

Many men remember vividly the days when Lindsay was known as a lumber and railroad town.

When a bulk of the men were earning \$1.20 a day and free board in the saw mills and lumber yards. Many workers received a bit more if they were working for a railway company. This sum today is considered to be a mere pittance but in days gone by, the money "looked good" and was good.

These were the days when "men were men", so to speak, when a big dinner of meat, vegetables, soup, tea, home made bread and piest cost the "princely" sum of 25 cents — when the butter was in a dish and meat on a platter and pie tossed in — all for that shinging "two-bits"; the day when butter was in a dish and meat on a platter and pickles and pie tossed in—all for that shining "two-bits"; the day and there were so many flies that they did not all find a resting place and graveyard on the fly pads. Many a fly pad could be seen on a small plate or saucer in the centre of the table and while one was munching on a juicy piece of beef with knife and fork in hand, customers also swatted at the pesky bugs.

This same "Old Timer" told of the days in the lumber camps "back north" when men were as "hungry as bears" and a carcass of pork soon disappeared. The cook

was a man and even if the victuals were a bit on the tough side and the butter was too salty and the dried apples in the pie were tough -- they were still good wholesome meals and as a rule the men had ravenous appetites and they enjoyed their meals.

It was apparently the custom to sit around and chat, tell "tall" stories and many of these stories were not of the same brand as the nice little stories of today. The men slept in bunks and generally on straw with a blanket underneath the body and another on top.

Old timers state that the stories were not always of the Sunday type but they were amusing and many of the men were real good at swapping stories. At times a fiddle could be heard. Although beef and especially salty pork was served often, there was always a bit of choice venison or deer meat and it was a common sight to see a carcass of bear meat hanging up near the shack. Tea was so strong that one "could almost walk on it" and the milk came direct from the faucets. All brands and varieties of food tasted good.

In these "good old days", tall trees fell to the ground just where they were wanted and where they could be easily stripped of their branches and then drawn to the edge of the lake or river, rolled into the water and usually tied in large numbers and encircled by boom logs. "Lumber Jacks" ran across log rafts and seldom fell into the water. At times lumber jacks ran across the large rafts with the ease and skill of "the man on the flying trapeze" and riding on the logs and steering the logs from below a dam and through whirlpools was accomplished with great dexterity and ease.

Large rafts of timber were next tied to small but mighty tug boats and piloted to the saw mills at Haliburton, Dorset, Fenelon Falls and Lindsay.

It was interesting to follow the course of the long, wet and heavy logs as they were steered on to a large and solid chain up a large trough and guided to the sawing machine, a fast moving piece of mechanism. On the mill tracks the logs were speedily sent on their way to the man who operated a large saw. The carrier swept backwards and forwards and the once huge log was soon cut into boards, exactly the right number of inches thick.

A dirty job was the one where some mill hand picked up the wet edgings from the logs and tossed the bark on to a pile — all the time having to keep up with the machine. This latter job netted the guy one dollar and twenty-five cents a day — not bad at that time.

Many of the men were employed the year round, in the bush in the winter and at the mill in the summer.

The John Carew Lumber Company was a pioneer firm in the area of Haliburton, Dorset and other districts and even today there are local residents who worked for this firm and they speak highly regarding this self educated gentleman who was so popular he had very little opposition when he became a member of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. Incidentally Arthur W. Carew still carries on business under the familiar and honourable name of Carew.