A Beautiful Range---Yet Easily Kept Clean

Glance at the "PANDORA" as it stands complete—a handsome range surely, yet easily kept clean. McClary's famed "Duplex" nickelling cannot burn off—it never becomes tarnished. About it there is no superfine "impossible-to-keep-clean" tracery—the nickel adornment is rich—the carving bold.

"PANDORA" surfaces are "burnished." The McClary system of burnishing is a special process that produces surfaces as smooth as plate glass. "PANDORA" surfaces keep their color indefinitely—they retain our special water-proof dressing. So, you can keep the "PANDORA" bright and clean by simply rubbing a dry cloth over it.

> The "PANDORA" is more than a handsome range. It is also a permanent investment because it is built to endure—it is the one range that is as strong

and compact as it looks.

The "PANDORA" cooking surface is made in sections with expansion top -the covers and cross-bars fit into them—this allows for expansion and contraction without any possibility of cracking or warping.

"PANDORA" Range

Top sections are reversible—you can place a boiler cross-wise on the "PANDORA" if you wish to use front pot-hole over fire. "PANDORA" lids and entire top are extra heavy and guaranteed not to crack or break under ordinary usage.

N. B.—You can have the story of "PANDORA" Efficiency in detail by simply asking for our free book, "REASONS FOR 'PANDORA' POPULARITY."

TORONTO WINNIPEG ST. JOHN, N. B. cClary's

MONTREAL VANCOUVER HAMILTON CALGARY





Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.

Grace Cardew, and with a rare tact, she refrained from speaking.

"And you must make haste and get quite well by our wedding day," Giles continued. "I shouldn't feel my wedding was right if my little girl was not there." Sylvia slipped her hand into his, and the mute action spoke more forcibly than words. It was only the day after her rescue from the house in Graham Street, and she was still very shaken and tired. By her own special request she had been allowed to lie on the couch in the library, because, as she expressed it, she felt safer there, and when Giles was writing she liked to lie back amongst the cushions watching his back amongst the cushions watching his bent, dark head, and absorbed face. He returned to his place at the table after the foregoing conversation. The days of acute anxiety about Sylvia had been wasted ones as far as business was con-cerned, and he had considerable arrears of work to get through before his wedding in the following week. He had only been seated at his writing top a few minutes when Sylvia looked across

tew minutes when Sylvia looked across at him, saying wistfully—
"I'm afraid I won't ever like my dear little summer house again."
"Will you tell me how it was you went away from it on that day," Giles asked. He had forborne to put the question until the child herself mentioned the subject, being anxious to avoid a subject which might increase her nervous tension.

question that the child herself mentioned the subject, being anxious to avoid a subject which might increase her nervous tension.

"It was a man who came," she answered, with a shiver. "I was there by myself, with just the dolls, and he came in very quickly out of the lane through the hedge, he never said anything, he just laughed, and then he put a big shawl all over me, and I couldn't call out or scream, and he carried me away: and I felt him put me into a carriage or cart, I don't know which it was, and we drove off, oh! so dreadfully quickly. And we just drove on and on till we got to that horrible house where the pretty lady found me. Oh' don't let me have to talk about that house any more."

"You shall never speak of it again," came the soothing response, "now lie still there and rest, whilst I write, and don't worry that little brain of yours about anything."

So excellently did Sylvia carry out his orders, that when he glanced across at her, he saw that she had pillowed her head on her arm and was sound asleep, a smile on her small, white face.

"We must make her look quite well for the wedding," he reflected. "Poor little girl, if I can manage it she shall enjoy herself to the top of her bent. It will be the greatest day of my life, and it shall be one of the happiest in hers."

Sylvia slept soundly and peacefully until long after tea time, and she was

Sylvia slept soundly and peacefully until long after tea time, and she was only roused at last, when the butler entered the library bringing a telegram to his master. Giles took it carelessly enough, telegrams just then were everyday and all day occurrences, and it was with a little jest for Sylvia on his lips that he tore open the orange envelope and unfolded the pink paper within. But as he read the brief message, the loving child eyes that watched saw a change pass over his face, a change so terrible, that she sprang from the sofa and to his side, with a low exclamation of alarm.

"What is it, oh, monsieur, what is it?" she said, her two hands clasped round she said, her two hands clasped round his arm, her eyes fixed upon his stricken face. "I can't bear it when you look like that." Giles glanced down at her unseeing. The sound of her voice had reached his ears, but it was evident that the sense of what she said had not penetrated to his mind; but the creyness of his cheek and lips, the look of frozen despair in his eves terrified the child, and she said again:

"What is it? Oh! please tell me what is it?"

"I—don't know," he answered, and then he threw back his head and laughed, a horrible, mirthless laugh that aroused a horrible, mirthless laugh that aroused in Sylvia a fresh paroxysm of fear He seemed suddenly to become aware of her frightened face, and perhaps he felt the convulsive clutch of her hands on his arm, for his dreadful laughter ceased all at once, and he put his hands on Sylvia's shoulders almost roughly, holding her a little away from him, and looking deep into her startled eyes.

"It is nothing," he said harshly, "only another man fooled by a woman. Fooled