

J. Buck who owns and cultivates a large acreage of the paternal land.

The ground to cover is so extensive I hardly know where to begin. Will make the first store an the events connected with it the pivotal point from which to start.

Mr. Charles Bowman who acquired the property on which a good portion of Bowmanville now stands was a Scotchman, possessing in a large degree the natural characteristics of the race prominent among which are caution, foresight, perseverance and frugality. His headquarters were at Montreal. He met my father the late Robert Fairbairn, P. E., at Port Hope. He had recently arrived there from Scotland. Pardon me if I allude slightly to my father and his career. He was born near Dundee in Berwickshire, went at an early age to learn the dry goods business with a brother in Haddington. After serving his apprenticeship he started in business on his own account at Pennycook where a large number of French prisoners taken in the Napoleonic wars were confined. I think there was more pleasure than business in the place. I know from what I have heard him say that social life and consequent amusement greatly prevailed. Not finding it meeting his expectations he moved to Forfarshire and after a short residence there he quit the business and decided to try his fortunes in the New World as it was then known in the Old Countries.

It is hardly credible but is a fact nevertheless, that it took three months to cross the Atlantic. They had a drunken captain in charge were several times on the point of starvation and on two occasions were relieved by passing vessels. They at last reached Norfolk Virginia, more dead than alive.

What small events, apparently, have a controlling influence over our destiny. Among those who came out in the same vessel was a Mr. William Wallace of Edinburgh, writer of the signet—a position equivalent to our degree of barrister. He was a brother in law of Mr. David Smart of Port Hope. A friendship sprang up between them and he accompanied him to that place. Mr. Smart at that time was doing a large extensive business and my father went into his employment. Mr. Bowman being in want of a man to come to Darlington held out inducements to him to undertake the new enterprise which he wished to foster. They came to an agreement, he reaching here in 1823. For seven

years he too, charge but for some reason he could not work satisfactorily with his employer and threw up the position. In the meantime he had built a large frame store and dwelling on the brow of the eastern hill, on the lot now owned by Mr.

Mr. G. G. Over, on which the present billiard room is situated, near Mr. W. H. Williams' West End Smithy. He opened a general country store and not succeeding he retired, rented first to Wm. Warren, afterwards to a Mr. Sack of whom more anon. The premises were destroyed by fire in 1845 and were a total loss with no insurance. Mr. Bowman had other branch stores one being at Coburne. Mr. Steele father of the well known Mr. J. Clarke Steele of Toronto went about the same time to Coburne in a similar position. Mr. Bowman spent a good deal of his time in the old country purchasing supplies. He had extensive means and knew how to buy to advantage.

I have in my father's handwriting a statement showing the population of Darlington in April 1827. 31 adult Baptists and 124 under 16 years of age; Methodists 45 and 180; Presbyterian 18 and 72; Church of England 7 and 28; Roman Catholics 10 and 40; professing no religion 61. Total 666. This reveals two interesting facts: first the exceedingly slow increase of the people up to that date; second the large number of children in proportion to the whole. Those hardy pioneers must have believed in the command given "to multiply and replenish the earth." If they had lived in the present fast age the figures would have been reversed no doubt.

I am under the impression that the Smart family and Mr. Charles Bowman came from the same part of Scotland, the former hailed from Dundee. Mr. George Smart came to Bowmanville for the purpose of succeeding my father but he was on y in charge a short time. I have not the slightest idea what kind of man he was but his life had a tragic and strange ending. What wonderful things occur and how hard to account for! It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to picture the heart-rending scene of separation when he left his wife and two helpless children without a father's protection and care, his own soul filled with high hope and the laudable ambition that when he reached the supposed Eldorado, success would crown his efforts and they should again be reunited in family life. But, alas! it was not to be.

Mr. George gave a dinner party one evening and among those present on the