

# 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 unarrantly aspersed.

## AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

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

### The Lady of Lancaster; Or, Leonora West's Love.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

So one day she came into the little room where Leonora, sitting at the window, gazed wistfully out at the green grass and the blue sky, with an unconscious pathos on the sweet, girlish face.

"My dear, you are tired of this stuffy little chamber, I know," she said.

"Not very," said the girl, a little drearily. "I suppose I ought to be grateful to you for giving me such a home."

"Grateful to me for hiding you away in these little, musty rooms, as if you hadn't the sweetest face the sun ever shone on!" cried the good woman, self-reproachfully. "Not a bit of it, my dear. I'm ashamed of myself for treating you so. It mustn't go on so, or your health will suffer, and so I shall tell Lady Lancaster, and if she won't allow you the liberty of the grounds I will go away from here and make you a snug little home somewhere else, where we may come and go as we please; so there!" said the good woman, with sudden independence.

Leonora rose impulsively and went and kissed the comely face of her friend.

"Aunt West, would you really do that much for me?" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"Yes, I would," Mrs. West answered, firmly. "Poor Dick left you to me to take care of, and I'm bound to do the best I can for your happiness."

"Ah!" said Leonora, checking an impatient sigh.

"And I've come to tell you," Mrs. West continued, "that if you'd like to go and sketch the Abbey ruins, you may go this morning, Leonora."

"If I'd like!" cried the girl. "Oh, Aunt West! it's just what I was wishing for. I shall be so happy!"

"Yes, you shall go, dear, and stay all day, if you like. I'll put you up a nice cold lunch in a little basket, and I'll hire the lodge-keeper's boy to show you the way. I'll give him a shilling to go, and he will stay all day to keep you from getting frightened," said Leonora, radiant.

"I don't know; it's still and lonesome-like there, and the bats and screech-owls might startle you. And there's an old dismantled chapel, too—"

"Oh, how lovely! I shall sketch that, too!" Leonora exclaimed, clapping her hands like a gleeful child.

"And a little old grave-yard," pursued Mrs. West. "Some of the Lancasters are buried there. You might be afraid of their ghosts."

"I am not afraid of the Lancasters, dead or living," the girl answered, saucily, her spirits rising at the prospect before her.

She set forth happily under the convoy of little Johnnie Dale, the lodge-keeper's lad, a loquacious urchin who plied her with small-talk while he walked by her side with the lunch-basket Mrs. West had prepared with as dainty care as if for Lady Lancaster herself.

deer browsed on the velvety green grass, and the great oak-trees cast shadows, perhaps a century old, across their path.

When they had shut the park gates behind them, and struck into the green country lanes, bordered with honeysuckle and hawthorn, Leonora drew breath with a sigh of delight.

"How sweet it all is! My father's country, too," she said. "Ah, he was right to love these grand old English homes, although he was but lowly born. What a grand old park, what sweet, green lanes, what a sweet and peaceful landscape! It is no wonder that the English love England!"

She remembered how her father, now dead and buried under the beautiful American skies, had loved England, and always intended to return to it some day with his daughter, that she might behold his native land.

She remembered how often he had quoted Mrs. Hemans' lines:

"The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees  
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greenward bound  
Through shade and sunny glen,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream."

"He loved the homes of England, although his fate was not cast with them," she said to herself. "Poor papa! I must try to love England for his sake; it was always dear to him, although he was fond of his kind adopted home, too!"

When they reached the ruins, she studied them carefully on every side to secure a picturesque view. She found that to get the best possible one she would have to sit down among the graves close to the little dismantled chapel.

"You bain't going to sit down among them their dead folk, missus?" inquired Johnnie, round-eyed, and on the alert for ghosts.

"Yes, I am. Are you afraid to stay, Johnnie?" she asked, laughing.

"Ya'as, I be," he replied, promptly.

"Very well; you may go off to a distance and play," said Leonora. "Don't let any one come this way to disturb me. And if you get hungry, you may have a sandwich out of my basket."

"I'm hungry now," he answered, greedily.

"Already, you little pig!" she cried. "Very well, take your sandwich now, and be off out of my way. I'm going to make a picture."

She sat down on the broken head-stone of an old grave, took out her materials, and while she trimmed her pencils, glanced down and read the name on the tomb beneath her.

It was Clive, Lord Lancaster.

tions of our life matter, after all?" the girl asked herself, soberly. The grave awaits us all at last!

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth  
Gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Sitting there among the lonely green graves and broken, discolored monuments, with the ivy creeping over their dim inscriptions, Leonora, a little lonely black figure, began her sketch.

She worked industriously and skillfully and nothing disturbed her for several hours.

Johnnie had availed himself of the opportunity to make an excursion into the woods on his own account, and she was quite alone; but nothing alarmed her, and she worked on fearlessly amid the fragrant stillness of the lovely June day, whose calmness was broken by nothing louder than the hum of the bees among the flowers, or the joyous carol of the skylark as it soared from earth to heaven, losing itself, as it were, in the illimitable blue of the sky.

The midday sun climbed high and higher into the sky, and Leonora, pausing over her nearly completed sketch, pushed back her wide hat from her flushed face, and stopped to rest, glancing at the quiet graves that encompassed her.

"What a still and peaceful company we are!" she said, aloud, quaintly, never thinking how strange it looked to see her sitting there—the only living thing among the silent tombs.

Then all at once, as if the tenants of the grave had come to life, Leonora heard a soft babel of voices and laughter.

With a start she turned her head.

A party of gay young ladies and gentlemen were strolling toward her across the level greenward. Foremost among them was Lord Lancaster, walking beside the earl's daughter.

It was too late for retreat.

Every eye turned on the graceful figure sitting there so quietly among the graves of the dead and gone Lancasters.

As they passed the low stone wall that divided them, Lancaster lifted his hat and bowed low and profoundly.

Then they were gone, but an eager hum of masculine voices was borne back to her ears on the light breeze:

"By Jove! what a beauty!"

"Heavens! was that a ghost?"

"What a lovely being! Who is she, Lancaster?"

She heard a deep, musical voice answer carelessly:

"It is Miss West—a young lady who is staying in the neighborhood for the sketching, I believe."

They went on toward the ruins. Leonora, with a deeper color in her fair face, bent over her sketch and rapidly put some finishing touches to it.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

He came on quickly toward the figure sitting among the graves, with the small head poised defiantly, although Leonora was thinking to herself:

"He is coming to scold me, perhaps, for trespassing on his property!"

He came up to her and stood bareheaded before her, with the sunlight falling on his fair head—tall, stalwart, handsome—a living Lancaster among those dead and gone ones, and one who did no discredit to the name.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," he said; "but—you are sketching the ruins?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me see your work?" She held it out to him in silence. He scrutinized it in mingled wonder and delight.

"How perfect! how spirited! how beautiful!" he cried. "You must have real talent!"

"Thank you!" she answered, with a slight inclination of her head.

He stood watching the half-averted face a moment in silence. It had a slightly bored air, as if she wished he had not come, or that he would, at least, soon go.

You are very brave, Miss West, sitting here all alone among these graves," he said, after that momentary pause.

"Did you leave your friends to come back and tell me that?" inquired she, with delicate sarcasm.

"No-o," slowly; "I came back to ask a favor, Miss West."

"Indeed?" incredulously.

"Yes; and it is this: I should like to have that sketch. My friend, Lady Adela, is in raptures over that pile of old ruins. She would like to have a picture of it."

He was watching her closely. He was rewarded for his intent scrutiny by seeing an angry crimson flush the round cheek.

"You would like this for her?" said Leonora, with ominous calmness.

"Yes; will you part with it?—for money, if you will. It is singularly perfect, and should be worth something considerable."

"You are very kind," said Leonora. She had pulled a flower from a grave, and was tearing its petals apart with fierce cruelty between her white fingers.

"No; I am only just," he said; then, with a smile: "Ah, Miss West, do not be so cruel to that poor flower. I have a shuddering conviction that it is metaphorically, myself you are deliberately annihilating."

She glanced up to him rather curiously from beneath her shady lashes.

"I did not really think what I was doing," she said. "Why should you think I would treat you that way?"

"Because I have been so unfortunate as to incur your dislike," he answered.

She did not utter the denial he half hoped she would, but she threw her mutilated flower from her with a quickly suppressed sigh.

"Well, am I to have the sketch?" he inquired, after waiting vainly for an answer.

"No."

"You refuse?" he asked, chagrined.

"Yes I drew the picture for myself, not for Lady Adela," she replied, spiritously.

"She will be disappointed at my failure to secure it for her," said he.

"That does not matter to me," Leonora returned, coldly. "Why does she not make a picture for herself?"

"She does not sketch."

"Ah! it is beneath her dignity?" asked the girl.

"No; but beyond her power," he returned.

"Really?" asked the girl.

"Yes," he replied; "she assures me that she has no talent at all in that way. You who are so clever, Miss West, might afford to pity her."

"I do, but not because she can't draw," said Leonora.

"Why then?"

"Because, for all her high birth and proud position, she will have to sell herself for money."

The shot told. She saw his cheek grow red.

"Mrs. West has been telling her these things. I wish to Heaven she had held her tongue!" he thought, bitterly. But aloud he said, lightly: "Perhaps you may find it expedient to do the same thing, Miss West."

"To do what?" she inquired.

"To marry for money," he replied.

"And you think it would be expedient?" she inquired, drawing her delicate black brows together in a vexed little frown.

"Yes, for you," he replied. "You are too beautiful and gifted, Miss West, to be contented in your present humble condition. You should marry wealth and position. Both would become you rarely."

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AT ALL GROCERS 53

will come out of their graves to haunt you for your scorn of their descendant."

"I hope not, indeed!" said Leonora, and then she laughed.

He turned back at the sound of that laugh.

Perhaps she was relenting.

She had risen, indeed, and was holding out to him the sketch he coveted.

"Take it," she said. "I was in a bad temper just now. Lady Adela may have it."

"Will you, indeed, be so kind?" he exclaimed, radiant with pleasure. "But, indeed, you must not give your whole morning's work for nothing. Let me—"

He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a shining gold piece.

"Thank you, my lord," said Leonora, demurely, as she received the money into her palm. "I shall be able to buy myself a new dress with this."

"You are not angry?" he said, struck by an inexplicable something in her tone.

"Oh, no; I am very glad to be so well paid for my work," she answered, with the same demure air; and then she said, suddenly: "Good-morning," and walked away from him.

He followed her.

"Are you going home alone, Miss West?"

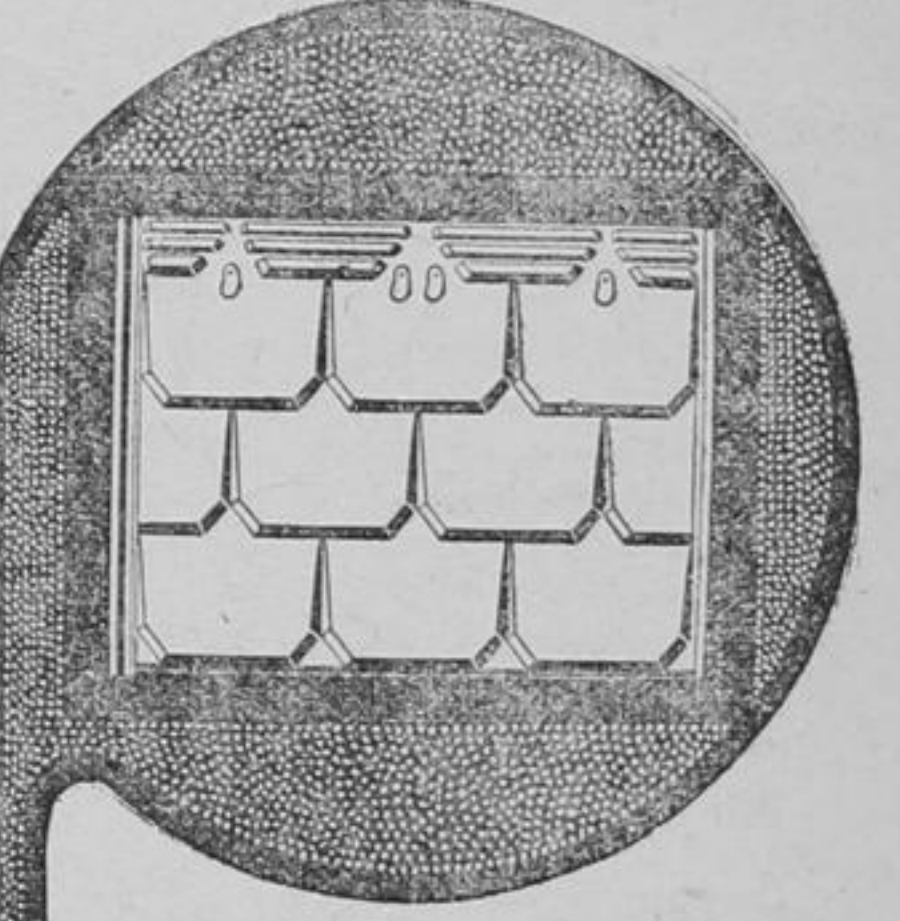
"No; I have a small escort hereabouts, if he has not eaten my lunch and run away," she replied, carelessly.

"Johnny Dale? No, he has not run away. You will find him in the lane, where I saw him as we came through. Shall I find him for you?"

"No, thank you. Doubtless Lady Adela is impatient at your long stay," she said, walking coolly away from him.

"The deuce! I expect she is. I had quite forgotten the daughter of a hundred ears," he said to himself, ruefully. "I forget everything with Leonora West. She would not answer my question, yet I would give the world to know what she really thinks. If I had not promised De Vere a fair field, I would try to find out what she thought before the sun sets. How brusque she is! Ah!"

(To be continued.)



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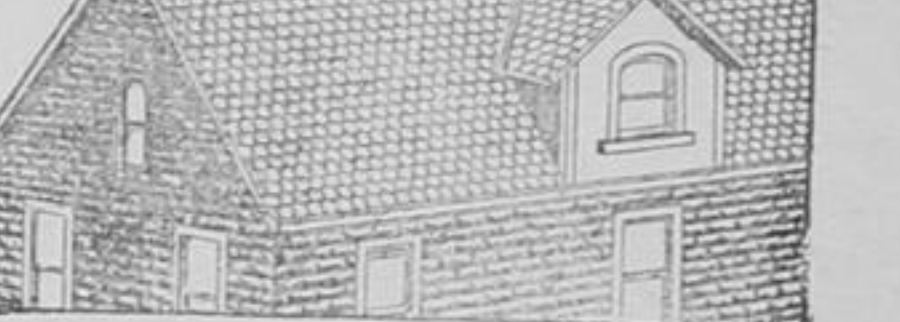
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