

CHRISTMAS. CHRISTMAS. CHRISTMAS.
SPECIAL SHOW BY BEATH & CO., ARGYLE HOUSE

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must give them the right food at the right hours; she must know when it is wise to sleep and how much clothing should be worn.

She may have something to do with the building of the house at some time; and surely the character of her life is related to the architecture of her home, to the arrangement of its rooms, as well as to its external appearance. She should also understand the art of hanging pictures, and the laws of light and shade; and these no less than the ideals of art which shall help to form her children. She must know a great deal about music, because the poorer standards must not enter and permanently influence their small minds.

I have asked a number of women, who were acquainted both with business and with home life, if they thought a factory run on the same principles as those that govern the ordinary kitchen would succeed, with as little attention to convenience, to the utilisation of waste, etc. and they answered in the negative. I have asked a good many women whether they supposed that anybody had put the same kind of study into the construction and management of a kitchen that men have put, that men must put into business to secure its success, and which men have put into every other branch of productive labour. Everyone has again said "no." Is the kitchen less important than the factory, or is there less money expended in a kitchen than is made in a business. Is the kitchen a less factor in this age than is the factory? I think not. More is in the hands of women who expend the money of the household in regard to the kitchen than there is money in relation to the factory, if one views it purely from an economical standpoint. Is it not, therefore, the duty of every woman to know about the kitchen before she get married.—"United Presbyterian."

A Christmas Thought.

PEACE.

And here is another word; and what a word! It is one of the gentlest of all words, and yet its power reaches to the outskirts of heaven. A lady came to me one morning radiant—she had often come before, and always with a face heavy and opaque, and with eyes full of repressed grief and resentment. She was one of the fine, sensitive, tender souls, who for twenty years had hourly been outraged and tortured by a brutal husband. Just before she came to me that morning so radiant some one had given her a word to think about; to analyze: to live in until she should become saturated with it. The word was "Peace." She had been repeating it, and trying to get its sweetest, purest and noblest understanding for more than an hour, when all the time the lash of her husband's scorpion tongue was seeking the most vulnerable part of her long tortured spirit. "Peace," she kept saying to herself; "Peace," and a soothing something seemed to pour balm into her many wounds. "Peace," she repeated, and a sense of superiority to his power to hurt gradually stole over her. "Peace," and a triumphant feeling of conquest began to fill her breast. "Peace," and what was this strange joyousness? Surely the day of jubilee was dawning in her soul! "Peace," and, oh, the thrilling fact of conscious mastery was adding to her stature, brimming over in her eyes in strength, and diffusing itself from her very presence until it filled the house full, and quieted and silenced the self-tortured spirit of the man whose only safety-valve had been the infliction of torture upon her!

In the upward climb towards self-conquest there is no more helpful word

than "Peace." If the mother would use it when her nerves are torn in shreds by the thoughtless little, turbulent little, reckless little "tousle pates," with their powerful and clashing individualities creating havoc in the household, she would bring order out of chaos of her own feelings first, and then out of their conduct. For the potency of the spoken word lies in the fact that the spirit of it, or the meaning of it goes forth to make its impression silently upon every soul within range of its sphere.

In the higher life there is no justification for anger; and bear in mind that anger repressed is not anger conquered. When anger would find its bitter and burning lodgment within us we can turn it aside by admitting another guest in its place. That guest is "Peace." The power of this guest is simply indescribable. Hold the word in your thought for a few moments and let its meaning filter through every part of your body. You may be outraged, or worried, or disappointed, or anxious about money matters, or anything else; you may be where a smile is the farthest thing imaginable from your thoughts; and yet, if you hold this word for only a few minutes, trying to understand it, trying to realise its meaning, it will take possession of you; it will relax the muscular tension wrought by anxiety or anger, and you will be surprised to find a warmth kindling in your bosom and a smile pulling at the corners of your mouth.

Oh, friends, self-conquest comes by such little things as these; and self-conquest is heaven on earth.—Helen Wilmans in "Freedom."

Half-a-crown a year will procure you a copy of the WHITE RIBBON, posted direct, and you will thus be kept in touch with a large section of the thoughtful women of the colony.