

FIRE!

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Wednesday, at 2.30 p.m., we shall again open our doors to clear the ENTIRE STOCK previous to reconstruction. This week we shall sell only Men's and Ladies' Serges, Flannelettes, Bedspreads, Blankets, Shirtings, Calicos and Damask.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS. Only goods listed above will be sold this week, and the public are asked to co-operate and not ask for other goods, as further lists will be issued later.

BON MARCHE, 268 Water Street,

Opposite Bowring Brothers.



SCHOOL SHOES



BOYS'
Durable calf leather, full welt, Blucher style; sizes 1 to 5, \$3.65 to \$4.70.
Brown Calf, Blucher style, sizes 1 to 5, \$4.50 to \$5.50.
60 pairs Vici Blucher, sizes 3 and 4 only. Former price to \$5.00. To clear at \$3.50.
10 pairs boys' G. M. Blucher. Regular price \$7.00. Now \$3.00.

LITTLE GENT'S
Black Calf, Blucher style, sizes 9 to 13. Regular price \$4.50. Now \$3.30.
Same style in kid, only \$3.00.
Box Calf, Blucher style, made on good wide lasts; a shoe that will give splendid service. Formerly \$5.50. Now only \$4.00.
Sizes 9 to 13, including half sizes.
Vici straight laced, sizes 5 to 10, only \$2.90.
Same in Box Calf, \$3.00.

GIRLS'
Calf buttoned, high cut. Former price \$5.50. Now \$2.95.
Sizes 11 to 2.
Vici buttoned, sizes 11 to 2. Regular \$4.90 value for \$2.75.
Box Calf buttoned, good, strong and serviceable; sizes 11 to 2, only \$2.95.
Box Calf buttoned, sizes 5 to 10, \$2.50.
Vici buttoned, sizes 5 to 10, \$2.30.
Same prices in laced.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.



TWO STYLES I DISLIKE.
Can you always like a thing because it is in style?
There are many people who find that perfectly easy. The minute a thing becomes smart it becomes beautiful to them, even if they had always thought it ugly. And the minute it goes out of style it becomes ugly again. And the most remarkable thing is that these people never wonder at themselves or try to analyze their change of feeling.
Only a Little While Ago.
I do not think I am one of these people, neither am I independent enough to be entirely uninfluenced by style. But there are some styles I find it very hard to accept. And prime among these are two fads which have come more and more into vogue the last few years. I refer to the vogue of artificial flowers, and its younger sister, the vogue for artificial fruit.
Surely it's not more than three or four years ago that to have artificial flowers in a bowl on one's table would have been thought hopelessly vulgar. I went into a lovely living room the other day and seeing some natural tums in a blue bowl, drew nearer to admire them the better. They were the cleverest of clever imitations and they lost half of their beauty in my eye.
Was I Foolish?
Was I foolish not to find them beautiful any longer? They were the same color as before you say, and the same shape. Does not beauty lie in

color and shape? Yes, but they weren't what they pretended to be. They were a cheat and how can a cheat be beautiful?
Mind you, I do not mind artificial flowers in their place, but that to me is where they do not pretend to be what they are not on a hat, in a frankly artificial and conventional basket, as a touch of color on a gown. Besides I do not know whether the canons of art have changed with the style, but I was always told that things of that sort, designs and imitation flowers and so forth, should not strictly imitate the real thing but should be conventionalized.
As Bad as a Gas Log.
Artificial fruit is, of course, a later development, mothered by the artificial flower vogue and fathered by the vogue for real fruit as table decoration. I loved that fashion. A bowl of one of the wonderful colored glasses full of fruit artistically chosen and gracefully arranged seemed to me quite as lovely as any flower centerpiece. I am sure no flower could have any lovelier color than the orange or the apple or the pomegranate, nor any blossoms be more graceful than a bunch of grapes. But when the bunch of grapes is made of cloth and the orange of composition—well the bowl of fruit seems to lose as much of the charm of the real thing as the fireplace loses when the nest and efficient gas log is substituted for the old fashioned wood fire.
But one does not need to worry about any fashion. One can always say of them as I sometimes say when I find myself in the midst of any set of circumstances that seems unbearable, "This too shall pass."

How Soviet Russia Cures Cupid's Errors.

Moscow. (Associated Press)—Political illiteracy is a worse crime than bigamy in Soviet Russia. Cupid's errors are painlessly, instantaneously and inexpensively cured by Bolshevik courts; but ignorance of Bolshevik laws is punished by sentence to courses in Communist schools organized to enlighten those untaught in the ways of the Soviet Republic. Ivan Ivanovich Linsky was recently faced in a Moscow court by two wives and five children. "I didn't know that it was necessary to get a divorce and thought my living apart from my wife whom I didn't love any longer was

proof that I didn't want her," was Linsky's defense. One woman was granted a divorce, and Linsky was instructed to enter the school for the liquidation of political illiteracy at the government printing office, where he will be taught that wives may be disposed of only by making declaration before a Soviet court that one does not want them and paying a fee of 10,000 rubles. It's much easier than the Reno treatment and Moscow should become a popular resort for mismatched foreigners after Soviet Russia gets the recognition necessary to make Russian divorces water-proof abroad. There are no residence requirements and "difference of political views" is the ground on which many divorces are granted. Alimony has not yet come

into fashion in Russia. Under the old Communist ideal nobody had anything, theoretically, and everybody worked and was supported by the state. With the reversion to capitalists ways and the recognition of the rights of personal property, divorce proceedings may soon be tinged by Mammon.
Try It on Your Friends.
At a certain racecourse a sharper wagered five pounds he could put

more water into a black bottle than any person present.
An individual present at once the bottle with water, and passed to the sharper, saying:
"There, I think she's as full as can get. If you can crowd any water into her, mister, go ahead."
Without saying a word, the sharper corked the bottle tightly. Then he turned it upside down and in the hollow which is found at the bottom of most bottles he poured a glass of water.
"I'll trouble you to hand over money," he said to the stammerer when he had done the trick.
He received the stakes and walked off.

Not Required.

An Irishman went to a foundry north-east Lancashire after work. When he arrived he found a man there on the same errand. The foreman came, and the two men stood back, with the intention of waiting how the other fellow went about it.
After the man had asked, the man said: "What trade are you?"
"I'm a fanner," replied the man.
"Come to-morrow," said the man; "I'll start you."
Turning to the Irishman, the man asked him what he was.
"Be jabbers, sorr," replied the man, "a fanner!"

Unsolicited!

MRS. W. H. MOORES, of Freshwater (B. de V.) writes:—
"I cannot praise 'Windsor Patent' flour too highly. I have used it constantly for two years, and always refuse all other brands. It's the best by every test."

Lonely Occupation.

London. (By Canadian Press).—Probably the loneliest occupation in Great Britain is that of Harry Edvardson, who every spring goes out

to an isolated hut on the Island of Hermaness, north of the Shetlands. He is the watcher of the birds under the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. For fifteen years he has filled the post for the Society, staying in the hut, which faces the wild

Atlantic, from spring until autumn, and altogether he has been keeping his annual vigil for 33 years. In his tiny shanty, the watcher has done admirable work in preventing the destruction of bird-life by skin-hunters and egg-collectors.

MUTT AND JEFF—

MAYBE THE BOSS CONFUSED "LITTLE" JEFF WITH "BIG" JEFF.

—By Bud Fisher.

