

A train of fifty cars pulled into Lindsay on the CPR a few days ago — not nearly as long as the freights which passed through Lindsay fifty years ago hauling grain from Port McNicol to the Montreal harbor. Port McNicol at the time was expected to be one of the largest on the line and many railroaders dug down deep into their pockets to buy stock and they lost the entire bundle — the Port died a natural death and at an early age. There are a few residents of Lindsay today who bitterly recall the day when they invested in Port McNicol stocks, took their losses with a bit of bitterness and then made a motor car trip to the "Port" to see what they had bought — a large area of chopped down trees and the entire stretch a sad looking lot of charred stumps and underbrush.

Residents of the East Ward at one time sat on verandahs and watched long trains go by hauled by big locomotives and the same people in later years sat on the same front stoops and never saw a box car go by in weeks. The CPR passenger service was excellent with a train running from Toronto to Bobcaygeon every day and returning the same day. It was a good train and rendered good service. Many will remember the special weekend train which carried Toronto people to Dunsford, Ancona Point and Bobcaygeon, the destination being their summer cottages. This excellent method of transportation gradually disappeared with a growing popularity of the automobile. Also disappeared the genial conductor in his neat suit of blue, decorated with gold bars on the sleeve showing his years of service with the Company.

The entire crew including the engineer and his fireman,

brakeman and baggageman all vanished and bit by bit the train became shorter and shorter. Finally the busy and obliging station master and his ticking machine left the scene of action and the final sad blow was administered with the disappearance of station agent and this was followed by the tearing down of the station. Except for the incoming freight and tank cars, activity by rail has been cut to the lowest minimum. Such is life, such is progress!

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People like to gamble, especially when money and stocks are involved. The days when Port McNicol was exploited in the dream that it would be one of the busiest ports on the Canadian Pacific system proved to be a speculation bubble and when "the balloon" was pricked a number of Lindsay people lost a bundle of money.

When local investors visited the Port after the boom their eyes beheld a street survey post cut away out in the coun-

try and lots they paid for were in an area which had been burned to the ground in preparation for the expansion which never occurred.

Another bubble blew up. Remember when two or three leading Lindsay businessmen "were sold" on Cap's Gold Mine in Carolina? The shaft down the mine was visited by local promoters and it was reported at the time that they were shown streaks of gold in the underground tunnel. Stocks were unloaded in Lindsay, Belleville and other districts but they proved to be worthless. There were several other hoaxes and many local people were gullible.