

Four school houses and trustees,
 Pic-nics, socials and soirees,
 Parlor music, band in strain,
 And firemen form the gallant train ;
 Bowling alley, sportsmen's fun,
 And skating rink where sparking's done :
 One house where tons of pork are packed,
 One factory for the bark extract ;
 Two flouring mills in town that go,
 Five saw mills standing in a row ;
 Eleven steamboats sail in town
 And fifty scows run up and down ;
 Square timber rafts to Lindsay sent
 To shun the rapid river Trent,
 Transhipped on cars to Hope direct
 Then rafted on down to Quebec.
 Rich townships round this city stand
 Like gardens in the Promised Land,—
 Ops, Emily, Verulam, Fenelon wide,
 And Mariposa are her pride,—
 The wealthy farmers dwelling there
 Fill Lindsay's streets and market square ;
 They load their carriage and crack their lash,
 In Lindsay city they get their cash.
 At the court house stand and view
 One thousand dwellings old and new ;
 Read upon the census rolls
 Four thousand and three hundred souls.
 Six boot shops work with peg and twine,
 Four ovens bake the superfine,
 Two foundries melt and also mould,
 Three chartered banks pay glittering gold
 Telegraph to Britain's throne,
 Two presses make the tidings known
 That reading millions all may know
 This total town is a business show.