

"Little Hector" was the name of a race horse owned by John Aldous of Fenelon Falls, who operated the Aldous Hotel at the canal for many years.

"Little Hector" was a famous pacer. This must have been true, for this is the third time this fast pacer has made headlines in the Main Street column in the short time of four weeks.

Max Aldous of Lindsay can relate a number of interesting stories about his grandfather for whom he worked as a lad. When a boarder could not pay his bill amounting to \$40, he turned the colt over to his landlord.

The colt began life on the turf at an early age when the Annual Fall Fair was the biggest event in the village. It showed promise and won a number of races with ease. Aldous was a sportsman and he visualized racing possibilities and a lot of fun. He hired a man named Sykes of Lindsay to train the colt and in the first two or three races for horses that have never won a race for money, Little Hector showed his heels to all comers, and was soon heard about at Fair meets all over the area.

With his pockets jingling with money, John Aldous entered the pacer in many racing events across the U.S. border and picked up a pocket full of dough.

When a syndicate bought the horse, Aldous tucked \$1300 cold cash in a cigar box, covered the box in an old travelling bag stepped on the train and made his way back to Lindsay. He forgot to pick up the bag of greenbacks and made a hurried call at the next

depot. By a streak of good fortune he recovered the satchel still containing the money.

According to Max Aldous, Little Hector not only had a strong racing heart, but short, strong racing legs. "It was generally on the home stretch that "Little Hector" showed his heels to the rest of the pacers", said Max. "I have been told when this little horse entered the back stretch he paced so hard that other horses in the race broke pace trying to keep ahead. Once a horse breaks stride that is the end of the race for a pacer."

John Aldous also had a horse named Dan Finnister, a horse that also won several races on district and outside tracks.

Other hotel keepers in Fennelon Falls included Jerry Toomey and J. Brooks. Joe Jacque was also singled out as one time owner of the Toomey House, because Joe also had a race horse, a horse which he drove at a number of summer and winter meets. He will be remembered by many people for a saying that was almost continually on his lips, "It looks like rain, my friend" even when the sky was filled with sunshine and not a cloud to be seen. Jacque at one time ran the Grand Union in Lindsay, and his brother Frank was hosteler at the Butler Ho-

tel where Fee Motors is now located on Kent Street.

Hockey days in Fenelon Falls were recalled by Aldous as he mentioned that "Pacer" McDougall and Bill Stoddart of the famous Lindsay Midgets were from the Cataract village. Morris Lansfield, called "Mike" was also a fast hoc-

key player. Lansfield was a forward and a good looking young man with a gold tooth, which in those days caught the fancy and eyes of his admirers. Mansfield later operated a small stage between Fenelon Falls and Lindsay and later a bus service.

It is recalled that on a Saturday night in March 1936, the Lansfield bus left Lindsay only to become snowbound near Cameron. The popular Morris had little difficulty in finding lodging for his passengers among the good folk of Cameron, and continued on his route the next afternoon.

"Jim Daniels and Max Brandon were hockey moguls and they were in the thick of players' arguments for a long time," said Aldous. "They did much for the sports in days not so long ago. Max Brandon could hardly skate but he played goal. He used to get down on his knees and catch the puck and stop all kinds of shots, and the wonder is he never suffered any serious injury."

Max Brandon, stated the informant, did a lot for hockey. He organized tournaments and he was not backward in spending his own money to promote the sport.