

PENITENTIARY REVELATIONS BY A MAN WHO SUFFERED

"Six Years in Hell and What I Saw There" -- An Article by a Prisoner Recently Released.

Railroaded to Prison--Brutal Treatment Given Prisoners in Punishment--Word of Guards Always Taken --Bible With Notes Stolen--Horrors He Endured For Six Years.

On December 14th, 1908, I was taken to Portsmouth Penitentiary to serve a seven years sentence, having been convicted on the charge of extorting twelve dollars and fifty cents from two men.

In the States and Canada especially I had to fight with little support, and generally with so-called Christians ranged on the side of the thug, the grafter, and the immoral element.

On the 12th, of December I heard the judge, whose conduct I had exposed for over two years, both in the press and on the platform, pass the most extraordinary sentence ever imposed for any such offense that I was charged with, in the history of British jurisprudence.

I had heard much of the horrors of this penitentiary, and I knew I would have no consideration shown me by the officials, owing to my life-long attacks upon grafting officials.

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The Silent System. When I arrived at the penitentiary my shackles and handcuffs were taken off and I was taken into the warden's office. After asking my age, my nationality, my profession, etc.

in one corner, to be used for toilet purposes. It was emptied once every twenty-four hours. Two slices of bread were given every twenty-four hours and some water.

Cases Cited To Commission. The following cases I also brought before the Commission, which were also corroborated by other witnesses: A man named Eldridge, was refused admission to the hospital by the doctor.

At the Stone Pile. The day after my arrival I was taken to No. 1 stone pile to break stones. The officials tell visitors and the authorities at Ottawa that men are only put on the stone pile until they can be allotted other work.

At one time the guard on No. 2 stone pile, where I was working, wanted to report a man for insolence, but he could not write and as the convict who usually wrote his reports for him was in the hole he was unable to report him.

There was no classification of prisoners. The most hardened criminals were put to work next to youths, and some of the officials seemed to take a pleasure in seeing the older criminals corrupting the new ones.

The food was cooked in such a filthy, careless manner that often the men refused to eat it. No knives or forks were allowed, and men had to eat their food like wild animals.

The Water Cure. The water cure, which has been abandoned in every other prison, was still retained in the Portsmouth Bastille. The manner of inflicting this terrible punishment is as follows: A large bath, specially made, is filled with ice cold water.

deed; he is then pulled up for a minute; as soon as he gets his breath, he is again held under until he is almost dead. This is repeated several times, and then he is sent to his cell, and sometimes is left naked in his cell for hours.

The Horse Treatment. In giving the horse treatment, the man is placed in a cell, then a three inch hose is called into requisition. The hose has a three-quarter inch nozzle. A stream of water is turned on to the poor victim, the pressure of the water being eighty pounds to the inch.

One night a guard came to my cell, and while I was asleep put a broomstick through the bars of my grate and struck me on the forehead with it. There was a nail in the end of the broomstick; the nail made a deep wound in my forehead.



LADY LONDONDERRY NOW A COLONEL. England is organizing women volunteer reserves. The women are taught signalling, despatch riding, telegraphing, motoring, and camp cooking.

and at night. On the night of the third day, Guard Tatton, the scout, saw his condition, and took him over to the Chief's office and got an order to take him to the hospital. He died a few days after.

Getting Their Tobacco. Tobacco is barred from the penitentiary. The officials are opposed to the convicts being allowed tobacco by the government. The reason for this is that the men are so anxious to obtain tobacco that they will do anything to get it.

The Man on Watch

The Lammpan rises to remark that the immigrants distributed among the Frontenac farmers by Col. Hunter are not the only people who need a bath. Just take note at the "movies" and you will feel it.

If it takes the Utilities Commission six months to conclude a little peace treaty with John M. Campbell about power supply, how, asks the Lammpan, can people expect the Allies to conclude one with the Kaiser in less than a year?

Last winter the town councilmen were all jumping into the air shouting that work should be undertaken for the benefit of the unemployed. Yet as soon as the spring comes the Lammpan notes that they are making efforts to curtail labor by doing away with the road scavengers and substituting the man with the hose.

There could not be any worse odor around the Utilities property on Queen and Barrack streets than the gas which saturates the atmosphere thereabouts. The residents should welcome the establishment of a garbage incinerator if it will give off something that would counteract the gas. It cannot be worse than wet grain either.

The Portsmouth Philosopher tells the Lammpan that the sock and linen "showers" held for the soldiers were more than that. They were downpours.

Germany may not honor a scrap of paper, but the Lammpan reads that it is paying a lot of respect to scraps of bread, potatoes and cloth.

The Lammpan recommends other clergymen to take the harbor bath tonic as the Union Street Church preacher did last Saturday. Perhaps they will excuse themselves by saying that he is a Baptist and takes to water like a duck.

Kingston, says the Lammpan, has done more for the soldiers being sent overseas than any place near its size in the country. The call upon the people of this garrison town has been very great, and they have responded in a way that does them credit.

The Lammpan does not wonder that the Salvation Army, when it heard of the fall of the old elm tree on Gore street last Sabbath hastened to the spot and held a service over the remains of the fallen highway monarch.

The Lammpan thought the G.T.R. had moved up to Williamsville when he approached that neighborhood last Sabbath afternoon, but when he came in view of the noise he saw that it was only an old locomotive bell clanging on St. Luke's Hall, which was once the deceased All Saint's Anglican church edifice.

The Lammpan cannot give his support to Town Councilman Newman's proposal that Kingston adopt the "more daylight" scheme. It would be a nice thing, but unless the whole country adopted it, better

leave it alone, for it would be confusing. Let Kingston worry over the question as long as it has worried over that of church union, and at least as long as the Utilities Commission has taken to make an agreement over a little bit of water power at Kingston Mills.

The Lammpan has received a letter from "A Friend of Children" asking him what he thinks of a townsman who will not allow children to play in front of his place and who, calls upon the police to chase them home. The Lammpan sympathizes with the "kiddies" so long as they are not causing a real annoyance, and he for one would not think of stopping them at their play.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR LITTLE ONES

Mrs. Sidney Dalby, Audley, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the past twelve months and have found them an excellent medicine for my little girl." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing--once a mother has used the Tablets she would use nothing else.

England And Her Colonies. By William Weston. She stands a thousand-wintered tree, By countless moons imperish'd, Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,

Her branches sweep the world; Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed, Clothe the remotest strand With forests from her scatterings made,

New nations fostered in her shade, And linking land with land, O ye by wandering temper sown

Unconscious Frowns. Don't narrow your eyes when you wish to be impressive. If you draw your mouth into a button and allow deep lines to pucker between your eyes you will acquire a habitual cross expression.

Unless a garment is uncomfortable, you can't convince a woman it is stylish. He who stoops to brush a banana peel from the sidewalk is bent upon doing good.

The Fighting Food Of the Dominion. Our boys at war across the ocean are holding what they have--and well. Their active brains and sturdy bodies are largely due to proper nutrition. The famous wheat and barley food. Grape-Nuts. Made in Canada--of Canadian Grain--by Canadian workers--is a superb food for Dominion fighters in war or business. Pure Food factories of the Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont. where Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post Toasties are made. Grape-Nuts contains all the nutritive elements of the field grains for building keen minds, steady nerves and strong muscles. Grape-Nuts food, so richly nourishing, is easily digestible--always of the same delicate nut-like flavour--fresh and crisp from the package--always ready-to-eat--just add cream or good milk. A ten days' trial will show. "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts. MADE IN CANADA. --sold by Grocers everywhere. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

The Sun Never Sets on ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Known the world over as "the best baking powder." Royal Baking Powder contains no alum. It is made from pure cream of tartar, which is derived from grapes. Hence, it assures wholesome and appetizing food, free from all adulterants that may go with would-be substitutes.