

for which they were sent to the bell tower, there to await with feelings of mingled doubt and dread, the coming of the master, whose stern sense of justice and lack of appreciation of fun continued to make life painful to the young culprits for a short time at least. Or again, let us engage with them in the rollicking sports of the playground, sliding down the snowy hillside on the gaily painted sled, or better still on a piece of board, or in an old tin pan, thereby exhibiting greater skill and courage in the pursuance of this old-fashioned pastime. Or again, let us go to the corner of Park and Hunter streets and get some of the real old-fashioned taffy from the candy woman there. Such are the memories awakened by this jubilee reunion in the old Central School. The boys and girls of those days are no longer young—they are grave men and earnest women filling responsible positions in life, who to-day are here living over those scenes with the keen relish of youth.

Incidents doubtless have occurred on the old playgrounds and in these schoolrooms that have left deep impressions on those who were the immediate actors. Events, though at that time unknown, have happened that may have changed the entire course of some life. Not till middle age did the full fruition appear, and only then could they appreciate the patience, the forbearance, the tact and discretion of those true teachers, whose highest aim was the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the moral natures of those committed to their care.

Nor are the purely personal incidents that cluster around the old Central School the only things that stand out prominently in its history. It was much more than a local school. Everywhere throughout the Province educationists and men of influence were watching with keen interest the development of this new system. Its opponents criticised it severely, and unhesitatingly prophesied for it nothing short of absolute failure. They