

When Norman (Buster) McDonald of Toronto was in town recently he recalled the days of his youth when he was employed in the office of the mercantile firm of Dundas and Flavelle at the corner of Kent and York Streets, and when the Flavelle brothers, J. D. and William, also were prominent in other lines of business. "They also had the big cold storage plant on King Street, made ice cream, exported millions of eggs, manufactured tons of butter and at certain times of the year employed many men and women plucking chickens at the King Street plant.

"It was a scene no artist could paint in that plucking room. The pluckers were paid by the number of chickens and hens they could defeather and busy hands literally flew and so did the feathers and at times the pluckers were knee deep in feathers."

"The fire which destroyed the cold storage plant was spectacular. The building became a fiery furnace and people in the neighborhood were out on roof and shed tops with buckets of water as red hot embers hailed through the air. It was a sight to see the Scugog River covered with a thick matting of butter and cheese."

Mr. McDonald followed the Flavelle Brothers as they erected the large, fine cold storage on Kent which was sold several years ago to Sil-

verwoods's Dairy, the present owners. "I remained in the office until I followed my chums and joined the 109th Battalion with which unit I went overseas."

Speaking of the Flavelle Brothers, Mr. McDonald added: "They were smart business men and although J. D. was the greatest curler in Canada I think that William Flavelle was one of the smartest business men in Canada — he was connected with the firm of Dundas and Flavelle Dry-goods etc., Flavelle Cold Storage, Flavelle's Creamery, the Victoria Trust and Loan Company, the Lindsay Cemetery Company, the official Board and Sunday School Superintendent at the Cambridge St. Methodist Church, the Milton Brick Company, the Kawartha Lumber Company and other business concerns. He chose to stay in Lindsay but I am sure he could have been one of the biggest financiers in Canada had he moved to Toronto."

Aside from the above, Norman McDonald was a good athlete in his early youth. He played hockey and made a real contribution to baseball. He was a good curler and was a member of the Bert Menzies rink which won the Club championship in the days when the rink of Norman McDonald, Hilton Brown, Art Carew and Bert Menzies won around 20 games in a stretch. He was a canoeist in the days when it was common practice to paddle from Lindsay to Pleasant Point, do a bit of fishing, canoe across to Long Beach, paddle back across the lake, sleep under the canoe and paddle back the next day.

Since retiring as an Executive in a large Bakery Company in Toronto Mr. McDonald has travelled considerably including a trip around the world. His father was at one time employed with the Lindsay Post.

While in Lindsay recently Mr. McDonald was the guest of Mr. Hilton H. Brown.

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THIS AND THAT — Fishermen enjoy sitting lazily in a boat, listening to the putting of the motor, feeling the line as it slackens and tightens in the hand and at the same time inhale fresh air and feel the rays of the sun. That's the life. The greatest thrill, however, is realized when a fish is landed in the boat. Jack Fidlin, of the Esso Station on William Street North, experienced that thrill a few days ago when idling on Sandy Lake near Buckhorn. The pickerel has been measured, weighed and photographed and entered in the Molson contest.

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Time was when men served on municipal Councils and other community boards for the honor and the love of taking their share and responsibility, and with no hankering for remuneration. Those days have gone. Exceptions are rare. Pleasant Point summer resort is one of these few exceptions. A week ago the annual meeting of cottagers was held and excellent reports were presented after which the three Councillors who have carried the burden of management and looked after the grievances for some time past were re-elected and they turned down the motion to share in a payment for time consumed. They are Messrs. Hilton Brown, Wm. Nurse and Chairman Hemmingway.

On the following Sunday the annual Union Church meeting was held and the three Trustees who have carried the load for many years were re-elected: William Nurse, Arthur Burrige and Hilton Brown.

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A resident of Elgin Street had the experience recently of exterminating thousands of bees. They were not "in his bonnet" but in a tall furnace chimney. The nest was at the pit of the chimney, close to the vent and they were discovered when the furnace thermostat was stopped one chilly morning. The bees flew to the top of the chimney in clouds and for a time sought refuge on the outside brick. Neighbors noticed the large swarms of angry bees and quickly closed all windows and doors.

The house owner remembered reading an ad. in the Daily Post and had prompt action from the man who advertised he could eradicate the pests, which he did after setting rolled up newspapers and placing them in the bottom of the chimney. Hundreds of bees in the cellar gradually were chased out the windows and the bee man who thought he was immune was stung twice on the back of neck. That was not too awful seeing that he received his fee of \$10. The agreement was ten bucks whether it took five minutes or ten hours.

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Long before Lunge Haven became a settled resort a bachelor named Miney O'Leary lived in a small shack on the bank of the Scugog River and was known to fishermen and trappers. He was well known to those who plied canoes and navigated small boats between Lindsay and Sturgeon Lake and many a fisherman partook of his meagre hospitality, enjoyed a small "snort" and perhaps a "chaw of plug tobacco".

Muskies were small and big and there was no law telling the fisherman to toss the small fish back into the Scugog and there was no limit regarding muskrats and the O'Leary "mansion" was often times decorated with these large rat skins. Miney had many friends and he spent the winter months in the shelter of a farm house.

Then there was another well known bachelor character on a small island in Balsam Lake, an island near Grand Island and he was simply known as Greenie. He, too, was a hermit, a catcher of hundreds of fish and a trapper of fur bearing animals. Greenie's Island hut was many times the resting place for boatmen caught in Balsam Lake in a fog or a squall. He was a fisherman, trapper and hunter in the days when the lake was alive with fish, the logs and water stumps housed many muskrats and mink and deer stalked through the bush and swam across the lake to get away from hunters.