

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

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Picture.:- La Rochelle ! From France's penal prisons. Through the fine stone

archway come rambling vans. Their mission makes one liken them to the tumbrills

of the revolution. The cars with their load approach the Isle of Re. Here these vans

spew out France's bad men, who begin that awful march of the damned. The journey to board the convict ship which

transports them to

Devil's Island. Most of them will never return. Even if they are not sentenced for life, the miasmas and fevers of Devil's Island will riddle them with disease and probably kill.

The French Guiana penal settlement

is an acronistic blot on modern methods of punishment. Our Botany Bay, happily long since

gone and almost forgotten, was a paradise compared with the still existing unspeakable horrors of

Devil's Island. 633 degraded, degenerate

lost souls are packed on the tender for the convict ship La Martiniere. Some of them jeer, some curse their fate. Some smile and wave deceiving watching sweethearts, or wives that they carry a

hope of return in their hearts. France's outlaws. Most are hardened criminals, but here and there one caught in a

trap of circumstance by

passion, or violent anti-social surge. All, however,

bound for our nearest conception of hell itself, the Island of the Damned.