

best, and enjoying with rapturous delight from "the gods" the music and the drama. He wandered about alone, grieving continually for his chum; and, when again taken up by the police, begged the magistrate to send him where Tim was. This was refused, and he was advised to go and roll in the sand somewhere and he would be all right. But Toronto had no joys left for Sammy, and when two adventurous lads invited him to join them in a trip to the States they found him more than willing. Two years later news came from one of the boys that Sammy had been committed to an American reformatory; and, so far as could be learned, he has not since visited Toronto.

To return to Tim.—Three years later, while a Sunday evening supper for poor children was in progress, there was quite a commotion in one of the corners where the rougher boys had gathered—and, behold! there was Tim in the midst of them. "Yes," he said; "just got back from the Reformatory." When his legal time had expired he was given a ticket to Toronto, one dollar in cash, and placed on the train. He had no home to return to, and none but the wild street boys to welcome him and incite him to further mischief. He was the hero of the hour. How did he make a living? Within a week he was found by a constable carrying a lamp to a pawnshop; and, as it was soon ascertained that he had stolen it to get money for his lodgings, the magistrate sentenced