero in Dinny Gray.

By Kenneth Herford.

The line of dingy coated men stretched along the broad granite wall and like a great gray serpent wound in and out among the wagon shops and planing mills and filled the prison yard.

Down beyond the foundry the beginning of the line, the head of the serpent was lost at the stairway leading to the second floor of a long, narrow building in which whisk brooms were manufactured.

An hour before, on the sounding of a brass gong at the front, that same line had round the same corners into the building whence now it crawled. Then the men had seated themselves on four-legged stools before benches that stretched across the room in rows. Before each man was set a tin plate of boiled meat, a heavy cup of black coffee, a knife, a fork, and a thick bowl of steaming, odoriferous soup.

Daring the meal other men, dressed like the hundreds who were sitting, in suits of dull gray, with little round crowns, peaked visored caps that moved in and out between the rows, distributing chunks of fresh white bread from heavy baskets. Now and then one of the men would shake his head and the water would pass him by, but usually a dozen hands were thrust into a basket at once to clutch the regulation "bit" of half a pound. The men ate ravenously, as if famished.

Yet a silence that appalled hovered over the long, bare dining hall while eight hundred were being fed. There was no clatter of knives and forks; there was no jests; the waiters moved about as noiselessly as ghosts.

There were faces stamped with the indelible marks of depravity and vice, but now and then the "bread-tossers" would see uplifted a pair of frank blue eyes, in which burned the light of hope. Men were there who dreamed of a day to come when all would be forgiven and forgotten; when a hand would again be held out in welcome, and a kiss again be pressed to quivering lips. Men there were of all kinds, of all contentences, young and old; the wailing, sunlit hair of youth side by side with locks in which the snow was thickly sprinkled. All these men were paying the penalty society imposes on proved criminals.

And now, their dinner over, they were marching back to the shops and mills of the prison, where days and weeks were spent at labor. Those employed in the wagon works dropped out of line when they came opposite the entrance to their building. Those behind pushed forward as their prison mates disappeared, and never for more than ten seconds was there a gap in the long, gray line.

The whisk broom factory occupied the second floor of the building at the far end of the prison yard. On the ground floor men worked at lathes, turning out wooden handles to the brooms that were finished, sorted and tied upstairs. At the corner the line divided, sixty-five of the men climbed the stairway to the second floor, the other thirty entered the lathe room below.

A dozen men in blue uniforms marched beside the line on its way from the mess hall, six on each side, at two yards' distance. Their caps bore "Guara" in gold letters, and each guard carried a short, heavy, crooked cane of polished white hickory.

On entering the workroom of the second floor, the men assembled before a railed platform, upon which a red faced, coalless man stood behind a desk. In cold metallic tones he called the numbers of the convicts employed "on the whisk broom contract," and the latter, each in turn, replied "Here!" when their numbers were spoken.

"Twenty thirty-four!" called the red faced man.

There was no response. "Twenty thirty four!" The red faced man leaned over the desk and glared down. Then a voice from somewhere on the left answered, "Here!"

"What was the matter with you the first time?" snapped the foreman.

The man thus questioned removed his cap and took three steps toward the platform. In feature, the word "ward" would describe him, forehead, and yet narrow between the temples. His eyes were small and close together. His nose was flat, and his mouth hardly more than a straight cut in the lower part of his face. The lower jaw was square and heavy, and the ears protruded abnormally. A trifling above medium height, with a pair of drooping, twitching shoulders, the man looked criminal.

To the question he replied doggedly, "I answered the first time, sir, but I guess you didn't hear me."

The foreman gazed steadily at the man. Their eyes met. The foreman's did not waver, but "2034" lowered his, and fumbled nervously at his cap.

"All right," said the foreman, quietly, "but I guess you'd better report to the warden as soon as you get through here. Don't wait for any piece of work. Go to him as soon as you have finished your task. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll be waiting for you in the front office."

"Yes, sir," the convict did not raise his eyes. He stepped back into line.

Then, at a clasp of the foreman's hands the men broke ranks, and each walked away to his own bench or machine. Five minutes later, the swish of the corn-wisps as they were separated and tied into rough brooms, and

the occasional tap of a hammer, were the only sounds in that long room where sixty five men toiled.

Now and then one of the men would go to the platform where the foreman sat bent over half a dozen little books, in which it was his duty to record the number of "tasks" completed by each of the workmen "on the contract"—a "task," in the prison vernacular, being the amount of work each man is compelled to accomplish within a given space of time. On the approach of a workman, the foreman would look up, and a few whispered words would pass between the two. Then the broom-maker would dart into the stock room, adjoining the factory, where, upon receiving a written requisition from the shop foreman, the official in charge would give him the material which he needed in his work—a ball of twine or a strip of plush with which the handles of the brooms were decorated.

At 3:10 o'clock 2034 crossed to the platform.

"What do you want?" asked the foreman, as he eyed keenly the man in the dull gray suit.

"A paper of small tacks," was the reply, quietly spoken. The order was written, and as 2034 moved away toward the door leading to the stock room, the man on the platform watched him closely from between half-closed lids.

A guard who had come round from behind the broom-bins noticed the way in which the foreman followed every movement of the convict, and stepping over to the platform asked, in an undertone, "Anything wrong, Bill?"

"That's what I don't know, George," the foreman replied. "That man Riley has been acting queer of late. I've got an idea there's something up his sleeve. There's not a harder nut on the contract than that fellow, and by the way he's been carrying on, and he's got a queer way of talking. He's just like a fellow in something's going to happen. You remember him, don't you? What, no? Why, he's that Riley from Acorn. He came in two years ago on a burglary job in Clive, where he shot a drug clerk that offered objections to his carrying off all there was in the shop. They made it manslaughter, and he's in for fifteen years. And I'm told there's another warrant ready for him when he gets out, for a job done four years ago in Kentucky. He's a bad one. A fellow like that is no good round this shop."

The guard smiled cynically at the foreman's suggestion that a convict may be too bad even for prison surroundings.

"And his influence over the boys isn't for good, either," went on the foreman. "There's not a fellow in this place these walls that for the sake of getting out would commit violence quicker than that fellow Riley. And I've got my eye on him and I'm sending him up to the warden this afternoon. Say, George, when you go back to tell the warden Riley's coming up to call on him this afternoon, could you tell him what I've been telling you about him, will you?"

"Sure, Bill," was the smiling reply of the guard as he moved away. Two thousand and thirty four had returned with a paper of tacks and gone directly to his bench.

It was 3:45 by the foreman's watch when the door at the head of the stairway opened and the warden entered, accompanied by two friends whom he was showing through the "plant," as he always persisted in calling the prison. The warden was a stout, jovial man, who looked more like a Bishop than a "second father" to eight hundred criminals. The foreman did not observe his entrance into the room, and only looked up when he heard his voice.

"This is where the whisk-broom are made," the warden was explaining to his friends. "On the floor below, which we just left, you will remember we saw the boys turning out broom handles. Well, here the brooms are fastened to those little wooden handles. Some of the work, you see, is done by machine. The brooms are tied and sewn, though, by hand, over at those benches. In the room beyond, through that door, we keep the stuff handy that is called for from time to time, and in a further room is stored the material used in the manufacture of the brooms, the tin tips, the twine, the tacks and about ten tons of broom straw."

As the warden ceased speaking, the foreman leaned across the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. Riley's coming in to see you this afternoon. He's been acting queer—don't answer the call and the like. I thought may be you could call him down."

The warden only nodded, and continued his explanations to the visitors of the work done in the shop.

"Now," he said, moving away toward the door leading into the stock room, "if you will come over here I'll show you our store-rooms. You see we have to keep a lot of material on hand. Beyond this second room the stuff is stored up, and is taken into the stock room as it is wanted. Between the rooms we have arranged these big sliding door that in case of fire, could be dropped, and, thus, for a few minutes at least, cut the flames off from any room but that in which they originated. See?"

He pulled a lever at the side of the door, and a heavy iron sliding-sheet dropped slowly and easily to the floor.

"You see," he went on, "that completes the wall."

The visitors nodded. "Now come on through here and look at the straw and velvet we have stored away in bales."

The visitors followed the warden through the second room, and into the third. There, ranged regularly on the floor, were huge bales of broom-straw, and against the walls of the room, boxes of velvets, tacks, ornamental

bits of metal, and all the other separate parts of the commercial whisk-broom.

The visitors examined the tacks and the tins and felt the bales of straw.

"Very interesting," observed one of the men, as he drew his cigar case from his pocket, and biting the tip from one of the cigars it contained, struck a little wax match on the sole of his shoe. He held the match in his hand until it had burned down, then threw it on the floor, and followed the warden and the other visitor under the heavy iron screen into the workroom of the factory.

The foreman was busy at his books and did not observe the little party as it passed through the shop on the other side of the broom-bins and out at the big door.

Two minutes later 2034 happened to look out through the window across his bench, and he saw the warden with his friends crossing the prison yard to the foundry. A guard just then sauntered into the room and stopped at the first of the bins. He idly picked up one of the finished brooms and examined it. His attention a moment later was attracted by someone pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman down stairs said he came up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa."

The guard patted the little fellow's head. "And we will find him, Tommy," he said. He went over to the foreman's desk. "Bill, did the warden come up here? Tommy is looking for him; his mother sent him out."

The foreman raised his eyes from his books. "Yes," he replied, "he went in there, with a couple of gentlemen."

The guard looked down at the little boy. "He's in the stock room," he said. "You'll find him in there, Tommy."

Then he turned and walked out of the shop. The child ran into the room beyond. His father was not there. The stock keeper did not observe the little boy as he slipped, in a childish way, past the desk. Tommy passed on into the farther room. He knew he would find his father in there, and he would crawl along between the sters of straw bales and take him by surprise.

He had hardly passed the door when the stock keeper, raising his head from the lists of material he was preparing, held his face up and sniffed the air. Quietly he rose from his revolving chair and went to the door of the straw room. He merely peered inside.

Turning suddenly, he pressed upon the lever near the door and the iron screen fell down into place, cutting off the farther room. Then, snatching a few books that lay on his desk, he slipped out into the shop, and at that door released the second screen. As it fell into place with a slight crunching noise, the foreman turned in his chair. The eyes of the two men met. The stock keeper raised his hand and touched his lips with the first finger. He crossed rapidly to the desk.

"Get the men out! Get the men out!" he gasped. "The storeroom in there is on fire!"

The foreman rapped on the table twice. Every man working in that room turned and faced the desk.

"Work is over for to-day," said the foreman. His manner was ominously calm, and the men looked at one another wondering.

"Fall in!"

At the order, the dingy gray suits formed the same old serpent, and the line moved rapidly through the door at the end of the room and down the outside stairs.

There, in front of the building, they were halted, and a guard was dispatched to find the warden. He was discovered in the foundry. "Fire in the broomshop!" whispered the guard.

The warden's face paled. He dashed through the doorway, and one minute later came round the corner of the building, just in time to see the first signs of flame against the windows of the rear room upstairs.

Within five seconds, a troop of fifteen guards had drawn the little hand on glass from its house and hitched the hose to the hydrant nearest the shop. From all the other buildings the men were being marched to their cells.

"These men!" hurriedly whispered the foreman to the warden. "What shall I do with them?"

"Get 'em out as soon as you can! This won't last long, the front of the building is cut off. It'll all be over in ten minutes."

The foreman gave an order. At that instant a woman came running down the prison yard. Reaching the warden's side, she fell against him heavily.

"Why, Harriet," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

There was a crash. One of the windows fell out. "Get a ladder!" someone cried. A guard ran back toward the prison house. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, a man in a dingy gray suit stepped out a yard from the line of convicts. His prison number was 2034. He touched his little square cap.

"If you'll give me permission, I think I can get up there," was all he said.

"You! you!" exclaimed the warden. "No, no, I shall not let a man do it!" There was a second crash. Another window had fallen out now, and the tongues of flame were lapping the outer walls above.

The convict made no reply. With a bound he was at the end of the line and dashing up the outer stairway.

The warden's wife was on her knees, clinging to the hand of her husband. In his eyes was a dead, cold look. A few of the men bit their lips, and a faint shadow of a smile played about the mouths of others. They are waiting. A convict had broken a regulation—had run from the line! He would be punished! Even as he had clambered up the stairs a guard had cried, "Shall I shoot?"

The silence was broken by a shriek from the woman kneeling at the warden's feet. "Look!" she cried, and pointed toward the last of the upper stairs windows.

There, surrounded by a halo of smoke, and hemmed in on all sides by flames, stood a man in a dingy gray suit. One sleeve was on fire, but he beat out the flames with his left hand. Those below heard him cry, "I've got him!" Then the figure disappeared. Instantly it returned, bearing something in its arms. It was the limp form of a child.

All saw the man wring smoking straw round the little body and tie round that two strands of heavy twine. Then that precious burden was lowered out of the window. The father rushed forward and held up his arms to receive it.

Another foot—he hugged the limp body of his boy to his breast! On the ground a little way back lay a woman, as if dead.

"Here's the ladder!" cried the foreman, at that moment the eyes that were still turned upon the window above, witnessed a spectacle that will repeat before them again and again in visions of the night.

The coat the man wore was ablaze. Flames shot out on either side of him and above him. Just as the ladder was placed against the wall, a crackling was heard—not the crackling of fire. Then, like a thunderbolt, a crash occurred that caused even the men in their cells to start. The roof caved in!

In the prison yard that line of convicts saw 2034 reel and fall backward, and heard as he fell, his last cry, "I'm a convict, warden!"

He was a convicted criminal, and died in prison gray. But it would seem not wonderful to the warden if when that man's soul took flight, the Recording Angel did write his name in the eternal Book of Record, with the strange, cabalistic sign, a ring around a cross—that stands for "good behavior."

GETHSEMANE.

A golden chain, O Lord, A chain of woe, Ever in sweet accord Swings to and fro. One end is pure, to cling, 'Tis bound to me; Through our heart's quivering, Lord, hold us true!

Welded the other end Straight to Thy Throne— Sothy Thy love doth bend Over this own! Ever Thy cup they drink, Eager to be Tightening each shining link Leading to Thee.

Sharing Thine inner bliss, Sea-deeps of peace Under the waves that hiss Softly increase, Deeper Thy plummet goes, Glistening free; O'er our clinging grows, Life line, to Thee.

Up to Thy Bleeding Heart Draw us thereby! Through every sting and smart Say "It is I!" Then, we beg of Thee,— Grievous alone,— in our Gethsemane! Comfort Thine own!

Show us our sorrow-chain Fastened secure! Each slender spirit gain Gently make sure, Love, hold us every hour, Love all aglow! These, and Thy touch of power, Jesu, we know.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the Ferrent Amendment of Our Whole Life.

Trust in the Lord and do good, saith the prophet, and inhabit the land, and thou shalt be fed with its riches. (Ps. 84, 3)

There is one thing which keeps many back from spiritual progress and fervent amendment of life, and that is an apprehension of the difficulty of the labor which must be gone through in the conflict.

And they indeed advance most above others in virtue, who strive manfully to overcome those things which they find more troublesome or contrary to them.

For there a man maketh greater progress and meriteth greater grace, where he more overcometh himself and mortified himself in spirit. But all men have not the same difficulties to overcome and mortify. Yet he, who is diligent and zealous, although he hath more passions to fight against, will be able to make greater

progress, than another who hath fewer passions, but who is withal less fervent in the pursuit of virtue.

Two things particularly conduce to a great amendment: these are, firstly, to withdraw one's self from that to which nature is victoriously inclined, and earnestly to labor for that good which one warrmeth the most.

Study I likewise to fly more carefully and to overcome those faults, which most frequently displease them in others.

Turn all occasions to thy spiritual profit; so that, if thou seeest or hearest any good examples, thou mayest be spurred on to imitate them.

But, if thou observe anything that is blameworthy, take heed not to commit the same; or, if thou at any time hast done it, labor to amend it out of hand.

As thine eye observes others, so thou art also observed by others. How sweet and comfortable is it to see brethren fervent and devout, regular and well-disciplined!

How sad a thing and how affecting to see those walk disorderly, who practise nothing of what they are called to!

How harmful 't is to neglect the intent of our vocation, and to turn our minds to things that are not our business!

Be mindful of the resolution thou hast taken, and set before thee the image of the Crucified.

We'll sayest thou be ashamed, if thou hast looked upon the life of Jesus Christ, that thou hast not yet strived to conform thyself more to His pattern, although thou hast been in the service of God

**Chronic Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidney**, Complain with increasing certainty. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrakes and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complain with increasing certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels.

Mr. E. A. Cameron, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself, for some time."

HUMORS, boils, pimples, and all eruptions are due to impure blood, and by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla they are cured.

**Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour.**

**CUTICURA SOAP** to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, **CUTICURA OINTMENT** to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** to cool and cleanse the blood. A **SINGLE SET** of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood-humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP Assisted by Cuticura Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleaning the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the skin of itching, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, ticks, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of bath for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for delicate weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes, which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. This it combines in ONE SOAP AT ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

**Large Sample of the Wonder Working KDC.** Send us ten cents and we will mail you a large sample of the Wonder Working KDC.

**MIGHTY CURER OF INDIGESTION** and all other Stomach Troubles. **TEST IT PROVE IT**. Highest Endorsements. Mention this Paper.

K.D.C. Co., Limited, New Glasgow, N.S., or 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

**10 Cts.** K.D.C. Co., Limited, New Glasgow, N.S., or 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures, — completely and permanently, — when others fail to do any good.

Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whitby, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS**

Educational.

**BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED.** We teach full commercial course, As well as full shorthand course. Full elite service course. Full telegraphy course.

Our graduates in every department are to-day filling the best positions. Write for catalogue. Address: J. FRITH JEFFERS, B. A., Principal, Belleville, Ont.

**Northern Business College** OWEN SOUND, ONT. Re-opens for Fall Term SEPT. 3rd, 1900.

Young men and women who wish to be successful should call on this College for particulars and be ready to start on Opening Day. C. A. FLEMING, Principal, OWEN SOUND.

**ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.** THE STUDIES EMULATE THE CLASSICAL AND Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$10 per session. For full particulars apply to Rev. J. CHURCH, S. J. R.

**ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.** Complete Classical, Philosophical, and Commercial Courses, Shorthand, and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to Rev. T. H. DREW, S. J. R.

**HOME STUDY** applies to our Special Courses given by mail in Book keeping and Business Forms, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Correspondence will produce good results. For any ambitious young man or woman who wishes to qualify for a better position in life. The One is not a trifle, and our circulars will give you full particulars. Write for them. Correspondence Department.

**CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO, W. H. SHAW, Principal.** A strong school, with 17 regular teachers, splendid equipment and well patronized by students from every province of the Dominion. Prepare for a good situation by taking a course in the

**CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT.** A school well known from one end of Canada to the other for its superior work. We place many of our students in good situations. Students admitted each week. Handsome catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal. Established 1859.

**The LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co. of Canada.** Head Office, LONDON, ONT.

JOHN DRYDEN, President. D. C. MACDONALD, Manager. CAMERON MACDONALD, JAMES GRANT, Asst. Manager, Treasurer.

H. W. ADKINSON, Managing Director and Secretary. Over \$2,500,000 paid in losses & interest rates. Losses promptly settled. CITY AGENT: A. W. BUEWELL, - 476 Richmond Street.

**PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION** Can be done at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET. **SMITH BROTHERS** Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peabody Water St. Telephone 528.

**CATHOLIC HOME AND LITTLE FOLK'S ANNUALS** We have a few Bozinger's Catholic Home Annals for 1901 still in stock, and should be pleased to mail same to any of our readers, for the sum of 25 cents in stamps.

The boys and girls who have purchased copies of this Little Annual are delighted with it. It is within the reach of all, as it costs only 5 cents. The stories are interesting and instructive, being written especially for the young readers of this little book. The illustrations are numerous and pretty.

Address: Flax, Coffey, London, Ont.

**CLARKE & SMITH Undertakers and Embalmers** 118 Dundas Street. Church Bells, Chimney and Pools of Bone Quality. Address: BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY THE E. W. VAN DUZEN CO., CINCINNATI, O.

**JOHN FERGUSON & SONS** 186 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone: 274.

**GOWAN'S Hygienic COCOA Royal Navy CHOCOLATE** Are the favorites with most people. Buy GOWAN'S. The Finest and Best.