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These two qualities are always possessed by Scroggie garments—and they wear well and retain these qualities. That's one reason why we guarantee satisfaction with every purchase or refund your money, if you wish it.

"You'll get it for less at Scroggie's" is now a bye-word in the home—others know—do you? Prove this for yourself! Then again we prepay charges in full or help you to do so on almost every purchase. Have you ever stopped to consider what additional saving this means to you? Our big catalogue should be in every home. Is it yours? It's mailed free for the asking—order now while you think of it.

MK 6000.—This Coat is the best value for \$6.75 we have ever been able to secure for our mail order customers, having the style, fit and workmanship equal to any high-priced coat. It's a genuine snap at the price and highly recommended for the Fall and Winter season of 1903-4.

This Coat is handsomely made of very fine English Frieze Cloth, in black and navy, and smartly trimmed on cuffs and body with rich military silk braid; it has silk buttons and beautiful velvet collar. Can be had either semi-fitted as shown in the illustration, or loose, double-breasted style, yoke lined and cut 48 inches long. Comes in bust sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Price \$6.75. Special price \$5.00.

MK 102.—COAT.—Child's smart Coat, made of fine quality fancy tweed, finished with shoulder caps—making it a very comfortable garment for children—beautifully trimmed with fancy braid and buttons, turned cuffs, tailored pockets.—Ages 8 to 10 years.—Regular price \$6.50. Price \$3.98.

Write to-day for copy of our Xmas Folder

Mail Order Dept. M. Scroggie Montreal Que.

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY. Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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Perhaps there were interludes and interruptions. Perhaps he thought that the hand-drawn sketches offered more attractions than the solid records of a foolish man's spite and a boy's sufferings. At any rate, it was Irene who finally insisted that this must positively be the last, and who threatened that she would not speak to him again that day if he stared out of his seat before dinner.

And, indeed, Dick required no rocking when, after a refreshing wash, he stretched his long limbs in his hammock. He slept as dreamless. He awoke at sundown strong in the conviction that he had hardly closed his eyes.

He and Stump shared the tent, and Dick's uncertain gaze first dwelt on the skipper, who was seated at the door, smoking. Stump removed his pipe from between his teeth.

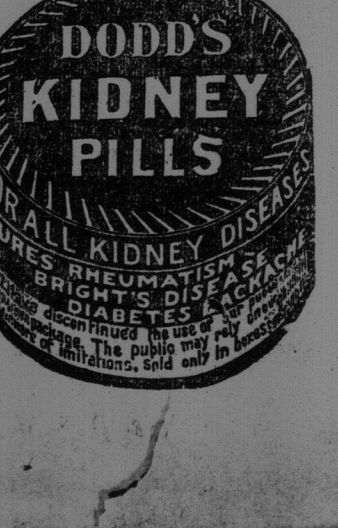
"Good evening, Sir Richard," he said solemnly. Then the huge joke he had been cogitating ever since Irene informed him of luncheon that Royson was now a man of title mastered him completely.

"Sink me," he burst forth, "I had some dainties of second mate under me in me time, but I've never bossed a bloomin' barrow-kitchen afore. My godfather! Won't Becky be pleased! An' won't Tagg say? Poor old Tagg! He'll ave a fit!"

"Look here, captain—'n' began Dick, swinging his feet to the ground. But Stump's slow-moving wits, given full time to get under weigh, were working freely; punctuating each pause with a flourish of his pipe, he continued:

"'Lond love a dunn, I can see Tagg blowin' to a saug in the West India Dock Road, an' a startin' ev'ry yarn with 'W'en I called down the Red Sea with Sir Richard—' or 'W'en I went through the Gut on a dirty night, an' Sir Richard sez to me—' Well, there, I on'y hope ye survives the fast shock. W'en I gets 'e wind well 'av fair treat. Mind ye, I 'ad a sort of funny feelin' when you tele me in the strain you was my second mate, an' you set there a wearin' knickers. It gey me a turn, that did. An' then you took another twist at me by sayin' you'd never bin to sea. I knew things was goin' to happen afore that. It must ha' bin you'd ave call it—second sight—for I know then an' there I'd not a jote in the letters—"

"Oh, shut up!" shouted Royson, diving frantically for his boots.



"He has fixed on seven o'clock tomorrow for the conference. I am looking forward with curiosity to seeing him there again. I remember him perfectly. Captain Stump and I had a good look at him in passing on the way."

"Has the messenger gone back already?" "Yes, he left the camp two hours ago."

"Did he speak to any of our men?" "He may have done so. I'm not sure. We were so taken up with Alferi's communication that we gave no heed to the Arab. But grandad said, by the way, that it was just well he should see our strength, and that we had a dozen armed soldiers here, in addition to our own men."

"You were worrying about me, I suppose?" "Allow me to observe that I, as staff officer, have assisted the commander-in-chief to divide our forces into two strong guards for the night. Grandfather commands me, Captain Stump the other, while you, O King, have to sleep soundly in the tent."

"But I have just slept eight hours." "Oh, well, being on the staff, I also arranged that we should mount guard together under the stars."

"I went against the grain to dash her high spirits with the doubt that seized her at once as he left her in the hands of the Arab's departure. In all probability, the man had found out that von Kerber and Mrs. Kerber were no longer in the camp. The negro slaves and other attendants were invertebrate gossips, and it would be strange if they had not told him that some of the numbers were marching towards the sea with the Hakim-Filani and one of the Gaur women."

"What is it?" "I think I shall tell you, Portia, not Irene, if you reason things out in that fashion."

"She stamped a foot in mock anger. 'That is your old trick,' she said. 'You try to hide your thoughts by an absurdity. I distrust Alferi, that is all.' 'Perhaps you don't care for the eleven o'clock tea? I thought you would like to sit and smoke a pipe with me. It happened since—since I said good-by to you the other evening, but of course—"

"If you gaze at me so reproachfully, Irene, I shall kiss you now, this instant, under the eyes of every man, horse and camel."

"Well, then, what is the matter. I know something is worrying you. I can read your face like a book."

"I distrust Alferi, that is all." "But he simply dare not fight us. Grandad knows these Arabs for many years. He says that they are not to be surprised when Alferi himself admits that he is near, and has actually sent Alferi to tell us the exact number of his men."

"I think I shall tell you, Portia, not Irene, if you reason things out in that fashion."

"She stamped a foot in mock anger. 'That is your old trick,' she said. 'You try to hide your thoughts by an absurdity. I distrust Alferi, that is all.' 'Perhaps you don't care for the eleven o'clock tea? I thought you would like to sit and smoke a pipe with me. It happened since—since I said good-by to you the other evening, but of course—"

"If you gaze at me so reproachfully, Irene, I shall kiss you now, this instant, under the eyes of every man, horse and camel."

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



GRAY CARACUL AND SQUIRREL FUR. The soft caracul cloth, which comes by the yard is a very desirable fabric for little folks' winter wear. The interior is warm, yet not heavy, and has the delightful furry feeling, dear to childish hearts.

ECZEMA AND PILES CURED

Magistrate and School Commissioner Healed by Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk by its healing power has earned the praise of men and women in the highest stations of life. One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's praise is Mr. G. E. Stanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S. Mr. Weston is a Justice of the Peace for the county, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also a member of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed, throughout the county it would be difficult to find a man who has not heard of Zam-Buk, and who has not been cured by its use.

"Some time back," he had occasion to test Zam-Buk, and here is his opinion of this great balm. He says: 'I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years, and tried all sorts of disease break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had tried various ointments, and tried all sorts of medicine, and nothing would do but Zam-Buk, which I used in a few days, and it has cured them completely. I take comfort in helping my brother man, and when I publish the experience of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it. I should be glad. For the cure of piles or hemorrhoids, I know of no other remedy. Zam-Buk also cures burns, cuts, ulcers, chapped hands, cold sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well on to the chest in cases of cold it relieves the tightness and aches. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

FINED FOR SELLING LIQUORS TO MINORS

Two Bartenders Were Fined \$10 Each in the Police Court Yesterday Afternoon.

In the police court yesterday afternoon John Connor, tender for James Hogan, Union street, and John Warnock, bartender for William Hogan, Brussels street, were fined \$10 each for selling liquor to minors. The case grew out of the arrest of Charles Fred O'Dell for drunkenness in Union street on Wednesday afternoon. O'Dell told the police that he was twenty years old.

Both the bar tenders protested they did not remember O'Dell in their places of business at all on Wednesday. O'Dell was then put on the stand. He said the first place he went to was the one on Brussels street. He was in twice, once before 12 o'clock and once after and had a glass of ale each time. Warnock serving him. He afterwards went to the Union street bar and had two more glasses of ale, Connor serving him. He said he then smoked a cigar and lost his senses completely.

Neither of the defendants had anything to say to the charge except to repeat that they were always very careful about serving minors and did not remember seeing O'Dell at all on Wednesday.

In answer to a question O'Dell said he could neither read nor write. In commenting on the case his honor said that he did not think the full penalty ought to be imposed. O'Dell's son had a boyish look but he was very tall and when he had his hat on it was possible a mistake might have been made in a hurry. He imposed the minimum fine of \$10 each, which was paid. O'Dell was permitted to go with his father, after promising Judge Rizzo he would never go into a liquor shop again and that he would practice reading and writing.

Legal action is being taken in connection with the "Bromo Quinine" shipments to Woodstock and use of the St. John Mercantile Company's name and way bills.

The Shine that Won't Come Off



"Black Knight" Stove Polish. Is an inspiration to the housewife—so willing to do its work and does it so well. Easy to put on, and just a few rubs brings a brilliant polish.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. Used over 40 years as a Specific for Coughs, Colds, etc. Besides the actual distress you are suffering from a cough, there is always the danger of it developing into something serious. Every case of Consumption started with "just a cough." If that simple cough had been cured, there would have been no consumption. Cure your cough NOW with Gray's Syrup. 25c and 50c a BOTTLE. At all drug stores.

Cowan's Maple Buds

are different from and better than any other chocolate confection you ever tasted. Maple Buds are not made by any other concern as the name and design is fully patented. Look for the name on every Bud.

A YARMOUTH CAPTAIN HAD A STRENUOUS TIME IN THE SHIP TIMANDRA

In a Midnight Collision With Steamer Spartan Prince Near the Equator The Big Ship Was Badly Damaged—Steamer Eventually Foundered.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 25.—Still bearing convincing marks of the fearful midnight crash on the equator, in which she sent the steamer Spartan Prince reeling off to eventually founder, lost ten feet of her own stem, and was put at the mercy of the intruding sea, save for a single bulkhead which stood the strain until she could limp into Boston harbor from Buenos Ayres, via Barbados, the British built, Boston owned, full rigger Timandra dropped anchor off Castle island late yesterday, and all hands rejoiced mightily. It was a thrilling tale that came from Capt. McQuarrie and the sixteen of his crew. Many were reluctant to talk, seemingly half skeptical as to whether or not they had really come safely through the harrowing experience and made haven at the end of their voyage at last.

For fifteen days and nights after the Spartan Prince had ripped off the greater part of her stem, the wounded Timandra headed for Barbados, while her Winthrop skipper and his men stuck continuously at the supreme task of reefing the sails, and everything which depended their salvation. Through hours of stressful weather, they endured such anxiety as none of them had ever felt before.

Every man of them prayed not once but many times for a lull in the storm, for fair weather—for a let-up of the great waves that kept battering brutally at the bulkhead behind which they strove desperately with all the hoisting material at their command to relieve the strain. When finally their big steel ship, bearing small semblance to her original lines, made Barbados harbor, Capt. McQuarrie and his crew were almost utterly exhausted with the vigil of more than a fortnight.

It was not on a tempestuous night that the Timandra and Spartan Prince crossed the equator. The large Southern constellations were outlined luminously on the dusky velvet of a clear sky. The full rigger was crossing the equator. Capt. McQuarrie had just gone below and First Mate Blond had the watch. Suddenly, the lights of a steamer bound south. To the amazement of the first mate, who had no difficulty in making out the stranger, she swung across the Timandra's bows, striking the full-rigger just forward of amidships. There was a terrific bedlam of rent metal, rapped plates, splintered woodwork and falling spars. The Timandra's stem had been ripped open for ten feet, exposing the bulkhead. In turn, the fore yard of the full-rigger had taken the entire length of the steamer. Curiously, the upper works of the Timandra were little harmed. As if by a miracle, the spar works of the Timandra were still unharmed. The vessel which had interrupted their voyage so disastrously, plunging at them out of the night without warning, they were still mangled at the lack of any sign of distress from the doomed steamer. For doomed she proved to be, though she remained afloat for hours. The last seen of her from the Timandra she was drifting away to the southward, and it was afterwards learned that she foundered off the Brazilian coast. Her crew got off, in the boats safely and landed at Aracaju. The Spartan Prince carried no passengers.

DELEGATES TO IMPERIAL JOURNALISTS CONFERENCE

Montreal, Nov. 26.—(Special)—At a meeting of newspaper selecting delegates to represent Montreal at the coming Imperial Press Conference in London, J. S. Brierley and Sir Hugh Graham were chosen. The choice of a representative for the French press was left in abeyance in view of Hon. Treble Berthiaume's inability to attend the meeting.

THE DOCTOR SAID "I CAN'T HELP YOU"

Suffered 10 Months with Kidney Complaint. Kid Pills Cured. Dunvegan, Inverness Co. I am perfectly cured of Kidney complaint after using Kid Pills. Six hours after taking the first Pill I obtained relief, and now after three months I feel as well as ever. I suffered ten months and the Physician attending me advised me to go to the Victoria Hospital at Halifax, as he could do nothing more for me. I may add that I used a great deal of medicine, and strictly followed my physician's directions regarding diet, etc., but without avail, until providentially I learned of your most excellent remedy. I am recommending Kid Pills. (Signed) LEWIS MACPHERSON. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or sent direct. Write for sample, free if you mention this paper. Dept. U, National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. See.