

is now covered by the city from New to East streets, and north of Talbot. George Lawrence's farm joined Curtis' on the east, and his house was near where the post office stands. Wm. Coyne worked on his father's farm till 1836, when he went into mercantile business at No. 9 (Tyrconnel). He bought out a Yankee by the name of Lemuel Ladd, who thought the political situation looked dangerous, and that it would be more comfortable in some other locality. Coyne moved part of the stock to Clearville, where he remained till 1837, when he removed to St. Thomas, where he has been a merchant for fifty-two years. His brother, James, entered into partnership with him, and the firm rented a building on the north side of Talbot street, nearly opposite Mr. Wm. Coyne's present residence. The building had been formerly occupied by a Mr. Collins, who used it for a cabinet maker's shop. He was about one of the first in that line of business in the city. The other merchants in the place were Hope & Hodge, successors of Bela Shaw, who occupied the next building to the west of the Coyne's; James Blackwood, at the foot of the hill; Edward Ermatinger and Murdock McKenzie. John Alexander kept a grocery store on the edge of the bank, opposite the Hutchinson House. Surranus Thompson was the principal builder. There was a branch of the Bank of Montreal, managed by Mr. Ermatinger. Eltham Paul owned grist mills where Turvill's mills are, and a distillery. Ross & McIntyre carried on an extensive boot and shoe business. There were about three hundred inhabitants in the village, and they resided principally between the city hall* and the foot of the hill. Dr. Southwick, who was one of the handsomest men who ever resided in the county, had just commenced practice. The other physicians were Dr. Bowman and Dr. Elijah Duncombe. Lawyer Tom Warren was the only one of his profession in the village. Most of the legal business was done in London, which was the county town. Tom Warren, who married a daughter of Col. Bostwick, was quite eccentric. Not being blessed with children he took to raising cats and bestowed a great amount of affection on them. He lived, latterly, where John Bobier now resides, and a portion of his beautiful grounds was set apart for a cemetery, in which he buried his pets when they died of old age or received fatal wounds in encounters with some of the neighboring felines, or were sent to Paradise through the instrumentality of a boot-jack hurled at them by a neighbor who did not like

*Now a street car barn.—Ed.