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BISHOP'S

We feature the Newest Models as they appear in New York.

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We are now prepared with a large stock of

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Reg. \$3.20.	Sale Price	\$2.90
Reg. 4.50.	Sale Price	3.60
Reg. 7.00.	Sale Price	4.68
Reg. 7.50.	Sale Price	5.60
Reg. 8.00.	Sale Price	6.03
Reg. 8.50.	Sale Price	6.74
Reg. 9.00.	Sale Price	6.84
Reg. 10.00.	Sale Price	8.52
Reg. 11.50.	Sale Price	9.12

CHILDREN'S GINGHAM DRESSES AT 25 PER CENT. OFF TO CLEAR. Also BOYS' WASH SUITS.

WHITE CANVAS FOOTWEAR.

Ladies' Boots—Reg. \$4.00.	Sale Price	\$3.60
Ladies' Shoes—Reg. 3.40.	Sale Price	3.00
Ladies' Shoes—Reg. 2.25.	Sale Price	2.00
Ladies' St-es—Reg. 3.60.	Sale Price	3.20
Ladies' Shoes—Reg. 3.80.	Sale Price	3.40

Also Balance CHILDREN'S BOOTS & SHOES 15 Per Cent.

FLAGS FOR CELEBRATING PEACE.

Cotton, on sticks . . . 15c., 20c., 35c. each
Bunting, without sticks . \$2.00, \$2.90, \$3.20 each
Pennants . . . \$1.60 doz.; 15c. each

Balance of Children's Straw and Muslin Hats at 1/3 off regular price to clear.



Drill Sergeant's Trials.

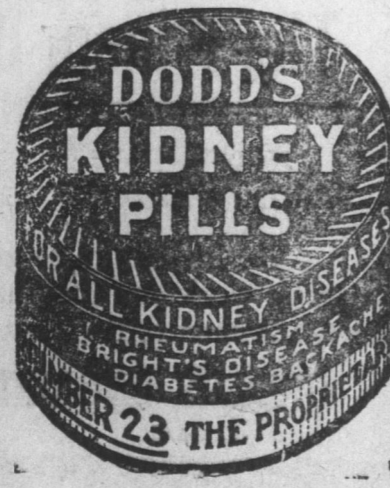
(From an Exchange.)
Sergeant Blunt's patience was all but exhausted. It seemed that none of the recruits in the riding school had ever made the acquaintance of a horse before.
They were all hopeless, and one even worse than the rest. His persistent habit of turning round and inspecting the rear of his fiery steed goaded the sergeant to frenzy.
"Look here, my son," he roared at last, "haven't you ever seen a horse's tail before?"
"No, sir," came the reply, "I've always seen it behind."

Aviation Adds 200 Words to Language

New York students of the English language attribute to aerial navigation the addition of 200 words. As the average person has had in the past a speaking vocabulary of only 650 of the more than 600,000 words in the

English language, the increase brought about by the airplane and airship is regarded as remarkable.

For the benefit of those as yet unacquainted with the true meaning of such words as "fuselage," "nacelle," etc., the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association has prepared a "flying dictionary" with the aid of a report compiled by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Washington.



John Bull Winces at Labor's Big Stick.

Smillie Is England's Chief Man.

(By Shaw Desmond in N.Y. Sun.)

The noted Irish author, whose latest novel "Democracy" has created a sensation in this country as well as abroad, where he is hailed as the coming rival of Bernard Shaw, has undertaken to write for The Sun each Sunday an article on English affairs, of which this is the first.

John Bull is sitting up o' nights thinking overtime. He is thinking about Cousin Sam over the way. He wants to know what Sam is thinking.

Uncle Sam, as I found in the States, has a cousinly interest in John—only more so. He wants to know what John really thinks about that League of Nations—what John is going to do about Hurley's 16,000,000 ton challenge—whether John's been in the sun and got Bolshevik. Sometimes he'd like to hear when John gets a brain wave about things American and what the brain wave is. And Uncle Sam, being more than human, is peevish to know whether four peers in the divorce court in one week is a chronic or only a casual.

And he wants a peep behind the face masks of the men who ran John's empire, and with it a fore glimpse of the policies coming forward in Parliament and country. Uncle Sam is strong on personality.

But being a high pressure person, he wants all this each week in a newspaper column. The British Empire in a column of The Sun. Well—go to it.

John is a one idea man these days. He is puzzling over Demos's big stick is going to hit him next. No wonder he asks in his chief Sunday paper: "What's wrong with the world?"

As I write 500,000 cotton operatives have walked out, leaving loomland a graveyard. The vanguard tell us if we want bread we must fetch it. The London electricians have temporarily deferred shocking us. The miners' clerks have thrown down the pen and have started a dogfight of their own with the miners. And the Labor party congress, kaleidoscopic and incoherent, is about to decide whether labor's official weapon is to be the fist or the tongue. And the fist gets harder and 'ornier for every day that goes.

John is scared to death. He thinks the strike is going to hobble him in the war after the war. John knows he'll want both hands free in the light that is coming—for the heavy-weight dollar championships of the world. He believes Sam has his hands free. He believes Sam has been able to make the war-peace quick change in record time. He has appealed to Demos's better feelings, and finding nothing doing may use the big stick. (He has got a flash from New York's anti-strike mobilization.) But John is soft. He hates big sticking.

Yet the pendulum swings ever to the left. Political labor is as dead as that Foo Hoo Dun omelet my friend Charlie Wong served me last March in the East Side chop suey. The swing is toward—not Bolshevik—the Brit-isher is no Bolshevik even when he calls himself one—but toward a nebulous guild socialism. The miners are to control the mines—the railway men the railways. And so on. The

live man to-day in labor is the direct actionist.

About Bob Smillie.

There is a man in England to-day who, in a sense, swings England. Three months ago I wrote Northcliffe, Cabinet maker, as the most powerful man in England—after him Lloyd George. To-day I write Bob Smillie. For this man has caught the slow tinder that is the imagination of the British workman.

He leads England's key union—the miners. But he also leads the millions of the triple alliance of the railway men, transport workers and miners who to-day are England's declarators. He is the sea green incorruptible who succumbs neither to cajolery nor power lust. Even Lloyd George could not tempt him with the food controlship. And "Bob" is out for blood.

Unless that general election, which I venture to predict, comes within the next few months. If it does we may see a queer volte face by John Bull, victor. If political labor comes back in force—with the seepage of the Coalition Liberals and the defection of the Lloyd Georgians at the polls we may before many elections see a Labor Government at Westminster—it may act as a stanch to the blood drench. But whatever happens Bob Smillie is the man to watch—I have watched him for thirteen years—Smillie, the Lowland Scot with the slow smile, the narrowing green eyes and the black clay pipe.

But always the war after the war. First we hear of the adjournment of the House being moved. Reason—lack of national economic policy and absence of steps for prevention of dumping and protection of key industries. This brings up Hurley's sixteen million ton sea gun. The Ministry of Shipping admits only being able to launch one million tons this year instead of the two promised. Cause—strikes. Lurid tongue picture painted by M. P. of United States' proposal to withdraw from the Supreme Economic Council, meaning new campaign by Uncle Sam for world's markets and dumping like the devil. Then Geddes—Capable fellow, Geddes, Board of Trade President—pleads in mitigation that England stands between two worlds or two devils—bankrupt Old and prosperous New. Policy not yet fixed, but one in pocket, waiting—waiting for Uncle Sam.

John Bull is under no illusions. He is not a sufferer that way. For him there is only one man in the trade ring and his name is Sam. It's a friendly scrap of course. But it is a scrap. And John is taking no chances. "The White House Will O' the Wisp." The way that President Wilson is being battled and shuttlecocked is fearsome. He has been used by every party, as by every politician. First he was the savior of democracy—then his assassin. Now one of those demagogic figures who have always got the ear of the man in the street, whether in old Rome or New York, splashes London with "Wilson toying with treason" in the posters of that popular penworth John Bull, which is the Bible of some four millions weekly.

Horatio Bottomley is a sort of uncrowned king of the lower middle class. Financier, editor, patriot and political free lance, to-day he shares a throne with what he calls "my friend George." He alleges lack of cordiality between England and America and attributes this to "the White House will-o'-the-wisp." He says his "preposterous" League of Nations "has set the two great English speaking nations by the ears." It menaces the Monroe Doctrine of "hands off the Americas," and he appeals to his friend George "to break away from the fatal hypnotism of the United States President."

He finishes: "We know what Wilson is playing for. He is out to make sure of the Irish-American vote." Nobody seems to love Woodrow Wilson. The pacifists suspect him. The Bottomleys call him treason-monger. The militants doubt him. Poor Woodrow!

Beer, Birth Rate and Charlie Chaplin. But the man in the street is not bothering about the league. He is in mourning. He just dotes on the American movies and Charlie of the funny feet. Now the annual conference of the British cinema trade declares war to the knife against their American brethren. This means the banning and the damning of the American film—and Charlie. And then there is his beer.

Wherever I go I am told that Uncle Sam's going dry is all nonsense. Even my Europeanized American friends don't believe it. America wants no beer. England wants more beer. The Daily Express gives its chief leader to beer and demands "real beer, not the eyewash of war," and with a full realization of its national import finishes: "Only Ministers fall to grasp these clear facts. Their failure is a peril to them and to the country." Beer, it seems, is a panacea for labor unrest.

On the other hand, the news that America has a drug bill of \$20,000,000 is used as an example of the horrible depravity of Uncle. He gives up beer—but slugs dope. Oh Uncle!

To crown all, the average man is being told that he lives in an "orgue of extravagance," or, as the President of the Board of Trade puts it nicely: "A poor nation living as if it were wealthy." A famous banker says his bank is impregnated with checks from clients who waste their substance in all sorts of fripperies and fooleries, one man paying £100 for cut flowers in a week. Well, I don't know. I've had a month at the Plaza.

After-the-War Trade.

The economic effect upon America of the reconstruction of Europe is pretty sure to be great immediate prosperity. Europe's indebtedness to this country will heavily increase because for a time Europe will be short of goods with which to pay us and must get credit. On the other hand, as the British minister of reconstruction points out, American exports to Europe must eventually suffer losses

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