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

Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

"Poor boy," she was saying, tenderly. "I wonder if you can ever realize how sorry I am for you? How I appreciate the never-varying patience you have had! Oh, Leslie, who can understand all you have undergone so well as I? I, who love her, and who—love—you!"

She started as if she had betrayed more than she intended to, and her hand trembled. Evidently he observed it, for he answered gently:

"You have been very good, Muriel. I have not forgotten that it was for her sake and so long ago that you gave up Guy Charlton."

She drew her hands away, and after a moment of apparent resistance, covered her face with them, sinking down upon the rug at his side, moaning bitterly. After a moment of surprised silence, he took both her hands in his and drew them from her face.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed, gently, "was it such a trial, dear? Was it so hard to give him up? Child—child, I know so well what love is now that I can not accept the sacrifice from you. Recall him, Muriel. It is not too late. I will not have your life deprived of all its happiness for her. She is not worth it. You shall not lose all that is bright and beautiful."

But to his surprise she had snatched her hands from him and had raised her whole countenance quivering with an apparently uncontrollable emotion.

"Oh, how little you know!" she cried out passionately. "How little you have understood. Do you think any woman's heart is great enough to yield the sacrifice you think I have for the sake of a sister? I don't claim such godliness. I am only human, Leslie, so piteously human, with a heart like that of any other weak woman. Do you think I could have given up my love—my life to—her? Do you think I was great enough for that? God help me! You have never understood that it was for your sake—for your sake I did it."

"Muriel, what are you saying?"

He was upon his feet now and had taken her by the shoulders. She had thrown her head back and was looking him straight in the eye.

"The truth at last!" she cried; "because I have not the courage to longer act a lie! Perhaps I am a little weaker than usual, perhaps worn out by the awful scenes we have witnessed together, but I can not bear the deception. I am going to tell you the truth, and then let you hate me, if you will, loathe me for my falsity and treachery to my sister, banish me forever from your home, if you must. It was not for her sake, but for yours. I could not bear to leave you, because—I loved you!"

She had sunk slowly down as she said the last three words, slowly, lingeringly, until she reached his feet, her face covered again with her hands, her whole body quivering with sobs.

He stood there for a time, his hand lifted to his brow, as if in bewilderment, then he leaned over and raised her gently.

"Muriel," he said, softly. "I confess that you have surprised me beyond words. Of course it is all nonsense, the idea of my loathing you or banishing you from this house because of what you have said; but it can't be true. You are mistaken, dear. You are nervous and overwrought. You didn't mean what you have said, and will regret it all before the day has passed. You will—"

"No—no!" she gasped. "I know that is as you would wish it, but it isn't true! I love you. I have always loved you from the day you came there; into our pretty home, and chose her instead of me. Even then I would have won you from her if I could, for I already foresaw the future that awaited her, knowing as I did that she had inherited our father's appetite; but you were blind to my passion as you were deaf to the sound of my voice. What was any other's man's love to me? I would have given my life for one touch of your hand, would have crawled upon my knees to the ends of the earth to serve you. I saw you made more and more miserable, and dared not lift my voice lest I cry out that mad passion that was consuming me. Oh, Leslie, what is there more that I can tell you? For years I have worshipped you in silence. For years I have watched hopelessly for one little indication that my overwhelming passion was returned; but that one little crumb of comfort was denied me, and now, in our terrible extremity, I have gone mad indeed that I can tell you. Surely you will have pity upon me—surely you will have pity!"

She was sobbing again. He put his arm about her and drew her tenderly to him.

"My poor Muriel!" he said, softly. "My poor Muriel!"

But there was nothing of love in the tone, nothing of love in the touch. And she seemed to realize it all too clearly, for suddenly she raised her eyes and looked full into his own.

The softness of the tigress with her cub had vanished. It was the old Muriel now, the Muriel whom Ailsa knew and hated.

She looked long, earnestly, then suddenly Ailsa saw her lift her hand and touch his forehead just between the eyes. There was fierce determination in her expression, ghastly determination, and as Ailsa watched, with her heart trembling almost to suffocation, she saw Dunraven sway slightly. Her eyes unfastened themselves from Muriel and wandered to him.

He was still looking at her, the expression of gentle pity frozen upon his countenance until it appeared almost stupid.

"Will you—love me, Leslie," the voice of the girl was saying, "when she is no longer—here?"

He did not reply. Ailsa's heart was beating so loud she feared that both would hear.

"Will you love me, Leslie?" the horrible voice repeated.

"Yes," he answered, dully.

And then, while Ailsa still watched, she leaned and kissed him full upon the lips.

Ailsa barely repressed a cry of horror. Those lips to touch those that had pressed her own! Those repulsive lips! She could bear it no longer. Turning, she fled back to the room of the doubly betrayed wife.

The situation was all hideously clear to her now.

It was indeed murder that was being committed, and the murderess was using her terrible power for a double purpose—first to put the wife to death, and next to establish herself in the dead one's place as mistress of that household and wife of its master.

She loved Leslie Dunraven, and would not hesitate at any crime that separated herself from him.

And then, too, for the first time, Ailsa seemed to understand all her own imminent danger.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ailsa was sitting by the side of Ethel's bed, leaning forward with her elbows upon her knees, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed upon that ghastly face, that uncertain, irregular breather.

She must have been sitting there for half an hour, utterly oblivious of everything, unconscious of the passage of time, when the door opened, and Dunraven entered.

She lifted her head and looked at him.

He was pale, haggard, almost unkempt in appearance. The uncanny sensation upon her deepened. She would have perhaps felt less oppressed, less choked with horror in a vault than standing in the presence of that man whom she loved, and that living, breathing thing upon the bed.

She did not get up, because it seemed well-nigh impossible for her to move. She stared up at him for a moment in stony silence. He had staggered over to the side of the bed, and stood leaning against the wall looking at her, the vague, shadowy terror in his eyes causing her to shiver.

She broke the awful silence at last by saying:

"If you don't want your wife to die, Leslie, you must send for a doctor at once."

He started as if she had struck him.

"Die!" he gasped.

"Yes," she answered. "Can't you see? Listen to her breathing. Look into her face! Do you want—murder done?"

The horrible word seemed to arouse him from his lethargy. He did not reply to her, but turned with a swiftness of movement for which she would not have given him credit from his appearance, and left the room.

She did not know where he had gone, and she was not in a condition, mentally, to inquire. He returned in less than fifteen minutes, with a medical man beside him.

Muriel was not there!

Some plan seemed to have formed upon the impulse of the moment in Ailsa's brain, even as she looked into the doctor's strong, kindly eyes, for she found an excuse to send Dunraven from the room.

When she was alone with the physician, whom Dunraven had introduced to her as Doctor Paxton, she went up to him swiftly, and in her excitement placed her hand upon his arm.

"Doctor Paxton," she exclaimed, eagerly, "do you believe in hypnotism?"

He smiled at her kindly.

"Why?" he questioned, gently.

"Because, if you do not, I had as well keep the hideous truth concerning this household to myself; but if you do, then perhaps you can help me to save, that poor young wife who lies there, the victim not of her own appetite, as is supposed by her husband and brother, but of hypnotism. She is the victim of her sister!"

"Muriel? Good Heavens! What are you talking of?"

Ailsa wrung her hands helplessly. Had she encountered another of Muriel's followers? Was she never to discover any one who would believe in her words?

"You know her?" she gasped.

"I have known her since she was a little child," he answered, gently. "I brought her into the world."

"Then you committed a greater sin than you knew!" cried Ailsa, desperately. "Listen! You must listen, and if you do not believe me, make your own investigation. Ethel Dunraven does not take morphine of her own volition! She is the helpless victim of her sister, who commands her as absolutely by the glance of her eye as you could command a horse by the touch of a bridle. Muriel thinks she has me under the influence of her loathsome hypnotic power, and in my presence she has made that poor girl rave and swear and tear her hair, and beg for the drug which two minutes before she had entreated me to save her from. She has—"

"Tut! tut! child! You are mad! What motive could she possibly have? What—"

"You shall know that also!" cried Ailsa, her voice quivering in her earnestness so that it was scarcely audible. "An hour ago I went in search of Mr. Dunraven to beg him to send for aid, and saw her—Muriel—in his room, heard her confess her love to him, and when she discovered that he had nothing but pity to give her, she exerted her infamous power over him, until he promised that after his wife's death she should take her place. Ah! you shiver and draw back, yet I swear to you that what I have said is true! I swear to you that I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, the thing which I have repeated to you. There is a curse upon this household. I entreat of you to believe me, and help me save her."

The doctor smiled, and patted her beautiful head soothingly.

"There! there!" he exclaimed, gently. "You are overwrought and unstrung from your residence beneath this roof. A sensitive, nervous thing like you should never have been allowed to remain here. My dear child, Mrs. Dunraven has inherited this awful malady from her father. He was exactly like her in every particular. I have heard him claim the same absurdity—that he was influenced by some unknown power. The word hypnotism was not on the tongue of every one then as it is now, but it was known as 'influence' then, as it was called 'bewitched' in former days. Mrs. Dunraven is greatly to be pitied, but you must not allow her to fill your pretty little head with such nonsense as that. Why, she will have you imagining that you are influenced to take morphine next. I must tell Dunraven to send you away before it is too late."

"I beg that you will not!" cried Ailsa earnestly. "I entreat that you will not! Do you think I would leave her alone here without a friend, to meet her death in this hideous way—murdered, and no revenge to be worked upon her murderer? What is there in life for me? I tell you that I will remain, that I must remain, and I will pray to God to send me a means to save her. Ah! surely God will know and help me!"

She turned away, for the first time weeping bitterly.

For a moment Doctor Paxton looked after her curiously, then turned his attention to Ethel Dunraven.

Dunraven himself came in shortly after, and the doctor went up to him with a curious smile upon his lips.

"There will be another patient here for me in a little while, Dunraven," he said, quietly "unless you induce Miss Valworth to go out into the air for a long drive. She is nervous and unstrung—really ill! Can't you get her away?"

He saw—sharp-eyed man of the world that he was—Dunraven start and glance apprehensively toward the little figure beside the window. Saw the sudden color leap to his face and recede again, leaving him paler than he was before. Then Dunraven walked over to her unsteadily.

"Ailsa," he said gently, "did you hear what the doctor says? He thinks it is absolutely necessary that you should go out for a drive. Will you go?"

"No!" she answered, heavily. "I can't. I must remain here!"

But the doctor had taken the place of Dunraven at her side.

"If you refuse, little one," he said, gently, "you will be ill; and then who will take your self-imposed task for you? I promise that I will remain here in this room until your return, and that nothing shall happen which I do not see. Now, will you go?"

She looked up into his eyes. He was smiling quizzically, but she knew that she could trust him, and she bowed her head obediently.

"I will go," she answered, unsteadily, "relying upon that promise."

Dunraven heaved a sigh of relief.

"I will order the carriage," she said. "You get into your coat and hat."

She left the room, after one swift look of gratitude into the doctor's eyes; and, going to her own, pinned on her hat and wrapped herself in a great coat, looking at her own reflection in the glass.

She could not help observing how white and wan she had grown. All the pretty color gained during those few days of ecstatic happiness had left her again. The great dark eyes gleamed from the pale face with peculiar brilliancy. She was conscious that her head ached, and it was with a sense of genuine relief that she descended the stairs and opened the front door.

Dunraven was there to meet her. In spite of the cold, he went bare-headed to the street and placed her in the carriage awaiting her.

"I wish I could go with you, dear," he said, gently. "When you return we must talk this situation over. Something must be done. You are killing yourself, and the fault is all mine. Oh, Ailsa, how I regret it all!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. "When I return, as you said, we will talk it all over; but there is one thing of which you may be certain, Leslie: I shall never desert you as long as you need me, let the cost to me be what it will. I have promised, and I will keep my word."

His expression of gratitude was almost pitiful. Perhaps the reason he did not speak was because he could not. He pressed her hand in silence, then closed the carriage door. It started almost at once.

The cold, frosty air did her a world of good. There was color in her cheeks, a new sparkle in her lovely eyes, as the carriage once more stopped before the door, a buoyancy in her step that had not been there when she descended that stoop.

She entered the house with a new lightness of the heart, and a determination that she would conquer every obstacle that came in her path by the force of her will; that if Muriel could compel obedience by will power, so also would she.

She was filled with expectancy, with desire for the fight, with life and spirits which she had thought were dead.

She opened the front door with a latch-key which Dunraven had given her, and started up the stairs.

She had come just to the turn of the winding stairs leading to Muriel's room, when suddenly the door opened, softly, noiselessly, with the uncanny soundlessness which characterized everything about her.

Ailsa lifted her head.

It was Nathan Simonson who stood before her—Nathan Simonson in the act of leaving Muriel Ogden's room.

The pawnbroker and the daughter of the millionaire.

CHAPTER XIV.

In her surprise at a companionship so strange, Ailsa almost forgot the terrible danger that she herself was facing. It was surprise, not terror, that made her turn white and grasp the balustrade to keep herself from falling, but it was terror and not surprise that made her shrink backward and cringe under the sound of that soft, purring, treacherous voice which she hoped she had heard for the last time.

"Why pretty one, is it possible that I see you again?" Nathan Simonson asked, his hated Jewish accent making her tremble. "Ah, if you knew how your poor, dear papa and I have grieved over losing you, if you knew how we had searched, you would have been less hard of heart. Miss Ogden told me of the beautiful addition to this household, but it never once occurred to me that it could be our own Ailsa. That is but another evidence of how small the world is. How glad papa will be when I tell him that I have found his treasure!"

Once or twice she opened her mouth to make some plea to him, to entreat him to remain silent regarding her presence there, but then she realized how useless it would all be. She would have passed him, but that he blocked her way and stood there, fully comprehending all her bitter hatred and terror, but it only made the treacherous smile deepen upon his thick, bestial lips.

"You will go back with me now!" he continued, after a silence which was maddening to her. "You will go back with me and relieve papa of all his frantic suspense and grief. Surely you would not have the heart to refuse after all that I have told you. Come, Ailsa!"

He put out his hand and would have placed it upon her arm, but she sprang back upon the landing and out of his reach.

"Never!" she cried, hoarsely, pressing her hands upon her breast in a vain effort to still the wild beating of her heart. "Never! I would die first. You may tell him that! Do you think I would go back to that horrible place of my own will, back to the beatings, the starvation, the awful horror that faced me daily, hourly there? I stood it for all those long, cruel years because I thought it to be my duty, the duty which God had placed upon me, the burden which He had given me to bear, but I know now that He never intended it. There is no law to compel it, and I will not go!"

(To be continued.)

How Fast Do Animals Move?

He is as "slow as an ox," as "fleet as a deer," as "fast as a horse," or as "speedy as a gazelle."

How many times have you heard these expressions, which bring to mind the question, "How fast do animals move?" Few know just how fast or slow they are, but an interesting computation by scientists is designed to throw light on the matter.

A riding horse covers forty inches while walking, while at a jog trot it covers eleven feet in a second. The two-minute horse covers forty-four feet in a second. The leisurely ox moves over only two feet a second when hitched to a wagon and about twenty inches when attached to a plow. The elephant, which can pull more than six horses, moves over about four and one-half feet a second, and running as rapidly as it can is able to travel but eighteen feet a second.

The lion is claimed to run faster than the swiftest running horse, which is from 80 to 100 feet a second according to the country through which it is compelled to travel. Some claim a hare can travel at the rate of sixty feet a second, while others claim it cannot travel more than half that distance. All deer are speedy animals. A roebuck has been known to cover seventy-four feet a second when pursued by dogs.

The giraffe is said to pass over the ground at the rate of about fifty feet a second, while the kangaroo covers ten to fourteen feet a second. A tortoise five inches long makes about a half-inch in a second.

But the records established by the birds never have been equaled by animals.

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AT ALL GROCERS
53

That Lot of Yearlings.

Of all the cattle kind upon the farm, the yearling's lot is usually about the worst. This is too often true when times are good. When prices are high, and when feed is cheap. When this is true, then it is a case of force the feed upon the older animals and get them into marketable condition. Let the yearlings take care of themselves. When the opposite is true, then it is too often a case of making the yearlings stand the worst of it. When milk is high, it is a case of force the cow and starve the yearling.

This is one of the biggest kind of mistakes. All experiment goes to show that gains may be more economically made upon yearlings than with older cattle. It costs less to feed a yearling enough to keep it alive to begin with, and the rest goes to make beef or growth. It doesn't pay to neglect the calf when it is a yearling, ever expecting to make it up again to the calf or to yourself.

Wood Alcohol Poison.

How virulent a poison is wood alcohol? Ten drops of this fluid drunk by a susceptible person is enough to cause blindness, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"My wife says that she is going to buy cheaper hats and save money." "Ah, I see; reducing her overhead expenses."

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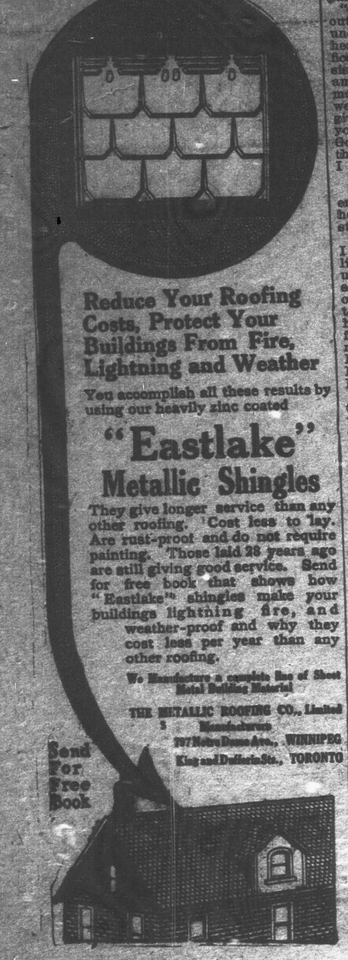

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