



## THE FACT

that so many old men are dependent upon others for support should lead every thoughtful young man to make provision for his later years of life.

An endowment policy will make sure provision for old age, and while the money is accumulating the family or dependent ones are protected.

See one of our representatives at once regarding a policy, or write to the

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"  
HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO, ONT.

about it, but of course no one has ever talked to you. You're rather dignified and distinct, you know my dear. But when it came to a matter as big as this election for senior president, I felt as if some one must speak. It wasn't fair to you not to speak. So I undertook it, being a courageous soul. All the girls know that I am telling you all about it to-day. I'm not exactly delegated, you understand; still, they all know what you'll say before—before—before they vote to-night. I must say, it's a pretty delicate matter to speak to a girl about her best friend—but you don't mind my going on?" Lily turned her head with a little quick smile, non-committal, amused. "Oh, no; you may go on," she said. "Frankly," continued Theresa, bluntly, "you'd have been class president long ago if it hadn't been for Millicent Harlow." A sharp little wince of pain touched the self-control of Lily's lips. "She stood in your way from first to last. At first, in freshman year, we thought you couldn't be a nice girl if you had a friend like that, however fine you seemed. So we left you both alone. Then afterward we saw that you were just as lovely as you looked, and we wanted to know you; but, my dear, how could we? How could we? We simply couldn't stand Millicent, and there was no getting hold of you without Millicent. Millicent is always with you. She'd be here this minute if I hadn't carried you off bodily. So we just haven't known you, gone with you, been friends, all on account of Millicent. Perhaps you haven't noticed, or minded, but we've minded, my

dear,"—here Theresa's arm went about Lily's shoulders in a sudden compelling affection that caught at Lily's heart—"and we want you now. Will you?" Not noticed! Not minded! Did any of them guess how proud Lily was? And how friendly, and how exquisitely fastidious too? Under her bright self-sufficiency no one guessed with what intensity she had longed to know them all, these girls who were really her kind who elected her to many an important office, complimented her thus on her executive ability, looked at her, too with frankly congenial eyes, but somehow never came any nearer, somehow elusively slipped away from any real acquaintance, and genuine friendship. Was not Lily keen-witted enough to know that for three years she had missed the best thing in college, and keen enough also to guess the reason, without Theresa's telling. And here at last, for her last, best, brief year at college, the class was offering her its highest honour, and with that, she knew, its friendship—on only one condition. So far Lily had not turned feared. Lily had let her go on, and upon her fiercely, as Theresa had half Theresa felt her waver, so she thought, ever so little. With her arm still about Lily's neck, she went on. "You know we just must have the finest girl in the class for president. Except for Millicent, Anne Bower doesn't stand one chance against you, for you are the finest girl in the class, Lily." The wistful paleness of Lily's lips relaxed into a sudden little laugh of pure incredulity and amusement. It was laughable, of course, but still it was sweet to hear Theresa say it. It was something for a lonely girl even to be walking with Theresa Jacobs, the most influential girl in college. Theresa was growing quite bold now. She meant to say it all; she meant to have Lily Meyrick for senior president. But Lily was very still as she listened. "You know, Lily, what a position the senior president has in the college, socially, as well as every other way. Why, she's a part of everything. You can see how"—here even Theresa, the bold, stopped for a breathing space—"how it would look if you were always with a girl like Millicent, a great, uncouth, ill-bred thing like that." The colour surged to Lily's delicate face, but still she did not speak. "You understand, to be very clear," concluded Theresa, we want you for senior president, Lily, to represent us on all occasions—but we do not want Millicent Harlow to be made prominent thereby." And here Theresa's voice sharpened. "We will not have her either!" She finished more gently: "But you do understand, don't you, Lily?" "Oh, yes," said Lily, "I understand." "It really is very easy to break off a friendship," Theresa continued, in a brisk, matter-of-fact way. "It doesn't need a quarrel or anything horrid and disgusting like that. You just stop going to the girl's room, and always have an excuse for not going with her to things, and lots of times don't see her at all. You do it all gradually, and at last it dawns upon her that you've changed, and after that the rest is easy. I've done it several times." The clouds were never more white against the blue, but Lily did not see them, for all her intent eyes. "Of course," Theresa went on, "I'm not asking you to promise to give up Millicent Harlow—not exactly that. Only before the election to-night all the girls will be wanting to know how you've taken our—well, our suggestion. If before the class-meeting at eight you could do some little thing to show that you see—say—the wisdom of being less intimate with Millicent—it would be a very good thing. If, for instance, after chapel, instead of putting your arm round Millicent and trotting off to the reading-room with her, as you al-

ways do, you put your arm round some of the rest of us, and trotted off with us instead, it would seem to indicate your frame of mind. Please, silent lady, you need make no promises, but am I forgiven for all I've said? There's one thing you might think of in this connection: In a choice between your friend and your class, isn't some of your duty due to your class?" "I am thinking," answered Lily. "Lily," Theresa brought her hand down sharply on Lily's shoulder, "how in the world did it ever happen, anyway? How in the world did a girl like you ever have anything to do with a girl like Millicent? You're so sweet, so dainty—and she! It isn't only that she's so plain and so terribly untidy—how do you stand that awful hair?—but she's so ill-natured and rude. You might think, with all her physical disadvantages, she'd at least try to be polite and agreeable to people, but the outrageous things she says! Why, if she treated even you decently, it would be easier to see her absorbing all your time and preventing our ever getting at you. To think that you and she are friends! Lily, how did it ever happen?" "I guess it just happened," said Lily. "I've known her always, since we were very little girls." With valiant resolution to keep itself calm during the half-hour before election, the class surged out of the chapel. One thing it must be known before eight o'clock, and so it crowded at the chapel door, waiting for Lily Meyrick, and watching her. It was so easy to, encircle her and separate her from Millicent, pressing up all unwitting for her usual place by Lily's side. All about Lily were faces, before often cold, but now bright with friendship. Warm hands were pressing hers; eager voices were speaking their hopes of their candidate. Theresa had given the class to understand that she had won. Her words now were light enough, but meant much. "Coming up to my room for a bit, Lily?" Resolution made Lily's face white for an instant, made icy cold the hands they were clasping, but her voice was even and sweet, eyes and lips were smiling as she said: "No, I'm going down to the reading-room with Millicent." Her eyes sought the unkempt head, the ungainly shoulders that she loved. "Where is she? I want her." Instantly they had separated, so that Millicent stood by Lily's side. Lily put her arm about her, while her slim figure in the white muslin gown swayed just a little as she stood there. "I hope you'll excuse me," she said to Theresa. "Thank you for asking me." The words were addressed to Theresa, but they were meant for all. Meant for all, too, were the proud up tilt of her golden head, the shining sweet defiance of her gray eyes, the resolution of her wistful lips, the proud, protecting tenderness, as she stood by Millicent. The crowd melted away silently, each girl knowing that the finest girl in the class had put aside their highest honour, and had chosen instead—Millicent Harlow! It is etiquette that nominated candidates shall stay quietly in their rooms during an election. A little before eight Lily parted from Millicent at the reading-room door. "I don't honestly believe you'll get a dozen votes, Lil," said Millicent, with well-meant comfort. "I know I sha'n't get one," said Lily laughing. "Oh, yes, one!" cried Millicent. "Yes, one," corrected Lily, her eyes tender as they watched Millicent's awkward stride up the corridor. In her own room Lily did not turn up the gas. She was tired, and thought she would lie down a little while. To that end she removed Millicent's coat that sprawled on her couch. Lily dearly loved order. Millicent used Lily's room as if it had been her own, also Lily's books and Lily's note-

paper and Lily's manicure set. Lily sank down, pressing her hands to her tired head. She smiled as she looked at Millicent's coat on her chair. It looked so big and ungainly, so like its owner. Poor, dear old Millicent! The other girls did not understand. Lily knew that Millicent would go through fire for her; then a bit of a smile touched Lily's lips. It probably would never be necessary for Millicent to go through fire for her, whereas, a little everyday amiability, a little pleasantness on Millicent's part would be very grateful to Lily's patient nerves. Steps came flying down the corridor, the door burst open, in the light of the hall Millicent's face was radiant. "Theresa wanted to come, but I wouldn't let her. I'd have killed any one who tried to tell you before I did—and I let them know it, too! Anne Brower got up and made such an odd speech—about loyalty and friendship and sacrifice, and a lot more. I didn't understand what she meant at all. But the girls clapped. Oh, how they clapped! And then they took the vote. Lily, it's you! And unanimous! I never heard of such a thing in college before! Unanimous! I can't imagine how it happened, can you?" "No," said Lily, humbly, "I can't."—Youth's Companion.

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