

putting up my hand and rubbing my back. Mr. Scadding (the late dearly beloved Dr. Scadding) said: "What is the matter with you, Unwin?" "Why, sir," I said, "there is wind enough here to turn a mill." This was a very common expression in Nottinghamshire where, in my boyhood days, many wind-mills were used to grind the wheat, or, as it was called, the corn.

DR. BARRETT.

Dr. Barrett was a great disciplinarian. One winter morning he punished two boys, Tom and John Helliwell, who had walked from the brewery at the foot of the hill at Todmorden to Upper Canada College, and were about five minutes late.

What would the boys of this year of our Lord think of walking three and a half miles through the snow and being punished for being a little late? I must say, however, that the punishment was not severe.

In these school-days my cousins used to shoot wild pigeons in what are now the Allan Gardens, and there was a swimming pool at the northeast corner of Carlton and Sherbourne streets.

CHANGES IN AND NEAR THE CITY.

On my way to the College, which was then between King and Adelaide, and Simcoe and John streets, I used to pass a very unpleasant smelling tannery, where the Toronto "News" office now stands, on the southwest corner of Adelaide and Yonge streets, known as Ketchum's Tannery. The proprietor was Jesse Ketchum, and one of our Public Schools is named after him. To this day Sunday schools in the city benefit by his bequest for prizes.

The General Hospital was at the northwest corner of King and John streets, where the Arlington Hotel now stands. During the emigrant fever in 1847 there were temporary sheds extending from the rear of the Hospital to Adelaide street. Our good old Bishop Strachan and the Roman Catholic Bishop Power were frequently seen ministering to the sick in these sheds. (I was then measuring the houses all through the city, of which more anon.)

Queen street in my school days was not opened between George and Caroline (now Sherbourne) streets, but was enclosed with the grounds of the Hon. William Allan, father