

Remember the days when threshing engines and threshing machines were occasionally noticed going through the Town of Lindsay? These heavy machines with the wheels equipped with iron bars and flanges made deep indentations in the asphalt, but several years ago one smart Councillor brought in a regulation which is still on the books, that the operators of these machines carry a string of large wooden cleats which were put in place on the big wheels, thus eliminating "cuts and bruises" on paved streets.

* * *

In 1934, Leslie M. Frost was "just getting his feet wet" in the field of politics, but he was able to bring some of the "big guns" from the Borden Cabinet to his aid and one of the most able speakers at the time was Hon. H. H. Stevens, Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Tory Government. A few days ago the Honorable gentleman observed his ninetieth birthday at his home in Vancouver. A story of local flavor concerning the visit to Lindsay made on behalf of Mr. Frost had to do with J. W. Deyell, a key figure in the local Tory camp. "J. W. D." decided that a number of the stalwarts would gather at the Hotel Benson and have a six o'clock dinner and "rub shoulders" with the distinguished guest and arrangements were accordingly made and guests invited. Hon. Mr. Stevens arrived in the afternoon and when it was learned that he never ate dinner before speaking in the evening, a scurry took place as Mr. Deyell had to proceed to undo all carefully made plans, cancel the sirloin steak dinner and contact the invited guests concerning new arrangements. However, recompense followed when the now Hon. Leslie Frost was elected to be standard bearer and elected to the Provincial Parliament.

* * *

"Things are different this Winter compared with winters of years ago", reflected a coffee cup sipped. "It was only around the zero mark a few days ago and many were shivering in their boots — why I remember . . ., and the story unfolded.

“We were not rich, far from it, but we never went to the feather tick bed hungry. The winters were cold and sometimes the mercury dropped to 25 below zero. The kitchen was warm if you sat close to the big old wood stove. Our toes were warm as we stuck our feet into the warm oven, while our backs were cold, our fronts were warm. It took an extra effort to venture upstairs to bed and when the temporary old curtain that hung from the door frame of the upstairs was pulled aside we were met by a real blast of cold air. We had already said our prayers. People said their prayers on their knees beside the bed in those days, and we jumped into bed and we then covered our heads under heavy homemade quilts.

Some times the mattresses, at times called ticks, were filled with straw from the barn and some times they were ticks filled with feathers. On real cold nights Mother wrap-

ped hot irons in newspapers and placed them at our feet at the bottom of the bed. These were irons used to iron sheets and some had permanent handles. They are antique collector's items today. Another bed warmer quite popular was a brick wrapped in newspaper and these bricks retained the heat for hours. It was at times so cold lying on cold sheets that we did not hesitate to wear our heavy knitted socks. At times it was so cold in the attic rooms that it was possible to see one's breath.

"These were the winter nights when one stove had to do its best to warm the whole house and the stove pipes on the bottom floor were 18 and 20 feet long and they were quite often red hot, in fact at times caught fire and Mother (who seemed to do everything) had at times to put out stove pipe fires by wrapping them around with water soaked blankets. 'They were the days'. What a job it was to keep long strings of pipes fastened with fire to the ceiling and it is true, stove pipes were the 'cussedest' articles men and women folk on the farm had to contend with. In fact they were the most cantankerous things and those living in the Village also had to contend with them and many used words that are not found in Webster's dictionary when they razzle-dazzled with pesky stove pipes."