

"The noble east ward was at one time the "home" of a number of business plants and manufacturing establishments. For instance: The soft drink factory with Jack Crimmons as the owner and operator. He was a pioneer in the business. Bob. Martin had a pop work's plant on King Street and Wilbur Nicholls ran a large soft drink factory off Caroline Street at the rear of the Nicholls Store at Queen and Caroline. Nicholls spent a couple of years as a member of the town council.

Bob. Martin and Charles Taylor also operated a soft drink business on King Street.

Soft drinks was apparently a good business and one of the pioneers in the business was Jas. B. Begg, with a busy plant on the north side of Peel Street, west of Cambridge Street. This pioneer business man was active in the field of politics, filled the role of Mayor, was the Founder of Gothic Masonic Lodge and Past President of the Victoria Trust and Savings Company. This same gentleman was active in parliamentary politics and was unsuccessful as a Liberal candidate in governmental politics.

J. B. Begg was one of the early directors of the Victoria Trust and Savings Company and a Past President of the institution. The diversified ability of this gentleman was evidenced when he was a director and later president of the Lindsay Central Fair Board. This same citizen was a financial success. He had two daughters and one son, Herb Begg, who left Lindsay at an early age for Vancouver, B.C. where he joined the automotive business operated by Begg Brothers, the largest distributors of automobiles in British Columbia in that era. Certainly the late Jas. Begg was one of Lindsay's most active and most successful citizens.

A flash of memory and back to the days when men wore Christie hats of the bowler type — hard felt hat with a high crown and a narrow brim. Remember when the low ankle shoes topped all sales and black and also brown leather were the rage. Men who had a few extra dollars stepped into black kid shoes with pointed toes. Tan and chocolate colored shoes were pushed to the front and higher laced boots were left under the store counter. In the same period low white shoes were the rage.

How many readers remember when to be up-to-date attending a dance, men carried an extra pair of shoes known as “dance pumps”.

Turning the time backward, remember going to school wearing “cow hide” boots, the kind that were oiled with grease to keep out the wet and the rain. At the same time many ladies jammed their toes into a narrow, long pointed low shoes. Men and women have been at times long suffering when jamming their pedal extremities into shoes that were fractions too small. Bunions and corns were painful and the old saying was true — “Pride suffers no pain.” This wise old saying still holds true today.

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Several decades ago Lindsay had a number of special

citizens who might be classed as prominent, not politically or "Churchy", just good guys. D. C. Trew was the librarian when there was a library in the Grand Trunk Station at the south end of William Street and he was tagged with the name "Judge" when in his role as a Judge of Poultry enabled his attendance at Fall Fairs held in different towns and villages. He was called a Judge.

How many readers remember "Judge" F. D. Lee, an expert photographer who was in his early career associated with the Miss Maud Morton Studio. There were other good photographers, including a man named Oliver, Miss Morton, and Fulton Stewart.

Fulton Stewart, always an eligible bachelor, was quite artistic and as a side line he was one of the first to introduce modern techniques. This same gentleman was one of the founders of the Lindsay Dramatic Club with a charming amateur actress in many stage productions, Miss Harriet Bate.

Mention of the name Morton recalls a fabulous story concerning Norman Morton, who as a young man drifted to the United States and to the City of Boston, we think. Here he started a new industry, the manufacturing, or baking, the well-known Morton miniature pies. He started out pushing a two wheel cart along the streets, using a bell to draw the attention of housewives. The Morton pies actually became famous and young Mr. Morton had scads of money. The story continues, Morton apparently did not believe in banks and instead placed the money in the old proverable sock and then hid the lucre in a specially built hole in the cellar wall. Apparently his big mistake came to light when a young adventuress female

managed to intrigue him and learn where he hid this pile of green backs, married Morton and then "took leg bail" and disappeared with the "green backs" and the young millionaire almost immediately contracted poor health and passed away. For verification of the story, readers should contact Andrew Robertson, one time teller with the Victoria and Grey Trust. .

Mentioning librarians, how many readers can recall Miss Reazin, a very kind and gracious lady, the adviser and friend of many book lovers. Then there was School Inspector W. H. Stevens, a former teacher at the Collegiate Institute. That is another story for the future.