

**PANDORA**



Owing to the fine construction of most ranges it is a rather difficult feat to cook and bake successfully at the same time.

But the arrangement of the Pandora flues differs considerably from others. They are so constructed that the draft for baking is also the best for cooking, the heat circulating around the oven twice and under every pot hole before passing to the chimney.

The Pandora bakes and cooks perfectly at the same time.

Do you know of another range that does? If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for **Free Booklet**.

**McClary's**

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John

**The Home Circle.**

**When Greek Meets Greek**

"I hate a collar-band that's too wide!" muttered Alma critically inspecting the neatly made waist, the result of her mother's three days of patient labor. "These sleeves aren't half full enough, and I wanted hooks not buttons. I never get what I want."

Wearily Mrs. Boyce, however, paid no heed. An open letter fluttered from her hand. She dropped limply in the nearest chair. "It's your granduncle Timothy!" she gasped.

"Dead?" asked Alma.

"No," replied Mrs. Boyce. "He's coming to spend six weeks with us."

"Is it our turn?" asked Alma.

"Yes," said Mrs. Boyce. "It's just our turn."

Poor Mrs. Boyce was greatly perturbed. She had spent a trying morning with grumbling Alma, and although trying mornings with that inconsiderate young person were no novelty, their frequent recurrence made them no easier to bear. Granduncle Timothy's news, found the poor, harassed lady quite unfit for the receiving of unexpected tidings.

Mrs. Boyce always did the family dressmaking. For sweet-tempered, easily-pleased Ruth, two years older than Alma, the task was a pleasure; but sewing for the younger girl was a burden almost too great to be borne.

During her small girlhood Alma had been delicate, and it must be confessed, decidedly ill-tempered.

As she grew older, she grew stronger, but, unfortunately, so did her temper. There were moments—usually when she was among strangers—when she was fairly amiable, but there were other moments when the girl's outbursts of acute dissatisfaction drove harassed Mrs. Boyce to the verge of nervous prostration.

"I'd rather have every tooth in my hand extracted," she poor lady had confided to Ruth that morning. "than make that tan emamine for Alma."

"What does she want?"

"Well, so far," said discouraged Mrs. Boyce, "she has spent three hundred and sixty-four days a year mentioning things she doesn't want, so she hasn't had any time to say what she does like, she's precisely like your father's Uncle Timothy. I suppose I spoiled her when she was a child. If I had it all to do over again, I'd bring her up differently."

At that moment a peevish voice had floated down the stairway.

"Mother," it wailed feebly, "did I hear you say you were going to make tomato soup for dinner? I'm just sick of tomato soup!"

"What kind do you want?" asked Mrs. Boyce.

"Oh, I don't know!" Alma had returned impatiently. "Anything but tomato or bean or pea soup or mushroom or—"

"How would you like potato soup?" "I hate potato soup. Isn't there some kind we've never had?"

Uncle Timothy, if such a thing were possible, even harder to please than was Alma. Naturally, he was not a desirable visitor, which was peculiarly unfortunate, for visiting was poor Uncle Timothy's only occupation.

Mrs. Boyce lived farthest from Uncle Timothy. He had spent some over-to-be-forgotten weeks with the nervous little woman when Ruth was eight years old. But for eleven years she had, owing to distance, escaped a second visit. Now she was to have six weeks of Uncle Timothy—too much for any woman to contemplate with equanimity.

"Girls," said Mrs. Boyce, rising

lighted cry when her mother walked in.

"Where's Uncle Timothy?" asked the returned traveller, who appeared much benefited by her trip.

"On a feather bed on the sewing-room floor," remarked Alma, in a tone of deep aversion. "He said his bed was too soft, the couch too hard, the other spare-room bed was too springy and that the wall-paper every place else made him dizzy. But what brought you home?"

"An accusing conscience. I should not have run away, and I wasn't thoroughly happy until I had decided to run back again."

"Mother," demanded troubled Alma "do you think I'm like Uncle Timothy? Of all grumbling, hypercritical mortals—"

"Well," admitted Mrs. Boyce, trying not to smile, "there have been moments when you've reminded me of your Granduncle Timothy. You certainly have characteristics—"

"Then I'll get over 'em!" declared Alma, grimly. "I don't like what I'm coming to—an Uncle Timothy in petticoats! Light!"

Oddly enough, a few days later, Uncle Timothy recovered from his illness, expressed a fear that he was growing like Alma.

"I abominate a skirt that hangs in scallops!" said Alma, twisting to cast a displeased glance over her shoulders at the long, graceful folds behind her. "All the skirts you make, mother, go down in waves."

"Ruth," demanded Uncle Timothy, in a loud whisper, "am I anything like as disagreeable as your sister?"

"I am afraid you are, sometimes," confessed truthful Ruth with a smile that came near to pleasing even capricious Uncle Timothy.

"Well, if that's the case," he returned, "I'd thank anybody that'd just say 'Alma' whenever I seem to be getting cantankerous. If I thought I was getting as hard to please as she is, I'd— I'd join a don't grumble club."

It really seemed afterward as if Granduncle Timothy's visit had proved generally beneficial, for it was noticed by all the large family connection that with time Alma certainly grew softer, for more considerate toward her mother, and decidedly less petulant; and that Uncle Timothy occasionally stopped short in the middle of some sharp tirade, exclaimed "Alma!" and then became, in his suddenly altered mien, almost lamb like.

**TO MAKE LACE BOWS.**

The dainty little lace bows that are so popular just now, are made of a yard of lace about three inches wide.

Cut the lace into half yard lengths, plant or trim it finely. Sew each piece together, with joinings on the wrong side and gather very closely at the upper edge of the lace.

Put the two gathered pieces together in the form of a bow, wind thread tightly around the centre and cover the joinings by little pieces of lace or plain net, folded over and sewed together at the back. These bows are very smart with turndown collars.

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Ordinary sour buttermilk is a better tonic, is a better food than was ever bottled or boxed up by the dietmaster or doctor. Buttermilk is a very hearty food. Two glasses a day is enough for any one. This should be drunk with meals, or else should not be taken within two hours of a meal, says McCall's Magazine. Time should be given it to thoroughly digest before anything else is taken into the stomach. It takes buttermilk considerable over an hour to digest, and to drink another glass before the first one is digested is only to sit up difficultly with the digestive organs. Really, the best way to drink buttermilk is with the meals, though it may be drunk between meals as a sort of easily digested lunch.

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