

he paid me (not a professional one) in 1846. I was then living in Medonte in a shanty, as I had just moved on to my own land. It began to rain very hard and I wanted him to stay all night, but he said he had to get home, and I put him on the road and told him to mind in turning round a tree which had fallen across the road that he did not get into the bush. It was just getting dark when the Doctor knocked at the door. He was wet through. He said he had lost his way, and tied his mare to a tree, and having found his way out he could not find "Jenny." I offered to give him a horse to ride home with, but as we had a roaring fire in the chimney he said he would stay all night as he was very comfortable, and he entertained us with anecdotes as he alone could tell them. The next morning we again tried to find poor Jenny, but failed, and I lent the good Doctor a horse to ride home. The next night there was a heavy fall of snow, and in the morning I found the little mare standing by the stable door. The valise the Doctor carried in front of his saddle was thoroughly wet. I took the instruments out and dried them and sent a man home with the mare.

I cannot help here relating an incident which endorses the old French saying, "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vrai semblable*," which translated into English means that truth is not always like truth. Two gentlemen lately out from England called on us. They had letters of introduction to my father. One was a Mr. Tongue and the other a Mr. Riddle. Mr. Riddle introduced Mr. Tongue and Mr. Tongue did the same for Mr. Riddle, and at the same time amidst much laughter told us that his friend could not pronounce his own name. Mr. Riddle then related that his parents sent him to a teacher of elocution and he gave him the rhyme, Round the rugged rock the ragged Rachel ran, and he could say it quite glibly, but could not pronounce the letter R in his own name. Well, he was a riddle to me then and I have not been able to this day to solve the riddle.

In the Toronto Mail's history of the Clan McLean it is stated that Allan McLean Howard had been Clerk of the Toronto Division Court since 1832. This was a mistake, for the Division Courts were not established for several years after that date. There were Courts of Requests, as they were called, and Mr. John Thomson, the father of Mr. Frank Thomson, Mr. James Dallas, I think, or perhaps it was Mr. James Sanson, and my father were the commissioners of the Court of Requests, and Sergeant Baillie, the father of Mrs. Price, of Price's Corners, was the Bailiff. The place where the sittings of the Court were held was the Plough Inn, Price's Corners. Said inn was kept by Mr. Henry Fraser, the father of Mr. Alexander Fraser of your town, being the first of several hotels of which he was landlord during his long life. For