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oct. 7, 21

THE WEALTH

Of Crimson Dog Berries on the Trees
This Fall May Presage a Hard Winter.

But if your weather prophets and wiseacres are astray in this, it is a true word when they say it is hard shopping this Fall with prices so high, but they find prices somewhat easier at BLAIR'S.

We are now making our first showing of
Ladies' and Misses' Fall and Winter Hats and Millinery.

LADIES' and MISSES' FALL and WINTER COATS.
LADIES' and MISSES' BLACK RUBBER COATS.
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We ask you to compare our prices with those offering elsewhere.

HENRY BLAIR

South St.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

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English and American Dry Goods.

English Curtain Net.	White Curtains.
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Gent's White Handkerchiefs.	Gent's Colored Handkerchiefs.

Also a very large assortment of SMALLWARES.
SLATTERY'S DRY GOODS STORE,
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LADIES' NEW COATS!

Our first shipment of Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats now ready for your inspection.
Newest Shades and very latest Styles to select from. All at our usually low range of prices. See them to-day.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St

Back to Tennis.

By F. O. D.
(In Saturday Night, Toronto.)

Though golf is admittedly a very beautiful game, full of leisurely science, quiet thought, and unusual opportunities for enriching the vocabulary, there are times when its devotees must think rather wistfully of the more active and adventurous games of their youth.

Only the other day we were watching an extremely stout middle-aged man heave in an agony of effort at the ball, top it, and send it about ten yards away into the rough. It was a pathetic exhibition of human helplessness. Then the fat man stepped into the long grass after it, and with the aid of a deadly nibble and about seven strokes managed to get the ball out on the fairway again accompanied by a couple of holes of loose hay.

"Say, I wish you fellows would go through," he said. "I never can play when I'm pressed." He also made some lurid remarks about the ball.

Of course, we did not take his excuse very seriously—it is the sort of thing we say ourselves in similar circumstances—but we murmured, our thanks and went on. There is no use stopping to talk to a man when he is in that frame of mind—and with a nibble in his hand—but we had a certain feeling of melancholy. It seemed a sad way for a man to spend his later years. We wondered if we ourselves—but no, we'll take to tidilywinks first.

"And to think," said our partner, "that that chap was once the best football tackle and plunger in Toronto!"

Here he was slashing around like a harpooned whale, and alleging that he couldn't play because someone was standing near him—a man who had been in the habit of leaping through the air at flying forwards, or laying the ball against his diaphragm and ploughing head first through a line of padded rufians intended to kill him. Did he ever think of it?

Even we have our regrets. Not that we were ever a distinguished practitioner of the gentle art of tossing opposing Rugbyists through the air or sitting on their face and removing the ball from the hole it had made in their chest. We were not built for that game—there is too much of us for the other fellow to grab. But we have not always spent our leisure moments creeping up on a sitting ball and clouting it with iron-shod clubs. Time was when we used to leap across the clay court like a young gazelle and smash short lobs with maniacal fury—usually we knocked them into some neighboring yard. And there are moments even now when we long for those sterner joys.

That is why we were so strongly tempted when a friend called us up a few days ago and suggested that we should go out to his tennis club and have a game with him. It aroused old memories and ambitions. Our hand tingled for the rough grip of the old racket, and ear yearned for the sharp and pleasant ping of the clean-hit ball.

Of course, we evaded at first. We said that we hadn't played in a couple of years or more, that it would be a terrible ordeal for him—you know, the usual sort of rot one talks when one is waiting to be coaxed. We really felt in our heart that if we once got a racket in our hand, our old skill would immediately come back to us, greatly enhanced by the scientific training acquired from golf.

That is one of the pathetic fallacies of golfers—the notion that golf is the finest preparation in the world for every other form of sport.

"You learn to keep your eye on the ball," the devotees will tell you. "Besides, you get a proper understanding of the value of form and the follow-through."

We have talked the same sort of bosh ourselves. And then we have gone right out on the course, and every time we have swung at the little white ball our eyes have been gazing far away like a shipwrecked mariner looking for a sail. And as for follow-through—



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—but let us not go into this sad theme.

We forgot all about these dismal experiences, however, when our tennis friend invited us out. Just for the moment we felt that there might really be something in this talk of the value of a course of golf in training the eye, and that we might play better tennis than ever before. All we needed was a little urging. We got it.

"The trouble with you is that you're getting flabby messing around with a lot of caddies and old men," said our friend. "Come on out and play a live man's game and loosen up your poor old arteries."

Naturally we could not refuse such a challenge as this—our manhood revolted at it. Caddies and old men, eh? Poor old arteries, what? We resolved to go out and teach this bumptious tennis-player the superb physical condition that resulted from golf, the keen eye one got and the alert mind. We decided to show him what a real follow-through meant. A man who has driven a golf-ball two hundred yards over and over again—well, three times, to be quite accurate—need have nothing to fear from a soft woolly sphere and a bat like a banjo.

Grimly we announced that we'd be there—meaning in more ways than one—and grimly we dug out the familiar flannels and the old racket from its press. We must admit that the flannels showed a distressing tightness about the waist, and the strings of the bat were a little inclined to sag. But what cared we for such trifles as that? We were out to do execution. Had we not beaten this hardy upstart many times in the days before the war? We had, and we were resolved to do it again.

We would like to be able to give the reader a very glowing account of our performance in this game. In fact, we would do it, only the other fellow is likely to see this and we feel that a certain regard for historical accuracy must obtain. We would like to tell of the long, low drives we got away from the tee—no, no, we mean the base-line—and of the lovely approach shots we lobbed over his head, as he came rushing to the net. We would like to describe how again and again we laid our putts dead in the corner of the court, and holed out from almost impossible positions. All this we would like to be able to say, but, doggone it, the facts are against us.

In the first place there is something distressingly active about a tennis-ball. It refuses to wait for you. It comes skimming across the net, and before you can get your eye properly on it, it has cut off at some hopeless angle and is bouncing merrily against the fence. Golf trains a man to keep his eye on the ball, it is true, but that implies a nice tame little ball that will sit up politely on its little throne of wet sand and wait to be hit. But that sort of sedateness bears about as much resemblance to the conduct of a tennis ball as the decorum of Queen Victoria to the goings-on of Cleopatra of Egypt.

And then all those splendid golf rules about "slow back" and keeping the head still—of what possible use are they in tennis? They are about as applicable as the directions for making plain and purl stitches. Only unfortunately, we insisted on applying them. Every time our eye lit on the ball—except, of course, the time when the ball lit on our eye—we instinctively tried to take up the proper stance, and hold our head perfectly still, and bring the club slowly back, and—well, by that time the other fellow counted "forty-love."

Another thing that bothered us was running after the ball. We have got out of the way of doing anything so undignified. We expect the ball to lie there till we saunter up and find it—or drop another. This business of chasing violently from one side of the court to the other in the vain attempt to get to the place ahead of the darn thing can easily be overdone. We are not so young as we were, and our weight has increased with our years.

Our friend and enemy seemed to discover this disinclination on our part for undus activity, and he did his best to hasten our movements as much as possible. He kept getting his shots farther and farther apart, until he finally reached the point where he was putting them outside the court altogether—this naturally was not without its compensations for us. But, in the meantime, our pulse went up to two hundred and sixty, and we were breathing only with the extreme upper lobe of our lungs—in fact, on two or three occasions we had only one lung in action.

The reader, however, must not think that we made a complete show of ourselves. Every now and then we would forget all about golf and its restrictions. We would throw form and stance and all the rest of it to the winds, and would overlook everything but the necessity of hitting the ball as hard and as straight as we knew how. Old habits instinctively reasserted themselves in such moments, and there were rallies in which we found ourselves burning our shots over with something of the old freedom and determination.

But this never lasted very long. A man can't talk and think and play golf as devotedly as we have done for a couple of years without the iron

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and
What's Put in the Soap Comes Out in the Clothes.

The use of impure soap is ruinous to clothes and hands, therefore insist on having
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getting into his soul—the mid-iron, that is. Just about the time we stood a chance of winning a game, introspection seized upon us and claimed us for its own. We would start wondering whether we were getting our wrist properly under the shaft, or if perchance we were not pivoting too much on our left toe. And you know what that sort of thing leads to.

Finally the ball took us in the eye—the one we were trying to keep on it. We might have known that if we held our head still enough the other fellow would hit it sooner or later. But it was largely our own fault. We had rashly ventured up to the net to do a little volleying, and volleying is something that no practising golfer should attempt. It unsettles one's form. It unsettles ours on this particular occasion. After our friend had helped us to our feet and with many expressions of regret brushed the dust off the back of our shirt, and we were able to pick the ball out amid the new constellations floating around, we went pluckily on with the game. It was heroic, but it wasn't tennis.

Fortunately, the affair was soon over. We would rather not mention the score—some shreds of self-respect still cling to us. Then we adjourned for a dish of tea. As we drank and tried to forget the past and the swelling on our eye, our friend asked us very sympathetically about our golf. He seemed anxious to know how we were getting on with it.

"I think you ought to make a fine golfer," he said. "You have the style, you know, and all that. I can tell it from the way you play tennis."

We tried to find some consolation in this statement, but not very successfully. It was a little like telling the Kaiser that, judging by the way he waged war, he would make an excellent wood-cutter. But we encouraged ourselves with the reflection that

perhaps golf really was the game best suited to our temperament and natural genius.

The very next day we hastened up to the golf club, feeling that there at least we would be the embodiment of ease and efficiency. But we hadn't played for ten minutes before we realized the folly of mixing one's games—it is even worse than mixing one's ice-cream sodas. We kept swinging at the ball before it came to rest, and playing our shots with a deliberate cut on them. The result was disastrous.

"By the way," said our partner after a particularly lamentable attempt, "have you ever thought of going back to tennis? Something in your stroke suggests that."

Then we crawled into the bunker and lay on our stomach and ate sand.

GEORGE ST. A.B.C.—George St. Adult Bible Class will be addressed by the Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, tomorrow afternoon at 2.45 sharp. This session promises to be one of exceptional interest and all are welcome. Entrance Buchanan Street.

From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram.
CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind N.W., fresh, weather fine. The schooner Elizabeth D. passed at 9 a.m.; several unknown schooners also passed in this a.m. Boat 30.05; Ther. 48.

Here and There.

Brick's Tasteless at Staffords. Price \$1.20 bottle. Postage 20c extra.—J.Y.19.1f

ON FLOATING DOCK.—Yesterday the auxiliary schooner Harbor Guard went into the floating dock at the Southside for repairs. It will be remembered that this schooner was ashore some time ago at Dog Bay. About 12 feet of her bottom on the port side has been carried away at shipwright Ball and his staff have taken up the work of effecting repairs.

OLD AGE

DO you know a man or woman getting on in years, whose life is made a torment by swollen joints, gravel, stone, painful urination, backache or sciatica? If so, you can perform a charitable act by telling them that Gin Pills will surely bring relief and a healthy old age. A prominent consulting engineer writes us: "Your remedy, I find at 60 years of age, to give me perfect relief from kidney and bladder troubles. I urgently recommend them to friends of my age as being the only thing that does me good." You don't have to buy Gin Pills to try them. Write for a free sample: National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., U. S. Address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

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