

on the **MAIN STREET**

April 3/71



Many cities and towns have market days when citizens, mostly women, visit the market to buy fresh vegetables, fruit, dairy products, etc. Lindsay once had a market and it was popular until some merchants at the time killed the market by buying the entire produce from the farmers' wives. When business men on Kent Street stopped at the market and offered the vendors top prices, then the market ceased to be.

At the time the market square was at the town hall. The clerk of the market was a fine gentleman and one time school teacher named Neil Callaghan. He was kind and had the "patience of Job". He generally had not shaved in the morning and he generally chewed on a stubby pencil. He carried a bit of white chalk with which he marked the baskets of the women at the market. He was apt to tell his friends what woman had the best butter, eggs and other items.

This same market clerk looked after the weigh scales and he weighed the cattle, pigs and also loads of hay offered for sale. From each customer he received a small fee and he submitted a monthly report to the town clerk.

At times farmers brought carcasses of beef and pork to the market and sold direct to Lindsay citizens.

It was some years after that farmers had to submit their "killings" to inspection by appointed officials. In the winter months the market was held

indoors and in the winter months farmers hauled loads of four-foot wood to the market, unhitched their teams, left the loads at the market and walked their teams to nearby hotel stables for shelter. Many happy hours were spent at hotels where food was plentiful.

The farmer's wife had her innings when she spent her market money in the Kent Street stores — not all of it. Usually a few dollars were carried back to the farm home and deposited in the cookie jar. A return to market days might prove to be interesting and even beneficial today.