

J. W. Wallace.

FOR THE BALANCE OF THE YEAR

I will sell as low as any place in the county.

My retail department is well stocked with good serviceable lines and I offer special bargains to farmers.



TWEEDS, BLANKETS, YARNS

And all Winter Goods sold at

A CLOSE MARGIN INDEED.

BEST : PRICES : FOR : WOOL

Either in CASH or TRADE.

J. W. WALLACE,

Lindsay Woolen Mills.

9th, 1926-18.

Pomeroy's Plaster advertisement with logo and text: Pomeroy's Plaster, Cures Backache, Lung Troubles, Rheumatism, Etc.

James Hamilton CUTTERS! CUTTERS! Sleighs, Sleighs. Advertisement for sleighs and buggies.

Pedacura advertisement: PEDACURA CORN PLASTERS. The Peleg White Proprietary Co.

Mrs. H. Silver's LADIES' FURNISHING HOUSE advertisement.

Canada Life Assurance Company advertisement.

Mrs. H. Silver advertisement.

F. C. Taylor advertisement.

A WARM HOUSE IN WINTER advertisement.

Pennyroyal Wafers advertisement.

John Makins advertisement.

Ayer's Preparations.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a normal and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from debility and loss of appetite; if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1926.

A CASE OF DOUBLE.

I doubt if the records of crime furnish a more curious case than that of Arthur Foxon. It occurred twenty-five years ago, and I do not wish at this late date to revive it to the mortification of relatives who were in no wise to blame for his wild career.

It was in the month of August, 1891, that I was called to attend a case of double murder. The neighborhood in which the murder occurred could be approached by two different roads from the county seat, and as I wanted to stop at the house of one of my nephews I took the other road from which the farmer had come.

Of course, the action arrested our captivities. I was armed, while the farmer was not. I left the carriage for the three horses, and was in close of the man before he had passed from sight. He was not a swift runner, while I was a fair one. I began to gain on him at once, and he was nearly half way across the meadow when he heard me so close behind that he turned and whistled.

It was only after he had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged that strange phrases began to come out of his mouth. He had carefully concealed his name, but he had given the name of Arthur Foxon, but he did not believe it to be his right one.

The next strange thing was the apparent death of the condemned. I looked into his cell one day and found him, as I believed, dead. A doctor was called, and he said it was a case of heart disease.

But, his pulse was gone and his face took on that pallor which only death can bring. An electric battery was tried, but it produced no effect. The limbs became stiff and rigid, and pins were thrust into the soles of his feet without bringing a wince.

The outside public hears very little of what goes on in prisons. I had no intention of permitting the world to know what a human curiosity I had got hold of. I wrote a statement to the governor, feeling that it would be personally interested, and the queer mistake made by the doctors was sufficient to prevent them from gossiping about his instructions.

I had no further anxious experiences with my prisoner until three weeks before the date of his execution. Then a third woman came, this time from Buffalo, to claim him as her son, Joseph Parker. Before permitting her to see him I made her furnish a close description. His picture had been published far and wide, and she might have detected a fancied resemblance.

From the open door of the kitchen the path stretched away to the high rail fence that hemmed in the vegetable garden, the pride of old man Saunders' life. Pots and pans glittered on the walls, bright as the day outside. Due to Viney's nimble fingers all this neatness and polish (poor little brown, spare thing, they had laden her with the stately name of Lavina, albeit soon corrupted into the more commonplace 'Viney').

It was all done in a minute. All in the same second it seemed to her, too, that she heard her father's voice give a yell like that of a wild beast, and knew that he had seen Joe outside and caught his wife as she ran wildly up. Her father could not see, for she had retreated unconsciously behind the heavy door in opening it.

"You will wait for me," he says. "Saunders is going to the other side of the fence to Deane's and Lavina's somewhere else."

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Saunders' Wife.

The maples stood motionless like clumps of gold, in the mellow autumn haze, and the bare brown field, where it dipped with a hollowing bend in the vegetable garden, the pride of old man Saunders' life.

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