

TALK No. 2

FOOD scientists condemn alum as unfit for use in food, and the time will come when it will be as rigorously excluded from food in Canada as it is now condemned in Great Britain.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum



MAGIC makes pure delicious, healthful biscuits, cake and pastry. Protect yourself against alum powders by insisting on MAGIC BAKING POWDER.

MAGIC is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.



Full Pound Cans, 25c.

Made in Canada
E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.
FREE COOK BOOK

As to the German Bed.

Jerome K. Jerome's Famous Analysis—The Amusement and Despair of the English Humorist at the Sight of This Formidable Affair for the First Time.

It was years ago, true, that Jerome K. Jerome saw a German bed and wrote of it. Possibly many readers of the Transcript have laughed at his picture of it. Certainly some of those of us who during the past summer experienced this sort of machine will enjoy his description. It saves us the trouble of writing it ourselves. And then, possibly, Mr. Jerome did it better than we could have done! At any rate here it is:—

"To the blasé English bed-goer accustomed all his life to the same old hackneyed style of bed night after night, there is something very pleasantly pungent about the experience of trying to sleep in a German bed. He does not know it is a bed at first. He thinks that someone has been going round the room, collecting all the sacks and cushions and antimacassars and such articles that he has happened to find about, and has piled them up on a wooden tray ready for moving. He rings for the chambermaid, and explains to her that she has shown him into the wrong room. He wanted a bedroom."

"She says: 'This is a bedroom.'"

"He says: 'Where is the bed?'"

"'There!'" she says, pointing to the box on which the sacks and antimacassars and cushions lie piled.

"'That!'" he cries. "How am I going to sleep in that?"

"The chambermaid does not know how he is going to sleep there, never having seen a gentleman go to sleep anywhere, and not knowing how they set about it; but suggests that he might try lying down flat, and shut his eyes."

"'But it is not long enough,'" he says.

The chambermaid thinks he will go

able to manage it, if he tucks his legs up with it.

He sees that he will not get anything better, and that he must put up with it.

"Oh, very well," he says. "Look sharp and get it made, then."

She says: "It is made."

He turns and regards the girl sternly. Is she taking advantage of his being a lonely stranger, far from home and friends, to mock him. He goes over to what she calls the bed, and snatching off the topmost sack from the pile, and holding it up, says: "Perhaps you will tell me what this is, then?"

"'That,'" says the girl, "that's the bed."

He is somewhat nonplussed at the unexpected reply.

"'Oh!'" he says. "Oh! the bed, is it? I thought it was a pincushion! Well, if it is the bed, then what is it doing out here on top of everything else? You think that because I'm only a man, I don't understand a bed?"

"'That's the proper place for it,'" responds the chambermaid.

"'What! On top?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Well, then, where are the clothes?'"

"'Underneath, sir.'"

"'Look here, my good girl,'" he says, "you don't understand me, or I don't understand you, one or the other. When I go to sleep I lie on a bed and pull the clothes over me. I don't want to lie on the clothes and cover myself with the bed. This isn't a comic ballet, you know!"

The girl assures him that there is no mistake about the matter at all. There is the bed, made according to German notions of how a bed should be made. He can make the best of it, and then try to go to sleep upon it, or he can be sulky and go to sleep on the floor.

He is very much surprised. It looks to him the sort of a bed that a man would make for himself on coming home late from a party. But it is no use arguing the matter with the girl.

"'All right,'" he says, "bring me a pillow, and I'll risk it!"

The chambermaid explains that there are two pillows on the bed already, indicating as she does so two flat cushions, each one a yard square placed one on top of the other at one end of the mixture.

"'These!'" exclaims the weary traveller, beginning to feel that he does not want to go to bed at all. "These are not pillows! I want something to put my head on; not a thing that comes down in the middle of my back! Don't tell me that I've got to sleep on these things!"

But the girl does tell him so, and also implies that she has something else to do than to stand there all day talking bed-gossip with him.

"'Well, just show me how to start,'" he says, "which way you get into it, and then I won't keep you any longer; I'll puzzle over the rest myself."

She explains the trick to him and leaves, and he undresses and crawls in.

The pillows give him a good deal of worry. He does not know whether he is meant to sit on them or merely to

lean up against them. In experimenting upon this point he bumps his head against the top board of the bedstead. At this he says "Oh!" and shoots himself down to the bottom of the bed. Here all his ten toes simultaneously come into sharp contact with the board at the bottom.

Nothing irritates a man more than being rapped over the toes, especially if he feels that he has done nothing to deserve it. He says "Oh, damn!" this time, and spasmodically doubles up his legs, thus giving his knees a violent blow against the board at the side of the bed. (The German bedstead, be it remembered, is built in the form of a shallow, open box, and the victim is thus completely surrounded by solid pieces of wood with sharp edges. I do not know what species of wood it is that is employed. It is extremely hard, and gives forth a curious musical sound when struck sharply with a bone.)

After this he lies perfectly still for a while, wondering where he is going to be hit next. Finding that nothing happens, he begins to regain confidence, and ventures to gently feel around with his left leg and take stock of his position.

For clothes he has only a very thin blanket and sheet, and beneath these he feels decidedly chilly. The bed is warm enough, so far as it goes, but there is not enough of it. He draws it up around his chin, and then his feet began to freeze. He pushes it down over his feet and then all the top of him shivers.

He tries to roll up in a ball so as to get the whole of himself underneath it, but does not succeed; there is always some of him left outside in the cold.

He reflects that a "boneless wonder" or a "man-serpent" would be comfortable enough in this bed, and wishes that he had been brought up as a conformationist. If he could only tie his legs around his neck, and tuck his head in under his arm, all would yet be well.

Never having been taught to do any really useful tricks such as these, however, he has to be content to remain spread out, warming a bit of himself at a time.

It is perhaps foolish of him, and so many read troubles to allow a mere ostentatious consideration to worry him; but as he lies there on his back, looking down at himself, the sight that he presents to himself considerably annoys him. The puffed-up bed, resting on the middle of him, gives him the appearance of a man suffering from some monstrous swelling, or else of some exceptionally well-developed frog that has been turned up the wrong way and does not know how to get on its legs again.

Another vexation that he has to contend with is, that every time he moves a limb or breathes extra hard the bed (which is only of down) tumbles off onto the floor.

You cannot lean out of a German bed to pick up anything off the floor owing to its box-like formation; so he has to scramble out after it, and of course every time he does this he barks both of his shins twice against the sides of the bed.

When he has performed this feat for about the tenth time, he concludes that it was madness for him, a mere raw amateur at the business, to think that he could manage a complicated, tricky bed of this sort, that must take even an experienced man all he knows to sleep in it, and gets out and camps on the floor.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Throat

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"I never explain anything I do, no matter how badly it may look," a man said to me the other day. "I think explanations are weak. My enemies won't believe them anyway, and if my friends can't believe in me whatever I do, why explain, they aren't friends worth having."

Sounds well. Sounds splendidly. 'Tis it wholly wise or fair? Do you have a woman who practically wrecked her whole life simply because she was too proud to explain how she happened to be in a very compromising position.

She was in a man's room in a hotel. She had a very good, although very peculiar reason for being there. She refused to explain it to his mother who found her there, and the scandal went forth. The mother was a thoroughly reasonable woman who would gladly have believed the explanation, and who did believe it when it came to her later from other sources. Too late, however, to save a girl's name.

I think any man or woman who is placed in a position where the most natural inference is that they have done wrong, owe the world an explanation.

Ought not their friends to believe in them without explanations?

Some of them.

But, if a man can count on the

Cat Attacks Woman.

New York, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Jennie Brilliant, of 1703 Washington Avenue, was subjected to a vicious attack by a large cat to-night, and during the struggle with the crazy creature she received fully 100 scratches, nearly every part of her face and neck being torn by the animal's claws.

Two of the cat's kittens had been killed during the day by Mrs. Brilliant's dog, the police say, and in that way they account for the feline's anger.

Mrs. Brilliant lives on the top floor of the Washington Avenue house, and it was while she was ascending the flight of stairs leading to her apartment that the animal sprang upon her head from the upper landing. Frantic from pain and fear the woman ran into her kitchen and tried to drag the beast off. For fully five minutes the cat maintained its hold and during that time inflicted the scratches and pulled out considerable hair.

When the victim succeeded in tearing the cat from her head she hurried it through the window. The long tail the cat had to the yard killed it almost instantly.

When the owner of the cat learned of its death, she hurried to the Tremont station and, according to the officers, asserted that her neighbor had wilfully thrown the cat out of the window, and asked to have the matter investigated.

He Wanted Horses.

A small boy who was not familiar with country ways was taken by his fond mother for a short stay in the country.

On a farm in a neighbouring county he waxed fat and sunburnt, and picked up a wondrous store of astonishing experiences.

One day the farmer, who had kept his eye on the boy, smilingly said to the mother:

"Just ask your boy why he hid two eggs in the stable?"

So the very first opportunity the mother said to the six-year old:

"My dear, what did you do with those eggs you took from the hen-house?"

"I hid them in the stable," answered the boy.

"And what for?" asked his mother.

"'Cause it's my scheme."

"Your scheme! And what is your scheme?"

"'Why, you see, mamma,'" said the little philosopher, "when eggs is borned in a chicken-house there is always little chickens, and I fink if they were borned in a stable they might be little horses."

A DRY SADDLE WHEN IT RAINS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

THE LONG SERVICE AND THE COMFORT OF THE SICKNER OF QUALITY

SOLD EVERYWHERE

TOWER CANADIAN CO. LTD. TORONTO, CANADA.

Eczema's Tortures

All treatments failed for three long years—Cure complete with DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mrs. Lark, 12 Walker St., Halifax, N. S., writes: "After three years of miserable torture and sleepless nights with terrible eczema, and after trying over a dozen remedies without obtaining anything but slight temporary relief, I have been perfectly and entirely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third or fourth application of this grand ointment I obtained relief, and a few boxes were sufficient to make a thorough cure. It is six months since I was freed of this wretched skin disease, and at there has been no return of the trouble. I consider the cure a permanent one."

Such cures are not brought about by imitations and substitutes for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is therefore necessary for you to be certain that the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on the box you buy. 60 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free copy of Dr. Chase's Receipts.

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Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work any longer? Do you get up at night unable to sleep? Are you nervous all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to force ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of known composition. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contains no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Subtle Reminder.

A village cricket match was in course of progress. The fielding side were for the time a man short, and a farm labourer was pressed into service. A ball was hit in the substitute's direction, and to the surprise of the spectators in general, and of himself in particular, he made the catch.

The following day he anxiously scanned the local papers for a record of his feat, and was greatly disappointed to find it reported as "caught sub."

"What is this 'ere,' 'caught sub?'" he asked a friend.

"'Why, don't thee know, Bill? That means 'twore a accident,'" was the reply.

The editor of the paper was amused next morning by the following note:—

"dear sur,—You say in yore paper 'ow I cort a man out in last saturday's match by accident. I mite summons you for libel, only I shan't; but if you should 'appen to get a clump on the nose one of these odd days, you'll know it was Bill Wiggins as done it, and it won't be no sub neither."

IN STOCK.

ROLLED OATS—in brls,
Ogilvie's Rolled Oats, in hlt-brls,
Ogilvie's Oatmeal, in brls,
Ogilvie's Oatmeal, in hlt-brls,
"Canadian Beauty" Round Peas,
"Sugar Marrow" Round Peas,
Selected Round Peas,
Split Peas, Yellow Corn,
Yellow Corn-Meal,
White Hominy Feed,
Hercules Feed,—Crushed Corn,
Oats, Barley. Bran.

HARVEY & Co.,

WHOLESALE.

Road Master Injured

D. Ferguson, trackmaster with the R. N. Co., met with a serious mishap while going over the track to Shoal Harbor from Seal Cove on his track motor car last evening. A construction train with engine and flat car coming along behind him, also going to Shoal Harbor, was not seen by him or heard on account of the noise made on the rails by his own machine till the engine came right upon him and threw him off the track, railway motor and all, bruising him very severely. He was taken on board the construction train and brought to Shoal Harbor, where Dr. Leslie ministered to him and bound up his wounds. He was put on board the express this morning and brought to town for Hospital treatment.

WHOLE COUNTRY IS RINGING WITH IT

WONDERFUL CURE OF RHEUMATISM BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. Hutchins of Dunham, Que., could not walk across the room—Story of her speedy and complete cure.

Dunham, Que., Oct. 14. (Special).—Misses' Country Ringing with the story of Mrs. G. M. Hutchins, long suffering from Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia, is again a strong, hearty woman. In an interview Mrs. Hutchins says:

"I was affected with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago. My limbs would swell; my muscles would cramp; I was nervous and had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins."

"I could not even walk across the room. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking six boxes found myself in the best of health—as well as ever I was in my life."

Mrs. Hutchins' troubles were all caused by Kidney Disease. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them so completely and quickly. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure only Kidney Disease, but they are a sure cure for any form of it from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Wreck of the Schr Torpedo

The crew of the wrecked schr. torpedo, whose loss we refer elsewhere, had a perilous time of it before leaving her. She was coming from the Labrador coast to St. John's when she struck the big gale of Monday night, about 20 miles south of Groulx Is. The vessel was badly battered in the elements, had all her canvas torn to shreds and the seas made a clean sweep over her as she ran before the blast, everything movable was swept off the decks, the booms were broken and one of the masts were sprung, while it was dangerous in the extreme for the men to hold the decks. The vessel laboured so heavily in the sea that the toppling lift gave out, the sheets of the main boom pulled the sheaves out of the blocks, when they gave way the boom had full play and came very near killing one of the crew named Snelgrove who was standing in the companion and hauling him overboard. To make matters worse water was discovered in the hold, the vessels seams opened, and all hands had to man the pumps to try and keep her afloat. For hours the men worked hard at this, and on Tuesday it was decided to run her for St. Julien's and beach her. About four hours before this was done the water had gained so rapidly that it was over the cabin floor, and if the crew were compelled to remain on her for an hour or two longer she would have foundered with them and all would have gone to bottom with her. Several foreign voyages, says it is the worst experience he ever went through. He and his crew of 6 men lost all their clothing and effects, and the captain lost a number of nautical instruments. It was a fortunate thing that the fish taken by the vessel was shipped away on the Labrador coast. She had a large quantity of oil on board and this was all lost. It was a difficult task to round the point of St. Julien's. Had she gone in there all would have been lost. Several other schooners were in company with the Torpedo and had their sails torn, booms broken and sustained other damage. The vessel was insured in the Bonavia scheme.

Police at the Train

Supt. Grimes and four policemen were at the railway station last midnight when the accommodation train came in on the look-out for possible fugitives from Grand Falls in connection with the recent robbery there. Two men who got off the train were shadowed by the police till informed by the conductor that they were two of the R. N. Co's stewards who were being transferred.

Anxiety Fell

There is much anxiety about four schooners which went out shortly before midnight last night. Two were going to Musgrave and two to Trinity. They must have met the full force of the storm, as they did not have time to get to any port of shelter. The applications for insurance tendered by interested parties this morning would not be accepted.

ARC LAMP BLOWS DOWN.—A large arc lamp on a pole at the foot of Hutchings' Street fell this morning in the storm. Mr. T. P. Connors, who was coming down from his home to the railway station, narrowly escaped being struck by it.

Asaya-Neurall

THE NEW REMEDY FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

Indigestion, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and Constipation result more often from nervous exhaustion than from food. Dieting or pills will not avail. The only remedy is nerve repair. "ASAYA-NEURALL" is and makes possible this cure. It feeds the nerves, induces sleep, quickens the appetite and digestion, and these disorders disappear. \$1.50 per bottle. Obtain from the local agent.

M. CONNORS.