

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

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 stronger, will last longer, and are much heavier, longer than the ordinary double 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. Stifling 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.

McClary's

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

Rogers Hardware Co. Local Agent.

THE GUARDIAN SHORT STORY

Through Shaft 7.

By LVLV JOHNSON.

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"Are you positive that this assault was committed on the evening of Thursday of last week?" asked the judge.

"About 10:30 on that evening," assented Calman.

"It takes six hours to go from here to the mine," pursued the magistrate.

"I can do it in five on Tenny."

"Not better than that, though. Well, at 12 o'clock on that night I took a drink with Beecham, the accused, in the Golden Crown. Case dismissed until we can find out who did it."

The judge clambered from the bench, an elaborate structure of grocery boxes, and looked about expectantly. Calman stepped forward.

"I suggest that the fact that there really is a Golden Crown be proved," he said genially.

"Motion sustained," ordered the judge, and the entire party retired across the street to drink with such others as might already be there at Calman's expense.

But while the evidence was beyond question and Calman accepted the alibi, he was none the less convinced that it was Beecham who had led the attack. Beecham not only bore a bad reputation, but he deserved it. Ever since he had come to Silver Springs he had headed all the villainy of the little mining camp, and more than once it had been remarked that the Lucky Hole produced a surprisingly large percentage of rich ore. No one had ever been able to prove that this ore came from other mines than the one to which it was credited, but suspicion lay heavy upon Beecham, who worried him at all.

For more than a year the Addie-Elta mine had suffered from the depredations of ore thieves. As the mine was on the other side of the range, it was a surprise that Calman should have charged Beecham with the theft of the rich ore. It was impossible to take it over the range, and by the divide it was a good twenty even miles. There was plenty of richer ore nearer at hand, yet Calman was positive that in Beecham he had recognized the man who had fired at him when an attempt was made to put the robbers to flight.

There were three marauders in the party, and they had vanished so mysteriously in their retreat that there were some who ascribed to the disappearance supernatural agencies. It was not humanly possible to drop out of sight in the bare, unwooded valley as the robbers had done.

But ghosts have no use for rich ore, and Calman held to a different opinion, in which he was upheld by Ruth Clare, the only woman at the Addie-Elta. She was the sister of Ned Clare and acted as bookkeeper and stenographer to Calman.

"We'll get them yet," he promised as he recounted the result of the trial. "They are costing us more money all of the time, and it will soon reach a point where they will cut off the profits. I'm positive that it was Beecham I saw, and yet there were a dozen men whom I can believe who saw him taking a drink in the saloon not more than an hour after he was here. Why, he could not have made it in a balloon, and yet I'm still convinced that it was he at both places."

"Then it remains to be seen how he made his way so quickly," she said quietly.

"We simply must find out," he insisted. "I was counting on getting married this fall, but with the reduction in the profits I am afraid that we shall not make enough to reach the bonus."

"I don't mind waiting, dear," she said quietly. "But for the sake of all of us I want to see the mystery solved, and it must be solved."

Several days later Calman, coming into the office, found a little child installed there.

"Who's the youngster?" he asked carelessly.

"Beecham's little girl," she explained. "She was lost on the mountain. I found her with a sprained ankle, crying her poor little heart out. We must send her home."

"Beecham's child?" His voice was harsh. "Probably spying for her father."

"No, dear." Ruth laid a gentle hand on his arm. "Beecham is wrapped up in the little girl. She is all he cares for."

Her pleading won, and late that afternoon Ruth drove up to the Silver Springs House with the child beside her. Already searching parties had set out, but a gunshot signal brought them back, and Beecham rather awkwardly thanked the girl.

"I'll do as much for you some day," he promised, not realizing how soon he would be called upon to redeem his pledge.

The following week he brought the child over to see Ruth.

"She's been crying for you," he explained, "and I didn't have the heart to say 'No' to her. I know I'm not welcome here, but Daisy wanted to see you, so I had to come."

"I'm glad that you did," said Ruth cordially as she took the child in her arms. Beecham looked on approvingly. There were few women in Silver Springs as yet, and the little girl sadly missed feminine care.

Ruth and the child were still romping when a man came running toward the office.

"Mr. Calman is hurt!" he cried. "They are bringing him to the house."

Ruth dropped the child and sped toward the little cottage where she kept

house for her brother and his friend. Beecham followed more slowly, carrying the whimpering child. Calman had been brought in by the time he arrived and lay on the bed, white faced, but uncomplaining. The mine physician looked grave.

"The leg is badly crushed," he said. "We can contrive bandages and splints, but I must have some things from the Springs, and I am afraid that they will come too late. It will be at least ten hours. By that time it will probably be necessary to amputate the leg."

Ruth's despairing cry brought Beecham to her side.

"You love him, don't you?" he demanded.

"We are to be married when he gets his raise," she explained.

Beecham looked from her to his little girl. Even in that moment Ruth regarded him curiously, for many things were to be read in his changing expression. Then he stretched forth his hand.

"Give me that list, Doc," he demanded, stretching out his hand for the memorandum the other had prepared. He darted from the house and ran rapidly toward the head of the valley.

An hour later, with torn clothes and dirt begrimed hands, he was back again. With the proper dressings Calman was soon made easy, and they turned to look for Beecham. He and the little girl were gone.

It was a week before he came again and Calman was able to see him.

"I'm going away," he announced. "I told you that I'd pay back what Miss Clare did for my little girl, and I did. Now I'll tell you how I did it. You were right about that ore. But I was in the Golden Crown, just as the judge said I was."

"The Lucky Hole backs up on that abandoned shaft 7. We blasted through one day. I don't think you realize how deep 7 shaft runs in. We fixed up a curtain covered with quartz in case any one came in, and we used to take your ore through our tunnel. That's how I could prove an alibi. I cut off the big trip to the pass and up the other side."

"I've made a deed for the Lucky Hole to your girl. It's to be her wedding present from my little girl. She had a way the kid liked, and I want her to have the mine. You can fix the tunnel up so as to take your ore wagons through and cut off the long haul. That'll be worth something if the mine itself ain't. Will you shake hands, Calman? I know I'm an ore thief and all that, but I'm going to make a fresh break for the kid's sake. Will you shake?"

Calman gripped the hand.

"Why not stay here and work it out?" he asked.

Beecham shook his head.

"I want to get away where they can't tell the kid about me," he explained. "I've got to make a brand new start. It will help some if I

know that you two are happy and married. It will be the first start of the new try."

He turned to Ruth, but did not offer his hand.

"The kid wanted you to have that," he said, offering a tintype. "She's got you to thank for this. When I saw her in your arms I realized that there were good women in the world, and the kid has a right to know 'em."

He turned abruptly and left the house. Ruth watched him turn into shaft 7 for the last time; then she came to Calman's side, but there were tears in her eyes for Beecham, who had made it possible that she should always be beside her lover.

Endowing Two Chairs.

The college president who figures in the following incident doubtless suffered a cruel shock at first, but when he found that his benefactor was acting in good faith and was thoroughly in earnest amusement over the situation must have made some light amends for his disappointment.

He was on a trip to secure an endowment for his institution when he received this letter from Lone Tree:

President—Can you preach at Lone Tree church next Sunday and then go home with me to dinner? Mother and me wants to endow two chairs in your college. Very truly,
JONAS SMITH.

He joyfully accepted the situation after discovering that Jonas Smith was a very wealthy farmer, to whom the endowment of two chairs would work no hardship. After the dinner which followed the sermon the conversation came to the important subject in hand, and the farmer said: "Now, I know you can buy a good, strong, stout chair for 60 cents, but we want to do more than that for the college, and mother and me have decided that we are willing to give 75 cents each to endow two chairs, one for mother and one for me."

Husband's Costly Lunch.

A Woodbury man who had been enjoying himself greatly felt hungry when he got home about 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Where did you put the cold cabbage, dearest?" he called upstairs to his wife, who had coughed loudly to let him know it was useless to take off his shoes.

"On the second shelf in the pantry," she answered harshly.

He found the cabbage and the oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, cut up the cabbage, dressed it to his taste and ate it with appetite.

"George, why didn't you eat the cabbage last night?" asked his wife when he appeared, rather shaky, for breakfast.

"I did; it was fine!" said George; "so thoughtful of you to keep it, dearest."

"Why, it's on the pantry shelf," she cried.

Filled with apprehension, Mrs. George searched the second shelf hurriedly. There she had left four yards of lace, worth \$20, in a bowl of starch. The lace was gone.—Boston Herald.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$84.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,
Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.



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Fall Styles

Lots of little changes in the fashions for fall.

3 button sack coats are shorter than the spring models.

Lapels are wider, too.

Browns are in high favor again. In fact, brownish effects are running the grays a close race for popularity.

Tweeds and Worstedes are the most wanted fabrics—though you may find it hard to choose between these and the new Imperial Blue Winter Serges.

We'll gladly show you all these new styles.

\$15, \$18, \$20 up.

210

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