

MAIL ROBBERY LOSS MAY REACH \$55,000

Montreal Postmaster Unable To Name Definite Figure Yet.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Aug. 7.—While Postmaster Gaudet said this morning he was still unable to say what the loss was resulting from the robbery of a registered mail sack from a delivery wagon here on Tuesday night, various rumors put the amount as high as \$55,000.

At least \$5,000 was in two packages from a Montreal bank, it has been learned. Most of the other packages were from the Maritime Provinces en route west, and some time will be necessary to check up the amounts in them.

N. Y. FEDERAL RESERVE DISCOUNT RATE LOWERED

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Aug. 7.—For the third time this year, directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York today lowered the discount rate, marking it down from 3½ to 3 per cent.

The reduction gives New York the lowest federal reserve in the country. The action, apparently based on a desire to re-align the bank rate with open money market quotations, took Wall Street by surprise. The announcement was followed by active "over-the-counter" trading in Liberty bonds, which earlier in the day had suffered sharp recessions.

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Crocodile Wrenches—six handy farm tools in one; practical combination of a pipe wrench, a nut wrench, screwdriver and three dies for cutting and cleaning bolts. Sale **59c**
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Columbian Garage Vise, adjustable, nut and pipe vise with anvil attachment. Sale price **\$4.97**
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10-quart Preserving Kettles 49c	14-quart Dishpans for 57c	Willow Clothes Baskets, medium size \$1.29	GARBAGE PAILS
12-quart Preserving Kettles 59c	17-quart Dishpans for 67c	Large size \$1.49	No. 1, heavy \$1.29
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10-quart Dishpans for 47c			No. 3, heavy \$2.13

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Little Squirrels Learn When a Pile of Brush Is Not a Safe Place

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The four little Happy Jacks had learned something. They had spent most of their short lives in their own home tree, and to them a tree was the only safe place in time of danger. But now they had learned that there was safety in a pile of brush on the ground. Hadn't one of them escaped from Redtail the Hawk by falling into a pile of brush?

Mrs. Happy Jack led them down to the ground and over to that pile of brush. She told them to play in it for a while, and to learn how to crawl in and out between the sticks and how to get to the bottom of it quickly. They had a great time playing hide-and-seek in there.

But at last Mrs. Happy Jack called them out. "A pile of brush," said she, "is a very safe place in which to hide. But there are other enemies from whom it isn't a safe place to hide."

The four little Happy Jacks picked up their ears. "Who?" asked one of the little Happy Jacks.

"Some of your enemies who live on the ground," replied Mrs. Happy Jack. "Buster Bear would tear a little pile of brush like this all apart in no time at all for the sake of a tender, young squirrel for his dinner. I suspect that even Old Man Coyote would tear apart as small a pile of brush as this. Under a big pile you would be safe from Old Man Coyote or Reddy Fox, but you wouldn't be safe from Billy Mink if he happened along, nor from Shadow the Weasel. They could follow you anywhere that you could go. Brush piles are safe places in which to hide from enemies who fly. But



Some of Your Enemies Live On the Ground.

trees are the only safe places from enemies who can neither fly nor climb. Old Man Coyote cannot climb. Reddy Fox cannot climb. Buster Bear can climb and so can Bobby Coon and Yowler the Bob Cat. But neither can climb fast enough to catch a nimble, young squirrel in a tree. Always pick out a tree from which you can jump into another tree. Then they cannot follow you.

"But Billy Mink and Shadow the Weasel are good climbers. They can follow you into any hole you can squeeze into. Your only hope of escape from them is to try to leave them behind by jumping from tree to tree. You can jump farther than they can. Just remember that. There is no excuse for a lively squirrel who keeps his wits about him, being caught by any one but Shadow the Weasel. The secret of long life is knowing just what to do, and doing it. You will want to spend a great deal of time on the ground, but be sure that you never are far from a tree."

"Yes'm," said all the little Happy Jacks, and all four moved a little nearer to the nearest tree.

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PRETTY GIRL VANISHES AFTER \$34 ROBBERY

Sidelights on Hourd's Station Holdup Revealed in Court.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Belleville, Aug. 7.—Sidelights on the holdup at Hourd's Station, near Stirling, early yesterday, were brought out here today, when James Sullivan and John Sanderson of Lindsay were before the magistrate. Sanderson is the man who is charged with the actual holdup and the purloining of \$34. Half of this he gave to Richard Meser and Cecilia Fulton, bobbed-haired and pretty, and Sanderson's sweetheart.

Near Stirling, on a hill, Meser, who was driving, asked the other two men if they would walk, and once they were out of the car, "stepped on her" and sped away with the Sanderson revolver and the Sanderson girl. Meser is wanted by the police of Lindsay for alleged theft. He and the girl have vanished.

GENERAL FERRERA FLEES WITH NUMBER OF TROOPS

Associated Press Despatch.
Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Aug. 7.—War Minister Gen. Gregorio Ferrera fled from the capital to the mountains this morning with a large number of troops and a large quantity of arms and ammunition, in open rebellion against the government. Vigorous revolutionary activities have already begun near the Nicaraguan border, and hostilities are expected to break out here at any moment.

WHITE FANG by Jack London

INSTALLMENT 29.
THE INDOMITABLE.

"It's hopeless," Weedon Scott confessed. He sat on the step of his cabin and stared at the dog-musher, who responded with a shrug that was equally hopeless.

Together they looked at White Fang at the end of his stretched chain, bristling, snarling, ferocious, straining to get at the sled-dogs. Having received sundry lessons from Matt, said lessons being imparted by means of a club, the sled-dogs had learned to leave White Fang alone; and even then they were living down at a distance, apparently oblivious of his existence.

"We a wolf and there's no taming it," Weedon Scott announced. "Oh, I don't know about that," Matt objected. "Might be a lot of dog in it, but you can kill it. But there's one thing I know sure, and that there's no getting away from."

The dog-musher paused and nodded his head confidently at Moosehide Mountain. "Well, don't be a miser with what you know," Scott said sharply, after waiting a suitable length of time. "Split it out. What is it?"

The dog-musher indicated White Fang with a backward thrust of his thumb. "Wolf or dog it's all the same—he's been tamed already."

"No!" I tell you yes, an broke to harness. Look close there. Dye see them marks across the chest?"

"You're right, Matt. He was a sled-dog before Beauty Smith got hold of him."

"An' there's not much reason against his bein' a sled-dog again."

"What dye think?" Scott queried eagerly. Then the hope that he had added shaking his head. "We've had him two weeks now, and if anything, he's wilder than ever at the present moment."

"Give 'm a chance," Matt counseled. "Turn 'm loose for a spell. The other looked at him incredulously.

"Yes," Matt went on, "I know you've tried to but you didn't take a club."

"You try it then."

The dog-musher secured a club and went over to the chained animal. White Fang watched the club after the manner of a lion watching the whip of its trainer.

"See 'm keep his eye on that club, Matt said. "That's a good sign. He's no fool. That's the trouble. He's so long as I got that club handy. He's not clean crazy, sure."

As the man's hand approached his neck, White Fang bristled and snarled and crouched down. But while he was approaching hand, he at the same time contrived to keep track of the club in the other hand, suspended threateningly above him. Matt unsnapped the chain from the collar and stepped back.

White Fang could scarcely realize that he was free. Many months had gone since he passed into the possession of Beauty Smith, and in all that period he had never known a moment of freedom except at the times he had been loosed to fight with other dogs. Immediately after such fights he had always been returned again.

He did not know what to make of it. Perhaps some new devilry of the gods was about to be perpetrated on him. He walked slowly and cautiously, prepared to be assailed at any moment. He did not know what to do, it was all so unprecedented. He took the precaution to sheer off from the two watching dogs and walked carefully to the corner of the cabin. Nothing happened. He was plainly perplexed, and he came back again, pausing a dozen feet away and regarding the two men intently.

"Won't he run away?" his new owner asked.

Matt shrugged his shoulders. "Got to take a gamble. Only way is to find out."

"Poor devil," Scott murmured pityingly. "What he needs is some show of human kindness," he added, turning and going into the cabin.

He came out with a piece of meat, which he tossed to White Fang. He sprang away from it, and from a distance studied it suspiciously.

"Hiya, Major," Matt shouted warningly, but too late.

Major had made a spring for the meat. At the instant that his jaws closed on it, White Fang struck him. He was overthrown, and White Fang, but quicker than he was White Fang, but staggered to his feet, but the blood spouting from his throat reddened the snow in a widening path.

"It's too bad, but it served him right," Scott said hastily.

But Matt's foot had already started on its way to the dog. White Fang. There was a leap, a flash of teeth, a sharp exclamation. White Fang, snarling fiercely, scrambled backward for a moment, while Matt stooped and investigated his leg.

"He got me all right," he announced, pointing to the torn trousers and unbuttoned shirt. "It's all right, I told you he was hopeless, Matt," Scott said in a discouraged voice. "I've wanted about it off and on, while not wanting to think of it. But we've come to it now. It's the only thing that can be done."

As he talked, with reluctant movements he drew his revolver, threw open the cylinder, and assured himself of its contents.

"Look here, Mr. Scott," Matt objected. "That dog's been through hell. You can't expect 'm to come out a white and shining angel. Give 'm time."

"Look at Major," the other rejoined. The dog-musher surveyed the stricken dog. He had sunk down on the snow in the circle of his blood, and was plainly in the last gasp.

"He's been loose. Give 'm a fair chance. An' if he don't deliver the goods, I'll kill 'm myself. There."

"God knows I don't want to kill 'm or have him killed," Scott answered, putting away the revolver. "We'll let him run loose and see what kindness can do for him. And here's a try at it."

He walked over to White Fang and began talking to him gently and soothingly.

"Better have a club handy," Matt warned.

Scott shook his head and went on trying to win White Fang's confidence.

"White Fang was suspicious. Something was impending. He had killed this god's dog, bitten his companion dog, and what else was to be expected than some terrible punishment?"

But in the face of it he was indomitable. He bristled and showed his teeth, his eyes vigilant, his whole body wary and prepared for anything. The god had no club, so he suffered him to approach quite near. The god's hand had come out and was descending upon his head. White Fang shrank together and grew tense as he crouched under it. Here was danger, some treachery or something. He knew the hands of the gods, their proved mastery, their cunning to hurt. Besides, there was his old antipathy to being touched. He snarled more menacingly, crouched still lower, and still the hand descended. He did not want to bite the hand, and he endured the peril of it until his instinct urged up in him, mastering him with its insatiable yearning for life.

Weedon Scott had believed that he was quick enough to avoid any snap or slash. But he had yet to learn the remarkable quickness of White Fang, who struck with the certainty and swiftness of a coiled snake.

Scott cried out sharply with surprise, catching his torn hand and holding it tightly in his other hand. Matt uttered a great oath and sprang to his side. White Fang crouched down and backed away, bristling, showing his fangs, his eyes malignant with menace. Now he could expect a beating as fearful as any he had received from Beauty Smith.

"Here! What are you doing?" Scott cried wildly.

Matt had dashed into the cabin and come out with a rifle.

"Nothing," he said slowly, with a careless calmness that was assumed. "Only goin' to keep that promise I made. I reckon it's up to me to kill 'm as I said I'd do."

"You don't."

"Yes I do. Watch me."

As Matt had pleaded for White Fang when he had been bitten, it was now Weedon Scott's turn to plead.

"You said to give him a chance. Well, give it to him. We've only just started, and we can't quit at the beginning. It's not my right, this time. And—look at him!"

White Fang, near the corner of the cabin and forty feet away, was snarling with blood-calling viciousness, not at Scott, but at the dog-musher.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly gosh-goggled!" was the dog-musher's expression of astonishment.

"Look at the intelligence of him," Scott went on hastily. "He knows the meaning of firearms as well as we do. He's got intelligence, and we've got to give that intelligence a chance. Put up the gun."

"All right, I'm willin'," Matt agreed, leaning the rifle against the woodpile.

"But will you look at that!" he cried, pointing to the dog.

White Fang had quieted down and ceased snarling.

"This is worth investigatin', Watch."

Matt reached for the rifle, and at the same moment White Fang snarled. He stepped away from the rifle, and White Fang's lips descended, covering his teeth.

"Now, just for fun."

Matt took the rifle and began slowly to raise it to his shoulder. White Fang's snarling ceased, and with the movement, and increased as the movement approached its culmination. But the moment before the rifle came to a level on his head, he leaped aside behind the corner of the cabin. Matt stood staring all the while at the empty space of snow which had been occupied by White Fang.

The dog-musher put the rifle down solemnly, then turned and looked at his employer.

"I agree with you, Mr. Scott. That dog's too intelligent to kill."

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Tomorrow: The Love Master.

NEW HIGH IS RECORDED IN STERLING EXCHANGE

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Aug. 7.—News that the Allies and Germans have come to complete agreement on the manner in which the war will be declared under the Dawes plan today resulted in a sensational gain of 6½ cents in sterling to \$4.51½, a new high record for the year, and stimulated the buying of French governmental and municipal bonds, nine of which broke through their previous high prices on gains of one to three points.

"Grand to Have Your Health"

Says Mrs. Jenny Evans of Detroit, Mich. Few of us appreciate our health until we lose it. Mrs. Evans worked in a factory, but owing to a weakness and pain in her back she was forced to give up work. She says: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me well. It is grand to have your health, to feel well all the time and to go around like other women without that awful torture of female troubles. Women who are suffering from such troubles should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the tried and true medicine now recognized everywhere as the standard remedy for female ills.—Advt."

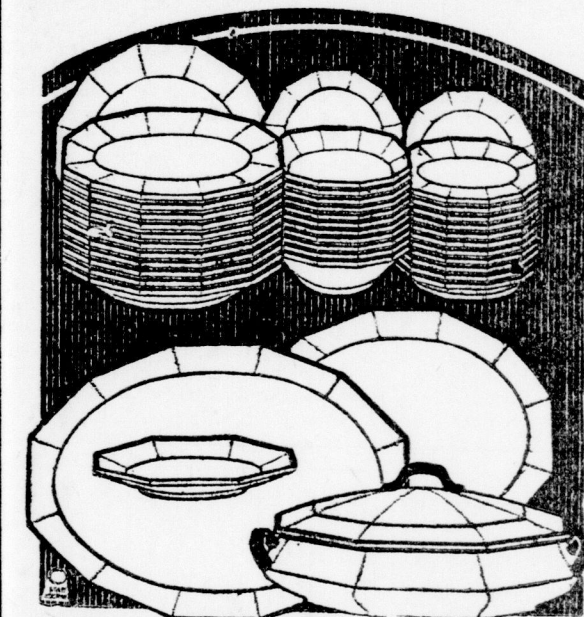
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August Furniture Sale

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Special Purchase and Sale of Dainty DINNER SETS

We have just received an immense shipment of Beautiful Dinner Sets at special prices, featuring all the new patterns and designs. To-morrow we place this entire shipment on sale at special prices and terms.

THESE BEAUTIFUL SETS ON SALE TO-MORROW FOR

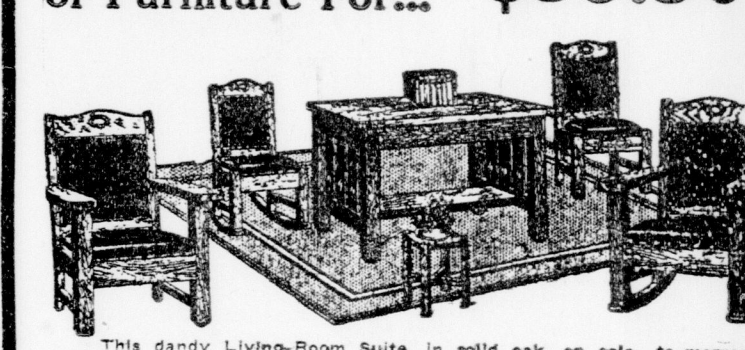
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FROM 9 TO 12 O'CLOCK TO-MORROW

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SAUCE PANS **95c**
Shop early, as supply is limited.

A Whole Roomful of Furniture For... **\$39.50**



This dandy Living-Room Suite, in solid oak, on sale to-morrow at a ridiculous price. Eight pieces! Armchair, sewing rocker, arm rocker, straight chair, library table, taborette and two book ends, upholstered in brown Bradley leather, fumed oak, luxurious spring seats. This handsome Suite goes on sale to-morrow for only **\$39.50**

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\$7.50 Electric Irons **\$3.95**
Oilcloth Remnants, per yard **39c**
\$5.00 Boudoir Lamp **\$2.95**
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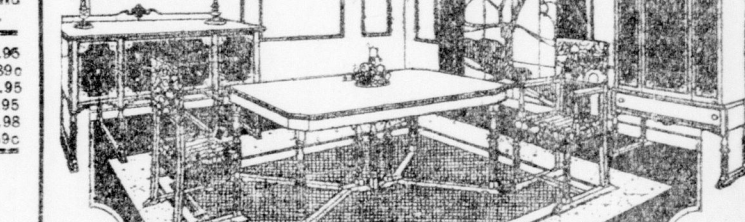
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