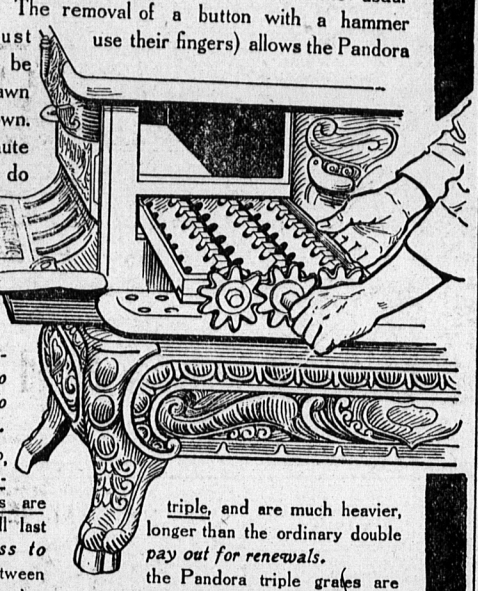
PANDORA RANGE

Just a Minute or Two to Remove Grates

When the Pandora grates require removing don't send for the plumber. His kit of tools are not needed to take the stove to pieces in order to get out the grates, as was the case with your former ranges.

The Pandora is not constructed in the usual manner. The removal of a button with a hammer (many just use their fingers) allows the Pandora grates to be easily drawn out, as shown. Just a minute or two to do the trick.



No plumber's mess to clean up. No bill to pay.

Notice, too, that the Pandora grates are triple, and are much heavier, stronger, will last longer than the ordinary double grates. *Less to pay out for renewals.* Spaces between the Pandora triple grates are narrower than between ordinary double grates, which prevents good fuel slipping down with the ashes. *Sifting Pandora ashes is wasted effort.*

And that simple gearing arrangement on the Pandora makes the "rocking down" of the ashes just play compared to the heavy "shaking" necessary with ordinary ranges.

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for **free booklet.**

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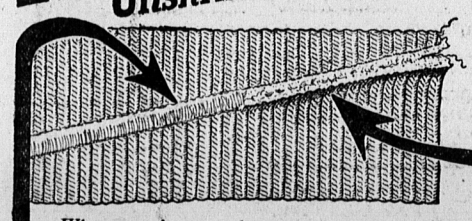

The illustration shows difference between Hewson covered seams and ordinary raw seams.

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"Money back if you are not perfectly satisfied." 260

Fit-Reform

PROWSE BROS. LIMITED

Charlottetown.

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

Lincoln No. 2

By GRANT LESTER.

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For a good many years people had said that Farmer Johnson's wife was head of his house and that he was a great incumbrance to her. They had a farm just outside a thriving town, and had there been left to the wife there were many promising speculations she would have entered into. She was allowed to boss things around the farm, but when it came to outside matters the husband would take no risks. When his death finally took place, people looked to see Aunt Betty, as she was called, though only forty years old, carry out some of her ideas and make things hum. They were not disappointed. She went into strawberries and made money; she went into the dairy business and made money; she went into poultry and made money. It was said that there were not half a dozen men in the county who had her business sense.

Aunt Betty had a daughter nineteen years old, by name Prue. Prue did not run to business. She was simply a sweet tempered and lovable girl, who attended school in town in the winter and helped about the housework in summer. Up to the time of the father's death the mother had not "suffered aspirations" regarding Prue's future. It was tacitly understood that she would marry some young farmer and settle down to the humdrum life. But after the mother had become a business woman there were other plans for the girl. She was to be educated in music and other arts and made a lady of.

Just how Prue Johnson and Darius Livingstone first met is of no great consequence. He was twenty-two and had graduated as a lawyer and settled in the town. He was a slab sided young man, tall and angular and ungainly. There were a few people who said that he might know more than he showed, but the majority were of the opinion that he didn't know whether potatoes grew in the ground or on trees. If Prue held with the majority, it was rather singular that the young lawyer should have come driving out to the farm one June day to inquire for her. She was upstairs at the time, and it was her mother who received him. At the first glance she thought him the homeliest young man she had ever seen. After the second she took him for some peddler of music and went upstairs and said to Prue:

"There's a bean pole down stairs asking for you. I never saw such a gawk. He says his name is Livingstone. He's enough to scare a setting hen off the nest. Did you ever hear of any such feller?"

"Why, ma, he's a lawyer in town, and we have met three or four times," replied Prue as her face flushed scarlet.

"A lawyer—humph! If you was to put a club in his hand he wouldn't know enough to pound sand. What's he here for?"

"Why—why, he said he might call some day. I don't see why you call him homely. I've heard lots of folks say that he reminded them of Abraham Lincoln."

The mother sniffed her contempt and turned away. Prue went down and received her caller, and, though Mrs. Johnson was rather busy around the house and yard, she saw and heard enough to satisfy her that the young man was "interested." He remained for an hour or so and then left, and while his back was yet in sight Prue was properly warned.

"I shall have to have a son-in-law some day," added the mother, "but I want one whose looks won't sour all the milk and who knows a cabbage head from an old gander. Lawyer! Lawyer! Why, the poorest lawyer we've got in town would make your young man look like a bobtailed woodchuck if they had a case in court."

Prue ran away without talking back, and things quieted down for a week. Then the mother came home from town one afternoon to blurt out:

"Do you know what I heard this afternoon? At least half a dozen people told me that you and that scarecrow young lawyer were in love."

"Oh, mamma!"

"You needn't 'Oh, mamma!' me. If you've fallen in love with any such man, I'm ashamed of you. Why, that red headed, cross eyed Sue Williams wouldn't look at him."

"We are not in love," stoutly protested Prue.

"Then what are you looking so red for?"

"Because—because we are simply friends. That is, he's awfully smart when you come to talk with him. I've been reading the life of Lincoln, and it's wonderful how much alike they are."

"Wonderful bosh! Abe Lincoln was smarter'n a whip as a lawyer."

"But Darius is going to be if he ever gets a case."

"Ever gets a case! I'd like to know who'd trust him with a case!"

The young man called again in about a week, ostensibly to make inquiries concerning the strawberry pest, and, while Mrs. Johnson didn't order him off the farm, she gave him what she called a chilling reception. The fact that he didn't seem at all put out aggravated her, and but for a business engagement taking up her attention she would have had much to say to Prue. Four days later she came into the house to say:

"Well, when I dreamed of black hogs one night last week I knew that trouble would come. I've got a lawsuit on hand. It seems that those three cows I bought over in Dolevan last week had a chattel mortgage on them. The holder of it wants $90 from me. I must either pay or be sued. I told him to sue as soon as he pleased, and he'll probably summon me tomorrow."

"And you'll have to have a lawyer?" asked Prue.

"Of course. I'm going to drive into town to see Lawyer Parsons."

"But why not give Mr. Livingstone the case?"

"Prue Johnson, do you take me for an idiot!" exclaimed the mother in astonishment. "Do you think I want to lose $90 and costs, besides $10 more for a lawyer? Folks around here think I'm a pretty smart woman, and I don't want to be made a laughingstock of. That bean pole of a young man would not know enough to cross examine an old cow."

Lawyer Parsons, who was the leading member of the bar in the town, was retained, and the expected summons was served next day. A week later the suit came on. During the interval young Livingstone drove out to the Johnson farm. Miss Prue had gone to town to do some shopping, and the mother was blunt and brusque. The budding attorney almost offered his services in the coming suit, and the look he received in reply lingered with him for many hours. When Prue got home she was told that there had got to be a stop to this sort of thing, but when she burst into tears and said she could not help it her mother was reasonable enough to reply that maybe she could not.

The girl went to town with the mother on the day of the suit. In the court room a shock of surprise awaited her. Darius Livingstone appeared as counsel for the complainant. Yes, he was there in all his dignity, and he didn't seem a bit frightened that it was his first case and that he was matched against one of the oldest and smartest lawyers in the county. He nodded to Prue and would have done the same to her mother had she not just then been engaged in whispering to her daughter:

"Prue Johnson, look over there! As true as you live your bean pole of a young man is going to take the case against me! That's another specimen of his cheek. You wait, however. When Parsons gets through with him there'll be only a grease spot left."

Surprise after surprise was the order of the day. The plaintiff really had a chattel mortgage on the cows. They had been driven away and sold. In buying them Mrs. Johnson had taken the seller's work. Her lawyer argued that this was customary, but "bean pole" brought in six witnesses to prove to the contrary. Mrs. Johnson was made to admit that she was a business woman and that she had never bought even a chicken without being guaranteed. A dozen errors were made in her case, and before it was concluded Mr. Parsons was made to look extremely foolish. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, and Prue shed tears beneath her veil and realized that she would see no more of Lincoln No. 2. She was in despair when her mother walked up to the young attorney and held out her hand, saying:

"Sir, I am a blunt and plain spoken woman. You are lop shouldered and slab sided. You are as homely as a hedgehog in March, but you are a talker and are certain to make a good lawyer. If I ever have a son-in-law I hope he'll be one of the profession. No, don't make any excuses. You had a right to take the other side, and I hold no grudge against you. If you want to know how good cheese is made come out to the farm."

Mr. Livingstone did want to know. He had always been curious about it. He took early advantage of her offer, and at last reports he and Miss Prue had decided to go south on their wedding tour.

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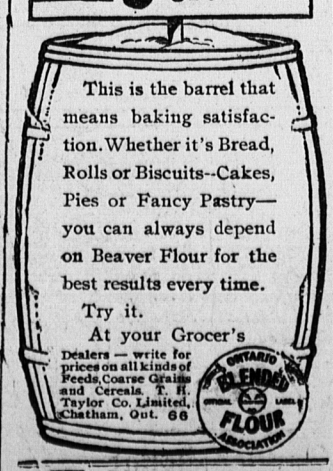

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THE OUTING MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

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