

## The "PANDORA" Range Solves Cooking and Baking Problems--More Reasons Why

The superiority of the "PANDORA" Oven to that of any other range you can buy has been convincingly proven in a former advertisement. The swelling tide of orders from our agents testifies to that, yet there are many more features—some of them exclusively McClary's—which add to the excellence of the "PANDORA" range.

Illustration No. 1 shows the semi-steel linings of the "PANDORA" Fire-box. These linings are manufactured by a

special process. As you see there are five pieces—a front-piece, two ends and two at the back—and fitted into Fire-box without bolts or cement. The surfaces of these linings are smooth—they have great fire-resisting power and are already famous for durability and simplicity.



Illustration No. 1.

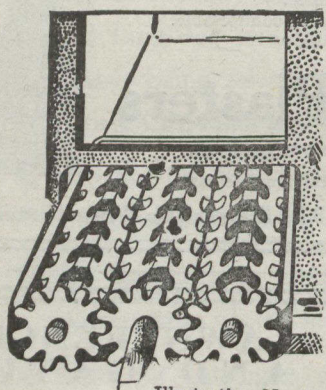


Illustration No. 2.

Illustration No. 2 shows the grates used in "PANDORA" range and the ease with which they are removed—being made with three bars they are heavier and stronger than the two-bar grate—the teeth are shorter—crush clinkers easier and are less liable to break. Anybody can remove the "PANDORA" semi-steel grates—the operation is simplicity itself. A boy can take out coal grates and insert wood by simply sliding them in and out on their independent grate frame.

The baking power of an Oven depends largely on Fire-box—it must be built in exact proportion to oven. The Fire-box of the "PANDORA" is deep and wide but not out of proportion—there is a wide surface at top of fire so that it radiates more heat and cooking can be done much quicker over front pot-holes without forcing fire—another apparent reason for our fuel economy claim.

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# McClary's

104 MONTREAL  
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## MOIR'S Chocolates

**Moir's Chocolates have an individuality**

that is unmistakable. We select the cocoa beans—roast, husk and clean them—add the cocoa butter and cane sugar—and flavor with vanilla beans. The **WHOLE** is then put through a grinding process for hours, which refines every particle and renders our chocolate coating absolutely smooth, giving it that *individual delicious flavor*. The chocolate is then applied to the many varieties of centers—packed in attractive boxes and offered to you as the finest chocolates on the market.

**Moirs Limited**  
HALIFAX, CANADA.

## LET THE PEASE FURNACE BUY YOUR WIFE'S HATS

# PEASE ECONOMY FURNACE

PAYS FOR ITSELF BY THE COAL IT SAVES

**REAL** money sufficient to do this can be saved by the users of PEASE HEATING SYSTEMS, through the small amount of coal required. PEASE HEATING SYSTEMS save from 25% to 40% in fuel, and with coal at the present high prices this means a lot—enough to pay for the entire cost of a furnace or boiler in a short time.

Our books, "The Question of Heating," or "Boiler Information" sent free on request.

**PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY.**  
TORONTO, ONT.

ONLY  
EXCLUSIVE  
FURNACE  
MAKERS  
IN  
CANADA

made acquaintances here. But it's not true, as you know."

But Mrs. Holland began to look at her in almost the same manner as Miss Woods had done. "How do I know?" she said, shortly, as she shrugged her shoulders and shortly left the room.

Edna was stupefied. What was this that had happened? Who had been impersonating her? For that the housekeeper believed what Miss Woods had hinted rather than what she, Edna herself, had said was plain enough.

Even the excitement of playing and singing to Lord Lockington, now that she felt him to be a friend whom she had met and conversed with, could not entirely quench the uneasiness and distress which Edna felt when she recognized the fact that someone had been making mischief for her.

Who it was, and how it had been made, she could not guess. She had seen, before that interview with the dress-maker, no faces but kind ones, and no offended expression upon the countenance of any of the household except that of Mrs. Holland on the previous evening.

What, then, could be the explanation of the mystery? That Miss Woods should have been so venomous, and the housekeeper so cold, seemed to point to the fact that both these women believed her to have been guilty of some grave indiscretion, of making friends with absolute strangers, or doing something equally unwise and improper.

She thought she would try to make an opportunity of challenging the housekeeper on the subject, although she knew that she had had the misfortune to lose part of Mrs. Holland's good opinion by the incident in the White Saloon on the previous evening.

In the meantime there was the interest of the first call upon her professional services which she had received since the odd meeting with the supposed Lord Lockington in the Blue Saloon.

Revesby, as usual, brought the message that his Lordship would be glad if Miss Bellamy would sing to him in the old wing; and, as before, she was escorted thither by the butler in high spirits in the hope that, as soon as the man-servant had retired, Lord Lockington would speak to her through the window between the two rooms.

But she was disappointed. The morning passed almost exactly as before. She had sung several songs, to the accompaniment of the organ in the adjoining room, when the butler appeared, as before, and announced that his Lordship thanked her and would be glad if she would play the organ and the piano in the great hall that afternoon after four o'clock, and that in the meantime he would not trouble her further.

Deeply disappointed as well as surprised, Edna went back to her own sitting-room and played and worked and read, feeling a strange reluctance to venture alone into the park after what she had herself seen there, as well as after the amazing suspicions which her leaving the house by herself seemed to have aroused.

The day, therefore, passed slowly and uncomfortably, and she was quite glad that, the next day being Sunday, she would have a chance of going beyond the park walls without exciting gossip.

It was Mrs. Holland who told her where the church was, and offered to take her there. They generally walked, she said, as it was not more than half a mile from the park gates.

The morning was fine and frosty, and Edna, in her black jacket without any furs, felt rather cold as she kept pace with Mrs. Holland's somewhat heavy and leisurely tread on their way through the park.

To Edna's satisfaction, they passed just near enough to the little square stone building with the heavy iron-bound door for her to be able to direct her companion's attention to it.

"What is that queer little stone house?" she asked.

Mrs. Holland laughed. "That's not a house," said she. "It's much too small for that. It's a sort of shed that was built by his Lordship's order many years ago to keep a target and shooting things in."

"Is it used now?"

"Not since my Lord's lived all by himself, shut up in the Hall."

"But it's got a door."

"Oh, yes; it was used once, by his Lordship himself. But that was years