

with iron bars, and filled with frosted glass, so that while plenty of light comes in, it is impossible for the prisoners to see into the outside world through them.

Everything about the cells was beautifully clean, and in one or two of them I noticed some pictures pinned to the walls by way of adornment.

The north wing, into which we afterwards were taken, is precisely similar.

"How many prisoners have you here now?" I asked.

"About four hundred, which is an unusually large number for this time of year," answered the Deputy Warden. "There are at least one hundred more than we usually have in summer."

"Do you think the prevailing hard times has anything to do with the increase in crime?"

"Undoubtedly, in the majority of cases," was the answer.

As we passed by the school rooms and library, we were told that evening and Sunday classes are held for the prisoners, and that those who desire it can spend two hours every evening in reading.

Through another open doorway we noticed a barber busily at work shaving a man, and our guide remarked that a fresh batch of prisoners had just arrived from some outside town, and that they were being arrayed in their regulation attire.

We then went to see the kitchens, where some tempting looking pancakes were being cooked for the guards' dinner, their table being laid in the adjoining room.

In another room off the kitchen the process of bread making was being carried on, and three men were busy kneading dough in big troughs that were full to the brim. How they did whack it about, to be sure, and punch it, and work it with an amount of quickness and energy that was far in excess of anything I had ever seen bestowed upon such work by the most notable housewife of my acquaintance.

I tried to calculate how many loaves

of bread that amount of dough would represent, but without arriving at any definite opinion in the matter.

PRISON INDUSTRIES.

We next passed out from the main building, and, crossing the court yard, entered one of the many workshops that surround it on three sides. Here we saw a number of prisoners engaged in wood turning and carpentry work, and found that children's sleighs, broom handles and other articles of a like kind were being turned out in large quantities.

After watching them for a time we next went to the large broom factory, and here my superior knowledge of the art, gained during my Collingwood visit this summer, filled me with pride, as I explained the various processes to some of my companions, much to their evident surprise, while our guide was busily engaged in the same task for some of the others.

As we passed on to the next factory, that where the justly famous binder twine is made, I remarked hesitatingly to the Deputy Warden:—

"Some people think the prisoners should not be employed in any work that brings the product of their labor into competition with others."

"Would those people be cruel enough to have them pass their lives here in idleness?" he queried.

"No, I suppose not," I answered, "but it is said they should only do the work that is necessary to provide the clothing and requisites for this and other Government institution."

"Would not that bring their work also into competition with that of others, who would otherwise have to do it?" he said, with a smile.

"I agree with you that it would be a terrible thing for these men if they had no work to do. Why, it would be enough to drive them insane," I said, as I tried to picture what their lives would be like in that case.

"Yes, and beside that, many young men come here who have no knowledge of any trade or work whatever, and