

What a different just a few years make. There was a time when a few Lindsay merchants displayed quarters of meat hanging on big iron hooks and butcher shop owners covered the store floor with beautiful white sawdust.

When yards of plump sausage were piled up half-a-foot high on big china platters; when a big cake of cheese laid bare on the counter; when oysters were for sale direct from the dipper, placed in a glass jar; when frozen white fish

from Lake Simcoe and elsewhere were on display and for sale from the pans in front of stores; when farmers paid hostlers at the hotels ten cents for a stall in the barn behind the hotel or for horses tied to large iron rings in the lean-to shed.

These were the days when rows of solid arm-chairs were lined up against the walls several feet away from a long shining bar; when men lined up at the bar, placed one foot comfortably on a shining foot rail, chewed plug tobacco, and took pride in spitting a chaw of tobacco into a brass container ten feet away

The hotel bar was a picture, backed by many rows of beautiful bottles, bottles which today are a collector's item and worth oodles of money.

If the bartender liked a customer, he often handed out a cigar, the kind decorated with a lovely gold colored band. A crude joke was the one often pulled when an ill smelling pill was stuffed in the end of the cigar.

Every hotel had a dining room and there were no individual stalls like the modern eating places of today. Food, the choicest of home cooked bread, large saucers of butter and home made pickles were left on the table and all one had to do was gorge if so inclined, drink a cup of strong tea, expertly use a tooth pick, and hand over 25 cents; and tipping was never indulged in.

In the early days the only carpet on the floor was in the "sitting room" and perhaps in the hotel owner's bedroom. Heating in the winter time was at a minimum and travelers sat around the stove on the ground floor, getting their shins warmed before running up stairs to the bedroom.

If lucky, the traveller had a room heated by stove pipes, and at times the smoke leaked from the pipes. When the water in the basin was frozen solid in the morning the traveller slipped on his overcoat and dashed down to the hotel kitchen for a pitcher of warm water. He was lucky to have the water stay warm enough to complete shaving. There were cold days and hot days but there was always good hospitality in the hotels of yester years.