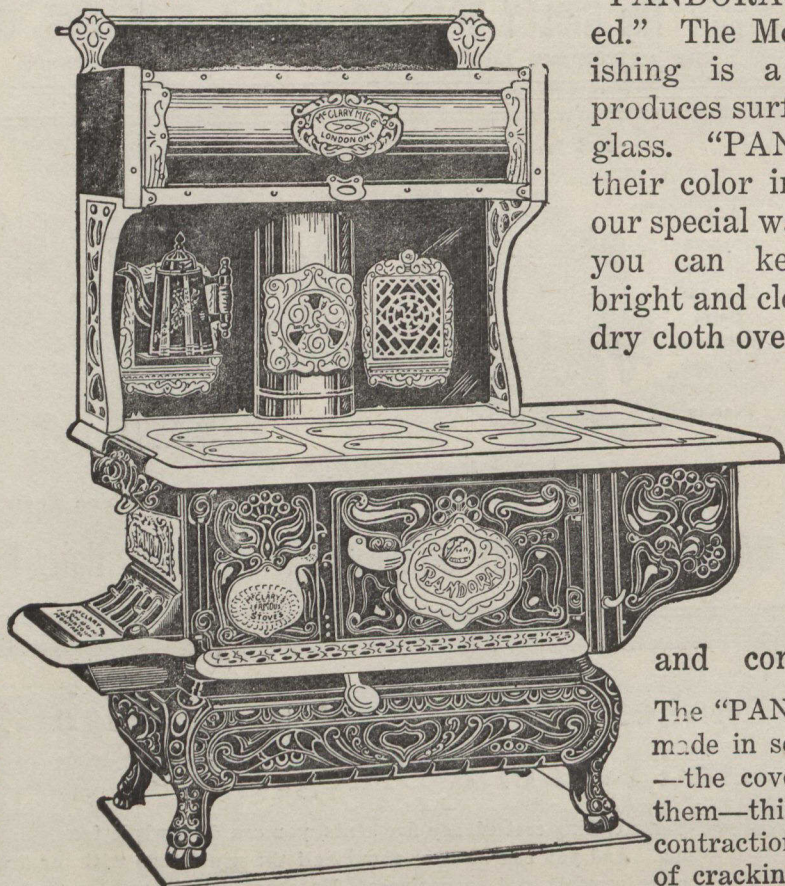


A Beautiful Range— Yet Easily Kept Clean

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" 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."

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"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.

good as some of them that gets called bad, why, ma'am, the world would be a better place than what it is. Asking your pardon, ma'am, for speaking out so frank, and wouldn't have done it without you'd questioned me, ma'am."

"Thank you very much," said Edna, thinking, as she saw the usually disagreeable and wooden face of the man soften when he spoke of his master, how much she had misjudged the faithful servant.

She felt her heart go out to him for speaking so warmly of the employer who had earned her own gratitude by his generous and delicate kindness. And she followed him quietly for the few remaining steps, with moisture rising to her eyes, and with a little comfort at her heart to prepare her for the great ordeal.

Revesby unlocked the door into the dark lower room of the old wing, which, as it was a foggy day, she found darker than ever. It was some seconds, indeed, before her eyes got used to the dim light, and when they did, she found that a slight change had taken place in the appearance of the room. The little blind which usually hung between this room and the next, where the organ was, was now no longer to be clearly seen, and she perceived that this was because the wall now appeared to be solid behind it, blocking out the light.

This puzzled her. It was through this opening, veiled by the blind, that the sound of her voice had passed through to Lord Lockington, enabling him to accompany her on the organ.

Now she scarcely knew whether she was to begin or not. For it seemed impossible to sing in a room of which she appeared to be the only occupant, shut in so that her voice could not be heard beyond the walls.

She coughed gently, as if to attract attention, and then softly said: "Lord Lockington, are you near? May I speak to you?"

From a huge carved cabinet, with long doors, which stood in one corner of the room there came a voice in answer: "Wait a moment," said the voice. "I have something to say to you."

Edna uttered a faint cry. For the voice that came, muffled, from behind the doors of the cabinet, which she now perceived to be slightly open, was the voice she had heard in the library and in the shut-up drawing-rooms, the voice of her mysterious unseen friend.

(To be continued.)

The Dollar of Pride

(Concluded from page 8.)

spat red into the street.

"To H— with you an' yer money," he said. McShawn frowned.

"What's eatin' you?" said he. "Didn't I say you put up a peach of a scrap?—don't go an' git sore like a fool"—O'Calahan's fists clenched anew. "Be a sport," continued the boss, "put this five in your pocket an' come back to your job."

"Nix," said the injured O'Calahan.

"Fergit it," said McShawn—"Well, anyhow, here's the dollar what you earned fer workin' fer me."

O'Calahan thrust his hands into his pockets without a word, then he turned his back and walked away, leaving the one-dollar bill along with the five reposing in the big palm of McShawn—"Think I'd touch his dirty money—the big stiff," he muttered.

Later on found Dennis O'Calahan sitting once more on his bench in the park. With his good eye he regarded the fields of mud and his soggy boots, while from time to time he gingerly caressed his other eye with his hand.

"Cheep!" said the little bird, swinging from a twig overhead. O'Calahan transfixed the creature with a glassy stare. "What was you remarkin'?" he said.

"Cheep!" replied the bird.

"You're a liar," said O'Calahan, "Tis a blame good sport an' a gentleman he was, didn't he offer me half—well then—"

The little bird flew away, discouraged, and O'Calahan once more regarded his soaking boots and feel into a reverie. All about him lay piles of dirty grey snow and rutts of oily mud. Large flat ponds of water reflected the drab-coloured sky and the gaunt-limbed trees.

O'Calahan stirred slightly on his bench and then said:

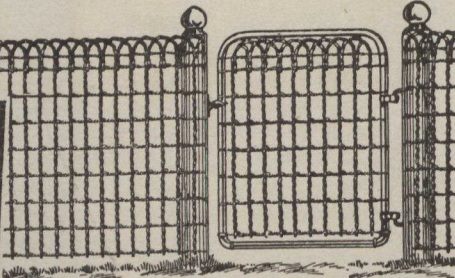
"Gee, I wish't I had a dollar."

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