

ONLY ONE LIFE LEFT.

I've got a cat named Grim, And I take good care of him, Lest of my pet I be bereft; For eight times he's been slain And it cannot occur again, For now he has only one life left.

When a kitten, he was found And put in a sack and drowned; But a kindly boy undid the sack, Then a naughty terrier pup Caught him and chewed him up; And left him dead, but he soon came back.

When he was older grown, A deadly bootjack, thrown As he sang on the fence at dead of night, Struck fair upon his head, And he tumbled over dead; But with six more lives he came out all right.

One night he had a spat With another Thomas cat About a mutual feminine. It must sadly be confessed That he came off second best, And lost the fourth life of his nine.

A small boy with a gun Once shot him just for fun, And left his carcass full of lead. He fell from a chimney stack And landed on his back, And so for the sixth time he was dead.

The man that lives next door A solemn oath he swore He would get the thief that stole his meat; So he put some ratsbane out, And Grim went up the spout, 'Twas thus his seventh life did fleet.

On a pole of the electric light Some sparrows roost at night, Last week Grim hunted them at dawn, Alas! he touched the wire, And a flash of electric fire Brought him to the ground with eight lives gone.

My poor, unlucky Grim! I must take good care of him, Or of my pet I'll be bereft. A dog must have his day; A cat has nine, they say; But Grim has only one life left.

-Aunt Cindy.

WORSE THAN SIBERIA.

The following article from the New York World describing the penal colony where Capt. Dreyfus, the French officer, convicted of high treason, has been imprisoned, is interesting.

Graphically portrayed as the sufferings of Siberian exiles have been, they cannot surpass the horrors of banishment to the Iles de Salut, where France has begun to send her Anarchists and hardened felons. It is here that Capt. Dreyfus, the Frenchman who was recently convicted of treason in having revealed to German officers the plans of French fortifications, and other secrets, will be taken to spend the remainder of his life.

The fierce tropical sun and ever-humid atmosphere would of themselves speedily suffice to kill any but the hardiest, but when to these is added cruel and unremitting toil, it is no wonder that the miserable exiles seek swifter death at the hands of their merciless guards, whose orders are to shoot and kill at the first sign of insubordination. France has thus inflicted on the traitor the most dreadful punishment in her power.

These "Islands of Safety" are three in number, and lie a few degrees north of the equator, off the coast of French Guiana, South America. They are small in area, and, except for their narrow maritime salvage, are covered with dense tropical forests.

The climate is murderous. To stand bareheaded in the blazing sun for a moment's space is certain death. The wet season lasts eight months, from November to June, and the average rainfall during this time is 180 inches—four times as much as in New York city. The mercury never drops below 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and climbs to 115 degrees during the four dry months.

The atmosphere is always so charged with moisture and poisonous exhalations that it seems like an ill-smelling Turkish bath. It has been estimated that, should all the fluvial outlets to French Guiana be blocked, a single wet season would be sufficient to submerge the country to the depth of 15 or 16 feet.

In 1852 France began deporting to Guiana criminals from her possessions in Asia and Africa, and until recently the convict colony consisted almost entirely of Arabs and Anamites, the white malefactors being sent to New Caledonia, where the climate is less severe. Since 1892, however, the most hardened French criminals have been sent to Guiana, and less than a year ago a law passed authorizing the banishment to the Iles de Salut of Anarchists and the like, instead of merclessly guillotining them.

The convict transports generally sail either from the Ile de Re, in the Bay of Biscay, or from the Ile d'Aix, in the Mediterranean, near Toulon. The voyage lasts a month, and its horrors are a fit preparation for those to come. The prisoners, already dressed in their convict garb, are confined pell mell in companies of fifty in great iron cages on the spar deck. These cages are lined on their four sides with benches, and at night hammocks are slung. Day and night the guards stand beside loaded mitrailleuses ready to fire at the first sign of rebellion.

Those prisoners whom a life of misery or long sojourning in prisons has hardened pass the time at first shouting, singing obscene songs, jesting at the sad newcomers and mocking at the frightful and unknown fate towards which they are going, for the echoes which reach the outer world are faint, and those who return from the convict colony of Guiana are few. The novice, in crime, the "bleus" in whom still lingers some sense of

shame and humiliation, and who are yet bound by memories to the soil of France, sit silently huddled together on the benches, dreaming of the expiation of their misdeeds which has now begun.

But when the ship begins to roll upon the open sea the prisoners, pale and fainting from illness, cease their noisy jests and songs and the scene becomes too repulsive for description.

Day by day, as the ship nears the tropics, the heat increases and at last becomes intolerable. The foul air is sweetened only at intervals when the narrow port-holes are opened. Those prisoners who have been orderly are permitted to walk two hours each day upon the deck.

Sometimes there are outbreaks upon these convict ships. Eight weeks ago the transport Ville de Saint Nazaire took from the Ile d'Aix 130 felons and 170 who had been condemned to banishment for political crimes. Among the number were four well-known Anarchists named Lautier, Marpeaux, Cati-neau and Colombat. As they neared Guiana an exile named Gaouyer broke the rules, and when the guard, ordered by the commandant came to put him in irons, Gaouyer sprang upon and attempted to strangle him.

The guard, however, succeeded in drawing his revolver and firing, and Gaouyer fell mortally wounded. Seeing this the other prisoners, incited by the Anarchists above named, attempted to break from their cages, but the officers drenched them with water and suffocated them with steam from pipes especially placed for such emergency, and they were soon subdued.

On the arrival of the prisoners at the Iles de Salut they are taken to the "Camp," a clearing in which are strongly built iron-barred huts. In these are swung double rows of hammocks, and at night the fetid atmosphere within, combined with the noisome vapors of the outer air and the ever-present swarms of stinging insects, rendered any but the sleep of exhaustion impossible.

From the moment of his arrival the convict has no name. He is known only by the number of his hammock. The work is excessively hard. The new arrivals are put at the most severe tasks—draining marshes and clearing ground—"to break their spirits," though it would seem they would have little inclination to rebel after the sufferings of the voyage.

They are conducted to their work by armed guards, who are ordered to fire at the least attempt at flight. Almost none try to escape, for they know, if they evade the bullets of the guards and their pursuit, which seems impossible, it will be necessary to traverse the sea and the virgin forest. At every step will lie in wait for them death, by hunger, by fatigue, by disease or by the poisoned arrows of the natives, who receive a reward for every convict they bring back, dead or alive.

Meanwhile, with bodies broken by their awful toil in a climate where a walk of a hundred yards is a formidable task, they labor in the blazing sun with spades and picks. About their heads hang clouds of stinging insects, whose bites swell their faces and hands. Great red ants cover bare legs, and sometimes poisonous serpents twist around their ankles and inflict mortal wounds. They stand in trenches up to their knees in water and mire, and the putrid exhalations rising from the earth consume them with fever or set their teeth chattering as with cold, while sweat rolls from their foreheads.

Fearful as this life is for men inured to toil and hardship, what must it be for men of education, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life? Some lose hope, go mad and die from deliberately exposing themselves to the fierce rays of the tropic sun, while others, seeking swifter death, revolt and are shot down by the guards.

Occasionally one finds in the Paris papers a paragraph like the following from a recent number of the Petit Journal:

"The governor of Guiana has just addressed a report to the government, stating that the convicts on the Iles de Salut, incited by the anarchists confined there, revolted on the nights of the 21st and 22nd of October, struck down and killed two guards—Moses and Cretallaz—killed an overseer and seriously wounded two others. It was necessary to call out all the troops to quell the revolt, which threatened to become successful, and in the brief struggle twelve of the exiles perished. It appears that an anarchist named Pini was the ringleader in this revolt. He found it easier to work up the feelings of the newly arrived prisoners, who were super-excited by the rude sufferings of the voyage and the first glimpse of the terrible life which they must henceforth lead, than those in whom all hope of escape had long since died."

For convicts to escape alive from the mainland or island colonies in French Guiana is rare, and there is but one case of any having reached civilization again.

Two years ago four felons, criminals of the most hardened type, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of their guards one night and escaping. They were Paul Parizot, Henri Helyot, Cahmuzeau and one other, who died upon the march through the forest. They had been banished to a settlement some distance from the coast, on the Maroni River, which

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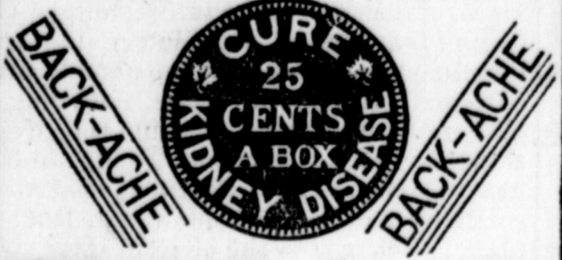
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divides French from Dutch Guiana. By means of a raft they proceeded down this river for some distance and then struck into the dense tropical forest. There they wandered for twenty-three days, armed with nothing but clubs and beset by dangers on every hand.

At night they lit fires to frighten away the savage beasts, monkeys and serpents with which the forest swarmed. They lived on herbs and fruits, and after unspeakable hardships the three above named succeeded in reaching Paramaribo, the capital of the Dutch possessions.

There they were arrested by the Dutch authorities, who set them to work in the gold mines. Cahmuzeau was the first to escape and reached the coast, where he embarked in a little boat and drifted out to sea. For many days he lived on raw fish and drank brackish water until more dead than alive, he was picked up by an English tramp steamer which landed him in New York. He finally reached Antwerp, and, shortly afterwards, Paris, where he resumed his old profession of house-breaking, and for a time, escaped arrest.

About 2 o'clock in the morning of the 7th of last July Mlle. Busse, a dramatic artist living in the Rue de la Pompe, was awakened by the sound of footsteps. She had scarcely lighted her candle when a man threw himself upon her, stifling with his hand her cries, and demanding her purse. Frightened out of her senses, the poor girl let him take it from the mantel. It contained 42 francs. By a happy chance she identified Cahmuzeau as the thief and he received the maximum sentence of twenty years at hard labor in Guiana.

Cahmuzeau's two companions also escaped from their Dutch captors and Parizot reached Guatemala, where—the country being in full revolution—he took service on an insurgent vessel as engineer, and later as a locomotive fireman. Having saved 1,200 francs, and being homesick for France and Paris, the scene of his former exploits, he returned to city arriving about two months ago.

His savings were almost spent, when one day he met face to face on the Boulevard Montmartre his former comrade Helyot whom he had believed dead. Together they resumed their old trade of thieving, and four weeks later, as they were going along the Rue Colbert, they were stopped by two inquisitive detectives, whose curiosity had been excited by the bulky packages they were carrying and by their suspicious conduct. They were taken to the Prefecture of Police and there recognized.

On hearing his sentence of deportation to French Guiana for twenty years Parizot remarked nonchalantly: "Oh, I'll get away again. You can't keep me there."

The Queen was Sketching.

One day when her Majesty (Victoria) was standing on the public road near Balmoral, sketching the cattle from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. Her Majesty, being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock and merely moved a little to the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice: "Stan' oot o' the road, oman, an' lat the sheep gae by!" Her Majesty not moving out of the way quite so fast as the shepherd wished he again shouted: "Fat are ye stan' in, there? Gang oot o' that an' let the sheep pass!" One of her Majesty's attendants, who had been at a distance, on hearing his Royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd, and thus addressed him: "Do you know who it is you have been speaking so rudely to, boy?" "Na, I neither ken nor care; but, be she fa' she likes she sudna be i' sheep's road." "That's the Queen," said the official. The boy looked astonished, and after recovering his senses, said with great simplicity: "The Queen! Od, fat way disna she pit on claes that fouk can ken her!"—*Jas Inglis' "Oor Ain Folk."*

"I wonder why Maxim's flying-machine is so long about getting out?" queried the scientific boarder. "As near as I can figure it out," said the Cheerful Idiot, "the trouble seems to be a defective flew."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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Baby Christianity.

On a recent occasion Rev. Principal Grant of Queens University, Kingston, Ont. said that there was too much baby Christianity extant, that Christians should advance to full growth and their lives should affect society and politics and the unity of the church itself. Dwelling on politics he noted the condition of partyism in Canada and said a glimpse of its condition had been uncovered in Kingston. One little corner had been raised—only five or six out of fifty cases had been considered—and what was beheld? Foulness and abominable corruption! They saw gentlemen standing in the box and so testifying as to almost commit perjury, and an audience grinning at the cleverness of the witnesses in turning the corner and evading questions, and poisoning the well from which all drink. The doctor assailed with vehemence the canvassing system, the hauling of men to the polls, the selling of votes. If Christians were not such milksops and babies, purity and honor would be insisted upon.

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