

A walk down Main Street is to many citizens a walk of generations. What a difference just a few years make. Grocers piled baskets of fruit along the side walks, and sometimes a choice rump of beef or a side of beautiful hog was a special display and the meat was not covered to keep off the insects

but when a customer looked on the storekeeper rolled up his long "white" apron and shoed the flies away, but no one commented anything about the sanitation and the meat had to be boiled anyway.

There were seven hotels on the Main Street and all had double swing doors of lattice slats. The doors were short with a foot of space at the bottom and top. The curiosity of boys and many times women was aroused, especially when voices were sometimes rough and loud. Good whiskey was cheap and two bits would buy a flask and they were popular. Men tucked the flask in a hip pocket and it was too bad if the sometimes inebriated male slipped and the flask broke.

No more "medicine men" at the market square, no more merry-go-rounds, no more "monkey and organ grinders".

What became of the Gypsies? Most people were afraid of these land wanderers, but for no good reason. Men seemed to like the gypsy women grabbing their hands and pulling them into a tent to have their fortunes told and many a feminine hand was crossed with a piece of silver. However it was fun.

What has become of the big holiday celebrations? The days of parades and bands, the days of Minstrel shows, the days of the hypnotist? What about the jugglers and the slack wire artists?

These were the "good old days" — no strikes, no people killed in cars on the highway. If there were wars they seemed to be on the other side of the earth and there were no hippies and yippies. The old days were those days when it was customary to dress up, wear a vest and a puff tie, hire a horse and buggy and take the best girl friend into the country for a buggy ride and in the winter time take the gal to a Carnival on the old Lindsay street rink and take part in the "crack the whip" game. It was exciting helping the lady on and off with her skates and it was a real treat after the carnival or the hockey game to visit the Big 20 restaurant and enjoy large homemade sausage, old fashioned fat beans, bread and butter and milk or tea and all for 25 cents.

There were some fine store-keepers in generations of the past, Protestant and Roman Catholic. Do you remember these R.C. gentlemen? Walch, Primeau, Baker, Brady, Spratt, Killen, Burke, O'Leary, Dwyer, Flurey, Tangney, Callaghan, Meehan, McNaulty, Begley, O'Connor, O'Reilly, Gough, Bissette, Cain, Campbell, Devlin, O'Halloran, O'Loughlin, Rogers, Forbert, Shannon, O'Connell, Burns and others.