

form in line. When all have been mustered they march through the streets, and are sent to their respective prisons, either at Ile Nou or Moravelle, one mile and a-half from town. Each day, each week, each year the same thing occurs. According to the number of years served the "ticket-of-leave-man" must stay under the watchful eye of the police for a corresponding period before he is allowed his freedom, i.e., he is allowed to marry and make a home during that time, but he is still under the eye of the law. One peculiar way they have of choosing a wife is this: At Bourail is a female prison under the guardianship of nuns. The inmates of this place are naturally desirous of their freedom. The "ticket-of-leave" man is in need of a partner, so he visits the prison. The women are then marshalled out and stand in line for his inspection. Some put on their best smile, others by coaxing words try to make an impression. They would go with the worst man under the sun to obtain comparative freedom. Finally the choice is made, and the two depart regardless of the taunts and bitter remarks from the unfavoured ones. If their conduct has been satisfactory during their surveillance the "libre" is then allowed to return to France. How the heart hungers for la belle France!

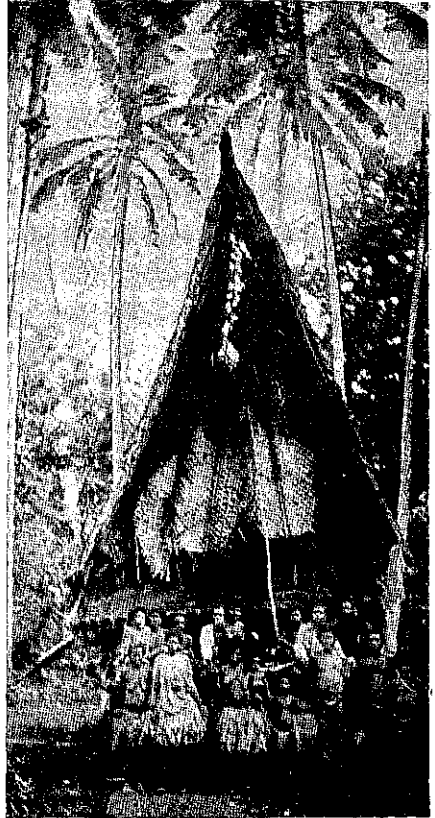
This reminds me of a convict who had just finished a long term at Ile Nou. He had been placed there unfortunately through the false evidence of his wife. He lived but for the day of his release, when he had sworn that he would return to France and find the faithless woman. Revenge! that most awful of words, was his one thought. Rolling the word in his mouth, as only a Frenchman can, it was like some sweet morsel—R-r-revenge! At last he was free to return home.

His words had been heard by his comrades, but laughed at with

scorn. He would not dare, they said.

His sentence finished, he started by the next mail for France, with the intention of fulfilling his awful threat.

The guilty woman, all unconscious of her doom, was found. A bright flash of glittering steel—a gasp and then silence. Two months later he was sent back again to Ile Nou on a life sentence. He had dared, and



Native Grass House.

his companions looked at him in wonder.

There is another department in these prisons whereby time is served between "bars and spaces." A certain number of picked musicians from the convict list is taken—a leader is chosen, and a full-stringed band is equipped. The instruments are all of the best make. Practising from