

36 Handsome Silk Blouse Shirts, 25/6,  
Now 8/11  
500 yds Extra Wide Liberty Silk,  
all colours, 2/3 Now 1/6½  
13 Ladies' Lovely Satin Boleros,  
32/6 Now 15/11  
132 Stylish Shirt Blouses, 4/11, 6/6  
Now 2/6, 3/6  
450 Dress Lengths Coating Serge,  
12/11 Now 8/9  
750 yds Wide Fancy Millinery Rib-  
bon, 1/11, 2/11 Now -/6½, -/9½  
95 Charming French Hats and  
Bonnets, 35/- to 63/- Now 19/11  
2 Beautiful Silk Crepon Mantles, 63/-  
Now 39/6  
500 pairs Ladies Kid Gloves, 3/11  
Now 2/11

**BEATH & CO'S**

HALF-YEARLY

Stock!

Taking

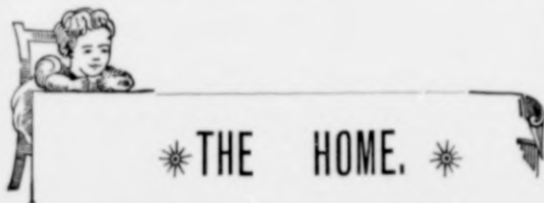
SALE

**NOW ON.**

350 New Sunshades, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/11,  
14/11, 18/11, Now 2/5½, 3/5½, 4/5½, 5/5½,  
7/5½, 9/5½  
750 French and English Robes, 17/6, 25/6,  
32/6, 42/- Now 12/9, 18/6, 25/6, 32/6  
8000 yds New Print, -/5½, -/7½, -/9½, -/10½  
Now -/2¼, -/3¼, -/4¼, -/5¼  
490 Cooking Aprons, -/9½, 1/4, 2/4, 3/9  
Now -/6½, -/11½, 1/6, 2/6  
144 Children's Cashmere Dresses. 6/11, 12/11  
Now 4/6, 4/6  
25 Infants' Pretty Tunics, 12/11, 15/6, 18/11  
Now 7/11, 9/11, 12/9  
490 Ladies' Stylish Sailors, 1/-, 1/3, 1/11  
Now -/6, -/9, 1/-  
3000 Ladies' Summer Vests, -/6 Now -/2¼  
360 White Muslin Aprons, 1/3, 1/11, 2/11,  
Now -/9½, 1/3, 1/11

the Government to bring about a higher standard in the Army is a final proof to me that as long as regulation of any kind can be resorted to as a remedy, it will always be regarded as the one and only panacea. My view was that it would be instituted as an odious, but possibly effective, auxiliary to moral efforts. I find it will always be accepted as a convenient substitute. I take the liberty of addressing this explicit withdrawal of an endorsement in whatever form of the principle of regulation, because it was in a letter to your lordship that I originally incurred the responsibility. I trust, therefore, to your lordship's indulgence to forgive me for troubling you further in the matter.

"I remain, my lord,  
"Yours very truly,  
"ISABEL SOMERSET."



\* THE HOME. \*

A TALK TO MOTHERS.

"AH, if I had known in time, if my mother had only told me," is the heart-broken cry of many a young life ruined from want of knowledge of a subject which has the most vital connection with happiness or woe.

Think, mothers, how careful we are that our children shall have a good education, and how proud we are of their scholastic success. But, alas for our darlings, how often do we imagine that education stops at scholastic attainments. How often are our children launched on the rude waves of life's sea with never a word in explanation of the wondrous meaning of sex. How

often is the very idea of the need of such an explanation scouted, and any suggestion avoided that would lead naturally to it.

From earliest childhood the question naturally and rightly arises, "Whence came I?" and the query is met lightly, thoughtlessly, cruelly, with a lie in response. The subtle poison begins its deadly work; here is the first lesson in deceit. No thoughtful child believes the story of the cabbage or the stork origin. Other questions bearing on the same subject are evaded or again answered with a lie, and the child begins to understand that there is some fearful mystery surrounding the subject of his enquiry. The light laugh, the prompt repression, are causes which have the most lamentable and far-reaching effects, bearing their train of woe adown the centuries. Oh, mothers! it is time to forbear this lying and betake ourselves to truth. And yet this simple duty seems hard to most of us, so terribly akin, from the perversion of our thought, seems sex and sin.

But are we not all asking "Whence have we come, and whither are we tending?" Our little child but echoes the question of the sages of all the ages, and proud we should be that we can at least reveal some of the secret it seeks to know. If we could begin by explaining—we of this materialistic nineteenth century—that our bodies are habitations,—temples, as St. Paul so beautifully terms them,—of the Holy Spirit; that they are given us in order that this glorious Spirit, which comes from God, and whose marvellous beauties we can scarcely begin to realise may shine through them, we shall have got over a great deal of the seeming difficulty. Then it will be easy to say, further, that so marvelously does the great All-Spirit build

that the grand old oak, the dear, fluffy little chick, and the tiny babe, all begin life from one wonderful little cell, and at that beginning the one which grew to be the oak, and the other that became the chick, could hardly have been distinguished from the one that became the baby's body.

Here, see, the bean, the nest of the baby bean plant: how like a tiny egg it lies snugly wrapped in the softest covering. It is the offspring of the flower, the fairest thing the bean plant could show. When the time comes for it to set about its life-work, as we know it, the soft cradle opens and it sinks into the ground—a little child-bean.

So the babe from this tiny cell grows and grows under its mother's heart, encircled round with the softest, loveliest wrappings until the time has come for it to set about its life's work too, and then it comes into the light of day, and changes its snug, warm nest for its mother's welcoming arms. Surely some such communings with our little ones would gain their confidence, and as the years roll by the needs that come with them would be more easily responded to, and life for our loved ones made, oh! how much more, easy.

"Rest."

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion—  
Clear, without strife,  
Fleeing to ocean  
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving—  
And this is true rest.—Goethe.