

Remember the old family album? Webster describes it as a "flat book for autographs and photographs." In fact it is older than the old oaken bucket that hung in the well.

The album in many homes held a prominent place on a small table in the old front room or parlour, alongside the family Bible. Often the albums were a foot square, sometimes wider, the leather covers were padded and the heavy pages had slots into which could be slipped the photographs.

There were many good photographers in the old days. Remember the "picture galleries" which are now called studios. They were often located on the second storey and one had to ascend a long and narrow staircase. In a large room the visitor had a chance to look over a page of photographs and larger pictures hung on the walls and for an artistic atmosphere light came from a coal oil lamp or two on a wall bracket.

The gallery which the photographer operated will be remembered as large, with a couple of fancy sofas, and always a couple of straight back chairs, as well as a double sofa. Large screens stood on solid wood frames and were moved across the floor to a position where the photographer attained the best lighting and shadow effects.

Remember the day you "had your picture taken." When you were decked out in your Sunday-go-meeting clothes when you put your hair up in curls and braid, and the men folk parted their hair down the middle and wore high throat-cutting collars?

After allowing the nervous customer time to become cool and collected Mr. Photographer appeared bland and smiling, and actually very friendly. The customer was asked if a "bust" or "full-length" picture was desired and was then escorted to the chair, and after clamping the back of the head with a pair of iron tongs, and screwing up some kind of apparatus into the back, the busy man wheeled in front of his victim a large box affair that was shoulder high.

After a few deft touches to the lapel of your coat, and placing the button hole bouquet at the right angle, Mr. Photographer disappeared behind a screen and came out with a couple of black plates, placed them in the big box and quickly ducked under a large black cloth which was always hanging over the back of the big box.

Everything was apparently in readinness to "shoot," as the photographer stepped to one side, asked the patron to "look happy" (that was before they asked for the word 'cheese') then quietly squeezed a small rubber ball in his right

hand causing a faint click and then a cheering "that's fine thank you".

It was an ordeal, a kind of professional performance, but nine times out of ten the pictures turned out good.

All the above preamble leads up to the day the writer received three old albums, once a snapshot book, from Mrs. (Dr.) J. Fawcett, of Albert Street north. They were found in their new home, the residence of the late T. H. Stinson.

This home was built many years ago by W. Lloyd Wood, who will be remembered as a dapper, well groomed gentleman who came to Lindsay from Toronto, and built the large factory for the Allenbury firm on King Street. He was the Company's manager for some time. The two lovely albums brought in by Mrs. Fawcett evidently belonged to the Wood family, as they contained pictures of the family members of the former generations. Included were men in uniform, and some "tintype" pictures now considered antiques.

All these facts bring the writer back to the historical background of photography in Lindsay. There are citizens in Lindsay today who recall such photographers as a man named Fowler who had a gallery over the present Bank of Commerce. I. H. Oliver who was first located in the terrace on on William Street opposite St. Andrew's Church, and still later in rooms on the north side of Kent Street in the vicinity of the Greaves electrical

store, and at a later time used  
rooms over the then John

Fluery grocery store, now the Ken Johnson Jewellery store.

Eli Williamson will be remembered by many in Lindsay and district as an expert photographer. For a time he had a studio at the south-east corner of Lindsay and Ridout Streets, and later built a brick photo gallery on Lindsay Street north where the McQuarrie, Fulton and Hill law office is now located. This studio later became the home and

work shop of George Brooks, taxidermist. Mr. Williamson, the father of F. W. Williamson, Ardmore Ave. was one of the first to use the old and long ago forgotten tintype, he made them.

Miss Maud Morton was well known as a photographer several years ago and one of her prodigies was Wilfred Pepper, as well as Fulton Stewart. The latter gentleman operated a fine studio for several years

and at one time his partner was Stanley Bright.

Frank (Judge) Lee was also a Lindsay photographer with a studio over the former Beall jewelry store on Kent Street. In later years a well known photographer was George Dent, now in the real estate business, and today Lindsay's up-to-date studio operated by John Boyd and Robert Payne is known as the Kenlin Studio.