

FORD MOYNES

*on the***MAIN STREET**

Remember when visiting the County Jail on Victoria Avenue there was to be seen a pile of stones at one end of the corridor? It was prescribed punishment that free boarders earn a meal by breaking rocks. This was in the time when George Ashman was the jailer and it was the custom to do a bit of hard labor and not have matters too easy for the inmates.

Remember when a young and lanky reporter for the Watchman-Warder was accompanying the Grand Jury on an inspection tour. He was bet a shilling that he could not scale the high wall and "make his escape". The cub reporter took a few strides, clutched at a length of water drain pipe and was able to get his fingers on the top of the wall, climb up and disappear on the outside. Bob Reeds, a nephew of F. A. Reeds, Sussex Street, left Lindsay to join the staff of the Toronto Daily Star. When with the Warder this young reporter wrote a column headed "The Boy Wanderer". He lived for some time in China where his father Dr. Reeds, was a medical man.

Remember when it was a thrill to see the Fire Hall team of big bays dash out of the hall on Cambridge Street and gallop wildly at top speed down Kent Street? It was something to watch this team answering drill calls in the fire hall. The harness hung from the ceiling, with the alarm of fire the team ran out from the wooden stalls and placed themselves directly under the harness. The quick hands of the firemen released

a few hooks and the harness was soon on the backs of the horses and buckled in place.

Fire Chief Harry Bell and later on his son, Fire Chief Jim Bell, dashed into the hall and climbed aboard the hook and ladder wagon and followed the old steam pumping engine down the main street. Strange sight to watch the firemen return to the hall and stretch the hose out to dry. Later the wet hose was strung up in the tall tower to dry out. Incidentally what became of the old bell that ding-donged from the fire belfry?