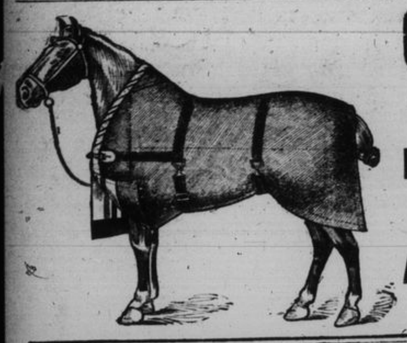

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For

HORSE BLANKETS
HALTERS, AND
ALL STABLE
REQUISITES

YOU CAN CARRY IT.

Buying a house may seem like quite a large undertaking, but we have the plan which will help you to do the carrying without inconvenience. It will pay you to see us.

Office open Saturday evenings, 7 to 9 o'clock.

J. S. R. McCANN.
51 Brock Street. Next to Wade's.

SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Alterations and additions to Post Office, Toronto," will be received at this office until Tuesday, 30th September, inclusively, for alterations and additions to post office, Toronto.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender obtained at this department and at the office of S. G. Curry, Esq., architect, Toronto.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable, the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 15th Sept., 1902.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

Don't Forget...

What? 1st, that this is preserving time; 2nd, that our plums (blue, red and green), pears, peaches, Canadian grapes, etc., are the finest in the city, and are cheap in price.

A. J. REES, Princess St.

BLINDS,
GRILLES,
STORM SASHES,
And all kinds of Interior and Exterior
WOOD WORKING
Well Manufactured by
S. ANGLIN & CO.

Piles To prove to you, that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
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All Healing Ointment

Will Cure Burns, Frozen Limbs, Cuts, Salt Rheum, Broken Breasts, Cracked Nipples, Children's Sore Heads, Boils and Healing Fingers. PRICE—25c.

NO HUMBUG A PERFECT HORSE STRETCHER

Humane Bowles V. Stock Marker and Calf Dehorner. Stops swine of all ages from rooting. Makes 48 different ear marks, all sizes, with same blade. Extracts Horse Teeth. Testimonials free. Price $1.50 or send $1 for trial if it works send balance. Paid U.S. May 6, '02 for 17 yrs. Canada Dec 17, '01, 18 yrs. FARMER BURGESS, Fairfield, Iowa, U. S.

SOLD.

THE PIANO THAT WAS ADVERTISED for sale is sold. I will now offer a very fine old-fashioned extension table that will seat about thirty people. Apply at Geo. MILLS' AUCTION ROOMS.

THE WHIG — 68TH YEAR.

DAILY BRITISH WHIG, published each evening, at 306-310 King Street, at $6 per year. Editions at 2.30 and 4 o'clock.

WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 12 pages, published every Thursday morning at $1 a year.

Attached is one of the best Job Printing Offices in Canada; rapid, stylish and cheap work; nine improved presses.

EDW. J. B. PENSE, PROPRIETOR

THE DAILY WHIG.

Opifer per Orbem Dicor.'

TALK ABOUT COALITION.

The local conservatives were asked by their organ what they thought about the coalition government, and they all pooh-poohed the idea. A coalition government would not make a new scatterment of the patronage, and it is pap the boys are after. "We've been a long time in the cold," they whisper, "and without the comforts of office. Now it is time we had a show, just for a change."

One of the parties made a very hopeful and pleasant suggestion. It was to the effect that the Ross government resign. This would enable the lieutenant governor to send for Mr. Whitney and give him the opportunity of forming a government. Mr. Whitney's first act would be to formulate a policy, and appeal to the country. If the people disapproved of him, his colleagues in the administration, and his programme he would, of course, resign. Meanwhile he and his friends would use the government power and patronage and make the most of them.

Clever schemes have been advanced by the tories in their struggle for office, and to no purpose. The last one is on a par with many that have gone before it. One man, in a serious spell, wonders what Pitt and Burke and Canning would think of our provincial politics. The dear only knows. The spirits of the departed, it is said, hover over some people and have some influence upon their actions. Sometimes their spirits are communicated with and their messages interpreted for the benefit of confiding friends. What the tory leaders should do is get a medium and see what he can effect. If Pitt and Burke and Canning can endorse Whitney and his following, especially the Kingston end of it, great will be the surprise.

REMOULDING OF YOUTHS.

The discussion of boys' reformatories in the Home Office, brings out the fact that the experience in England does not accord with that of Canada.

In our country, at a recent conference, which was attended by persons educated in penology, it was declared that prison life generally was demoralizing. The conclusion was reached that reformatories for boys soiled in place of brightened their careers.

In England it is different. Mr. Ritchie, of the Home Office in addressing a deputation which had waited upon him in the interest of industrial schools, said that their record was very cheering.

The returns of 1896, 1897, and 1898 showed that seventy-five per cent. were in regular employment, three per cent. in casual employment, and the career of five per cent. was unknown, leaving seventeen per cent. who had perhaps gone back into the condition which, in all probability, most of the others would have fallen into if it had not been for the good work done in the reformatory schools.

In the war in South Africa many of those brought up in reformatory schools had distinguished themselves. A total number of 2,597 had gone out, and of those 113 had been killed in action or had died of disease; 272 were wounded or invalided; three had been recommended for the Victoria Cross, five for the distinguished service medal, and one for a commission, while a large number had been promoted.

This led Mr. Ritchie to say that the industrial schools were duly appreciated, and, in view of what they had done, in the way of transforming so many lives and making them useful, some of them distinguished, more care and money would be spent in their development.

One further circumstance was accentuated—that the Home Office does not believe in whipping as a corrective. The Youthful Offenders' Bill had a provision for whipping, and rather than imperil the measure the clause was eliminated. The statement will be particularly noted in view of the suggestion of Warden Gilmore that whipping should be resorted to in the Central prison as a punishment of certain offences. Some men are not mentally impressed. They cannot be cured of bad habits by rebukes. They must be lashed. So goes the reasoning of some people, and it does not coincide with the wisdom and experience of our English friends.

THE TALK OF THE HOUR.

The tariff question has come in for more than a fair share of attention. It touches trade at every point, and is, therefore, a lively issue with all classes of the community. At the same time it affects these classes so differently that it leads to various and conflicting thoughts. However men may agree on other things, on the tariff they are bound to disagree. It has always been thus, and it always will be.

Differences among people generally are to be expected. They are not looked for in ministers, in members of the same government, and so when Messrs. Tarte and Sifton put themselves upon record as holding opposite ideas the people make a note of the fact. Mr. Tarte poses as one who tries to put himself in touch with public opinion. He has been moving among the people and understands what they want for the protection or promotion of their business, a higher tariff, and he talks it at the banquets and public functions to which he is invited. Mr. Sifton spent some of his vacation in the west, which he represents, and the wants of which he appreciates, and he alleges that a higher tariff is not desired, that it has not been discussed by the government and that Mr. Tarte has been simply advancing his own particular views upon the subject.

Incidentally the Globe and Mr. Tarte have clashed because our contemporary has commented upon the impropriety of a minister being so emphatic upon tariff revision and so creating the impression that he is voicing the sentiments of the government. It suggested that Mr. Tarte was not to be restrained by ordinary considerations, that he was bound to talk 365 days of the year if necessary, and upon as many themes. Which is a compliment in itself, concerning the versatility of the man, and yet a compliment which Mr. Tarte does not accept. He is going to keep on his discourses, and say just what he pleases.

Meanwhile two prominent conservatives have spoken. One is the leader of the party. He is out for "a protection that will insure to Canadians their own markets, at all times and under all circumstances." This is not very commital. It does not bind the man to anything. The details are missing. More specific is the declaration of Mr. Brock, who admits that there is great force in the argument of Mr. Greenway that the west will not stand any higher tariff without a lowering of the transportation rates to the seaboard. The assumption of the Winnipeg Free Press is thus warranted, that as things stand Mr. Sifton will win out in the tariff discussion.

The point of the whole discussion is this: That the opinions so far offered, and so far in circulation, are those of individuals and by no means the opinions of the government. Mr. Tarte and Mr. Sifton may indicate how they feel and how they will vote on the subject, but the government is not giving expression to its mind in piece-meal fashion, just now. It reaches its conclusions in regular form, and its finance minister announces them in his budget debate. Outside of this proceeding there is nothing authoritative.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The director of the Toronto Observatory announces that the wet seasons are about over, and that a dry spell is at hand. He's posing as a Modern Joseph, and tells of the lean time that's coming.

Mr. Charlton, M.P., wants reciprocity with the Americans, on equitable terms. The people to the south, however, are not at all enamoured of the proposition, though certain papers have suggested that it is a live issue.

The Licensed Victuallers are not going to let the temperance people have things their own way in Ontario. They are dividing the province into districts and putting organizers into them. These will see that the vote on their side as is full as possible.

Considering that he has so far failed to make much of an impression upon the government, in having it call a meeting of the legislature, Mr. Goldwin Smith is very generous with his advice. If Mr. Ross has read all that has been written for his good he must be very wise.

The Kingston Whig is not against an enquiry into the tariff, as the Montreal Gazette suggests. It is against enquiries such as the conservative government conducted, when, after all the travel and talk, the manufacturers boasted that they handed their brief to the government.

Mr. Tarte is enjoying the breeze which his talk on tariff revision has created. At the dental society's debate in Montreal he said he might not be a minister very long. This is for the benefit of those who would silence him. And he's called the master of the administration. Verily, there's something out of gear.

"Bibby's." Oak Hall. "Bibby's."

New fall top coats, short, medium, or long swagger coat, $6.50, $7.50, $8, $9, $10, $12.50. The H. D. Bibby Co.

Canadian Woman's News Letter.

From the Canadian Syndicate.

Ottawa, Sept. 19.—While the papers have been full of the comings and goings of the distinguished Australians, who are now in the country, and we have been favored with pictures and minute descriptions of Sir Edmund Barton and Sir John Forest, the public has heard next to nothing about the ladies of the party who nevertheless have made as favorable an impression upon those who have had the pleasure of meeting them as have the gentlemen. Miss Barton, in particular, wins golden opinions wherever she goes. Lady Barton and Lady Forest are quiet, agreeable women, more like English ladies than Canadian, and not at all like Americans, and everyone likes them; but in speaking of Miss Barton, her admirers show a decided tendency to run into superlatives "as pretty as a picture" observed one male admirer. "Hasn't got any frills" said a second, elegantly. "Well got up," added a third. From which somewhat incoherent compliments it may be gathered that Miss Barton is a dignified and well-dressed young woman, with a pretty face and no affectation of manners. Her likeness to her father, the premier, of the new Commonwealth, is also a subject of frequent remarks. As to the men of the party, if one may be allowed to descend to personalities regarding such august individuals, it might be remarked that Austin Chapman, the government whip, is possessed of the greatest personal charms.

* * * *

Lady Eileen Elliott, the eldest daughter of the governor-general, and Lady Minto, is in a rather uncertain position this season as regards Ottawa society. She spent the past year at school in Paris, returning to Canada, with her parents, in July. When it was seen on her arrival that she was in long skirts and wore her hair done up, it was whispered that she had been privately presented while in London, and was now "out." This is not the case, however, as Lady Minto considered her daughter too young to be formally ushered into society. Yet owing to her position as eldest daughter and Lady Minto's liberal views, Lady Eileen takes her part in the functions at Rideau Hall, and sometimes accompanies her mother to other places. At a recent wedding, Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot, chaperoned by Mrs. Maude, were among the guests, and at the dinner party given while the Australian party was in town, Lady Eileen, although not at the dinner, was present with her mother in the drawing-room afterward. Lady Eileen, who was born seventeen years ago at Rideau cottage, during his excellency's sojourn in Canada as Viscount Melgund, inherits her mother's stately bearing, soft voice, and charming manners, besides being very like her in face and figure. In fact, she and Lady Minto have frequently been mistaken for each other by persons not very well acquainted with both, a circumstance which bears eloquent testimony to her excellency's youthfulness.

* * * *

The epidemic of marriage which struck the capital city in the spring and carried away a number of her fairest daughters, has, after a lapse of a few months, sprung again into vigor. Already this month two brilliant weddings have been celebrated, and next week another fair maiden, Miss Mary Cotton, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. Cotton, will become the bride of Mr. Rosamond, of Almonte, nephew of Bennett Rosamond, ex-M.P. Miss Cotton, who is a last year's debutante, is a fair-haired and stately young woman, with the soft "English" coloring, and very popular among the young people.

Another fiancee who will make the city her future home, is Miss Mildred Macdougall, granddaughter of Hon. William Macdougall, a brilliant, dark-eyed beauty, whose engagement to Stewart Cameron has just been announced, and whose marriage will take place very shortly. Still another of this season's brides-elect is Miss Florence Ray, daughter of C. B. Ray. Miss Ray is a leader among the musical and literary circles. Her marriage will probably take place before the New Year. The latest engagement announced is that of Miss Bessie Avery, daughter of F. Avery, to Mr. Price, of Quebec.

* * * *

The Ontario government is holding two model fairs this fall, one next week at Richmond and the other at Whitby. At both, domestic science exhibits will be a prominent feature. A model kitchen and dining-room are being fitted up for the Richmond fair, under the direction of Miss Bessie Livingston, of the Ottawa Normal school, and are expected to be one of the greatest attractions of the exhibition. No trouble is being spared to make the rooms not only useful for culinary instruction, but object lessons in artistic and inexpensive house-furnishing. The floors will be colored in harmony with the tinted walls, and there will be white muslin curtains on the dining-room windows and the daintiest of the silver and linen on the table. Miss Livingston will give a couple of talks, and will use the various items of the equipment for more informal instructions. For the Whitby fair demonstrations in cooking have been arranged by the Women's Institute, and it is the hope of the government and directors that the example will be followed by the directors of other country fairs.

* * * *

Lady Henry Somerset, president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, has been obliged to decide, by the orders of her physician, that she will speak only once in public during her coming visit to Canada. Toronto will be the favored city, and there the White Ribbon leader will address the Ontario Provincial Women's Christian Temperance Union at its annual meeting during the last week of October. It is expected that Lady Henry Somerset will have something to say regarding the prohibition tangle in Canada and W.C.T.U. Members are very anxious to hear it. At one time Lady Henry was suspected of not being quite "sound" on the prohibition question and her supposed disloyalty to the principles of the W.C.T.U. led to some grievous dissensions in the ranks, but some recent utterances in England were reported as being as strong as anything Francis Willard could have said, and the White Ribboners are filled with rejoicing.

DREAMS IN EVOLUTION.

By Elizabeth Johnson.

A baby of seven summers with her great, wide, wondering eyes,
O sages I sometimes question if ye are one-half so wise!

Caught and imprisoned the sunbeams in her tangled floating hair,
As she stood in the velvety grass by the creek with her brown feet bruised and bare.

Dreamily watching the water as it gurgled beneath the trees,
Living like them on the sunshine and the perfumed summer breeze.

We have wandered away, we people, from nature's life and truth,
And are sightseers now in her temples, where we lived and loved in our youth.

O I do not envy the wealth or power the great world has to give,
But I sometimes envy the children, they, only, know how to live!

And yet—O taint from a by-gone age enfolded in this young mind,
Taking from nature her priestess, giving her back to her kind!

This baby would sit by the window of the old, log house in the trees,
When the pines grew black in the twilight, and bent and swayed in the breeze.

Would sit and dream of a stranger coming from far away
With books and toys and a doll-house at no very distant day;

She waited and hoped but he came not—the days with such dreams are rife—
And the pain of unsatisfied longing ate into her tender life.

II.

A maiden of fourteen summers with her great, red awkward hands,
Living like Cinderella on the border of fairylands.

Drudging to-day in the kitchen, dreaming to-mint of the dance,
Poring o'er books on the morrow of fanciful, weird romance.

The queen of an ancient palace with its wonderful halls and towers,
And parks, and lawns, and wood-lands, with trysts in moonlit bowers.

With the drip of its marble fountains—with walks in its shady grove,
With rose-lit clouds in the distance, enfolding the prince of love.

But the days of her girlhood vanished as her childhood had gone before,
And she smiled with womanly wisdom at her dreams and her hopes of yore.

III.

How swiftly the years glide past us! The maiden is now a wife
Dreaming upon the threshold of this wonderful dream called Life.

Have you sat with a friend in the twilight 'till the stars came out in the blue,
And the tender enfolding shadows shut out the world from your view?

The brooding spirit of nature, the visible soul of night,
Passed into your own, and life became a tremulous, sad delight.

Have you stood alone by the water, alone by the widening sea,
And gazed on the rhythm and motion of the blue waves wild and free;

With their opal lights and shadows as they broke on the sandy shore,
Murm'ring the song of the ages, their secret forevermore?

And standing alone by the ocean, though in sound of the city din,
The drowsy, roaming murmur blending the discords in.

Lulled your soul with the music it made of the pain and strife,
'Till you forgot you were human, and heir of a deeper life.

IV.

The shadowy nights glide from us, and the days with silent tread,
And the hurrying hours rush onward, to mingle with ages dead.

A moment is ours for laughter, a moment is ours for tears,
As glimpses of joy or sorrow flash out from the mutable years.

A moment of tender dreaming of love the meaning of life,
A moment of sad awak'ning—it came to the girlish wife.

And the mists of morning vanished in rain through a night of tears,
And she looked with startled wonder on the changed and cruel years—

O secret and silent anguish! O eyes full of pleading prayer!
O masked 'neath proud, cold faces what lurking, wan despair.

O hatreds bitter and burning! O petty war and strife!
A race of slaves and tyrants,—Are these thy gifts, O Life?

* * * * * * *

Purity, justice, and freedom, we have made of our homes their graves,
And planted within our children the seed of a race of slaves—

Slaves in the rich man's mansion, slaves in the poor man's home,
Slaves in the senate-chamber, but slaves where'er we roam.

Slaves in the halls of learning, slaves at the helm of state,
And helpless slaves of labor in the crowded markets wait.

V.

But the dawn of the day is breaking, the blackness of night is past
The light of the coming sunrise beams over the world at last.

But young eyes used to the darkness grow dim in the blaze of light
And turn for clearer vision to the paling stars of night.

And she with an eager yearning poured over our ancient lore,
And with dreams of its vanished heroes she peopled her world once more.

She followed the flight of ages back into the misty past,
Eager to grasp their secrets and justify life at last.

She groped 'mid ancient cities long buried from eyes of men,
And peopled the crumbling ruins with teeming life again.

Watching the phantom myriads flit over the stage of night,
Everywhere wealth and splendour, everywhere power and might.

Everywhere man with nature contending face to face
And making the giant master the servant of our race.

Everywhere thoughtless millions enslaved by base-souled slaves,
And crime and wars and famines, filling the greedy graves.

While everywhere out of the babel some clear voice soars above,
Pleading for justice and freedom, pleading for virtue and love.

She stood by the youthful Gracchi as they pleaded the people's right,
The one with a fiery vehemence, one calm in his pitiful might.

Who strove with the wavering Romans, lost now unless they could save,
'Till the coward crew unworthy, gave them to a bloody grave.

She listened to Plato's master calm in his prison cell,
Answer to Chrito's pleading, and knew he had answered well.

Shall we purchase our freedom with honor? or purchase our life with Death?
'Is the soul not more than the body? and virtue than fleeting breath?

She reverent bowed with the Aztecs Quetzal's holy shrine,
Pondered with thoughtful yearning o'er Buddha's words divine.

Gleaned from the ancient Spartans their thoughts with wisdom rife,
Trying to solve the riddle of this fleeting, changing life.

VI.

Then a voice to her soul from the present strife and strife and fray
Cried, "Wake from your sleep, O dreamer, and live in your world to-day."

She sorrowful turned to her people, sunk in the depths of night,
And found in man transfigured by Freedom's dawning light.

Saw the supreme struggle of ages raging again on earth,
Where each child for Freedom he has given a thousand birth.

While, like grain that has lain for centuries garnered by night and frost,
Not one past hope has perished, not one past truth is lost.

Then she cried, "From the ages, like golden the shadows of sheep are cast,
Here in the living present is the meaning of all the past.

Its shadowy thought takes substance and form in a higher birth,
All of its wisdom and goodness is living to-day on earth.

In ever-augmenting forces, in ever-increasing powers,
In the war-cloud's gathering blackness whose shadow upon us lowers.

In justice and equity purchased with blood-shed, carnage and strife,
And Freedom leading us onward through the portals of Death to Life.

With the clashing of giant forces, with thunder and wind and storm
The world from a mighty chaos is rounding into form.

And even should its units perish, greater shall take their place,
All that is best in us "deathless, shall live in the life of the race."

"Bibby's." Oak Hall. "Bibby's."

Have you seen our 50c. neckwear. Our $1 shirts, our $1 gloves, our 25c. hosiery? No, well, there's a treat for you here, The H. D. Bibby Co.

Take the Rideau King for Ottawa every Tuesday and Friday, at 1 p.m. James Swift & Co., agents.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Thomas S. Reath, President Detroit Travellers' Club, says Warner's Safe Cure permanently cured him of kidney disease, malaria and indigestion. A trial bottle of this great kidney and bladder cure sent absolutely free to every reader of this paper who suffers from kidney, liver, bladder or blood disease.

IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

If you have pains in the back, rheumatism, or rheumatic gaut, uric acis poison, diabetes, Bright's disease, dropsy, eczema, inflammation of the bladder, stone in the bladder, torpid liver scalding pains when you urinate, if your body puffs up with or without pain; or, if a woman, you have fainting spells, painful periods or so-called female weakness, your kidneys are diseased and you should lose no time in sending for a free trial bottle of Warner's Safe Cure. If you do not wish to wait for the free trial, get a 50c. bottle at your druggist's. It will relieve you at once and effect a permanent cure.

THIS TEST WILL TELL.

Put some morning urine in a glass or bottle; let it stand 24 hours. If it becomes cloudy, or contains a reddish, brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased and you should at once

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

begin to take Warner's Safe Cure, to arrest all these unnatural conditions. It isn't safe to delay even one day.

No. 184, Piopelle Street, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: A year ago I had a bad attack of malaria, which affected my kidneys—in fact my entire system. I was troubled with excruciating pains in the back; I lost my appetite, became irritable, nervous and unable to attend to my duties. My doctors could do nothing for me. Fortunately a friend had a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure and gave me a dose to try it. I felt the effects immediately and ordered a large bottle and took it faithfully. I kept on improving, and before the third bottle was used I was well and felt as though new life and strength had been given me. My old vigor and enthusiasm had returned, as did my appetite. Your Safe Cure is indeed a true friend to suffering humanity, and better than any other medicine I know of. THOMAS S. REATH, President Detroit Travellers' Club.

Thousands of letter like Mr. Reath's are received daily from grateful patients who have been permanently cured by Warner's Safe Cure.

CURES KIDNEY DISEASE

Warner's Safe Cure is purely vegetable and contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is free from sediment and is pleasant to take; it does not constipate; it is a most valuable and effective tonic, and is a stimulant to digestion, awakening the torpid liver and putting the patient into the very best receptive state for the work of the restorer of the kidneys. It prepares the tissues, soothes inflammation and irritation, stimulates the enfeebled organs and heals at the same of the restorer of the kidneys. It strength and restores the energy that is wasting under the baneful suffering of kidney disease. It kills the disease germs. Warner's Safe Cure has been prescribed by leading doctors for 25 years, and is used in all prominent hospitals exclusively.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS move the bowels gently and aid a speedy cure.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is sold by all druggists, or direct, $1.00 a bottle.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES AND IMITATIONS. There is none "just as good" as Warner's. Insist on the genuine, which always cures. Substitutes contain harmful drugs which injure the system.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE:

The manufacturers so firmly believe that WARNER'S SAFE CURE will absolutely and permanently cure any diseased condition of the kidneys, liver, bladder, or blood, that they will send postpaid, without any cost to you, a large trial bottle, if you will write Warner Safe Cure Company, 44 Lombard street, Toronto, and mention having seen this liberal offer in the Whig. The genuiness of this offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher. Write the medical department for advice, medical booklet, diagnosis and analysis, which will be sent you free of charge.

SEE HERE, HARRY!

It's just like this. I have tried all the clothing stores in town and have at last settled down on The H. D. Bibby Co. The suit I get there is always sure to be stylish and of good material. Everything about it is right in every way. Now go around town and see for yourself, and I will wager a good cigar that you can't beat THE H. D. BIBBY COMPANY on a

$7.50, $8, $9, $10, $12, $13, $14 or $15 SUIT.

THE H. D. BIBBY CO.,

One Price Clothiers and Haberdashers, OAK HALL.

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BOYS BAKED TO DEATH.

Fire in a Straw Stack—They Couldn't Escape.

Frankfort, Ind., Sept. 20.—Two young sons of George Trobaugh, a farmer, were burned to death in a straw stack. There was a hole in the stack caused by the straw having been piled over two fallen trees and the boys are supposed to have gone into the hole and started a fire. They were unable to escape and their bodies were almost totally consumed. Trobaugh saw the fire break out and ran to the stack. He could see the children baking in the roaring furnace, was was driven back by the terrible heat and seriously burned in his effort to save them.

The dry, sweet ginger, which has just arrived from Crosse & Blackwell, is the best we have seen. Come in and try it. Jas. Redden & Co.