

like robust health is a query. What a blessing was conferred on the inhabitants of this northern clime by the discovery and introduction of rubber goods! May the tree from which the crude material is obtained never die out! Garner, Casey Gifford was one who like many of the early settlers, with little education managed to carry on successfully quite a large enterprise. His proximity to the distillery was rather unfortunate, and his sociability led to too much intercourse with boon companions for his own good. As the unfolding process went on, in time those small industries disappeared this one with the rest. The Gifford dwelling house was immediately opposite on the west. He kept his front garden quite tasteful. The walks were made of tanners' bark, and looked nice and clean. But I must say good-bye to him. He was a good hearted soul.

In 1838 or 40, Robert Squair came to the village. At that time oatmeal was not so easily obtained; he took the fact into consideration and leased the privilege just above the Tuling mill in the hollow and erected thereon a place to manufacture this wholesome article of food from which the national Scottish dish of porridge is made. He carried on the business successfully for twenty years once winning a medal for oatmeal at the World's Exposition in 1851. He also dealt in spirit peas and malt barley. He was most generous; no supplicant was ever turned from his door unaided. At one time he was an active worker in the temperance reform and was an ardent politician; indeed was an influential prominent citizen. Unfortunately owing to the disastrous times following the Russian war he got into deep water and did not reinstate himself. He left the country and died in Cleveland Ohio. His brother Francis, the father of Professor J. Squair of the University of Toronto and F. L. Squair farmer, Darington, after completing his studies in the parish school became a millwright; he followed this calling here, in Hitley and Clarke. He was a superior workman and excelled in it. In 1850 he bought a mill site in the latter township and built the mill which he afterwards sold to the late Alan Lockhart. He died in 1898 a good, upright, well advanced intelligent man. The Squair family came from good forbears they were school people. Two of the brothers entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church. Their sires understood and prized the

value of mental power and gave all his sons the best chances within reach, hence they had the advantages of a liberal education. In the providential chain of circumstances the good effects are still being felt in Ontario, through the number who are being taught by one of his descendants in the great Canadian seat of learning, the University of Toronto. Their native place was Auldearn, Nairnshire, Scotland.

There was an ashery on the west side of the road near the bridge, owned and managed by the Bowman Co. Any of the present day readers may not know what this means. The ashers were gathered by those who cleared the land and were sold in large quantities to those engaged in converting them into pot and pearl ash. A brick trade was done a great deal being made and sold principally in Ontario. Here it lasted the farm is had a considerable addition to their resources. Heaps of refuse was destroyed which, if now obtainable would be of great value to the agriculturalist. John McOlellan, uncle of the present John, had the management of the ashery for years. It was a hot hard job and no doubt laid the foundation of the disease through which he so early lost his life.

The bridge over the creek at that time was a low one, not much above the level of the stream. At the west end south side, a cooper shop was run in connection with the mill. This sums up all the activities going on there about 1830.

Going up the hill, the first lowly of Tubal Cain had a blacksmith shop. David Crippen swung the hammer. It was between the hotel and the bridge. I know nothing further about him. Afterwards when the forge disappeared a man by the name of James Bailey, put up a pottery on the same site and made a common kind of earthenware. He had a brother associated with him. They were not especially noted for industry and the concern did not flourish. It was the old story—they were afflicted with what Ned Silver called "the elbow complaint." The brother got a black eye on one occasion and, when jibed about it, explained the cause. He said he was catching the jugs a man was throwing to him from the loft above when, by a mischance, one struck the optic. A sagacious hearer remarked, "Oh, if it had contained whiskey it would never have missed your mouth!" The finality of his James Bailey's course was reached when he reentered the tavern on the hill and tried