...for Times Readers



ECCENTRIC CUT MAKES THE NEW FUR COATS SMART

The plain, semi-fitting pony or caracul coat of last winter cannot compare in style with the new models showing eccentric cut and lines clinging more closely to the figure. This handsome coat of moire ponyskin has the "Cheruit back" cut in two sections and giving great grace of line. With the coat is shown an afternoon hat of king blue velvet, with a crown sunred over cords. The only trimming on this hat is the arrangement of little rose and forget-me-not nosegays around the crown.



...kidneys are probably responsible for more ...than any other disease, therefore, when ...other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to con... ...ults are sure to follow.

...organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, ...do most and should have attention first.

...feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or ...wn condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the ...kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kid... ...begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable results in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you are obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease may be stealing upon you, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root is Pleasant to Take

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at all drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best.

Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

The Mission

Of these corpuscles in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is to fight for you against the disease germs that constantly endanger your health. These corpuscles are made healthy and strong by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is a combination of more than 20 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth.

No substitute, none "just as good."

THE LATE REV. DR. DONALD MacRAE

Many with deep regret read in the Times last night that Rev. Dr. Donald MacRae had died in Calgary.

He was born in Hopewell, Pictou county (N. S. in 1833, where his father, Rev. John MacRae, was pastor of a church. When he was about twelve years of age he went to Scotland, where he pursued his studies in the universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh and the theological schools in connection therewith, passing his examinations for the degree of M. A. at Marischael College, Aberdeen. Subsequently he was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen and ordained a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. Soon after his ordination in 1856 he went to Nova Scotia and took up the pastorate of St. Columba and St. Paul's churches in succession to his father. In 1858 Dr. MacRae went to St. John's (Nfld.) and continued pastor of the established church in that city until 1870, when he left Newfoundland and was offered St. Andrew's church, Montreal, which, however, he declined, accepting a call to his old congregation in Pictou county. There he continued until 1874, when he accepted a call to St. Stephen's church in this city.

This pastorate he occupied until 1896, when the general assembly appointed him principal of Morin College, Quebec. He resigned his principalship in 1900. In 1904-5 he acted as professor of systematic theology and homoletics in Queen's University, Kingston. Dr. MacRae always took an active part in many questions vitally affecting the history and development of the Presbyterian church in Canada. He was one of the most active workers connected with the union movement, which in 1875 culminated in the formation of the Presbyterian church of Canada. With the late Principal Grant and others, he took a leading part in the so-called heresy trial of the Rev. Mr. McDonnell, of Toronto. In 1880 he was unanimously chosen moderator of the general assembly and appointed a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian council. In 1881 Queen's University, Kingston, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

He was a leading member of the hymnal committee.

While pastor of St. Stephen's church he threw himself energetically into the work of organizing home missions. He founded the Woman's Home Mission Society, and introduced the Order of Ordained Missionaries, which has done so much for Presbyterianism in the home field.

Dr. MacRae held a high position as a pulpit orator and has written numerous magazine articles. He was a favorite platform lecturer and many of his sermons, lectures and addresses have been published and commanded wide attention. In 1883, at the centennial celebration of the Loyalists, he was chosen as one of the orators of the occasion.

His public deliverances on Freemasonry, the Ford pit disaster, the death of Queen Victoria, in the university lecture course, in connection with St. Andrew's Society, etc., attracted much attention.

While in St. John, Dr. MacRae was one of the public relief committee after the great fire of 1877. He was a member of the board of the old St. John grammar school and an examiner for degrees in the University of New Brunswick. He has been an active Mason, a member of the Oddfellows and of St. Andrew's Society.

In 1863 he married Catherine Harriet, youngest daughter of the Hon. Kenneth McLea, M. L. C., a prominent resident of St. John's (Nfld.) To them were born thirteen children—the late Alexander W. MacRae, A. M., D. C. L., and Kenneth J. MacRae, B. C. L., of this city; Rev. Archibald O. MacRae, B. A., Ph. D., principal of the Canadian Western College, Calgary; John J. MacRae, manager for R. G. Dun & Co., Quebec; Rev. Donald N. MacRae, B. A., B. D., Presbyterian minister at Griswold (Man.); Colin C. MacRae, with the Bank of B. N. A.; Silla I. Campbell, wife of O. R. Campbell, of the Bank of Montreal, Glace Bay, and Miss Violet D. MacRae, a trained nurse in Boston. There are thirteen grandchildren.

Dr. MacRae's first wife died in 1889, and in 1897 he married Janie, daughter of the late James Read, of this city, who died in 1900.

Dr. MacRae could trace his descent, on his mother's side, from the time of Robert Bruce, through the MacDougalls of Dunstaffnage, one of whom took the Lorne brooch from Robert the Bruce, and in that castle, according to tradition, the coronation stone was kept for a long period.

In 1906 Rev. Dr. MacRae celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a minister. He was then occupying the pulpit in St. Stephen's church.

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Conclusion.)

"Morris," she whispered, "dear Morris, do you remember what the Good Book says, and do you not know that it is true? 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as wool.' I do not know what you mean—I do not know what it is that you have done; but, whatever it is, God will forgive you."

In the midst of his misery, strangely enough, Lathrop suddenly remembered the note that Millington had sent to 'Rita Now, he took it from his pocket, and, without raising his eyes, gave it to her. Wonderingly, she opened it and read, and then she smiled through her unshed tears.

"Look, Morris! Read!" she said.

Mechanically, he took the note from her, and scanned the words his friend had written:

"My dear 'Rita,

"You must forgive me for the trick I played on you. Never mind now why I did it. Perhaps you will be able to guess when you read this. I release you from your promise. I really don't want you to marry me. In about half-an-hour I am going to ask Edna Trevor to be my wife. But you made me another promise, and that I must hold you to. You agreed to help me save Morris. There is only one way to do it: Marry him!

"Jack Millington."

Lathrop loosened his grasp on the sheet of paper, and it fluttered to the floor. Then, he opened his arms, and the girl nestled into his embrace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Morris Lathrop and George Trevor stood facing each other in the library of the financier's mansion. The former had just entered the room in obedience to a summons from the broker.

"I came as quickly as I could, pater," Lathrop said, assuming a lightness of tone to disguise his anxiety.

"Is 'Rita with you?" Trevor demanded.

"Yes," was the reply; "she is in the drawing-room, with Edna."

"That is as it should be," the financier declared. "I am determined that she shall know who her father is, and without delay. But there is one thing that must be explained, first. Do you remember what you said in the carriage, the day that Carla was hurt? You told me that there was a chapter in my history which I myself did not know. You must tell me what you meant by that remark."

Thus definitely commanded, Lathrop felt himself constrained to obey.

"Before my father died," he said, "he told me a part of the experience which you and he had in Cuba, twenty-five years ago, and he left me a mission to perform. He knew of 'Rita's birth, and he directed me to search for her, and to find her, and always to watch over her as if she were my own sister. He told me, as to your marriage to her mother, your separation from her, and the reasons for it. He added that you were ignorant of the fact that she had borne a child. I went to Seville. From there I traced your child to Cuba, and to the City of Mexico, where I found her. She had been taken and cared for by a distant relative of her mother— a Senor Llorente."

"Yes, a scoundrel if ever there was one!" Trevor commented. "Go on."

"From him I learned the whole story—"

"His version of it," the financier interrupted; "but an untrue one, surely. He could not speak the truth."

"He gave what seemed to be proofs of the correctness of his tale, and there was one statement which I thought should be kept even from you. This was, that your first wife had died only ten years before, or fifteen years from the present time—that is to say, nearly six years after the birth of Carla!"

The old man raised one hand. He was smiling and unmoved.

"It is not true," he said, calmly. "Carlotta—that was her name—died in my arms, from a wound inflicted by the very weapon that affected me so, the evening when we called upon 'Rita. It was thrown through the open window by the hand of an unknown assassin, but, as I believe, by Llorente himself, who loved her, and had been repulsed by her. I think the weapon was aimed at me, but it struck her. She died instantly, without a word. That was two years, nearly, before the mother of Carla and Edna became my wife."

Lathrop was deeply moved.

"If you only knew how I have suffered," he explained, "fearing that you would some day learn this thing which I was led to believe, fearing that Carla and Edna might hear of it. If only I had told you five years ago, pater."

"You already know the reason for my separation from 'Rita's mother," Trevor continued. "You understand that no blame attached to her. She was jealous; that was all—unjustly so, but it was Llorente's work. She left me, and returned to her home in Spain. I followed her there. Our interview had just commenced; she had not told me of the child, but she had thrown herself into my embrace, when the knife flew through the window, and ended everything. Now, will you send my eldest daughter to me? Will you send 'Rita here? I wish to tell her who she is."

More than two hours elapsed after 'Rita entered her father's library before she came out again. When she did, there was a new-born happiness upon her face, which transfigured it. During the last half hour of the time, Carla and Edna, also, were present, and they all came out together.

Lathrop was in the drawing room alone, when Carla entered and closed the door.

"Morris," she said, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. Will you grant it? I think I shall be happy again if you will."

"It is I who need forgiveness, Carla," he replied.

"No, Morris, it is I," the girl insisted, tremulously. "Let us be just to ourselves and to each other. I am very happy in the possession of my sister 'Rita—still happier in the knowledge that she is to be your wife. She loves you much more deeply than I ever did. I love you now, better than I did then. Mine was not real love, Morris; it was gratified pride. And, when I forgot myself and did that horrible thing, it was my pride that was suffering, not my love. I have never really loved. I realize that when I look at 'Rita. You are to be my brother, and I shall love you better so than if you had been my husband. Do you understand me, Morris?"

* * *

Old Sam Millington was sitting alone in a room in his residence that he used as an office, when there was a ring at the door. Such a thing was almost unprecedented, since the house had been practically closed for a year, but he answered the summons, and beheld, standing upon the steps, the figure of a young woman.

"I am Edna Trevor," she said. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," the wondering man assented. "What can I do for you, Miss Edna?"

"You can do a whole lot if you will," the girl replied, walking briskly into his den. "I suppose you know that I am going to marry your son?"

"Well, yes," he answered, smiling. "He told me about it, this morning. I am greatly pleased, and I told him so. Jack is a good boy—and a smart one! But it will be some time before he will be well enough to get married."

"He's well enough now," Edna announced, bluntly.

Then, while the capitalist stared in amazement, she went on rapidly, and told him the whole story from beginning to end, omitting nothing; and she did it so quaintly and so energetically that, before she was half done, the first wrath had gone from his face, and in its stead was an expression of sardonic enjoyment.

"You see," she concluded, "I would not be married under false pretences. And, then, there was Morris, dying to come to you and let out the whole thing—only, Jack wouldn't let him. So I just made up my mind that I would do it myself. I am just as deep in the mud as any of them, and I have a right to confess if I wish to. . . . And you will forgive us all, won't you?"

"Edna," said the old man, and his keen eyes were dimmed a little as he looked into the clear, pleading eyes of the girl, "if you will put your arms around my neck, and kiss me, and . . . you, father, I will promise to forgive."

"You had no need to ask me," Edna made answer. And she threw her arms around his neck, and gave him many kisses, and thanked him with every one.

And a month later, when the double wedding occurred, the most spectacular feature of that spectacular event was the sight of those aforetime enemies, George Trevor and Sam Millington, walking happily together up the central aisle of the church, arm-in-arm.

THE END

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W. C. T. U. MEETING

The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held yesterday afternoon, with the president in the chair. Reports from the different committees were read and several matters were discussed, after which the election of officers took place, resulting as follows:

Mrs. James McAvity, president.
Mrs. Gray, honorary vice-president.
Miss Lockhart, secretary-treasurer.
Mrs. S. D. Scott, "Y" secretary.

With the exception of Mrs. Scott, the new "Y" secretary, this is the same list of officers as last year. A short musical programme was carried out, after which the meeting adjourned.

ORGANIZE GUILD

Several young men of St. John's Presbyterian church met in St. John's church school room last night and organized what is to be known as the Young Men's Guild. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, Rev. J. H. A. Anderson; president, Landsdowne Belyea; vice-president, George Grey; secretary, Joseph B. Hamm; treasurer, R. Cummins.

Committees on membership, athletics and music will be appointed at a later date. The guild will be sufficiently comprehensive in its scope to minister to the social, athletic, educational and religious life of the members. The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Dec. 9.

Look To Your Food

If You Have Indigestion

Stop taking drugs and go 10 days on

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk. It will work wonders.

This food is made of wheat and barley and cooked for many hours. It is easily digested and contains the material the weak stomach requires to grow strong on so that other food can be eaten later.

Be sure to chew the Grape-Nuts well before swallowing.

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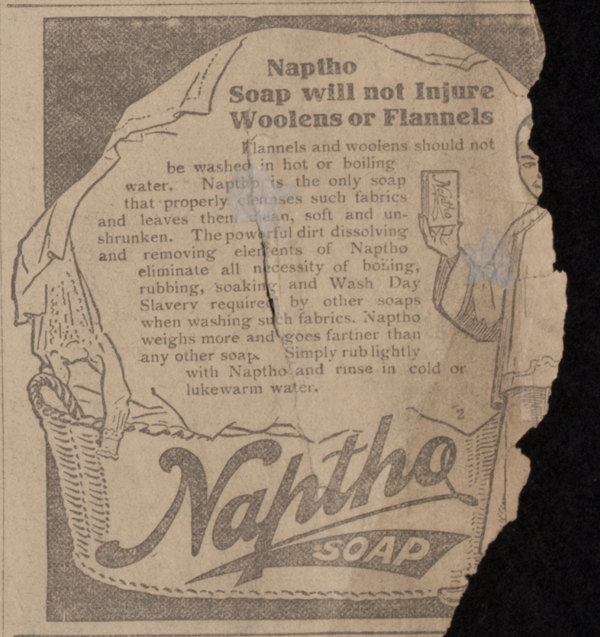
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The Times Daily Puzzle Pic



A LIGHTNING CHANGE

It's nice to feel her little hand tucked underneath your arm,
Because it shows she trusts in you to shield her from all harm;
But, while there is no greater joy than walking through the snow,
A measly little slide can change your pleasure into woe.
Find another man.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down, under window.

Headaches and Neuralgia From Cold

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove. 25c.

Scandal is the tattle of fools who judge other people by themselves.

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ACTUALLY, POSITIVELY, INVARIABLY RESTORES, GRAY HAIR TO THE COLOR AND VIGOR OF YOUTH

You can't look young if your hair is gray, faded dull and lifeless. Hay's Hair Health will bring back the natural color, just as it was when you were young. Stops dandruff and falling out. Makes the hair bright, silky and full of life and beauty—**not a dye**—won't color or soil your skin.

$1 and 50c. BOTTLES, AT DRUGGISTS.

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