Boots That Stood the Test

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED, Canada's largest shoe manufacturers, supplied, within thirty-three days, 32,217 pairs of leather ankle boots and 30,000 pairs of canvas shoes for the outfitting of the First Canadian Contingent, the largest quantity supplied by any manufacturer.

These boots were worn by our soldiers on active service both in this country and in the training camps in England. They were subjected to the most severe usage that boots could be subjected to. They travelled over rough roads and smooth. They waded through mud and through slush past all description. They were soaked by the never-ceasing rains of an abnormally wet English winter. They were baked on hot stoves, grilled on steam radiators and roasted before open fires. Yet, THEY STOOD THE TEST.

Out of the entire 32,217 pairs of leather boots supplied by this company only a single pair was shown to be open to criticism when the Government enquiry was made six months later.

Experts employed by the Government examined 1365 pairs and 348 odd boots made by various manufacturers. Among the number were found only seven pairs of boots of Ames Holden McCready manufacture, of which five were found to be repairable, one pair unrepairable, and ONE PAIR HAD A SOLE UNDER GAUGE.

The best proof of the durability and serviceability of the Ames Holden McCready boots, however, was afforded by the sworn statements of soldiers who had worn these boots constantly from the time they were issued in September, 1914, right through to March, 1915. They swore that they had worn the boots through all the rough experiences at Valcartier and on Salisbury Plain and that they had given excellent service throughout. Sergeant Nussey, of Toronto, who had served twelve years in the British Army, appeared before the Committee with a pair of such boots still on his feet and submitted them to the committee's inspection.

The testimony of these witnesses has since been amply corroborated by numerous reports and letters received from officers and soldiers at the front all testifying to the good wearing qualities of the Ames Holden McCready boots.

* * * *

When the question was raised concerning the quality of the Canadian soldiers' boots, Ames Holden McCready Limited placed themselves IMMEDIATELY upon record, by writing to the Government, as desirous of having the most thorough investigation of the matter. The appointment of a Parliamentary Committee and the official enquiry followed. It occupied several weeks' time. The Committee stopped at nothing in their efforts to get at all the facts.

This Company purchased the best leather and supplies available in Canada and spared no expense in manufacturing the boots. All our invoices, and shop and manufacturing records were produced before the Parliamentary Committee for their inspection and information. We had nothing to hide and were proud of the boots which were furnished to the Government.

THE AMES HOLDEN McCREADY BOOTS CAME OUT OF THE ORDEAL UNSCATHED.

The Committee reported to Parliament that the boots supplied by this company substantially complied with the sample, that no paper or other fraudulent substances had been employed in their manufacture and that all charges involving the integrity of this company or of the boots supplied by them had been abundantly disproven by the sworn evidence taken before the Committee.

The report, which was adopted by Parliament, was A COMPLETE VINDICATION FOR AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED.

* * * *

In bringing these facts prominently before the people of the Dominion, Ames Holden McCready Limited are actuated by the desire not only to protect their own good name — which needs no vindication with the thousands of Canadians who are familiar with this company and its products — but also that of a notable and important Canadian industry, which has been unwarrantably aspersed.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

MONTREAL - TORONTO - WINNIPEG - ST. JOHN
EDMONTON - VANCOUVER - DE LORIMIER - ST. HYACINTHE

THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I wish you would, mother."

It was not often that Judith asked her mother a favor, when she did Lady Glaucourt always understood that there was something contained in the the request which was of great importance to Judith, and which she did not quite understand, and notwithstanding the strange failure Judith had made of matrimonial projects, she still had a great deal of faith in her judgment. That Judith had something in her mind, some plan this year, Lady Glaucourt was quite certain. What it was she would perhaps discover, but Judith would not tell her till she was sure of success, although perhaps only ephemeral success which would end in disaster, as her two last ventures had done. She could only suppose this time, that Judith meant to become less exclusive this year, and she was very much afraid that they would have to be if Judith was ever to marry. All the seething emotions which existed in Judith's mind she would have been sceptical of had she been told of them. Of course one read of those kind of ideas in books but well-bred people never had them except perhaps faintly outlined, like an antique arabesque, half effaced by the lapping of the sea or constant exposure to wind and weather. If they did, it was no good being intensely well bred, unless you checked them at once, or failing that, hid them successfully. An emotional person was always second-rate, to say the least, and whatever one could say of Judith she was without doubt immensely well-bred, and with a reserve in her manner which was adamant. Now and then Lady Glaucourt had wondered how the reserve had been broken through on that regrettable occasion at the Lorraines, she could only attribute it either to Judith's youth and inexperience, or a fact she had observed, that the want of reserve of the well-bred often when it has to express itself, expresses itself in immorality. It certainly was a great pity that Judith was inclined to be fast.

"I really don't see why I should, I never have, and these people Golling, did you ever hear such a name?"

Judith was quite aware that her mother continued to argue principally because she wanted to draw Judith's reasons from her.

"Oh well, people won't go to them on account of their name, you know."

"No I suppose it is entirely their money."

"Entirely, of course."

"Why on earth doesn't the Duchess do it herself?"

"I suppose that it would look so absolutely paid for, with Lord Eustace in the company."

"Well, yes, I suppose it is that; dear me, it's very tiresome, if only we hadn't come to town so early she would have found somebody else."

Judith knew that the allusion to having come to town so early was meant for her; she also knew that her mother would never have forgiven the Duchess of Dumfries if she had asked anyone else. What Judith wondered later was whether the old Duchess had meant to do her a good turn, or perhaps—yes, that was much more likely, to keep her from marrying Lord Eustace.

But there was no danger of Lord Eustace wanting to marry her, if there had been the Duchess would have seen to it that he heard all the story, or the garbled version of it which had reached the ears of society.

She had given up all idea of trying to be a Duchess, or even an ordinary gentleman's wife, the husband who alone would meet her case, would be someone quite out of the beaten track. With the sense of humor which when she was not in mental pain would assert itself, she told herself that an explorer would be the best kind of man. The only thing she would have to be careful about would be wealth, enormous wealth, wealth that could not be counted. It is a dreadful thing when a woman has reached the point when she realizes that only fabulous wealth can bring her the counterfeit of that happiness which the ordinary course of life has failed to bring her. But of late the idea of cornering millions had interested Judith feverishly almost, and because her ambitions were more limited now, because she no longer thought of the man she had to find, so much as of what he possessed, she was able to concentrate herself more, to bring more earnest force to bear. It was this new project of hers which had made her persuade her mother to go up to town soon after Easter. It would be no good to be in at the death, she must start the running early, at once. What had once been the usual girlish ambition, the instinct of sex, had now become a set, business-like purpose which completely occupied her mentality.

What they were both discussing this morning, as Lady Glaucourt sat at her writing-table, was whether she would do as the Duchess of Dumfries had asked her the day before, and help the Gollings to give their first party. The Gollings were new people of untold wealth, so everyone said, who had started a diamond company under the best auspices, with an enormous capitalization, and the best names on the board. Mr. Golling was an Afrikander pure and simple, but two or three years ago, had married the daughter of an impecunious baronet, who after living at Cape Town for three years had, as it were, lost her claim on British prestige as a baronet's daughter, and returned in new garb as the wife of a millionaire, and had to have a new beginning. As the daughter of a poor baronet she had only known frumps, as the wife of a millionaire she was going to know everybody, to entertain princes. But she had to have a beginning. In Cape Town, she had been quite a personage as a baronet's daughter, and been taken into dinner by the Governor, which had made the other women frantically jealous. Here she would have to go in nearly last, at the kind of functions she wanted to attend, at least it was not so much she who wanted it, she was a peaceable soul, but her husband, Gollings, who once had thought it a great step, immense, to marry a baronet's daughter, and who now wished he had waited in order to marry a duke's.

To Lord Esutace, the Duchess' second son, who from the first had been interested in the diamond scheme, she confided the fact that with all their money, she sighed as she spoke, as if the burden of it was intolerable, it seemed as if they ought to know more people. Aud Lord Eustace, who had always liked her and pitied her for being married to Golling, and who was always ready to help anybody, had spoken to the Duchess about it, begged her to start them.

Eustace was her favorite son, or the Duchess would have utterly refused to run anybody or anything. "They always make the thing a fiasco by asking some impossible relations or friends. They cannot understand that one only asks them for their money, and that one doesn't want to know their friends or relations. They look upon giving a party as if it were a sort of amusement, a sort of golden wedding arrangement, or school-feast, or workhouse tea at which one wants everybody to be happy. They are so ridiculous."

Eustace laughed.

"Well you really must, it is quite a waste, to think of their house and the beautiful place at Maidenhead, and she really is quite a nice little woman. He is an awful brute," he added.

The Duchess had thought it over and resolved not to do it. People would say she was being paid, or that Eustace had got into some scrape, Lady Glaucourt was just the woman to do it, and then she had a daughter to take out, it looked much more natural, and then this year—

She would not confess even to herself that this year the Glaucourts would have to throw down the "barbed wire," if they wanted any amusement, "if she is going to stick to the same old lot this year," she said to herself, she was too good-natured to say it out loud, "she might as well pull down the blinds and take her bath in the drawing-room, for no one will go inside it." Yes, this year there was no doubt that a cloud, if no bigger than a man's hand, hung over the beautiful house in Piccadilly. The young men and maidens were afraid, and so were the mothers. It would be impossible to spend the season by turning the house into a home for fathers, and this year it would be so far, far better if Cornelia didn't give a dance, or, indeed, anything that would attract attention. Nothing so emphasized approaching decadence as concentration. The day Cornelia Glaucourt gave a party she would see the difference, it was much better not to tempt fate.

But helping these Africans, that was different. She could ask all her own friends, and society would pretend that it was all right at the house of the Africans, and they were of course all dying to know these people for tips and investments. If only the South Africans themselves knew it, but it was just as well that they didn't manage things quite by themselves. In a year or two they would be thinking twice before inviting the people who had "lance" them. Gratitude, that is one of the heaviest clogs to the climber, a grateful man or woman can never be really smart, gratitude and loyalty are distinctly bourgeois qualities.

And she had begged Lady Glaucourt to do it for her, and she knew that she would. It seemed quite natural that she should seem disinclined.

And to Judith, who preened herself on luck coming her way at last, Lady Glaucourt raised just the same obstacles.

"They will think we are being paid for it."

"How absurd!"

At least there was that comfort in Judith's life that people couldn't say that kind of thing of the Glaucourts.

"It isn't as if it were the Duchess."

"Well, I don't mean that exactly, but why should we, don't you know?"

She looked at her daughter scrutinizingly, but Lady Judith would not let her see her expression. She took up the "World" and began reading it, as if she did not want to argue with her mother any longer.

"There seems no reason," went on Lady Glaucourt.

"I suppose that one sometimes tries to oblige people, and the Duchess is a great friend of yours, isn't she? at least Lord Eustace always seems to think so." Lady Judith looked up a little impatiently, irritated, weary.

The allusion to Lord Eustace was very diplomatic. Lady Glaucourt wondered if that was in Judith's mind. She was quite sure that the Duchess wouldn't help that, but then Lord Eustace wouldn't mind much what she said.

"Has he said anything to you about it?"

The question was asked with the usual air of ill-assumed indifference with which she always strove to cover the flank of her attacks on Judith's mind, on her inward thoughts, and which never by any means misled Judith.

"Yes, we have talked about it a good deal. He says Mrs. what's her name?"

"Golling," put in Lady Glaucourt.

"Mrs. Golling is quite a nice little woman, and he says that they have positively such heaps of money that they don't know how much it is, and it is becoming more every minute."

"Oh well," Lady Glaucourt snorted a little.

"I suppose they must have something."

"They will ask all those impossible African people, Zulu chiefs or something, who will come with feathers and skins, really."

Judith laughed.

"I wish they would, but they won't."

"Well, it really would be better than the people they will ask, these German jewellers, merely jewellers, don't you know, just ordinary jewellers, men like Ratesmith, only that they sell en gros, instead of en detail."

"I don't think it matters much how they sell. Lord Eustace says that that partner of the Gollings, I forget the name, but he is a German Jew, (he is the rich one as a matter of fact), the Gollings are paupers in comparison, so Lord Eustace says, could buy London, if he wanted to."

"And he is beginning with me. I suppose they'll ask the partner," she added, "you see the kind of people. By the by, is that the man with the place in Park Lane?"

"Yes, Adolphe somebody, the new house which is just finished."

"Rather good taste," Lady Glaucourt put in musingly. "Oh, by the way, what did they tell me about him? Oh, I know, Alice Morley told me the other day that he lives with some African woman. I mean a real African, black, with bracelets, and, well I suppose she wears something else in London."

'Are you sure of that?" Judith lifted her eyes to her mother's, and Lady Glaucourt this time could see the answer to all her questioning.

Good heavens! had it come to that? A common German tradesman, good heavens! Of course it was preposterous, out of the question!

But all the same Lady Glaucourt invited the guests to the Gollings' party.

CHAPTER XIV.

Later it seemed to Judith that that year had been one of her lucky ones, that all the influences had been kinder, that she had loosed herself from a bondage, the bondage of exclusiveness, and that she found a good deal to interest her in wider spheres. That she was making the best of necessity she was quite aware, but the fact that she was no longer aiming high, made her low flights pleasanter and less fatiguing The harrowing, gnawing, constant anxiety had lessened. If she failed now, it would not mean so much. She would be careful this time how she felt her way. And it was a kinder year because she had made a very nice woman friend in Mrs. Golling, Mrs. Golling who had been alarmed at her distinction, and fascinated by her beauty, and ended by not being afraid of her at all. Judith could be very amiable when she chose, and very simple and winning. Sometimes it was put on, sometimes it gave one the idea that under different circumstances she might have been very sweet, anyhow the pose now was to begin to be at home with the parvenus, to invite their confidence, and hold out a helping and friendly hand to them in their social dilemmas. As a matter of fact Mrs. Golling recognized that Judith had been a great deal more helpful than Lady Glaucourt. Lady Glaucourt had told her who to ask, but Judith had told her why. It quite took Mrs. Golling's breath away, the way Judith placed everybody in different niches, and the want of awe with which she spoke of people who alarmed her, Mrs. Golling. For, from having belonged for so long to a vulgar man, Mrs. Golling had completely lost all traditions of her own world, and spoke as he would have spoken.

"Oh, they are not really smart," Lady Judith would say of people, whom Mrs. Golling had thought were quite on the crest of the wave.

"Oh, they are nobody in particular."

"She's awfully dull, are you going to have her?" of a woman who was reputed the best-dressed in London.

"Oh, you must have them, they're tremendously . . . don't you know, they would never forgive you, and they can do so much." This about people who seemed primitive almost, in their want of charm, in their rugged simplicity, in their frumpyism.

"No, not that man, he has disappeared." She drew a line through "Hugh Glover" on a list copied from some one's of two years ago, when Hugh Glover, was still asked about. 'Not him, not him." She drew a line through Sir Hubert's name, and one or two other men she didn't want to meet. Danvers was minister to Japan now. She intended this party to be one quite congenial, and notwithstanding that her mother had asked some of them, she tabooed all those who could harm her at odd moments.

She wiped out all Mrs. Golling's preconceived notions of smart society, as understood through a misty telescope as it were, either as a girl in a broken down Tudor house of her father's, or from the Cape. Peers and peeresses it appeared, could be out of everything, and upstart little Americans and Jewesses exceedingly in it. It confused Mrs. Golling a good deal, and if occasionally it gave her a shock to hear how Judith spoke of some of the women, she supposed that it was impossible for a girl in her position not to know these things, while wondering whether it would be necessary that her own little Johanna "named for" as the Americans say, Johannesburg, as the centre from which her father had made his fortune, would have to go through the same refining process as Judith. She devoutly hoped not. At night, for she was a good woman, she prayed on her knees that this would not be necessary, at a later period, when she had grown suffocated with the sawdust which enveloped her gods, when she had unpacked them all and found each one was wanting in divine qualities, morally chipped, she vowed that even if it were necessary, it should not be. And she, from an inward simple creed had said something which had borne fruit in Judith's mind.

"Doesn't it seem to you, Lady Judith, that everybody in London, I mean of course people like yourselves, take a great deal of trouble for what after all the millionaires can do in a week with money?"

Yes, it was true. This little Johanna, with her future millions, how easy it would be for her to marry anyone, compared with the struggle, the fight almost it was, even for girls who had not Lady Judith's past to find suitable husbands. What fools they were to fight, instead of laying down their arms and trusting to finding kind captors in their surrender.

It certainly does seem strange the way everyone gravitates to London, even those who must know that they have neither the means nor the ability to cope with the strong flood of new millions which has deluged London. Money, yes, what was there left for Lady Judith but money? Pots of money it must be.

And during the days preceding the party of the Golling's, Judith found her way almost daily to their house. They had dined at the Glaucourts.

"I must know what she looks like," Lady Glaucourt had said, "and I suppose, yes, it would be better to have a talk about it, although there is really nothing more to be done. You have made her send out the list I sent; well, there is nothing more to be done than to sit down and wait to see who comes, and who does not. The Drentons have promised to go, so I suppose everyone will." She spoke wearily, as if she had had a great deal to do, and as if she wondered why on earth people like the Gollings wanted to get into society.

"Is it necessary?" she asked, when Mrs. Golling said that it was so important to get hold of the right people from the first, and Mrs. Golling didn't quite know what to make of her apparent want of detail and interest.

"Oh, yes, they are all coming," she said, hardly taking the trouble to listen to Mrs. Golling at all, then suddenly growing more sympathetic for no apparent reason except that she felt that Mrs. Golling rather criticized her nonchalance.

'Lady de Blain is going, and I should think that would be what you would wish, she never comes to my parties, but then she's crazy on the subject of diamonds."

(To be continued)

VIVE LA FRANCE.

A Marshal's Baton May Be Found in the Knapsack of Jacques Goujon

A good deal is heard of brave deeds that win the Iron Cross and the Victoria Cross, but the heroism that calls for an award of the Medaille Militaire by the French Government seldom reaches us in the despatches. This token of valor is the highest mark of distinction a French soldier can receive. As in the case of the Victoria Cross, only intrepid souls may aspire to the Medaille Militaire. The wearer is among the bravest of the brave, and he finds himself in a select company. He is honored with that generous envy characteristic of the rank and file of the French army. One of the youngest soldiers upon whose breast the decoration has been pinned in the great war is Jacques Goujon, a boy of 17.

Jacques volunteered at the beginning of the war. He knew nothing of the school of the soldier. He was simply the raw material of which heroes are made, and he soon proved himself one. The opportunity came when, with some of his comrades, he was ordered to locate machine guns of the enemy that had been very troublesome. The little party discovered the hiding place of the guns, but only after two German sentries were shot down. Before the quick-firers could be seized the French were attacked by a superior force and all but Goujon were killed. The lad disappeared into a hollow made by a shell, and remained there for 3 hours until the coast seemed to be clear. Emerging from his hole in the earth Jacques did not immediately return to his own lines, but decided to execute the orders given him.

Being an inexperienced soldier, Jacques spent no time in speculating about the reason why the machine guns, of which there were three, had not been removed by the Germans. Two of the guns he at once destroyed with bombs, and in the very act the boy was taken prisoner. But Private Goujon was not done yet. With ready wit and a pair of nimble legs he made his escape while being conducted to the rear. Later Jacques, pulling the remaining quick-firer, appeared in the French camp. No details are given in the meagre dispatch of how the boy achieved this coup. Probably darkness favored him. We know only that the Medaille Militaire was bestowed upon him, that he was mentioned in an order of the day by the adjutant of his regiment, and that he was promoted to corporal.

We have an idea that there is a marshal's baton in the knapsack of Jacques Goujon, although since he was honored in the presence of his comrades a shell has blown off one of his arms. However, it is only an incident in his career as a soldier—that splendid veteran General Pau has but one arm.

Must Be Mad.

Mr. Wealthy (sadly) — "Your daughter positively refuses to marry me, sir." Old Gentleman (quite beside himself with rage)—"What! refuse a—a rich, amiable young man like you! Why, the girl must be mad! raving mad! I declare, if I were only younger, I—I'd marry you myself!"

Patriotism.

Rather unexpected was the reply of a Mrs. Tommy Atkins to a gentleman who inquired if her husband was at the front:

"Yus," she said, "an' I 'ope 'e'll serve the Germans as 'e served me."

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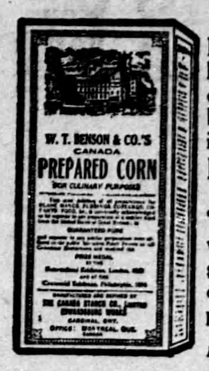

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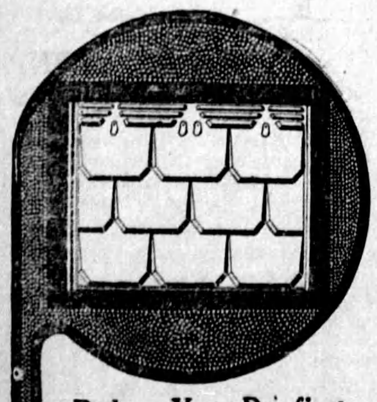

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