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PRISON ROUTINE.

The Life of a Convict Confined in Kingston Penitentiary.

In Kingston Penitentiary the cells are models of neatness. Each prisoner is given a separate room, about six by eight feet, and the ventilation is excellent. In one corner is a closet of exposed plumbing, quarter-oak finish and china bowl. Opposite is a brass wash-basin and a cot that works on a hinge so that it hooks up out of the way when not in use. The linen is changed weekly, and is of good material. Each cell is numbered, as is all bed-clothes. There is a small looking-glass and a brush and soap. With a plain chair, this is all the furniture the law permits. A 16-candle-power electric light is on the wall. In the warden's discretion small pictures or little nick-nacks may be received by inmates from friends, but these are very limited.

Little Home of a Life Convict.

I examined minutely one cell, says G. C. Porter in Toronto Sunday World. The deputy said it was a life convict's abode. He had occupied it four years. There were a number of little paper pictures, such as a child might cut from a daily paper and color with its little paints. They looked old and discolored, as if long exposed to the light. Apparently some baby hands had finished them years ago when the felon first entered the penitentiary. He had been a resident 14 years.

The library contains many thousands of volumes. They are selected by the chaplain and warden and cover the field of polite literature of a substantial character. All standard novels are there, and they are well read. This is considered the privilege dearest to the convict heart, not even excepting the reduction of the sentence. The men prefer fiction, stories of adventure, of travel and the standard magazines are devoured. Trustees pass among the cells weekly, gathering up the books to be returned, and taking the slip orders from the new book. The men may read two hours nightly, and all day Sunday. Many men leave the prison well educated and well read in current literature who did not know their letters when they entered. A school is maintained, but it is not as efficient as the warden desires. The druggist is the teacher, and the men have but two hours a day, and then only the selected scholars. The old convicts are not taught. There are 50 in the class now. Young men, even the lifers, are given the rudimentary training and they begin to call for books as soon as they learn to spell. It varies the monotony.

Barbers for the Convicts.

The barbers, of which there are one for every one hundred men, are very important personages in the institution. They can give a man a good shave or a bad one, and it is one of the queer things you hear around the prison—a request for a change of barbers, by No. D564. A new recruit, being denuded of his full beard, offended the barber. When one side of his face was smoothly shaven, the barber remembered that it was time to go after his dinner. The unfortunate man was left in that plight until the barber found it convenient to continue his tonsorial work. There are members of the profession usually in prison, but when there are not, they have to be taught, and that is the time the convicts make the most protests. They don't like to be practiced on.

The Kingston boarders consume an enormous quantity of bread. I observed the convicts as they passed the bread table. Nearly every man took three big slices. The guards say the men frequently throw their food, which they do not want, in to the closet, rather than return it with their tin dishes. They seem ashamed to be seen returning food. No knives are permitted and everything is of tin. After a meal the men return their dishes to the kitchen in the same long line that was formed as they went by to secure their food. Thus waiters are dispensed with. Some penitentiaries have a big dining-room where the men sit down to long tables, but this plan requires an elaborate service and more time. The officers' dining-room is an annex of the kitchen, and the same bread, soup and many other foods are fed to all alike.

Feeding the Felons.

There used to be a legal provision for so many ounces of bread, so much of meat, vegetables, etc., for every man, to be strictly measured. This was a survival of the old days, when prison wardens received so much pay per man held in his care, according to his rank, but all this has been abolished. Each man is given all he wants, but no second service is possible. The tin dishes or soup cans and cups of tea or coffee are arranged in rows in front of the kitchen, and the men passing in line around the west wing gather up a portion and move on to their cells by the opposite corridor. Some of the tins contain more food than

others and the men take their choice. I noticed some of the criminals looking carefully over the assortment before making a selection, all the time keeping the line moving. The bread table was passed in the same way. A big convict was slicing great piles of white loaves and another was arranging cones of the tempting food as it was grabbed up by the passing line of striped men. Three big slices would equal about one loaf, as sold at the average bakeries.

The warden frequently passes among the line of returning convicts as they approach the kitchen to replace their dishes and observes to this or that man that they have not eaten all their food. On the slightest encouragement the prisoners enter into conversation with the command-er. If the food is bad there is a protest from dozens of cells, made direct to the warden. It sounds more like a well-regulated hotel than a penal colony of the worst the Dominion produces. But the cook knows his boarders can't change their place of lodging very easily. The cooking is done by the prisoners, and is well done.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoes." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off; but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Sir Loin of Beef.

Though the truth of the story that King James I. of England once knighted a loin of beef is disputed, the house in which the ceremony is said to have occurred is pointed out, as well as the table on which the sirloin lay. The scene of the historic jest lies between Higham's park and Chingford, near London. It is a curious house with quaint, low pitched ceilings and a fine garden with fruit trees of great size. It was on his return from one of his hunting expeditions in Epping forest that the British Solomon is said to have given practical proof of his favor for the roast beef of old England.

A Tinker's Dam.

In days of old the tinker bold, when called to mend a pot, would build a dam of moistened meal around the leakage spot. The melted solder thus was made within due bounds to stay, but when the solder solid was the dam was thrown away. And so the meal, then useless as a Lake Cochituate clam, became a symbol; hence we say "Not worth a tinker's dam."

Danger of Reversal.

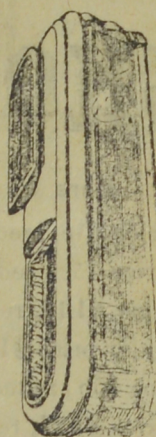
"Don't you think you're working too hard?" "Well, there's a lot of unfinished work before me and I've got to cover the ground in a very short time." "Better slow down a bit or the ground will cover you in a very short time."

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Prepared by **ALONZO STAPLES,** Druggist, corner York and King sts. F'ton, N. B.

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No. 6 Mixed for Moncton.....	6.25
No. 2 Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....	7.40
No. 136 Suburban for Hampton.....	13.15
No. 138 Suburban for Hampton.....	13.15
No. 156 Suburban for Hampton.....	22.40
No. 4 Express for Moncton and Point du Chene.....	11.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....	11.45
No. 8 Express for Sussex.....	17.10
No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	19.00
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney.....	23.45

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.25
No. 7 Express from Sussex.....	9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	12.55
Nos. 135, 137, 155 Suburbans from Hampton.....	7.45, 15.30, 22.0
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton.....	15.10
No. 3 Express from Moncton and Point du Chene.....	17.30
No. 25 Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	17.45
No. 1 Express from Halifax.....	19.15
No. 81 Express from Moncton (Sunday only).....	1.25

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, June 11, 1903.

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