

and in the following two years I successfully way-laid or intercepted some forty boys, all under sentence to the Reformatory, and all spirited away to situations and foster homes before they had reached their legal destination. The Attorney-General one day asked me, "Look here, Kelso, where do you get the law for all this?" "Law," I replied, "there isn't any law that I know of, but don't you think it is the best thing for the boys?" He agreed that it was, and kindly consented to shut his eyes to what was going on. It would be impossible to tell you the subsequent history of each boy, but you will be glad to hear that they are growing up as useful citizens instead of habitual criminals. One of the boys I sent to the proprietor of a country newspaper, and after seven years he is still there. I met this gentleman while on his vacation last summer, and he remarked, "That young fellow you sent me is getting out the paper in my absence, and is in complete charge of the establishment."

The results of the Reformatory's work were far from satisfactory. Boys went there as prisoners, they regarded themselves as the victims of a harsh and unjust system, and they were in no mood to benefit by any instruction that might be given them. They were banished from the world, and on the expiration of their term they were less fitted than ever to battle with an adverse fate. The world had no use for jail-birds, and the only congenial companions were those who like themselves had been "cast as rubbish to the void." Consequently at least half found their way again to prison and the penitentiary. In the hope of securing better results the Government