

Testing the memory of readers of this column. Remember when the women always wore bonnets or hats, and when Miss Nancy Mitchell had a millinery shop with all manner of artistic creations? Many of the bonnets were loaded down with buttons, beads and buckles, and society women wore with great pride, black capes loaded with buttons.

Today there are people who gather buttons as a hobby and for some a lucrative hobby. Buttons covered with cloth are a collector's items. Sequins are very scarce and are valuable.

Remember the long feathers which bedecked the hat? Actually many colorful ostrich plumes topped many a fancy hat. Even birds with colorful plumage were perched on many a hat. Many of these creations were tall and resembled flower pots and a courteous gentleman had a tough time holding his temper if he was unlucky enough to sit behind one of the millinery monstrosities in the Academy Theatre or in a concert hall. Perhaps there are some of these top pieces of millinery skill still to be found in a big bandbox in the attic or old clothes closet.

One of the oldest millinery shops was operated by Miss Bannon on William Street north. A Miss Wakely was a busy milliner and for a time had a stock of hats in her brother Jack's store and later in the Sutcliffe store. A milliner of class was Miss Minore who was associated with the Claxton store. The Claxton store at the time occupied three floors and the owner A. T. Claxton was a progressive and leading merchant who also found time to be mayor of Lindsay.

The millinery business was

a busy one with large stocks of the latest creations in the Sutcliffe store.

Hetgher's store, it is understood, also carried a large millinery stock.

Those were the days when the little teeny weeny hat vied with the large hat with plumes and at times ribbons and a popular song of the day was entitled "Where did you get that Hat" and another song which was a hit was entitled "~~The Bird~~ on Nellie's Hat".

Remember when you visited at grandmother's home and there was sweet little old grandmother, and she was always wearing a bonnet? Some of these sweet old ladies were not against smoking a pipe and it was generally a clay pipe, an article which is classed as a souvenir and a relic today.

Grandfather carried a plug of chewing tobacco in his vest pocket and it was a common sight to see him take the plug from his vest pocket and stuff the pipe bowl real tight with tobacco.

Many men were equally vain as the women when stepping out in their Sunday best attire. His haberdashery included a christie hat or hard black bowler and he wore a starched collar about two and a half inches high and although the article almost choked him, he endured suffering in order to be in style. Long white cuffs were attached to the shirt sleeves with snap pins.

Vests were in style and these vests had three or four pockets and at times those who could afford a watch tucked the gold 'ticker' in the left breast pocket and a fancy chain with a bar at the end occupied the opposite pocket and a gold locket was fastened to the other end of the chain and often the locket would open up and in both sides of the locket were miniature pictures of the best girl and possibly of mother and dad.

The feet of the well dressed

male were encased in leather boots and the boots went well up to and above the ankles.

Boots were as a rule well polished, once in a while by the expert shoe shiner in the barber shop. Boots had to be polished every Saturday night and if the tin of polish was scraped to the bottom, then at times a bit of saliva was used to complete the job. Some of the "gay lords" wore suede spats but many men termed the spats as too feminine and they looked sissy. Sats also kept the ankles warm in chilly weather. They were a nuisance when a man had to carry a "hook and eye" gadget to button the spats on and it was terrible when buttons were lost.

Remember the big and flashy tie pins, called stick pins? Flashy pins of miniature crescents and at times small diamonds. They seldom were lost because a concealed clasp kept the pins in place. Pins shaped like horseshoes, studded with tiny diamonds, adorned the cravats and watch chains were always in view. A gift of a chain and small locket was very acceptable and these lockets at times contained good pictures of a girl's best beau and the man's locket a picture of the "only one".

Motor cars were as scarce as hen's teeth but the couple that had the occasional buggy or cutter ride really had fun.

What fun it was to have sleigh ride parties, especially on country roads when snowbanks covered the roads and pitch holes were many. Usually the driver was "an old hand" in the business and he knew the fun and excitement of an upset. The team never ran away. Part of the fun was brushing the snow from heads adorned with lots of hair and shaking the snow out of mitts and gauntlets.

Sleigh bells jingled all the way back to the house or to the church, and the evening's moonlight ride terminated, and strong appetites were satisfied by hot bovril, home made biscuits and steaming cups of tea. After playing a number of games and having a sing song, the party broke up and one by one the young couples left in cutters and sleighs and the tinkle and jingle of sleigh and cutter bells diminished in the moonlight. A wonderful funfest was over, but memories lingered long.