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## WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!



To be in fashion you should wear a

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A comfortable fitting Corset, a fashionable shaping Corset, and a Corset guaranteed to wear without rusting, breaking or tearing.

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erty Years in the Public  
Service—The Evening Telegram

## Football Tactics on Western Front.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to establish a parallel between the tactics of General Foch in his victorious assault on the western front, and the methods of a successful captain in the American game of football. The Allies took the ball from the Germans on the 18th of July, and from that day to this they have been backing the center or making end runs with such speed and dash, and such bewilderment as to the next point of attack, that the enemy has been pressed steadily back until he is standing on his goal line, with all the world waiting in breathless expectation to see whether the Allies can tell a touchdown behind the Hindenburg line before time is called by Father Christmas.

We have all known that, considered individually, the Allied team was made up of better material, with a keener temper to its courage, a finer faith in its heart, and an absolutely unconquerable determination to win out in the end whatever the odds might be. All that it lacked was a good captain and perfect team work, and just a dash of fresh, young blood thrown in from the side lines to raise the spirit and temper of the team to the high pitch with which it started this great game of war, now some four years ago.

Marshal Foch provided the captaincy, and our gallant young lads gave the needed inspiration to the tired but unbroken spirit of the veterans of the French and British armies. The result has been magical. When it looked as though the German mass play was going to break through the Allies got the ball, and by a series of team plays that have never been surpassed, surely, in the history of the great game of war, they have kept it and carried it to the German line.

Of course, the French marshal does not talk in the terms of the gridiron; but any one who is familiar with the famous works he has written on the art of war will realize that the fundamental principles upon which he works are not dissimilar to those of the successful football captain. He tells us that the general who has obtained the initiative should carefully nurse the battle along its whole front, and keep it alive until such time as he is ready for his great decisive attack. This is exactly what the Marshal is now doing; and it will be quite in accord with his principles to nurse the active offensive through the whole of the coming winter months, hitting the line now on this wing and now on that, and now at the center, in preparation for an overwhelming break through next spring and summer, when he will have from three to four million American troops at his disposal.

Is the pick of our Army to be utilized as the mass of maneuver, to use a military term, that is to say, as the swift and hard-hitting quarter back of the Allied team? If so, it is a pretty good guess that before the autumn leaves turn brown in 1919, the ball will be carried to the Rhine; and, if Germany wants yet another season's play, that 1920 will see it carried to Berlin—Scientific American.

## The Decisive Hour.

(From the Boston Herald.)

King Albert may be right in saying that this is the decisive hour of the war. For him and the Belgian people it is a great hour, as their gallant little army and its British supporters fight their way north beyond Dixmude, at every step regaining land that the Germans have held for more than four years. And for Serbia, the other small nation that had to endure the first rush of invasion, it is a blessed day of deliverance, as Prince Alexander's army, with its Greek, French, Italian and other allies, drives out the savage enemy that boasted he had obliterated Serbia, but now abandons the fight, crippled and begging for mercy. It is well that in those countries some of the heaviest blows should be struck for the defeat of the cruel Germanic confederacy. But not there only does the decisive hour seem to strike with strokes of disaster for the war-makers. Explain it as they may, they are no longer standing up to the fight anywhere. They are hurrying out of Russia and Rumania as fast as they can to re-inforce their armies in the north of France, hoping they may yet be able to prevent their being driven back from the French front lines, without which they could not have carried on the war so long. But still along the whole French battlefield the Germans are giving way, absolutely outflanked and overpowered by the British, French and American armies and the smaller forces contributed by other Allies. In spite of German officers and troops, Turkey has had her wings broken in Mesopotamia and Palestine. Austria can but try a little longer to stave off defeat by Italy, being afraid to attempt any great movement of her army lest it should fall apart in national divisions, the most of them hostile to the Hapsburg autocracy. See now the advantage of having the forces of the United States and the Allies united as one army under one supreme com-

mander, who surveys all the fronts at once and never ceases striking, letting the enemy have no rest. Germany may yet fight desperately for a time, but it does seem that she is being forced steadily down into the valley of decision from which she will never emerge with flying colors.

## "In Sure and Certain Hope."

All that was mortal of the late John Jeans was laid to rest yesterday afternoon, the remains being followed to the grave by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in St. John's. The deceased was a prominent Freemason, being an officer of District Grand Lodge, Registry of England, and the fraternity was represented by the District Grand Master and Lodges of both constitutions, Companions of Shannon Chapter, officers and brethren of St. John's Lodge (of which the late Bro. Jeans was a member) and officers and brethren of sister lodges in the city, perhaps the greatest gathering of masons ever attending a funeral in this country. The Burial Service of the Church of England was read by Rev. Canon G. H. Bolt and W. R. Smith, assisted by Rev. Dr. Jones, and following the Benediction, the parting hymn was sung, the Grand Honors of masonry given and the sprig of acacia—immortality's emblem—lovingly deposited in the grave by each brother. Thus were the last tributes paid to one who ranked high in the esteem of all men, irrespective of class and creed, and whose devotion to masonry was at once an inspiration and incentive to younger brethren. John Jeans has passed from mortal ken but his name will be ever green in the memories of his brethren and friends.

## Spanish "Flu."

With the spread of Spanish Flu throughout the city and outports, the authorities are taking every precaution to cope with the epidemic, and have closed the theatres, hay and Sunday schools, concert halls and all places of public resort. At Lark Hr., Bay of Islands, sixty-two cases of influenza have been reported and Dr. Fisher, of Curling, has been ordered there to look after the patients. Magistrate O'Reilly wires from Placentia that a number of cases require treatment there, and we understand that the services of a trained nurse Miss Fitzpatrick, of Placentia, have been requisitioned. Dr. MacDonald, went out to Placentia by train and will co-operate with Dr. McKendrick of that town. Some thirty soldiers are at the General Hospital, ten of them having the "flu." Both the Military and Fever Hospitals are filled with patients. In the harbor a number of vessels have been quarantined by the Port Health Officer, among them being the Nina Lee, Florence, Mary E., Mabel and Annie P. Every precaution is being taken to keep the malady within bounds, and the public are requested to observe all the regulations and to assist the authorities in every way. Only by consistent adherence to the instructions will the epidemic be checked.

## Here and There.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS.

PRESENTATION POSTPONED.—The presentation of trophies won during the sporting season, which was to have taken place to-morrow night, has been postponed indefinitely.

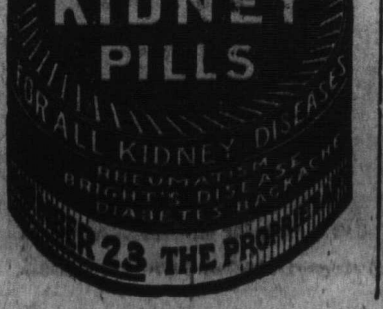
Get the suit that is made to do what you want it to do. That is give satisfaction, \$16.50 to \$45.00, at W. R. GOOBIE'S, just opp. Post Office. aug19.1f

BELVEDERE ORPHANAGE.—COLLECTION. Tor's Cove Parish, per Rev. Fr. McCarthy, P.P. . . . \$125.00. A Friend . . . . . 1.00

AT BALSAM PLACE.—The following are guests at Balsam Place: E. Reader, Musgrave Town; R. Norman, Coley's Point; L. A. Rabbitts and wife, Heart's Content; F. Snelgrove, Catalina.

Our store is full of opportunities if you are looking to increase your savings account. Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats, \$17.50 to \$35.00. W. R. GOOBIE is just opp. Post Office.

BREAKS LEG AT FUNERAL.—While attending the funeral of the late John Jeans, Mr. Geo. Lilly fell and broke his leg yesterday. First aid was rendered by Dr. Macpherson, and the sufferer was then sent to hospital.



## Ovaltine.

A concentrated extraction from Malt, Milk and Eggs, flavoured with Cocoa. An ideal beverage. A complete food.

## Postum Cereal

Made entirely of Wheat and a small portion of Molasses.

## Instant Postum

This is the regular Postum in a concentrated form, nothing added.

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White Pine and Tar—Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne—Linseed and Turpentine.

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## A New and Peerless Line

You are cordially invited to inspect our Display of Original and Exclusive

## MILLINERY MODELS,

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### Our Motto:

Always  
Your  
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We offer you the largest possible assortment of SHAPES, COLORS & Originality of Trimming in a complete variety of the season's most popular weaves. Our Show-rooms are always an exhibition of the newest in HEADWEAR. Inspect our stocks.

### Our Motto:

Always  
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Moneys  
Worth.

## S. MILLEY.

## A Snake Killing Expedition.

(From the Toronto Globe.)

The job which confronts that Allied expedition to Russia is aptly described by The Cleveland Plain Dealer as "the business of killing snakes."

It views the brutal crime committed at the British Embassy at Petrograd as the symbol of Bolshevism. It regards Trotsky, Lenin and his fellow-Reds as a nest of denationalized reptiles operating as a German adjunct. The job is under way. The Allied expedition that has advanced more than one hundred miles south from Archangel is numerically insignificant if compared with the immense armies fighting in Western Europe. Yet these forces steadily advance. The Bolsheviks are running for dear life. In Asia a more impressive expedition is operating, and the Japanese have won several pitched battles. A Chinese force on the border of Mongolia has killed such Bolsheviks as drifted in that direction. The smeared land east of Lake Balkal, where Red Bolshevism made a blot on the map, is largely cleaned. And here and there and everywhere are the busy Czechoslovaks, removing Bolsheviks with great cheerfulness. The snakes are slinking away.

The murderers who were eager to ouster the Germans in every form of atrocity have no stomach for fighting British, or Americans, or Japanese, or Czechoslovaks. The clean-up, which a month or two ago seemed a Herculean task, daily appears easier. The Germans, smashed and battered by the forces of Foch, have no men to send to the aid of their sanguinary

## Slave and Emperor.

(By Alfred Noyes.)  
"Our cavalry has rescued Nazareth from the enemy, whose supermen described Christianity as a creed for slaves."

The Emperor mocked at Nazareth in his almighty hour. The Slave that bowed himself to death. And walked with slaves in Nazareth. What were his words but wasted breath. Before that "will to power."

Yet, in the darkest hour of all. When black defeat began. The Emperor heard the mountains quake. He felt the graves beneath him shake. He watched his legions rally and break. And he whimpered as they ran.

"I hear a shout that moves the earth. A cry that wakes the dead! Will no one tell me whence they come. For all my messengers are dumb? What power is this that comes to birth. And breaks my power?" he said.

Then, all around his foundering guns. Though dawn was now not far. The darkness filled with a living ray. That whispered at the Emperor's ear. "The armies of the dead draw near. Beneath an eastern star."

The trumpet blows in Nazareth. The Slave is risen again! Across the bitter wastes of death. The horsemen ride from Nazareth. And the power we mocked as wasted breath.

Returns in power to reign! Rides on, in white, through Nazareth. In making up soft materials like silk, it is well to choose Rowing sleeves.

Everybody appreciates good clean goods. You should see our Men's Fancy Shirts at \$1.50. W. R. GOOBIE is just opp. Post Office.