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Just as comfortable as brothers, ventilated waistband, elastic waistband, soft fabrics, pre-laundered in sealed package; no dust, no germs.

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Low neck, short sleeves; low neck, no sleeves, lace trimmed.

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ODO-RO-NO—The Toilet Water for excessive perspiration, guaranteed protection for your prettiest frocks and waists. Simple to use, no stains, no odor.

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A non-burnable cleaner for cleaning all fabrics, shoes and slippers of silk, satin, velvet, cloth or kid.

Little Red Riding Hood.

(By Clair Price in "Answers.")

side, with their back to the little bar of the Royal Ho- their hands behind them and their on the mantelpiece, stood the commander and the captain and the

The commander was the tallest and tallest officer in the Royal Navy. The captain, standing next to him, was the shortest and fattest officer in the Royal Navy.

for the commodore, he was engaged with a frown that was almost bringing a knot in his bushy eyes.

By their side, the commander and the captain and the commodore, with their yards of gold bands and gold buttons sparkling in lively gold rays of the still, solemn bine of their

used to be the private, yacht "Red" said the long, lean command- was telling us how he happened to find himself ashore waiting for his command—"with pretty ladies lounge and rows of ancient changes in her hold, and a pleasure- to the Mediterranean in the summer and lost hairpins always raised the decee with her compass. But the Admiralty took her over, she left us only a tea-table of teak- on which to play nap for a fat- and they gave us a red- and they gave us a red- and they gave us a red-

And little Red Riding Hood's sole and only gun went back to work.

"By that time we were being hit about twenty times to the minute, and you couldn't see ten feet for smoke, and she was down by the stern so badly that we were having a hard time to stay at ten knots." And about that time, I went clean to Kingdom Come.

"Did you ever die and wake up in

been running ammunition for the after gun, leaped at it and ran up to Little Red Riding Hood's little crow's- nest and made it fast to the foremast.

"By that time, with only the for'd gun left, it was only a matter of time, of course, but we hoped to keep Fritz busy until the destroyer came up, after which there'd be prize-money.

"And just then, the for'd gun, which was almost red hot, decided to mis- fire.

"Now, there's a very old rule in the Service, which was laid down about the time of the Medes and Persians, to the broad, general effect that a fall half-hour must elapse between the misfiring of a gun and the opening of the breech-lock thereof. The reason is quite simple; the cartridge may have taken fire and be smoldering in the gun, ready at the first touch of the breech-lever to explode and blow out the breech and kill the crew and wreck the gun.

"And Maguire, who had been driving his crew at the for'd gun about 14 rounds to the minute, knew it—and jumped from the telescope to the breech-lever and bellowed 'Stand clear!' And his crew nurt themselves trying to get down the forward com- panion-way all at once. It rather took me by surprise, for I flopped down flat on the bridge. But all I heard was Maguire's voice above the racket, bellowing, 'Hogan, if you ever put another cartridge into my gun wrong end first, I'll throw you over- board! Close up!' And when I stood up again, Maguire was turning the wrongly-inserted charge so the powder was next the breech-block, and his crew were piling up from below.

And little Red Riding Hood's sole and only gun went back to work.

"Well, we floated about in the sea for an hour on pieces of wreckage amid a silence that was almost un- canny. I had the engineer with me, and he kept mumbling something fool- ish about the 'Winter Gardens at Blackpool—he comes from Lancashire—I don't remember, anything much that, he was trying to say, but I re-

Heaven and find that somebody's bin- nacle was lying across your chest and a silly compass was staring you in the face, with its needle chasing it- self round and round, and the letters on the dial were twirling about two inches from your nose, and go to run- ning your hands up and down your body and discover that all your arms and legs were still attached to you—that, in fact, you were still alive!

"Well, I got out of there to find that we were awash aft, and there wasn't a thing left on Little Red Riding Hood's deck but smashed gear and blood, and Fritz had eased off to let her sink. The for'd gun had gone aboard and Ma- guire had gone clean crazy. He had carried on with his Service revolver after his gun went, and when his belt was empty, he had fired all the dis- tress-rockets he could find, and when I first saw him he was picking up pieces of smashed gear off the deck and trying to throw them at Fritz, who was standing about 1,000 yards off our port beam. And all the seven men in the crew who could stand up were in a row back of him, feebly squawking 'Hoary!'

"And in about fifteen seconds more, or the fourth part of a minute, Little Red Riding Hood went home to Davy, with what was left of the White En- sign flapping from the rail at her cut- water.

"Of course, Fritz didn't stop to pick us up.

"He probably didn't care much about us, for all four of his stacks were down, and he was sweating smoke as if he had a half dozen fires aboard. Maguire knows what to do with a gun!

"Well, we floated about in the sea for an hour on pieces of wreckage amid a silence that was almost un- canny. I had the engineer with me, and he kept mumbling something fool- ish about the 'Winter Gardens at Blackpool—he comes from Lancashire—I don't remember, anything much that, he was trying to say, but I re-

member Maguire yelling over to me—you could have heard him for a mile:

"Hey, skipper, where do we go from here?"

"That was the kind of a crew Little Red Riding Hood had. They were a merry lot of sealwags.

"The whole thing had taken about fifteen minutes, and in an hour the destroyer appeared and picked us up. Were you ever picked up of a floating piece of wreckage by a destroyer?"

"I used to hate them; the beastly fellows swank about as if they owned the sea, but in that moment all was forgiven. Anyway, that's why I'm ashore, waiting to take out another patrol-boat."

Market Notes.

Codfish—Hundreds of quintals came into town during the past week, chiefly by land, from nearby settle- ments. A few schooners arrived with part cargoes from more distant out- ports. The total collections of new fish now is probably over ten thousand quintals. Prices paid last week were \$11 for No. 1 Small and \$12 for No. 1 Large Merchantable; \$5.50 for Small and \$6.50 for Large West India. A minimum deduction of \$1 per quintal was made for damp, even when only slightly so. General opinion is that present prices will go higher, as a few sales of Large Merchantable, well cur- ed, were made at \$12.50. This is owing to the scarcity of this quality, and further offerings will bring the same figure and possibly more in Oc- tober. The price for Labrador has not yet been fixed. Much depends on the volume of the catch, which from reports, received so far, is not large.

Cod Oil—Prices of Common are normal at \$280 to \$300 per ton, though sales were made at \$295 for large lots. On the South and West Coasts keen competition amongst Canadian and United States buyers have run prices

up to \$50 a barrel, f.o.b. carrier. Re- fined is still being quoted at previous prices but it is expected to go up soon.

There is nothing new to report on Lobsters or Plectid Fish.

Provisions—Newfoundland will receive its quota of Flour from Canada, but the situation demands the strictest economy on our part. All flour is now "Government Standard" and the price is \$14 wholesale; \$14.25 to \$14.50 barrel lots. Pork has gone down a little last week, quotations being \$45 for Ham Butt, \$48 for Short Cut Clear and \$35 for Spare Ribs. Local supplies are fair and consign- ments are coming along regularly.

The market signs are that Beef will ere long take another advance. Present prices are \$35 Flank and Boneless \$43 to \$45.50; Bos Packet, \$41; Cut- tings, \$30.50. The shortage is 6,000 barrels. An ample supply of Ameri- can Granulated Sugar is assured, but notwithstanding this there is still the necessity for greater economy in the use of this article. The price holds at \$10 per hundred pounds. Many sales of molasses have been made to out- port dealers, in lots, at 93 to 94 cents per gallon. The maximum F. C. B. prices are 95 to 96 1/2 cents. Sales negotiated above were made at lowest prices and an increase may be ruled at any moment. The local market is now being supplied with home grown potatoes and the price has declined to 25 cents per gallon. This slump was due to the importation of a large lot of Florida tubers, which were disposed of at much lower rates than the Cana- dian grown, which had hitherto held the market. The potato crop now promises to be as good, locally, as in normal years.

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

Wedding Bells

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at the Wesley Parsonage on Saturday evening by Rev. Bugden, when Miss Mary Blackie was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Ernest Ash, of the R.N. Co. electrical Dept. The bride, who was beautifully attired, was given away by Mr. A. Roberts and was attended by Miss L. Ash, sister of the groom. The groom's present to the bride was a silver tea set and tray and to the bridesmaid a brooch, and to the father-giver a gold tie pin. The happy couple left by Sunday's express for Springdale, Hall's Bay, Millertown and other points along the railway.



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We stock a large selection of inside and outside paints for all purposes—every colour imaginable.

Sportsmen's Headquarters

We supply Remington UMC Arms and Ammunition—known everywhere as the choice of leading sportsmen.

AYRE & SONS, Ltd.

Soldiers Arrive. By Saturday's express twelve vol- unteers, who are on furlough and sick leave, arrived in the city. They were met at the station by the Ladies' Re- ception Committee and by a squad of soldiers under command of Lieut. Clare. Most of the returned men be- long to the outports and will leave for their homes by to-morrow's ex- press.

Sunk By Submarine. According to reliable information it is now established that the schooner "W. C. Mackay," which sailed from Fogo for Europe last fall, was sunk by a German submarine, as a Ger- man wireless was picked up by a passing vessel at the time of sinking which read, "Schooner 'W. C. Mackay,' 145 tons, sunk."

Chairs, Chairs, Chairs!

We have now on display a large assortment of the above Goods from the cheapest to the most expensive. Prices ranging from

\$1.00 each up.

We have them in Hardwood, Oak and Mahogany finish, upholstered in Leather, Cretonne, Velour Plush, also a large assortment of Rockers. As these Chairs were bought before the recent advance in price, we are offering same at our usually low prices to clear.

The G. L. MARCH CO., Ltd., Corner Springdale and Water Streets.

Sewing Machines

Just received a shipment of **300 Hand Sewing Machines,** Comprising all patterns of **Paveway and Columblas.** Also, a full stock of our Celebrated Foot Sewing Machines, with or without Drop Head. Catalogue and Price List on application.

Martin-Royal Stores Hardware Co.