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Germany Shows the Way.

Russia has weighed Bolshevism in the scale of achievement and is beginning to see the hollowness of its pretensions, the baseness of its metal. Hungary, surfeited with defeat and weary of medieval feudalism, succumbed to the guile of the Communists until the house of cards, built in a night, fell about her ears and a revolution that "began with music ended with blood." Italy, infected with the cleverly propagated bacteria of unrest, conquered with quacks and cure-alls for her fevered state until sanity returned.

Germany has had a hundred strikes during the last three months, and not one of them has lasted more than a few hours, while the output of her factories is increasing at a prodigious rate. The world is beginning to wonder what kind of machinery Germany has set in motion that halts strikes so quickly. What antidote has she discovered for the germ of universal discontent? Has she stolen a march on the rest of the nations in the realm of conciliation and pacifism, as she did in the world of the rattling sabre and the jack-boot.

Germany is making an entirely new and an astonishingly interesting experiment in social government. She has grasped the fact, which is only now slowly dawning on the British consciousness, that a parliament elected for imperial and political purposes is unsuited to deal with industrial affairs. Having learned this truth, Germany decided to put it into effect. With a stroke of the pen she dismissed Noske and his machine-gun methods, and a rub on the lamp of intelligence brings a new genie into being.

Germany has created an industrial parliament, separate and distinct from the Reichstag, which in true Teutonic fashion she calls the Reichswirtschaftsrat, and which has already assumed a definite constitutional position in the country. There is beginning to be a struggle for prestige and influence between the two parliaments.

To the industrial body are elected 326 members representing every branch of trade and industry, employers and employed. The Reichswirtschaftsrat has no legislative powers, but so great is its influence that no measure can be introduced in the Reichstag referring to industrial matters that has not received its official sanction. The Reichstag also refers to its rival all questions of industrial concern. Nothing is unconstitutional, nothing is secret.

This is Germany's contribution to the settlement of the world's greatest problem, and it puts to shame the sel-

fish and puny efforts of the framers of the Council of Action.—Montreal Daily Star.

Costly Carpets.

The deal by which England secured control of the Persian carpet and rug industry is a good one for that country—that is, if the Bolsheviks do not overrun the land of the Shahs.

The genuine Persian rug is the most valuable thing of its kind in the world, a really fine specimen fetching anything from five pounds to twenty thousand pounds. Shiraz and Kerman are the chief centres of the industry, though the products of Meshed and Rejd are also held in high esteem.

The trade is largely in the hands of certain families, who have handed down the art and its secrets, from one generation to another. To the making of even one comparatively small rug, ten or fifteen years of patient labour may be devoted.

When The Germans Came in.

In the reign of Muzaffer-ed-Din, however, this great and beautiful industry was threatened with extinction. This was when the aniline dyes of Germany burst upon an astonished world. These "split-your-eyeball" chemical products—German made rugs—found their way to Persia, and, incredible though it may seem, the beauty-loving natives took kindly to them, and in their favour the weavers abandoned the dyes that had been in use for thousands of years, and copied the appalling Hun designs.

Fortunately, the Shah had an artist's soul, and was also a good businessman. He saw that his country's carpet export trade was in imminent danger of being ruined by these aniline atrocities, and, under appropriate penalties—banning oil, and so forth—he forbade the importation of the German dyes, or their use if already in the country, in the carpet trade.

To this day, however, the traveller may see in the Persian drawing-room the place of honour given to some abominable German hearthrug, while ancient Persian products, for which collectors would give their very souls, are scattered anywhere.

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Notice!

Closing Sale

1. We aim to have our business wound up not later than October 31st, and with this end in view we are marking down all our goods to practically cost price. This is a splendid opportunity for housewives, shopkeepers, etc., to acquire all goods at rock bottom prices. Special prices for quantities. These cut prices apply to cash transactions only.

2. All persons indebted to the estate of the late T. J. EDENS are requested to make payments, and all persons having claims against the said estate to furnish particulars of their claims to

F. A. EDENS,

3. For sale or to rent the Shop and Premises on which the business of the said T. J. EDENS is carried on. Also Horses, Vans, Sleighs, etc., at bargain prices. For particulars apply to

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ON THE PREMISES.

Spirited Away.

ROMANTIC AND TRAGIC STORIES OF YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED.

The mystery that recently surrounded the disappearance of three young ladies who left comfortable homes, and vanished as completely as if the "earth had swallowed them," recalls many a similar story, some with happy, others with tragic endings.

When Mary Rogers, a pretty cigar-seller of New York, left her home one day in 1840 to spend Sunday with some friends, no trace of her was found during many months of the widest and most exhaustive search until her body was found in the water near Sybil's Cave, Hoboken, bearing signs of violence.

And, although many arrests were made, her murderer was never found. It was this case, by the way, that suggested Edgar Allan Poe's famous detective story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget," with its very ingenious solution of the problem of her murder.

By a Boy's Curiosity.

And this is but one of many similar cases across the Atlantic, including that of a pretty Quaker girl, who left her home to be privately married, and was never seen again until her body was fished out of a well at Manhattan. Suspicion pointed to the man who was to have married, who had taken her away in his sleigh; but, although he was arrested and tried, the case broke down, and the secret of her death was never discovered.

To this day, too, the mysterious deaths of Annie Downey, a New York flower-girl, and of Sarah Cornell, for which a Methodist minister was tried and acquitted, have baffled all attempts at solution.

For a whole year Harriet Lane, a young Whitechapel woman, was missing, and all efforts to trace her proved futile until the cause of her disappearance leaped dramatically to light.

One day Henry Wainwright, an East End brushmaker, asked a boy named Stokes to help him to carry away from his shop a couple of heavy parcels, wrapped in black American cloth. With the boy's assistance, Wainwright carried the parcels as far as the church in the Whitechapel Road, where he left Stokes in charge of them while he looked for a cab.

During his absence the lad's curiosity impelled him to see what the parcels contained. He pulled the wrapper of one of them aside, and, to his horror, saw a human head—the head, as was later proved, of the missing woman, whom the brushmaker had brutally done to death to death a year earlier.

Hidden Under the Coal.

In the middle of October, 1877, Miss Hacker, a well-to-do and eccentric maiden lady, who lived at No. 4, Euston Square, vanished, and all attempts to discover her whereabouts were a complete failure. For eighteen months no trace whatever was found of the missing lady. Then, on May 9th, 1879, came a very dramatic scene in the drama of mystery.

On that day, while moving coals in the cellar of No. 4, a man "suddenly struck against something that seemed like a sack of clothes, and, on closer examination, proved to contain a mass of human remains."

It held, in fact, all that was left of the unhappy Miss Hacker, and evidence of foul play was proved by a rope tightly drawn around the woman's throat.

When Mrs. Thomas was returning from church to her home in Park Road, Richmond, she was accosted and spoken to by a friend, and from that moment she was never seen alive again. Three days later a man, walking along the towpath at Barnes, saw a box floating in the river, rescued it, and found that it contained fragments of a human body packed in a brown-paper parcel.

Some weeks, however, elapsed before it was discovered that the mutilated remains were those of the missing lady, and that she had been murdered by her maid-of-all-work, Kate Webster, who, after burning parts of her mistress' body, had packed the remainder in a box, and had flung them into the river from Richmond Bridge.

Her Lover Was Found Guilty.

A good many years ago Hannah Brown went, one Christmas Eve, to Carpenter's Buildings, Camberwell, to dine with a man friend, called Greenacre, to whom she was engaged. She never returned to her home, and for three months her disappearance baffled all the ingenuity of the police to solve it, until one day a bricklayer found on the road to Kilburn a package, wrapped in sealing, which contained portion of a woman's body.

Within the next two months other portions were picked up in the Regent's Canal and in Camberwell, and it was at last possible to identify the scattered remains as those of the missing Hannah Brown. Greenacre was arrested, found guilty, and paid the well-earned penalty of his crime.

Such are a few of many cases in which mysterious disappearances have had a tragic denouement. Happily, there are very many more in which, after years of oblivion, the missing women return to life, and to their friends no worse for their adventures.—Answers.

JUST OPENED
And just in time for the long evenings, an exquisite assortment of

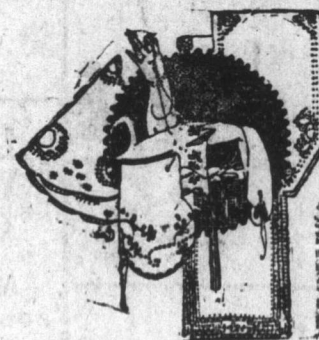
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LACE AND FRINGING IN SHADES OF TAN, BROWN, CREAM AND WHITE
GOLD LACE FOR TRIMMING AND EDGING.

James Baird
LIMITED

Sniping Serects.

Told by The Man Who Taught Them.

When Major Hesketh-Prichard went to France in May, 1915, he took with him a very considerable knowledge of telescopic-sighted rifles.

From then onwards Major Hesketh-Prichard took an intense interest in sniping. He considered that it was a fine art, which should be taught.

In his recently-published book, "Sniping in France," he tells of his efforts to get the authorities to share his views, and of how, at last, he succeeded. And the first Army School of Sniping, Observation and Scouting came into existence.

Once the school got going it did absolutely invaluable work. Men were trained to use and appreciate their telescopic sights, and also instructed in observation and shooting. Soon the intelligence authorities began to recognise the men who had passed out from the first Army School of S.O.S. as snipers were also handy as "finder out" of what the enemy was doing.

One remarkable tale of observation work concerns a new type of periscope which the Hun started using. At first we were happy in destroying them, until one day a sniper discovered that with his telescope he could see, in the enemy periscope, the reflected shoulder strap of the man using it! We ceased destroying those peris-

bear numbers—numbers refer to regiments, and it is vitally important for an Army Commander to know how the enemy troops are distributed along his line.

Snipers usually worked in pairs—one man "observing" with a telescope, the other shooting in accordance with his directions. The strain to the observer's eyes was so severe that every twenty minutes during their spell of duty these two changed jobs.

Difficulty was often experienced in ascertaining whether a hit had been made or not. One man declared he had killed a German because he "threw up his hands and fell back." This rarely happened, as a fatally wounded man usually crumpled up and slipped forward.

Another sniper felt certain he had scored a hit because he heard cries for stretcher bearers. On being questioned he admitted that he had no idea of what "stretcher bearer" was in German.

On one occasion during the last ad-

vance of the Canadian Corps a single sniper put out of action a whole battery of 5.9 guns, shooting down one after another the men who served it.

The sniper was a very highly-trained product of the War. He had to be a first-class shot, an accurate observer, and a good judge of distance, wind and light. And his job was no "cushy" billet.—Pearson's Weekly.

This Week's Wisdom.

It's a wise child that knows its own mother—in a 1920 bathing suit.

A man's "I love you" by the seaside is worth about as much as a Bolshevik "I.O.U."

Two things that can always be found in the dark: The sharp edge of a door—and a pretty girl's lips.

Somehow, it's awfully hard for a girl to fall romantically in love with a man

while he is carrying an umbrella and wearing goloshes.

Why should any man have an aversion to marrying a flirt? A girl who has been kissed before is much less likely to wonder after marriage, how other men make love.

Perhaps!

The young couple sat in their sixpence garden.

"I see by this medical work," said the lady, "that a man requires eight hours' sleep and a woman ten."

"Yes," agreed the man; "I've read that somewhere myself."

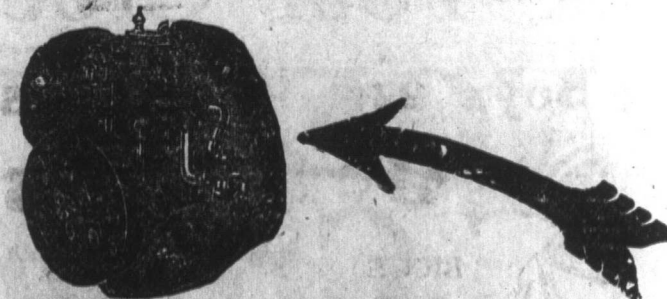
"How nice!" said the lady at that.

"You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up!"

Ladies' Tan Calf Laced Boots, worth \$10.00, only \$7.50 at SMALLWOOD'S.—sep25,21

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