

# St. John's Public Does Not Have To Pay Exorbitant Prices



**Good News For All**

The situation for British Goods is now serious. We knew this for many months. We saw the impending high prices. Our British Buyer left for market early in May and bought goods which we now offer in immense quantities at prices much below the possibilities of any other store. We urge the public in justice to themselves to buy their Fall and Winter requirements NOW.



**All Women Agree**  
That for thirty-five years we have had the reputation of always giving the best value in St. John's in undermentioned goods. We feel sure that when you see our present stocks you will agree that we have smashed all records.

Plush Table Covers  
Tapestry Table Covers  
Carpet Squares  
Hearth Rugs

Door Mats  
Stair Carpets  
Tea Cloths  
Tray Cloths

Cushion Tops  
Damask Table Cloths  
Table Napkins  
Table Centres

Pillow Cases  
Sheets, Sheetings  
Bolster Sets  
Quilts, Bed Spreads

Irish Linen Sheets  
Rubber Sheetings  
Curtain Nets  
Lace Curtains

Net Curtains  
Madras Curtains  
Cushion Pads  
Cosey Covers, Etc., Etc.

## OUR SHOWROOM

is receiving every day big shipments of LONDON and PARISIAN FASHIONS from the world's most renowned producers of Dame Fashion's last word. Come often, there is always something New to be seen at BISHOP'S.

## BISHOP, SONS & CO., Limited,

'PHONE 484. P. O. BOX 920, ST. JOHN'S  
Mail Orders Receive Careful Consideration.

## BRITISH HOSIERY

Just unpacked from their ocean voyage thousands of pairs of strictly All Wool Cashmere Hosiery in Black and all the new shades for women. These qualities have not been seen in St. John's since 1914.

## Dramas of Court and Castle.

### The Secret of the Castle Corridor

BY THORNTON HALL.  
(In Tit Bits.)

It was an evil fate that took the lovely, high-spirited Sophie Dorothea of Celle to Hanover to be the wife of George Louis (Later George I, of England), the most loutish and dissolute Prince in Europe; and it was an even more evil fate that when she stood at the altar beside her gilded bridegroom, the Royal Chapel was plunged into darkness as of midnight, and the shrieking of the storm outside drowned the voices of priests and choristers.

Wedded to a husband whom she despised and detested, who treated her brutally and flouted his love-affairs before her eyes, and hedged round by rigid etiquette in an atmosphere of coldness and suspicion, life was a daily misery to her.

"I have no one to love me," the child (for such she was) pitifully wrote in her diary, "Everywhere I get nothing but cold unsympathetic looks—I who have always been surrounded with so much affection and to whom it is as necessary as the air I breathe! Sweethearts Since Childhood.

Thus for Sophie Dorothea six unhappy years passed, when suddenly the whole world was transfigured for her by the coming to the Hanoverian Court of Philip Konigsmarck, a Swedish Count, one of the handsomest and most gifted men in Europe, who had won laurels as a warrior in a hundred battles.

The Count had been the favorite playfellow and "big sweetheart" of her happy childhood at Celle. Now he returned to her in the prime of handsome manhood, a hero whose name was on all tongues. Her heart was empty; here at last was one who could fill it. She was dying for lack of love and sympathy; here was one who could surround her with love and protection.

Can one wonder that the love of their childhood was quick to spring to life; or that it rapidly grew to a passion on whose strong tide both were swept off their feet? They were halcyon days, that followed for Sophie and her lover—days of blissful and stolen meetings when they would forget the world in each other's arms. And when after a few such golden months the Count was sent to Meora to fight against the

Turks, he took his Princess's heart with him, and left his own with her. But though thus separated, heart sped to heart across the gulf on the wings of letters as passionate and tender as ever was penned. "Heaven knows," the Count wrote, "if I shall ever see you again, my life, my goddes! The thought that we might never meet more is death to me. I feel ready to plunge a dagger in my heart; but since I must live, I pray that it may always be for you."

Passionate Love Letters. In a later letter he wrote: "You ask me to reassure you of my love. I will never forsake you; so long as a drop of blood remains in my veins, so long as I draw breath, my heart is wholly yours. You are my wealth, my treasure; I would sacrifice the world to kiss your divine mouth."

And Sophie's letters to her hero are no less ardent. "Nothing can make your absence bearable to me," she wrote. "I am faint with weeping. I hope to prove by my life that no woman has ever loved man as I love you." And again: "But what joy when I see you again! It will be impossible for me to moderate my transports. I fear everybody will see how much I love you."

And when at last his soldiering was over and he was returning to her arms, with what ecstasy he wrote: "I shall embrace to-night the loveliest of women. I shall kiss her charming mouth. I shall worship her eyes, those eyes that enslave me. My tears will chase down her incomparable cheeks!"

But it would have been far better if the Princess and her Count had never met again—that he had died on the field of battle. Tragedy was lying in ambush for him. A few more days of blissful meetings, of heaven in each other's arms; and the end came with tragic and mysterious swiftness.

Prince George's jealousy was a flame. The Count was full of scandalous whispering. The Countess La Platen, whose beauty and advances Konigsmarck had spurned, was thirsting for revenge.

One evening the Count received a note from the princess arranging another—the last—of their stolen meetings. "I will look out for you from ten o'clock," she wrote. "You know the usual signal. I look forward with rapture of seeing you. If joy can kill it will kill me. You will find me as tender as ever—even more so. I shall give you so many kisses, and with such fondness that you will be sorry you ever doubted me."

faction on her face. Her hours of vengeance, she knew, had come at last.

About an hour after midnight Konigsmarck with a fond embrace bade the Princess farewell at the door of her apartments, and with a light heart walked down the corridor towards the door, which had been left unbarred for his exit. To his amazement, however, he found that the door was locked. He was about to retrace his steps when, from their hiding place, the four desperadoes sprang on him.

A Fight Against Odds. He was caught like a rat in a trap. But, if he must die, he would die like a soldier, fighting to the last gasp. Quick as a flash he drew his sword. There was a clash and a clatter of steel, a confused whirl of men, thrusting, parrying, and panting in a grim life-and-death struggle. It was four against one; but that one was as brave as a lion and the finest swordsman in Europe.

One of his assailants he pierced through the heart; a few seconds later he struck down another with a blow that snapped his sword in two. Still he fought on madly, desperately, with his broken sword, until a cowardly blow from a battle-axe brought him to his knees. The next moment he was run through the body and fell dying, gasping out, "Spare the Princess! Spare the innocent Princess!"

In the shelter of a doorway La Platen had seen her victim fall, and she went to gloat over his last moments. But though he was dying fast, there was still life in him. He saw the malignant face of the woman, he had scorned, bending over him, a smile of triumph and mockery on her lips, and he cursed her bitterly, until, in her rage, she kicked him.

A few moments later Konigsmarck drew his last breath, murmuring the name of the Princess he had loved so well at the cost of his life.

When the first rays of dawn filtered into the palace corridor they disclosed no trace of the foul deed which had done a gallant, if indiscreet, lover to death.

When, after many days, Sophie heard of the death that had befallen her lover, her grief and despair were pitiful to see. Painting his alternated with violent paroxysms of sobbing; and in her agony and despair she would have ended her shattered life had not watchful eyes and hands prevented her.

But she was not long to escape her own punishment. The proof of her relations with the dead Count was made abundantly clear by an examination of his papers. She was arrested by her husband's orders and immured in the Castle of Ahlden, where she was kept a prisoner for thirty-two terrible years, until at last death came mercifully to her release.

Quality and moderate prices at THE BEE-HIVE STORE. sep19,3m,f,s,m

TOOK PRECAUTIONS.—The fishermen at Quidi Vidi were on the qui vive Saturday night expecting a strong gale of wind, as there was a great undertow running during the day and night, and they were anxious about their boats, which were moored to the collars. But fortunately no damage occurred.

A List of Fresh Supplies Just Received.

## ELLIS & CO.

Limited.  
Family Grocers and Delicatessen Market,  
203 Water Street.

Choice Fresh Turkeys.  
Choice Fresh Chicken.

Gravenstein Apples.  
Jonathan Apples.  
Bartlett Pears.  
Red Plums.  
California Grapes.  
Grape Fruit.  
Palermo Lemons.  
California Oranges.  
Bananas.

Green Tomatoes.  
Spanish Onions.

Sweet Potatoes.  
Garlic.  
New Cabbage.  
New Potatoes.  
New Carrots.  
Ripe Tomatoes.  
Cucumbers.  
Vegetable Marrows.  
Fresh Green Peas.

ARRIVED AT LAST.  
Fresh Shipment "SAVORYS"

Celebrated CIGARETTES.  
Special Straight Cuts, in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.  
No. 3 Turkish Plain, in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.  
No. 1 York Brand Egyptian, in boxes 100's, 50's, 25's.

Just Received,  
10 barrels Choice Cape Cod Cranberries.  
Also,  
Moirs' Plain and Sultana Cake just in  
M. J. O'Brien,  
42 New Gower St.

## Sunkist Orange Marmalade.

Sunkist Orange Marmalade is a so-called sweet marmalade, but distinctively individual in its sweetness. It provides the flavor that most people who nourish a sweet-tooth probably will prefer. The citric acid of the orange tempers the sweetness and imparts the tang that distinguishes real marmalade from the usual preserves and other marmalades. Everyone who likes preserves of any kind will be delighted with this luscious marmalade.

## Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade.

For the lovers of "bitter" marmalade our Scotch connoisseur-cook makes a limited quantity of Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade after a special recipe which she brought from Scotland. Sunkist Grapefruit Marmalade has that piquant tang that the connoisseur always seeks in marmalade.

## Sunkist Orange Jelly.

Sunkist Orange Jelly is distinguished from ordinary jelly by a very delicate tang combined with the full flavor of fresh-picked oranges. It is a stiff, clear jelly of beautiful, natural color. It contains oranges, lemons, water and pure sugar! Nothing else is added. This jelly is also characterized by the real "home taste." You will want to serve it often.

Now carried in stock by all the best St. John's Grocers. Trade supplied by  
**P. E. OUTERBRIDGE,**  
Sole Agent for Nfld.  
KING'S ROAD, Cor. Gower Street.  
Telephone 567.

GUESTS AT THE BALSAM.—Capt. Bartlett, from Brigus and A. Willey, from Carbonar are staying at the Balsam.

WHY HE SMILED.—A countryman with a "winning" smile had a box of rabbits in the market early Saturday which he disposed of at \$1.20 a pair. He informed his customers that birds (partridge) would be "high" this season.

Ask your Grocer for MANHATTAN BAKING POWDER.

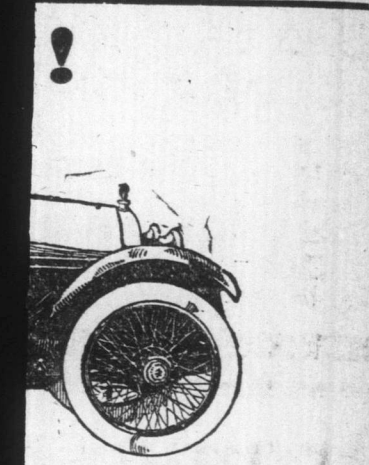
SCARLET FEVER.—A case of Scarlet Fever was reported to the Health authorities on Saturday. The patient is being nursed at home, Mullock St.

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

BISHOP & SONS are now ready to provide for the Jam Season: 1200 pkgs. Gunned Paper Jelly, Jam Tops, selling at reasonable prices.—sept.11

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.

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