

store and dwelling immediately west of us where Mr. Williams' blacksmith shop now stands. The business increased year by year and he remained there until the disastrous fire of 1845 closed it out. He then moved across the street and got larger premises continuing in the active management of it within a short time of his death. I am glad to say his eldest son, John, and grandsons are still at it rolling out the goods and hearing up the surplus. In the next hundred years still see some of the same stock and same blood in the same old stand. I can say with a truthfulness of Mr. McMurry, sr. that he was a consistent worker in many a good cause whatever stand he took on any question he would always be found steadfast and reliable. He had no ambition for public life and although he was once induced to be a seat at the council board he did not seek reelection. He was a so for a long time a director of the Ontario Bank. Mr. McMurry is still living one of the very oldest of the pioneers. It seems the destiny of the young people born in these smaller towns to leave them. Few become permanent citizens. Of the other sons Samuel, Arthur, and others where he fills an important position in the business world. William James of Toronto is Secretary of the great Insurance organization connected with the Forest. When the Riel rebellion broke out in the north west and the government called for volunteers, he was among the gallant young fellows who offered their services to the country. He went with his brigade under Ouseley to Winnipeg braving the hardships of that severe campaign in which they had over a thousand miles of forest and broken water stretches to pass. Before severing his connection with the active force he held the commission of Major in it which rank he still retains. Judging from appearances he looks physically able to renew his experience should the necessity again arise. He holds his own well in the fight with time. Herbert the youngest is in business in Oshawa.

Mr. James McClellan, sr. must have been a citizen of the burg somewhere in the twenties. I remember when he was in Mr. Brownmans employ. I was for many years head distiller and one of the most quiet, honest, conscientious men that could be found. He was a staunch Presbyterian from the north of Ireland and had been well instructed in that faith. He became convinced, after careful consideration, that the liquor

traffic was bound to bring untold evil on the community. On reaching that conclusion he could no longer continue making the distilled poison. He was earnestly solicited by his employer to continue but no monetary consideration could induce him to do violence to his sense of duty. He left and bought a farm on the second concession (now owned by H. B. Foster) and for some time he tilled the soil.

The Port Darlington Harbor Co., of which Senator Simpson was President, were a wharfing and made it worth his while to move there. After useful service in that capacity he was appointed surveyor of the customs, which office he filled for a long time. By his firm intelligent and honest discharge of its duties he earned the lasting respect of the business men of Bowmanville. He was retired on a pension and lived to a ripe old age. I may give expression to the same wish on behalf of his son and grandson as I did to the McMurry's that they too may continue residents of our good town and perpetuate in future generations the name and family virtues. There were four sons—John the eldest is the senior member of the firm of McClellan & Co., coal and wood dealers who do a very large business here in their line. James lives in Italy. Joseph H. in Peterboro and William in St. Thomas. J. Alexander McClellan, the grandson, son of John McClellan is the popular Manager of the Ontario Bank in Bowmanville.

There was a man out west who said he had undertaken to serve God and the devil and found it a "hef y" job. I am not in so tight a place as that but metaphorically, I set door to it. To attempt to give even a meagre outline of the men and women who helped to lay the foundation of our delightful and embryonic city is no small task. I can only say it is as best I may and will try to do so up to 1840.

The camera of memory sees a concentration of business in the hollow Mr. D. H. Williams, father of Mr. D. Williams, had a full mill, the building fast set down the stream. He came from the vicinity of Napanee. Possessing the spirit of enterprise he tried to and did meet a much felt want. It took an amount of determination to accomplish such an undertaking. There were no banking facilities and but little money in the country. Exchange of commodities was the principal way in