

WILLING WITNESSES

DAY by day we are receiving enthusiastic testimonial letters from policyholders whose Endowment contracts are now maturing.

These are our willing witnesses who come voluntarily into court and testify to the good faith of The Mutual of Canada.

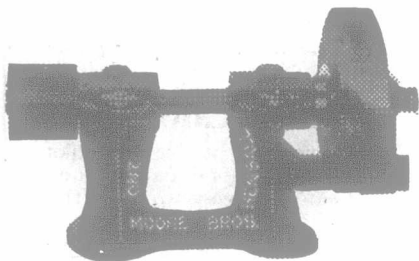
No wonder! For they are receiving from \$110.00 to \$190.00 for every \$100.00 invested in premiums, to say nothing of the protection they have enjoyed.

The amount of the return, of course, varies with the term of the Endowment. Don't speculate! Take an Endowment policy and share in the prosperity of

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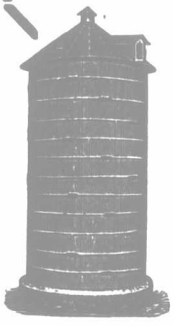
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must plan to bring the boat each evening near enough civilization to obtain supplies.

"A good itinerary," said the Mariner, approving his Albatross, "but I warn you I shall claim half the credit. When you see me swaggering, and hear me boasting of the plans my friend Brederode and I have mapped out, contradict me if you dare. I will defy you in some things, or I shall burst of sheer spite; and we can test it now, if you like, for there they come."

It was true. They were in a cab, with luggage under the driver's feet. I had let time slip away, forgetting that I meant to escape before five, when Starr had told me they were due.

But I was determined not to meet them now. There was still time for Miss Van Buren to find some excuse and wreck the tour, if she were annoyed by my obstinate determination to know her. To-morrow there will not be time, unless she cares to make a scene; and I don't think she is a girl to make scenes.

"No. I'll leave your friends to you for the present," said I. "We ought to start by ten to-morrow, and I'll be on hand at nine."

"I know not whether to curse or bless you," said the Mariner. But I gave him no time to do either. I was off, and out of the way before I could be noticed and recognized by the occupants of the cab. Then, back to the Club I came to write a short letter to Robert, and to jot down a few happenings for my own benefit later.

(To be continued.)

Because They are Just Girls.

By Helen E. Princeton, in the Epworth Herald.

A number of weeks ago I overheard a conversation between a lady and gentleman, both of them very much interested in the work of the Kingdom. The lady was speaking very enthusiastically about some work which she was intending to put before the girls in her Sunday School class. I felt that the gentleman's knowledge in some respects was very much limited when he said: "O, what they do will not amount to much because they're just girls."

Although the remark was not addressed to me I greatly resented the insinuation that "just girls" are such irresponsible beings (since I happen to be a girl), and wondered how, when, why, and where this man could have acquired his distorted view of girls and their worth. Evidently more things have been wrought in this world by those who now are or once were "just girls" than he ever dreamed of.

Suppose we tell this critic of the work of girls, what has been done and is constantly being performed by some of the kinds of girls whom it has been our privilege—yours and mine—to know personally and by reputation. There's the helpful, thoughtful girl who—

"... doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

There's the popular girl, of whom it is said. "None know her but to love her,

none name her but to praise." There's the girl who is willing to sell her happiness for titled nobility, but, on the other hand, there's the girl who believes that it is "only noble to be good," that "kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

There's the mannish girl, who affects a gait and is hail-fellow-well-met with all her acquaintances; but there's the quiet, retiring girl, who says little and brings much to pass. There's the girl who is "sober and sad"; and there's the girl of whom the poet sings:

"The German may sing of his rosy-cheeked lass,
The French of his brilliant-eyed pearl;
But ever the theme of my praises shall be,
The laughing American girl."

Let me call to remembrance just a few who have won name and fame in this world, who were once "just girls," that the possibilities in those who are "just girls" to-day may be better realized.

Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna Howard Shaw, all great woman's suffragists, were once "just girls." Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a powerful support to the anti-slavery movement; Frances E. Willard, one of the foremost temperance reformers and the originator of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Mrs. Eliza Garrett, the founder of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill.; Barbara Heck, whose name is placed among the first on the list of women in the ecclesiastical history of the new world; Isabella Thoburn, the first missionary to be sent out by our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and who gave years of her life to the work of the Cross in India; Susannah Wesley, the mother of nineteen children (one of whom became the founder of Methodism and another a world-famous writer of hymns), were all once "just girls."

Alice and Phoebe Cary,

"Who from the farm fields singing came,
The songs whose echo now is fame,"

were once "just girls," as was also their much-loved mother.

Again, let us consider some who, as girls, have been immortalized by writers, and still others who better yet, have immortalized themselves. Evangeline was "just a girl" when she—

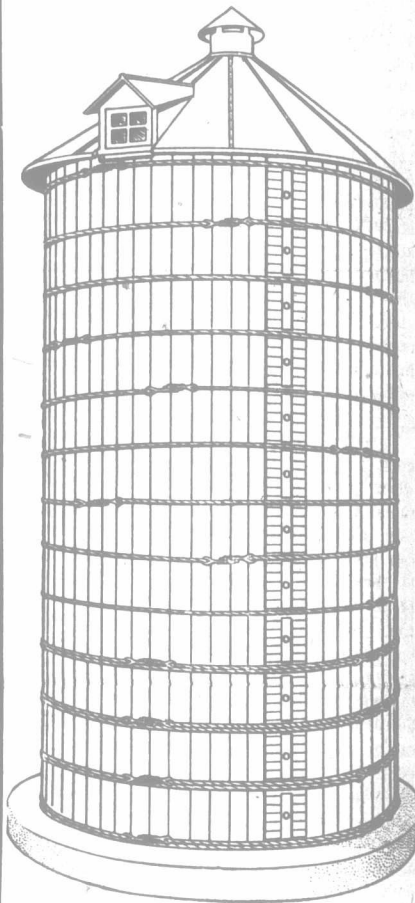
"... stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it."

Minnehaha was "just a girl" when Hiawatha, "young and tall and very handsome," come from another tribe and country to seek as his bride this "loveliest of all the maidens in the land of Dacotahs, in the land of handsome women."

Sir Walter Scott's "Jennie Deans" was "just a girl" when she made that heroic visit to Queen Catherine and secured her sister's pardon, basing her plea on the logic that it is not what

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