

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!



These Reed lockers Now on Sale for Only

25 of these on Sale **\$14.95** None Supplied to other Dealers

Choice of Any **9c** Maxwell's \$2.50 FOOD CHOPPERS **\$1.29**

TRADE IN YOUR OLD FURNITURE ON NEW

THE IMPULSE
BEHIND
THIS
SMASHING SALE
IS
QUICK MONEY.
GETTING!

The bargains are so stunningly impressive that the rush of buyers will be instantaneous. Put off everything else and get here to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

WATCH YOUR WINDOWS



A Manufacturer's Loss

Is Your Gain!

SAVE!
SAVE!! SAVE!!!

Never Before—Never Again—Such Dominant Values

3-Piece Mohair Suite

Another 3-Piece Mohair Suite

\$139 **\$159**

Complete, Chesterfield and two chairs, loose cushions, etc. Loose Cushions, etc., 3 pieces complete
Demonstrating Thomas Superior Merchandising Ability Throughout Western Ontario

Remember---

Two Whole

Carloads

Nothing but

Chesterfields

Further

Dazzling

Values

Don't Wait

Get the Pick

Here's a Spotlight Bargain

45-Piece Tea Sets

\$7.95

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

A LAST WORD ABOUT

THESE CHESTERFIELDS

All are guaranteed both by us and the manufacturer. In the lot there are also 10 high-grade Tapestry Suites. You are sure to see what you want. All have loose cushions, center leg, covered outside back, pleasing combinations, etc. Come the First Day.

Another Spotlight Bargain

Felt Mattress

\$6.87

All Felt, Any Size. Now For A New Mattress

Slashing Bargains on Curtains, Curtain Material and Window Accessories.

Sample Curtains, One-Third to One-Half Off	35c Bungalow Nets, August Sale	40c Ecru Madras, August Sale	50c Washable Cretonnes, good heavy quality, August Sale	60c Ruffled and Dotted Marquette, August Sale
LOT NO. 1— \$2.50 Curtains for \$1.25 \$3.00 Curtains for \$1.50 \$3.50 Curtains for \$1.75 \$4.00 Curtains for \$2.00 \$4.50 Curtains for \$2.25 \$5.00 Curtains for \$2.50	LOT NO. 2— \$3.00 Curtains for \$1.50 \$3.50 Curtains for \$1.75 \$4.00 Curtains for \$2.00 \$4.50 Curtains for \$2.25 \$5.00 Curtains for \$2.50	LOT NO. 3— \$3.00 Curtains for \$1.50 \$3.50 Curtains for \$1.75 \$4.00 Curtains for \$2.00 \$4.50 Curtains for \$2.25 \$5.00 Curtains for \$2.50	LOT NO. 4— \$3.00 Curtains for \$1.50 \$3.50 Curtains for \$1.75 \$4.00 Curtains for \$2.00 \$4.50 Curtains for \$2.25 \$5.00 Curtains for \$2.50	LOT NO. 5— \$3.00 Curtains for \$1.50 \$3.50 Curtains for \$1.75 \$4.00 Curtains for \$2.00 \$4.50 Curtains for \$2.25 \$5.00 Curtains for \$2.50

In a great many instances only one of a pair—window slightly soiled from window, having been used for window display racks, etc.

Thomas Furniture Co. Limited

\$500.00 LISTEN TO THIS!
Worth of Furniture to be Sold
During this 10-Day Sale for Only
THIRTY-EVEN DOLLARS and FORTY-FIVE CENTS

ONE ARTICLE EACH DAY

Each day one valuable article will be selected to be sold at a give-away price. List of useful articles is published complete. It is not known just the day each one will be offered, except opening day, when it has been decided to sell the large Chesterfield Chair \$2.95, regular \$60.00, to the person holding lucky ticket.

SOME OF THE SUPPLIES

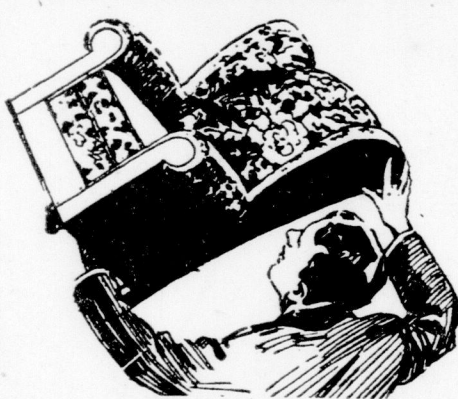
\$12.50 Refrigerator will go for \$1.95

\$28.00 Hammo-Couch will go for \$2.14

\$7.75 Bed Frame will go for 49c

\$20.00 Large Reed Rocker will go for \$1.95

\$37.50 Chesterfield Table will go for \$3.49



EVERY ONE HAS CHANCE

Everyone making a purchase of \$5.00 or over receives free a coupon (1 coupon for each \$5.00 expended). These coupons are numbered. At 9 o'clock each night the article for that day is drawn for the lucky ticket-holder getting the article by paying the insignificant amount as specified. The more you buy on that day the more chances you have. See windows; tell your friends.

THIS SEEMS LIKE A DREAM

\$95.00 Chesterfield will go for \$9.99

\$19.50 Genuine Red Cedar Chest will go for \$1.95

\$29.50 Marshall Mattress will go for \$2.78

\$17.50 Walnut Bed Outfit will go for \$2.88

You Never Hear of Such Sensationally Low Prices in All Your Born Days!

DRAWING Each Night at 9 o'clock

\$6 Chesterfield Chair Goes Thursday for \$2.95**THOMAS FURNITURE CO. LTD.**

240 Dundas Street

DRAWING Each Night at 9 o'clock

Thomas Furniture Co. Limited

Thomas Furniture Co. Limited

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Wholesome!

You couldn't have more wholesome milk than Silverwood's if you owned the finest cy in the world. Only the highest standard purity, wholesomeness and richness prevail at our plant. Silverwood's means a new era of Good Health for every home that uses it.

Drink More Milk!



Silverwood's

Our Home-to-Home Service At Your Very Door.

For Rosy Cheeks and Sparkling Eyes.

PHONE 6100 AND GET THE GOOD HEALTH ROUTE

Silverwood's

Silverwood's

WHITE FANG
by Jack London



THE PAST CHAPTERS:

White Fang, son of the she-wolf, leader of the northern pack, learned his first lesson in the wild as he takes the meat trail around his mother's lair, attack only the weaker. Captured by Indians while on one of his daily foragings, he surrenders when his mother, coming to his rescue, gives up as the man-animals recognize her as an escaped sled dog and call her name, Kiche. White Fang, taken to the camp, meets his first dogs; he finds them all anxious to fight. Lip-lip, an Indian dog, chooses White Fang for his special torment and the cub begins to add to his store of knowledge some of the finer points of the fighting game. Kiche, at last freed as domesticated, is then able to come to his aid in emergencies.

INSTALLMENT 15.

THE BONDAGE.

Later on that day, Kiche and White Fang strayed into the edge of the woods next to the camp. He had led his mother there, step by step, and now, when she stopped, he tried to follow her. The stream, the hill, and the quiet woods were calling to him, and he wanted her. He came, he ran on a few steps, stopped, and looked back. She had not moved. He whined pleadingly, and scurried playfully in and out of the underbrush. He ran back to her, licked her face, and ran on again. And still she did not move. He stopped and regarded her, all of an intentness and eagerness, physically expressed, that slowly faded out of him as she turned her head and gazed back at the camp.

There was something calling to him out there in the open. His mother heard it too. But she heard also that other and louder call, the call of the fire and of man—the call which it has been given alone of all animals to the wolf to answer, to the wolf and the wild dog, who are brothers.

Kiche turned and trotted back toward camp. Stronger than the physical restraint of the stick was the clutch of the fire and of man—the call which it has been given alone of all animals to the wolf to answer, to the wolf and the wild dog, who are brothers.

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each blow brought a yelp from him; but fear passed into terror, until finally his yelps were voiced in unbroken succession, unconnected with the rhythm of the punishment.

At last Gray Beaver withheld his hand. White Fang, hanging limply, continued to cry. This, at the moment, White Fang felt free to live. He was used up him, and he was bruised and sore in all his small body when he was again flung down in the canoe. Again and this time with purpose, did Gray Beaver kick him. White Fang did not repeat his attack on the foot. He had learned another lesson of his bondage. Never, no matter what the circumstance, must he dare to bite the god who was lord and master over him; the body of the lord and master was sacred, not to be defiled by the teeth of his slave. That was evidently the crime of crimes, the one offense there was no condoning nor overlooking.

When the canoe touched the shore, White Fang lay whimpering and motionless, waiting the will of Gray Beaver. It was Gray Beaver's will that he should go ashore, for ashore he was flung, striking heavily on his side and hurting his bruises afresh. He crawled tremblingly to his feet and stood whimpering. Lip-lip, who had watched the whole proceeding from the bank, now rushed upon him, knocking him over and sinking his teeth into him. White Fang was too helpless to defend himself, and it would have gone hard with him had not Gray Beaver's foot shot out, lifting Lip-lip into the air with its violence so that he smashed down to earth a dozen feet away. This was the man-animals' justice; and even then, in his own pitiable plight, White Fang experienced a grateful thrill. At Gray Beaver's heels he limped obediently through the village to the tepee. And so it came that White Fang learned that the right to punish was something the gods reserved for themselves and denied to the lesser creatures under them.

That night, when all was still, White Fang remembered his mother and sorrowed for her. He sorrowed too loudly and woke up Gray Beaver, who beat him. After that he mourned gently when the gods were around. But sometimes, straying off to the edge of the woods by himself, he gave vent to his grief, and cried it out with loud whimpers and wallings.

It was during this period that he might have harkened to the memories of the lair and the stream and run back to the Wild. But the memory of his mother held him. As the hunting man-animals went out and came back, so she would come back to the village sometime. So he remained in his bondage waiting for her.

But it was not altogether an unhappy bondage. There was much to

interest him. Something was always happening. There was no end to the strange things these gods did, and he was learning how to get along with Gray Beaver. Obedience, rigid, unflinching obedience, was what was expected of him; and in return he escaped beatings and his existence was tolerated.

Nay, Gray Beaver himself sometimes tossed him a piece of meat, and defended him against the other dogs in the eating of it. And such a piece of meat was of value. It was worth more, in some strange way, than a dozen pieces of meat from the hand of a squaw. Gray Beaver never petted nor caressed. Perhaps it was the weight of his hand, perhaps his unflinching obedience, perhaps the power of him, and perhaps it was all these things that influenced White Fang for a certain tie of attachment was forming between him and his surly lord.

Insidiously, and by remote ways, as well as by the power of stick and stone and clout of hand, were the shackles of White Fang's bondage being riveted upon him. The qualities in his kind that in the beginning made it possible for them to come in to the dress of men, were qualities capable of development. They were developing in him, and the camp life, replete with misery as it was, was secretly endeavoring itself to him all the time. But White Fang was unaware of it. He knew only grief for the loss of Kiche, hope for her return, and a hungry yearning for the free life that had been his.

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The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Is Astonished."

MAJESTIC MATINEES
Ladies' Silk Hose Free—Adv.

Tomorrow: The Outcast.

Chatterer, the Red Squirrel, Is Jealous of Happy Jack's Luck

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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There was no doubt about it: Happy Jack Squirrel and Mrs. Happy Jack had come over to the big maple tree by Farmer Brown's house to live. They were making their new home in a big, hollow branch half way up the tree. Farmer Brown's boy was delighted.

Of course, that new home didn't remain a secret very long. Some of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows managed to keep their homes secret, but others do not, and do not even try. It wasn't long before sharp eyes discovered that Happy Jack and Mrs. Happy Jack were spending all their time in or near that big maple tree. Most of the feathered people knew about that hollow branch, and right away some of them guessed that Happy Jack had taken it for their home. It took only a little spying to make sure of this. Then it was only a little while before everybody knew about it.

Perhaps I shouldn't have said that everybody knew about it. Shadow the Weasel didn't know about it. No one ever tells Shadow news of this kind. He has to find out such things for himself. But everybody else

interest him. Something was always happening. There was no end to the strange things these gods did, and he was learning how to get along with Gray Beaver. Obedience, rigid, unflinching obedience, was what was expected of him; and in return he escaped beatings and his existence was tolerated.

Nay, Gray Beaver himself sometimes tossed him a piece of meat, and defended him against the other dogs in the eating of it. And such a piece of meat was of value. It was worth more, in some strange way, than a dozen pieces of meat from the hand of a squaw. Gray Beaver never petted nor caressed. Perhaps it was the weight of his hand, perhaps his unflinching obedience, perhaps the power of him, and perhaps it was all these things that influenced White Fang for a certain tie of attachment was forming between him and his surly lord.

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Baby Is Named Hell-and-Maria

Twins Are Named After Leaders of Republicans.

Associated Press Dispatch.

Clarksville, W. Va., July 22.—Clarksville, home town of Charles W. Davis, Democratic presidential nominee, was advised today of the birth in Kanawha County of Coolidge Ransome and Hell-and-Maria Ransome, twin sons of Constable F. W. Ransome.

A week ago, the constable, a staunch Republican, read of the birth here of a boy named after the Democratic nominee. He then went to the city of London, where he was a trusted employee of the Hobbs Hardware Company for 12 years. He moved to Toronto, where he took a position with the Grand Trunk Railway as a clerk, and three years later he was moved to Montreal, where he served for eight years. He was made a constable there and in 1906 he was transferred to Stratford.

The late Mr. Smith was unmarried. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alexander and William of Leury and James S. of Alisa Craig; and a sister, Miss Charlotte Smith, Leury. The remains will be taken to Alisa Craig for burial on Thursday.

When using WILSON'S FLY PADS. READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY.

Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

AS SWEET AS SUGAR. RELIEVE THE CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY THE PRESENCE OF WORMS AND HELP TO RESTORE THE CHILD TO NORMAL HEALTH.

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