

Street, which extended forty miles north into the country, passing through Richmond Hill, Thornhill, and other villages; and every hour from the market-place to Yorkville; a horse ferry-boat also connected the city with the island.

In 1845 the Kingston steamer landed at Brown's Wharf, near the foot of Church Street. To any one familiar with Toronto the changes that have taken place within the lifetime of Fleming are indeed marvellous. Practically the city was confined in 1845 to the area between Peter Street on the west and Parliament Street on the east. Queen Street was not open west of Sherbourne, where it was shut in by the Moss Park grounds of the Hon. William Allan, father of the late Senator Allan. The whole space between Queen and Bloor Streets, now a mile and a quarter of almost solid buildings, was then mostly in farms with a few straggling buildings up Yonge Street for perhaps half a mile north of Queen Street. One incident may serve to give an idea of the enormous strides taken by Toronto since Fleming first set foot on its streets nearly seventy years ago, an incident the particulars of which were related to him by one of the parties to the transaction. Andrew Sanderson, a farmer in the township of York, took a load of hay one autumn to Toronto to sell in the open market. Finding no sale, and unwilling to take the load back with him over very heavy roads, he offered it to the proprietor of Elgin's Hotel on Yonge Street on very easy terms. The latter, however, could ill spare the cash, and after some bargaining he offered Sanderson in payment for the load of hay the vacant lot on the north-east corner of King and Yonge Streets, which Sanderson reluctantly accepted. That particular lot was sold not long ago for a million and a quarter dollars.

After a night in the 'Edinburgh Castle' tavern, a comfortable room was obtained at a boarding-house on East Queen Street, directly opposite what is now Jarvis Street, which did not then exist. David was fortunate in obtaining work immediately, but Sandford was not so successful. Day after day his journal is a record of hope deferred. He called on Sir Allan MacNab and other notabilities with letters of