

Many pages of history have been written since the first log cabin was built on the shore of the winding Scugog River in the then hamlet of Lindsay; since the days when Jerry Britton, a meek and mild gentleman wearing a small black round skull cap, sold jewelery and hard liquor in a store at the northeast corner of Kent, Lindsay and Ridout streets.

Many moons have waned in the western horizon since Thos. Beall arrived in Lindsay from Manilla and launched the Beall "House of Diamonds".

Countless years have sped by since C. L. Baker built a store and dwelling house at the northwest corner of William and Peel Streets and the Baker Block at the corner of Kent and Cambridge Streets, now the Royal Bank corner and scores of years have elapsed since W. F. McCarty founded the jewelry store which still operates successfully under the same name.

Remember W. A. Goodwin, grandfather of the Goodwin electricians who ran an art store on the south side of Kent Street and who practiced the life of a vegetarian?

Names of business men and women who did their part in establishing Lindsay also included: A. J. Soanes, who ran a fish store in the present McCarty store block; John Berry, harness maker; Philip and Reuben Morgan, druggists; Miss Hetgher, novelties; John Flurey, Primeau, Spratt and Killen and Thos. Brady, grocers; B. J. Gough, Ed. Armstrong, Wm. Kelcher, M. J. Carter, Wm. Miller, A. J. McBride, clothiers.

Remember Nancy Mitchel, the milliner; Miss Stewart, dressmaker in the days when millinery and dress making was a specialized business?

E. E. W. McGaffey ran a dry good store as did A. J. Ford and Jos. Dwyer had a grocery store, while Jas. Lennon had an auction sale business in the Tangney block.

S. C. Taylor and T. C. Matchett were railway ticket agents and John Hughes and Moses Grozelle made the best hand-made boots money could buy.

The sweetest tasting home-made candy was made by Soanes and his "bull's eye" taffy; Wm. McWatters and A. B. Terry sold candies, ice cream and sodas. Jimmy Allin, Bobby Wells and A. Wileman turned out the best of high-rising bread and Jim Begg had a soft drink manufacturing plant on Peel Street.

Remember the days when dashing young men twirled moustaches and wore the occasional well trimmed beard and were patrons of Sandy Flack, Herb Williamson, Bert Naylor, James Applebe, Wal-

ter Richards, Andy O'Leary, Artie Robertson, Herb Brick?

Marshall Stephens and Russell Lamb could knock off a shave and hair cut in a jiffy and boot blacks shined shoes for a dime and when the young dudes spent a whole quarter for a shampoo and a sweet smelling hair tonic — the days when so-called aristocrats had their own shaving mugs labelled with their initials in gold letters — Those were the good old days!

How many can recall those old photography galleries when the studios had all kinds of pictures in the waiting room; when the operator sat a customer down in a straight back chair in front of a large screen, which depicted a scene from the ocean or perhaps a wooded scene? Mother then brought in her pet boy all dressed in his Sunday clothes, with wide stiff collar and flowing bow tie, long black, highly polished shoes and at times the patron wore a straw hat and the young men wore christy-stiff bowlers or cadi's.

The photographer wheeled out a huge camera, had his customer sit upright, advised him or her to look pretty and watch for the birdie, then stand back a pace, grab and squeeze a small rubber ball and in an instant the ordeal was over.

There were good photographers years ago and they included L. W. Fowler, I. H. Oliver, Eli Williamson, Miss Maud Morton, Wilfrid Pepper, Frank Lee, Fulton Stuart, and others.