OLDEST MEMBER OF REBEKAHS IS DEAD

Henry Pearse Joined Order 43 Years Ago.

Mrs. Henry Pearse, 442 Central avenue, for 58 years a resident of London, and the oldest member of the Rebekahs of the I. O. O. F., in point of service, in Canada, and probably on the continent, died at her home on Thursday. She had been ill for some time, and her death was not

unexpected.

Mrs. Pearse had been a member of Victoria Lodge, No. 1, London, for the past 43 years. Some years ago she received the Decoration of Chivalry, the highest honor in the gift of the Oddfellows, at the grand lodge meeting in St. Thomas, and two years ago received the forty-year veteran's jewel at a grand lodge meeting to Hamilton.

weteran's jewel at a grand lodge meeting in Hamilton.

Born in Scotland.

Mrs. Pearse was born in Glasgow, Scotland, 64 years ago. She was a member of Colborne Street Methodist Church, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of a very large circle of friends.

Surviving are her husband, one son, Robert, Orchard street, and four daughters, Mrs. W. H. Poole, Wimbogne, Alta., Mrs. Charles Johns, St. Thomas; Mrs. Charles Johns, St. Thomas; Mrs. Charles Hemsworth, Arthur street, London, and Miss May Pearse, at home. Four other sons have died within the past seven years.

The funeral will take place on Monday afternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Service will be conducted at the family residence at 2:30 by Rev. D. N. McCamus, pastor of Colborne Street Methodist Church. The Rebekahs will attend in a body.

The British Social Union debate on Thursday evening, on the question whether women or literature was of the greatest help to the werker, was decided by the judges in favor of literature, but an appeal to the audience reversed this decision. The champions of "lovely woman" were Wm. Garratt and D. Davis, while the supporters of the claims of literature were H. F. Nicholis and M. Strauerd. The judges were R. D. Emery and R. J. Robertson.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES

**** Man's Misery **Promptly Banished**

(From "Man's Maladies.") A certain sort of misery which causes a man to become abject in manner, timid suspicious and jealous without real warrant, can be readily banished by a systematic nerve treatment which can followed out in the privacy of home and restoration of a normal or natural condition speedily

ensues.

A man feels and knows when he is not getting out of life all that it holds, and this knowledge makes the misery which occurs makes the misery which occurs with such symptoms as unsteady gait, weak voice, downcast eyes, cold extremities, loss of flesh, loss of self control, lack of self esteem, pains in the back and back part of head, shooting pains, heart replaintation pervousness. heart palpitation, nervousness, sleeplessness, hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, colorless lips, dizziness and trembling.

these dreadful symptoms restoration of power and strength to the nervous system restoration which has been poorly nourished or abused by thoughtless eating. drinking or social duties, perhaps superinduced by overwork, Keen, strong sensitive nerves which carry every sensation or emotion to the brain centres of consciousness can and should be the possession of every living individual. Let this prescription be used and the results will surely reward the efforts. Obtain of any good druggist, three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound, in a six-ounce bottle. ounce of compound Add one ounce of compound for two hours, then add one ounce of tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom) and one ounce of compound essence cardiol. Mix. Shake well, and take a teaspoonful after meal and one when retiring. three last named ingredients are specially prepared and powerful concentrations, much used in various prescriptions, but con-

tain no opiates to harm the sys-

These women once childless, now happy and hysically well with healthy children will tell how ydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made ll chis possible. Here are the names and correct

for yourself. They are only a few out of many



Wilmington, Vermont. "I have a lovely baby boy and you can tell every one that he is a 'Pinkham' baby." -Mrs. Louis Fischer

32 Munroe St., Carl-"We are at last blessed with a sweet little babygirl."-Mrs. A. LAPEROUSE, ntegut, La.

"I have one of the finest baby girls you ever saw."—Mrs. C.E. Goodwin, 1012 S. 6th St., Wilmington, N.C. "My husband is the

happiest man alive to-day." — Mrs. CLARA DARBRAKE, 397 Maril-la St., Buffalo, N.Y. "Now I have a nice baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. Do-sylva Corm, No. 117 So. Gate St., Worces-

"I have a fine strong baby daughter now."

— Mrs. A. A. Giles, Dewittville, N. Y., Route 44.

the cook, housekeeper, steward, on it. He was rather finicky about his bosoms, it seems—and his cuffs. as well.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. A word to the wise is sufficient. Buy a bottle this very day. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the true blood purifier, prepared only bg C. I. Hood Go. Lowell, Mass.

PHONE FORTY-FOUR HUNDRED-SMALLMAN & INGRAM, Limited | STORE CLOSES SATURDAY AT 6 O'CLOCK February Savings in Furniture For Dining-room, Living-room and Parlor

IN NO FORMER SALE have we had such a splendid assortment to offer

Do Not Decide Until You Have Seen the

from good substantial, moderately-priced grades to the finest Mary period styles such as Sheraton, Adam, Elizabethan, William and Colonial, all of the standard Smallman & Ingram quality throughout, and the savings on much furniture for the coming week's sale will be from 35 to 50 per cent.

This is our greatest February Furniture Sale. We knew it would be, because our assortment of special lines is better and greater than ever before, market conditions being responsible to a great extent for such great discounts as rule in this sale, the factories being desirous to clear all surplus stocks, much of which

Furniture in the Sale. ave come to us since this sale began, and will create much interest next week. We mention a few good specials for Monday.



DINING-ROOM

FURNITURE IN

FEBRUARY

Solid Quartered Oak Dining Suite at Sacrifice

(GOLDEN FINISH) Buffet, with two small drawers at top (one lined), large double cupboard and long linen drawer at bottom, size of case 42x20 inches, with 12x36-inch mirror, \$32.00. February

Extension Table, 45-inch, with heavy claw pedestal, extends to 6 feet, regular \$22.50. February Sale.....\$16.95 Dining Chairs, upholstered in genuine No. 1 leather, panel back, 5 small and 1 armchair, regular \$21.00. February

Fumed Oak Dining Set at a Big Discount

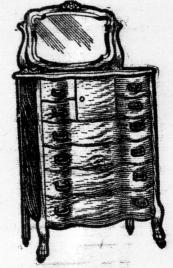
Solid Quartered Oak Buffet, fumed finish, new, large case, with two small drawers (one lined), large double cupboard, with half-shelf and long linen drawer, size of case 52x24 inches, with handsome shaped mirror 14x48 inches, regular \$45.00. February Sale\$33.00

Extension Table to match above, 46-inch top, with very heavy round base pedestal, regular \$27.50. February Sale... \$21.00

One set Dining Chairs to match, genuine leather, full box seats, 5 small and 1 armchair, regular \$25.50 .February Sale \$17.50



LIVING-ROOM FURNITURE IN FEBRUARY SALE.



FURNITURE IN FEBRUARY SALE.

Living-100m Furniture in Mahogany Bedroom Furniture Greatly Reduced February Sale

Mahogany Dressers, in period design, solid top and drawer fronts, with veneered ends, two small and two long drawers, case 45x20 inches, mirror 24x36 inches, regular \$35.00. February Sale\$26.00

Chiffoniere to match, with 2 small and 4 long, deep drawers, size 34 by 18 inches, with 22x18-inch mirror, regular \$35.00. February Sale\$26.00

Dressing Table, solid mahogany top and fronts, veneered ends, size 34x18 inches, with 22x18-inch mirror, regular \$20.00. February Sale \$15.00 Mahogany Bed, full panel, with heavy shaped top, all mahogany, size 4x6 feet, regular \$30.00. February Sale......\$20.00



This \$50.00 Mahogany Parlor Suite \$33.00 One Solid Mahogany Parlor Suite, 3-piece, Settee, Armchair and Rocker, a brand new design from the factory, upholstered in green repp, one of the best lines of the

Furniture Sale, regular price \$50.00. February Sale \$33.00

The makers of the above worldfamous goods have selected this store to handle their line exclusively in London. These high-grade lines measure up to the standard of the best made, and we can confidently stand back of them with our guarantee of satisfaction. They are converted into a bed with one motion, and are the only Davenports made giving a perfect bed to sleep on and a separate upholstered back. See

The "Kendell" Daven-

ports and Divanettes

these in Furniture Section. Bed Davenports, from \$24.00 up. Divanettes from \$28.50 up. Third Floor.

SMALLMANS NERAM NEW RIBBONS IN

NEW RIBBONS IN

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

One Suite Leather Living-room Furniture, all upholstered,

One All-Upholstered Armchair, in heavy tapestry, an

Armchair and Rocker, genuine leather, spring and loose

Three designs, in genuine leather, upholstered backs and

Also three designs in Morris Chairs, loose cushions, all

One Davenport, solid mahogany frame, stationary, uphol-

Settee 5 feet long, with heavy spring seat and back. Rocker and

Armchair to match, regular \$75.00. February Sale \$58.75

easy fireside chair, regular \$31.00. February Sale . . \$28.00

cushioned seats, loose cushions filled with hair and down,

\$35.00 Chairs. February Sale\$21.00

seats of fumed oak, den goods. To clear, February Sale,

stered in French denim and filled with white curled hair, regu-

lar \$55.00. February Sale\$39.00

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," Etc.

"We could not possibly raise any obection to Miss Castleton, if that is what you mean, Harriet," she said. "I am so glad you feel that way about it, my dear," said her friend, touching her handkerchief to her lips. "It would grieve me more than I can tell you if I thought you would have to go through with another experience like that of — Forgive me! I won't distress you by recalling you those awful days. Peor, susceptible Challis!"

"No," said Mrs. Wrandall firmly; "Les-lie is safe. We feel quite sure of him." The visitor was reflective. "I suppose there is no doubt that Miss Castleton will eceive him." she mused aloud. "We are assuming, of course, that Leslie means to ask har." said Leslie's mother, with infinite patience.
"I only mentioned it because it is barely possible she may have other fish to fry."

"A figure of speech, my dear."

And it set Mrs. Wrandall to thinking.
Brandon Booth took a small cottate on the upper road, half way between the village and the home of Sara Wrandall, and not far from the abhorred "backgate" that swung in the teeth of her connections by marriage. He set up his establishment in half a day and, being settled, betook himself off to dine with Sara and Hetty. All his household cares, likethe world, rested snugly on the shoulders of an Atlas named Pat, than whom there was no more faithful servitor in all the earth, nor in the heavens, for that matter, if we are to accept his own estimate of himself. In any event, he was a treasure. Booth's house was always in "A figure of speech, my dear."

order. Pat's wife saw to that. stress, nurse and everything else except the laundress, and she would have been that if Booth hadn't put his foot down Pat and Mary had been in the Booth family since the flood, so to speak. As far back as Brandon could remember, the quaint Irishman had been the same wrinquaint Irishman had been the same wrin-kled, nut-brown, merry-eyed comedian that he was today, and Mary the same serene, blarneying wife of the man. They were not a day older than they were in the beginning. He used to wonder if Methuselah knew them. When he set up bachelor quarters for himself in New

York, his mother bestowed these price: less domestic treasures upon him. They journeyed up from Philadelphia and complacently took charge of his destinies; no matter which way they led or how diversified they may have been in conception, Brandon's destinies always came safely around the circle to the starting point with Pat and Mary atop of them, as chipper as you please and none the worse for erosion.

Hetty stood there, straight and motionless, looking out over the water. So still was the evening wind that not a flutter of her soft gown was noticeable. She was like a statue.

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly smiled her welcome. When Sara smiled the heart of a man responded, long in advance of his lips. Hers was the invitance of his lips.

They stoutly maintained that one never gets too old to learn, a conclusion that Brandon sometimes resented.

He had been obliged to discharge three chauffeurs because Pat did not get on well with them, and he had found it quite impossible to keep a dog for the simple reason that Mary insisted on keeping a cat—a most unamiable, belligerent set at that the would have made home that. He would have made home a hell for any well-connected dog.

As he swung jauntily down the tree-lined road that led to Sara's portals, Booth was full of the joy of living. Dusk was falling. A soft breeze glowed in the western sky. Over the earth lay the tranquil purple of spent refulgence, the after-glow of a red day, for the sun had shone hot since early morn through a queer, smoky screen of haze. There was a deep stillness over everything. Indolent nature slept in the shadows, as if at rest during the weary day, with scarcely a leaf stirring. And yet there was a subtle coolness in the air, the feel of a storm that was yet unborn—the imperceptible shudder of a tempest that was drawing in first breath.

Before the night was half gone, the

Before the night was half gone, the storm would be upon them, to revel for a while and then pass on, leaving behind it the dank smell of a grateful earth.

But Booth had no thought for the thing that was afar off. He was thinking of the quarter-of-an-hour that came next in the wheel of time, whose minutes were to check off the results of a fortnight's anticipation. He had not seen either of the ladies of Southlook in the past two weeks, but he had been under the spell of them so sharply that they were seldom out of his thoughts.

Sara was at the bottom of the terrace,

anticipation. He had not seen either of the ladies of Southlook in the past two weeks, but he had been under the spell of them so sharply that they were seldom out of his thoughts.

Sara was at the bottom of the terrace, moving among the flower beds in the formal garden. He distinguished her from a distance: a slender, graceful figure in black. A black scarf edged with maribou covered her shoulders, the line of a white nec kseparating it from the raven hue of her hair. He paused at the lower gate to be thinking of things so remote. Shall we shout 'halloa the house'?"

He shot a glance at her and responded gallantly: "If she isn't thinking of us, why should we be thinking of the? Is it too near the dinner hour for you to let me sit here and rest before attempting to climb all those steps? And will you sit beside me, as the good Omar might have said?" He was fanning himself with his straw hat.

She searched his face for a second, a smiling but inscrutable expression in her gleaming white figure at the top of the terrace, outlined distinctly against the blue-black sky that hung over the Sound.

"I am eager to get at the portrait," I said he, after a moment.

"Leslie tells me that you want to do me also," said she carelessly.

He flushed. "Confound him! I suppose the flushed. "Confound him! I suppose why should we be thinking of the? Is it too near the dinner hour for you to let me said will you sit beside me, as the good Omar might have said?" He was fanning himself with his straw hat.

She searched his face for a second, a smiling but inscrutable expression in her gyes, and then sat down on the rustic bench at the foot of the terrace.

"Why didn't you let me send the motor may paint me. I shall be the first to fall more than words.

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly smiled her welcome. When Sara smiled the heart of a man responded, long in advance of his lips. Hers was the inviting, mysterious smile of the Orient, with the eyes half shaded by droopin, languorous lids; dusky, shadowy eyes that looked at you as through a veil, and yet were as clear as crystal once you lost the illusion.

"It is so nice to see you again," she said, giving him her hand.
"'My heart's in the highlands," he quoted, waving a vague tribute to the heavens. "And it's nice of you to see me." he added gracefully. Then he pointed up the terrace. "Isn't she a picture? ed up the terrace. "Isn't she a picture? 'Gad, it's lovely—the whole effect. That picture against the sky—'

He stopped sort, and the sentence was never finished, although she waited for him to complete it before remarking: "Her heart is not in the highlands."
"You mean—something's gone wrong
"Oh, no," she said, still smiling; "no ing like that. Her heart is in the low-lands. You would consider Washington Square to be in the lowlands, wouldn't

"Oh, I see," he said slowly. "You mean she's thinking of Leslie." "Who knows? It was a venture on my part, that's all. She may be thinking of you, Mr. Booth."



for you?" she asked, as he took his place beside her. "I mean to have an appetite in the ountry," he said, taking a deep, full reath. "Motors don't aid the appetite. Aeroplanes are better. I had a flight with a friend up in Westchester last week. I was very hungry when I came

"We'll all be flying before we really know it," said she. "Hetty tried it in France this spring. Have you seen Les-lie this week?" "I've been in Philadelphia for a fe days. Is he coming out on Friday?"
"Oh, yes. He comes so often nowadays
that we call him a commuter."

"Attractive spot, this," he said, with significant glance up the terrace. "So it would appear."
"He's really keen about her?"
She did not reply, but her smile mean

more than words. "I am eager to get at said he, after a moment.

at your feet and implore you to make me beautiful."
"If I fail in that," said he warmly,
will be because I am without integrit
with he will be because I am without integrity."
Again she smiled upon him with halfclosed eyes, and shook her head. Then

To Be Continued IRRITATING.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] One of the little irritations of a house wile s life is to borrow the maid of a near neighbor and then have one of the guests at the dinner party loudly recognize her.

BEFORE NOAH BUILT THE ARK

the spent years telling the people of impending doom, but they would not listen; surely one example, should be enough. We warn you again that if you have backache in the region of the kidneys, puffy swelling under the eyes, feel tired out, dizzy, swollen feet, ankles, darting pains in your body and limbs, excessive and painful urination, you surely have kidney and bladder trouble. Sanoi warns you again. Take heed and be wise. Sanoi will cure you. Sold at all druggists. Manufactured by the Sanoi Manufacturing Company, Limited, Winripeg, Canada. Special selling agents: Anderson & Nelles; W. T. Strong; Taylor Drug Company.