



MONARCH · KNIT SWEATER · COATS

The above model, in pale blue with salmon trimmings, is one of the new Monarch-Knit coats. Its beautiful, rich effect and soft, downy texture, resulting from the use of fine, homespun Australian yarns and much painstaking care in designing, make it a garment such as any woman might be proud to wear at any time. Your dealer will gladly show you many such dainty and exclusive styles in silk, silk mixtures and wool, in refined and uncommon color combinations.

The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

A Prince of Egypt

(Continued from page 53)

wise old woman of stone with her tired smile. I feel keenly the unreality, the vagueness of this passing show, and I have been privileged to know the joy of living for a brief space freed from the burden of a body. To cast it off altogether seems now quite simple; one has but to crawl from it as a butterfly emerges from its chrysalis. I have left my body often of late; sometimes on the sands, sometimes lying on my bed. I am convinced that passing through the veil which divides one world from another—which divides me from him—is but a matter of my own will.

"Death separated us, once," he told me. It shall unite us now!

He loves me! I love him! No words can translate the exquisite communion of souls that is ours. I must go to him to-day . . . go to him utterly, completely. For some time I have virtually lived out there, compelling my physical body to perform its tasks without me. But such an existence is but a poor compromise. I am cheating both my body and my soul. Besides, my love for him can but half express itself. It is the same with his for me. And for what has this message, this knowledge, been given me if not for my use?

There is none to regret my going. I have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Therefore, to-day—at once—I am determined to take my body out to that great pink desert, and there, in one of the many holes made by those who exhume the mummies at rest beneath the sands, I will bury it.

And even if they find the husk that I have worn throughout my earthly span, I, myself, will be beyond their reach . . . free . . . loving . . . beloved . . .

I come, my Prince of Egypt . . . I come . . . I come . . .

The Woman Who Wrecked The World

(Continued from page 52)

recent revelations, that Count Berch-told in Vienna and the Kaiser in Berlin must have known every detail of that plot. In the Vienna court in the summer of 1914 they told Franz Ferdinand that it was his duty, as heir to the throne, to go with his wife to Sarajevo and win the favour of its disaffected people to the house of Hapsburg—an impossible task. Franz Ferdinand knew that Sarajevo was filled with plotters who would welcome the opportunity to assassinate him. He declined to go. The plotters in Vienna caused it to be whispered about that he was afraid; so, in a headstrong way, he said, "I will go."

Before he went the Austrian Foreign Office was warned by the Serbian Minister that positive information had come from Belgrade that a plot had been hatched to kill Franz Ferdinand and his wife when they visited Sarajevo.

Vienna let him go. Nor were there any precautions taken for the trip. The priest who was Sophie's spiritual adviser said the other day: "Franz Ferdinand was sent to Sarajevo to be slain. He was led into a trap prepared by the court at Vienna and by the Hungarian aristocracy. Austria never made any proper inquiry into the tragedy, and no one was made responsible for the fact that no precautionary measures were taken to avoid it."

Thereby hangs the tale—the tale goes back to Berlin—to those who swept Franz Ferdinand and the Little Lady of Bohemia from the path of their ambitions, and made the tragedy serve their purpose by creating from it a "cause" for war.

If You Are Ambitious

I HAVE noticed that men who have climbed to great heights, as a rule, have chosen the job which held the larger future, regardless of what it might give in immediate returns. It was not the larger salary they were after, but the larger opportunity. It was the job which gave promise of the greatest future that they wanted, not a "soft snap" with easy money and no future. Many vocations which pay the most money at first have the least future in them. If you must make sacrifices make them when you are first starting out in life. You will find it much easier to make them later. What you need at the outset is, the most of all, the biggest opportunity for growth and development, the job that has the larger possible future in it. If you are ambitious, you won't look for a "soft snap" and "easy money."—Orison Swett Marden in *The New Success*.



BABY COLEMAN.

Virol built up his strength.

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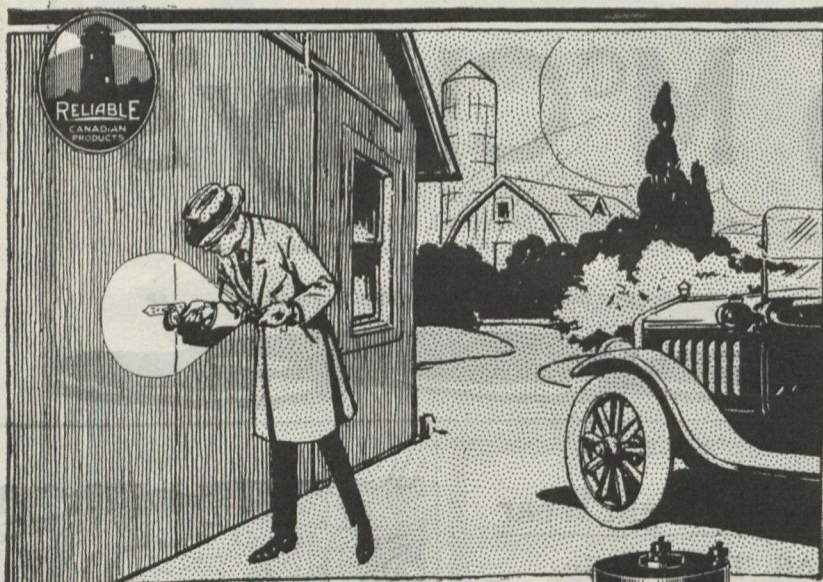
Dear Sirs,

My baby seemed to be quite healthy at birth, but being unable to feed him I tried different foods at various times. At first he appeared to be making progress, but after a few months it became evident he was wasting, and I was advised to try Virol. He soon began to pull round, and in a short time made considerable weight and was altogether brighter and happier. This satisfactory progress has continued, thanks to Virol, which has built up his strength, making him a splendidly sturdy little fellow. In view of the gratifying results obtained, I do not hesitate to recommend Virol whenever the question arises of the best alternative food for baby.—Yours truly,
G. C. COLEMAN.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhoea, Influenza, etc.

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