# "WHY I POISONED DR. WILSON" TOLD BY HIS MURDERER.

## Strange Confession Sent to New York Newspaper by Man Who Tells Details of Plot in Famous Ale Poisoning Case.

On the night of June 26th, 1908, Dr. William H. Wilson, a Philadelphia physician, was mysteriously murdered. Somebody had sent Dr. Wilson a bottle of poisoned ale. He drank it and died.

For months the police of Philadelphia and other cities have been endeavoring to trace the bottle and lay their hands upon the person who sent it. More than a year has passed, and there is, apparently, no clue to the murderer.

A few days ago the Philadelphia American came into possession of what purports to be the confession of the man who murdered Dr. Wilson. To one of the staff was sent a letter by a man who asserts that he is the "executioner" of Dr. Wilson. Following the letter came an express package containing the confession and certain bits of evidence which the "executioner" forwarded to prove his genuineness. This evidence included the type from which the blank in the decoy envelope was printed; the die with which the top of the bottle was sealed; the initial with which the letter was stamped, and a duplicate of the decoy letter sent to the physician. All of these compare perfectly with the partial evidence now in the hands of the Philadelphia police. This remarkable confession is reprinted, in part, below.

THE POISONER'S CONFESSION.

"Dr." William H. Wilson, professional murderer of the innocent, was executed by me June 26th, 1908.

This is the first correct and full statement of the history of "Dr." Wilson's execution, and I write the following details as an explanation and vindication of my act. I destroyed Wilson, and I have no regrets. Read, and you will understand.

The facts that led me to sweep with merciless certainty to the worldly extinction of Wilson were principally, as has been correctly assumed, from the deathbed confession of my poor, dear, erring wife.

Owing principally to some unpleasant, but not serious, financial reverses I had sustained, she was unwilling to again become a mother. A woman neighbor in whom she had confided introduced Wilson to her. He persuaded her, as I understand it, to become his patient.

My sorrow did not drive me to a frenzy, but to something deeper and more intense. I resolved that my grief should not be impotant, but bear good fruit. That it has done so I am fully convinced. My conscience is absolutely clear.

However, it was not for revenge that Wilson was removed, but for the public good.

Although the time between my wife's confession and the final lapse into unconsciousness was all too short, it was long enough to secure details that might help me to avenge her death and perhaps prevent such occurrences in other homes. There were a number of details related, but only three of them of real importance—name, address and the fact that he drank ale and ale only.

STUDIED POISONS.

I read up Dr. Lenman's little handbook on poisons, and concluded that cyanide of potassium would be about the best agent for my purpose. It does not have the strong peach kernel flavor of prussic acid, is much easier to get, and getting it does not arouse suspicion, nor does one have to give a receipt—a mighty important point. I went to a photographic supply house and represented myself as coming from a prominent professional photographer and had no trouble about getting what I wanted. It might be interesting to know that Wilson's fare to the next world cost me exactly one dollar in money.

Anticipating that the ale would taste wrong and that probably only one swallow would be taken, I ascertained by practice that the smallest swallow a person would be likely to take is one drachm. Then fixing up the cyanide so that every drachm of the liquid would contain four grains of cyanide, which I believe Leffman considers the minimum fatal dose, I proceeded to experiment on this basis.

Knowing that the sample bottle might not be used at once, I thought it would be a good thing to see what action the chemical had on the appearance of the beverage, either at once or in a week's time. To my considerable disappointment I found that it darkened the color very much and also took absolutely all "fizz" away. I found, however, that by first adding about one-half water the chemical darkened it to about the right shade. I then allowed it to settle for some time and poured off the clear portion. One point in my plan that never seems to have been caught by the students of the case was my direction in the letter to Wilson that the bottle be kept in a vertical position. This was because I was afraid that more precipitation might form and if this were poured into the glass it would be a good cause for suspicion. Another point was the direction to keep the ale cold. Many ale drinkers do not keep their beverage very cool, but I figured that in a cold drink any peculiarity of flavor would not be so readily noticed.

The reason I wrote that the ale would not be on the market until July was because he might chance to speak of the sample to some dealer, who would naturally tell him that there is no such thing as Schemm's "Standard Ale.'" The explanation that the ale was not yet actually on the market would put at rest any doubt that might be caused in this way. Next came the question of bottling.

In order to give the appearance of an original package to the bottle, I purchased at a statoinery store near Ninth and Chestnut streets a seal for an old English letter "S," intending to impress it in sealing wax on top of the cork, but here a difficulty was encountered. I could not get the cork back, try as I would. Then it occurred to me to try forcing the crown cork off the bottle with a soft piece of wood. It worked well, and by lightly hammering the crimpled edges in again, it snapped back again tightly on being pressed firmly against the top of the bottle. Not having suitable type with which to make a presentable label, and still bearing in mind the necessity for making it plain that the bottle had never been opened, I sealed it twice on the neck, connecting the seals by a narrow strip of paper running over the top of the crown cork and containing the words 'Peter Schemm & Son,' the paper having been from one of the blanks upon which was to have been written an opinion of "Standard Ale."

THE DELIVERY OF THE PACKAGE.

I made a number of efforts at getting a suitable box to enclose my agent of retribution, but without success, so that I had finally to knock one together myself.

Much thought was spent on the best way in delivering the package, and I was obliged to conclude that this step could not be taken without risk. To minimize the risk I went to an express office where they see many people, and would therefore be likely to forget me. This was the Adams office at Seventeenth and Market streets. I planned to be waited on by quite an old man with white hair, knowing that an old person would be less likely to remember me.

After taking these precautions so carefully, great was my disappointment to be told that the Adams Company makes no city deliveries. The old gentleman, however, recommended me to the express company on Thirteenth street, above Arch, I decided to accept his advice, no matter what the place looked like. In walking down there I thought it would be a good idea to get somebody else to take the package to the office. The police would be then much less likely to find persons who had actually seen me.

AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE.

At Thirteenth and Filbert streets I saw a likely-looking fellow, and, walking rapidly up to him, asked him to take the package to the express office, as I had just two minutes to get a train at the Terminal Station. I gave him the package and a quarter and hurried down Filbert street, but soon retraced my steps to see whether he had attended properly to my little errand. Seeing him come out of the express office empty-handed, I was satisfied, and went home to finish some final details preparatory to an indefinite trip for the benefit of my health.

That was on Monday. I knew Wilson was home only Tuesdays and Fridays, whereas, he is now probably at home every day. On Tuesday I went to Burlington, N. J., to await results. While leaving the city does not now seem to have been necessary, I would do the same thing again under the same circumstances, for by some possibility I might be recognized either by the man who so obligingly went to the express office or the young man who had sold me the type several weeks previously. As this good fellow was also good enough to forget me, there is absolutely not the slightest description of my appearance to be had by the authorities. The most serious fear I entertained was due to the fact that my wife might have written to Wilson, and that the police might find her letter. This was the one point upon which I forgot to question her.

AFTER THE CRIME.

Wilson took his medicine on Friday. On Saturday morning I read about it in one of the papers. It would be totally impossible to describe my feelings as I devoured those lines. I had faith that the plan would work, but was tremendously surprised to find that it had actually done so. I asked myself whether I was sorry to have taken a life that I could not now give back, for the death even of a wholesale murderer is a serious—yes, a solemn matter. I could find no cause for reproach, have found none since, and don't expect to find any, for reasons already explained.

Crossing over to Bristol, a first letter to the coroner was mailed at the Bristol post office Saturday afternoon. I did not buy a long distance ticket at Bristol, as that might attract some attention. I went to Trenton, then got a ticket for New York, and from there went to Boston by rail, arriving early in the morning.

As soon as I got located I wrote a second letter to the coroner, and mailed it from a station which I believe was on Copley Square. From this point my movements were uneventful, spending most of my time in Boston with a side trip to Portland and other points on the coast of Maine, but going nowhere that I could not keep in touch with the Philadelphia and New York papers.

HOW THE CONFESSION CAME.

For weeks after the murder the police of the entire country were occupied in searching for the slayer. A printer, Frederick Gies, was arrested, but soon proved he had nothing to do with the murder. The affair was fast being pigeon-holed as another unsolved mystery of crime, when another letter was received by the Associated Press of Philadelphia. It had been written on the same typewriter as had been those sent to the Coroner, and contained an offer to sell the full confession for the benefit of the six-year-old daughter of Dr. Wilson, Vera. The letter purported to be from the murderer of the physician, and provided a code for communication.

The Associated Press put the matter before the Philadelphia police, who, counselling secrecy, laid plans to capture the writer. He was communicated with regularly through the medium—an afternoon paper—he had suggested.

Negotiations progressed, and then the police thought it time to spring their trap. This was baited by a decoy letter, they thinking innocently that the murderer would walk into the postoffice at Philadelphia, call for it, and be captured by the detectives. The posting of the letter was duly announced through the medium selected, and while a squad of detectives waited, a hopeful Delaware poetess, who had seen the advertisement, and had thought it referred to some rejected manuscript, got the letter. Rage was rampant at headquarters, and another was prepared. While again the detectives waited, a woman called at the women's general delivery, and as the clerk had not been let into the plot of the police, and as they never thought of watching more than one window, had it transferred from the men's window and walked away with it. This was too much. The murderer sent another quite insulting letter, complaining of police stupidity and unfair treatment, and the police decided to call the whole thing the work of a crank, as has been the custom of police ever since the first force was organized.

It happened that during the height of the interest in the case that Miss Ada Patterson, a member of the staff of the Philadelphia American newspaper, wrote an article upon malpractitioners in general, which evidently attracted the "executioner's" attention. Not long ago she received a letter from Philadelphia that read in part:

"I am the person who killed Dr. William H. Wilson just one year ago to-day. For purposes which you will later understand, I have prepared an article upon the subject for which I wish an audience.

"I shall take the liberty of expressing you a small box containing the entire matter and everything pertaining to it that I have. I bespeak for it your thoughtful consideration."

In due course the box came along. The box being opened proved to contain the confession, a number of copies of correspondence with the widow of Dr. Wilson and others, another letter to Miss Patterson, a steel die marked with the initial "S," a type initial "S" of thirty-six point Stuyvesant, a small piece of wood marked by a blow from some square-headed instrument and two bits of type, set up and bound together with a bit of string in true printer style.

The second letter said that these things were a part of the machinery with which the crime had been engineered, and was in part as follows:

"Wishing to do as much good as possible, I have prepared an article relating to my act, the purpose of which is principally to arouse public sentiment against malpractice.

"I sent you an impression of the same hammer with which I nailed the box containing the poisoned ale. The wood is of the same used in the box, this merely to prove authenticity. I also send a duplicate of envelope sent Wilson. This is the only duplicate in existence. To the initial "S" I send you I attach the greatest importance. After printing one side of the letter I nicked the type twice with a penknife so as to give it an identity, and should the police ever capture the wrong person I could have this to send them proofs from; to show that the executioner was still free. The picks will absolutely correspond with the letterhead which the Philadelphia authorities have. These could never be discovered in the rough reproductions made in the newspapers. I have reason to believe that the Philadelphia police would like to get hold of every bit of evidence and smother it.

"Now this event closes for me a year of extraordinary events. My grief has been 'more than words can wield the matter'—a grief 'that makes breath poor and speech unable.'

"My actions do not cause me one moment's regret, but I shall feel relieved to have out of my house forever evidence which, in the cause of my sudden death, might bring sorrow to those I love."


**CORNS** CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR


# AFTER SIX YEARS OF INDIGESTION

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made a Permanent Cure.

There are many medicines that will relieve indigestion for a time— there are few that will make a permanent cure. But there is one medicine that is a sure cure—that medicine is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured thousands of cases—many of them of years' standing. Cases like that of Mr. John E. Seale, of Montreal, Que., after many other medicines have been tried and found worthless. Mr. Seale says: "For nearly six years I suffered with indigestion. During all that time I was constantly taking medicine for the trouble, but never got more than temporary relief. Finally I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using them for some time the trouble disappeared, and I am now able to eat heartily without the least trace of the suffering I formerly endured. I can, from my own experience, strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a permanent cure for indigestion."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are good for every disease that good blood is good for, simply because they make good blood—that is why they cure rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Billy Patterson.

"Who struck Billy Patterson?" is a question that has gone into history. It is asked frequently by persons who have no idea who Billy Patterson was, for it has become a stock expression signifying a mystery.

But now comes T. M. Lake, formerly of Fauquier county, Va., and now a retired merchant of this city, who says he knows all about the striking of Patterson. Mr. Lake was a young friend of the man who struck the blow. Billy Patterson, according to Mr. Lake, was the bully of Richmond, Va., almost 75 years ago. He was a big man who loved fighting almost as well as he loved whiskey and preferred the two together.

The day Patterson was struck the blow which thrust his name into immortality, he had obtained liquor, but was finding it difficult to get a fight. He had taken up a position in the centre of a much-travelled sidewalk and was making all passers take to the street. He was particularly insulting to a crowd of medical students who passed on their way to a nearby students' hotel.

Among those students was Albyn Payne, a young man from Fauquier county, a relative of Admiral Raphael Semmes, and a man of fighting blood. When the group of students submitted to the indignities offered by Patterson, his fighting blood was aroused.

"Let me at the bovine," he said, as he walked up to Patterson. Perhaps Patterson was too much surprised to defend himself, for only one blow was struck, and Billy Patterson went down with a thud. It was believed at first that Patterson was killed, and the students fled to their hotel, where a hasty conference was held and they vowed not to tell who struck the blow.

Hardly had Payne been taken out a side way to another students' lodging-house when the police arrived, demanding the man "who struck Billy Patterson." All the students were questioned, but each denied tht he had struck Patterson. Though it soon became apparent that Patterson was not dangerously injured, the students kept their vow, Payne preferring to avoid notoriety. Payne afterward became widely known as a physician in Virginia, and attained some note as a magazine writer under the nom de plume of Nicholas Spicer.—Chicago Record.

AWFUL CHICAGO.

(Sup. Galesner at Illinois Meth. Conference.)

In the capital city itself we have all the problems of the greater cities. Two hundred and fifty craters of hell continue to pour forth the smoke of the bottomless pit. Gamblers, scarlet women, and worse men haunt the streets with tempting bait to lur unsuspecting youth into the jaws of death. Politicians under the plea of expediency bargain with these depraved elements and sell virtue and human flesh and blood for a price. Here race hatred smolders and needs only the fiery stimulation of intoxicants to break forth again some day into a flame of frenzy.

### Didn't Wear 'Em.

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."—Success Magazine.

# THE FARM

THE SHE-GOAT AS A MILKER — CALVES CURED OF SCOURS.

The milch goat, like all goats, can make a living on brushy and hilly land, where most other animals would starve. They are very beneficial to land in cleaning it of weeds, sprouts and brush. They cannot endure low, wet land, but thrive perfectly on rough, hilly land. Those giving milk should be fed on good grass, hay fodder and wheat bran, but no grain of any kind. The cost of maintaining a goat in milk is about five cents a day, and she will give from one to two quarts of milk a day.

A stock man says he has saved several valuable calves that were down with the scours by taking a teacupful of wheat flour and giving a tablespoonful every minute. He repeated this two or three times a day before feeding, and diminished the feed one-half until the calf got well.

Examine the horse's teeth frequently and find if they are in a good condition for grinding the feed. Many horses lose flesh and are in poor health simply because their teeth are too uneven for proper grinding of the feed. A veterinarian can file them to the proper shape.

A fruit professor says that the pear came into this world before the apple. To this a wit adds that the professor's theory is, presumably, that the first pair ate the first apple. But going back still further, it is agreed that Eve was a perfect peach, and there was no pair until this peach had come into the world.

The average ewe requires from three to five pounds of salt a year, the variation depending largely upon the amount of natural salts contained in the pastures.

The bees should have plenty of water. They consume a great deal, and will travel a long distance to get it. Should there be no running stream or lake of pure water near, it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day. Water is used by the bees to dilute the heavy, thicky honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae, and also to make the cell wax pliable.

A cow with her second or third calf is the most desirable of all, and this is undoubtedly the most profitable age to buy them. As milkers and breeders, they have all their best days in front of them and with sufficient time to pay handsomely. Young and old cows are very distinct appearance. The former have an unmistakable appearance of fullness of flesh and coat, while the old ones are more or less shrunk. The teeth give an indication of age, and the horns are often looked to as a guide, the young having smooth horns while those of the aged are wrinkled. If cross-breeds are bought, get the best breed the cross has been secured from. Cows with a male or bull type of head are rarely good milkers. The head should be refined, neck thin, forequarters wide, square and robust, with deep, broad thighs.

The Cornell Experiment Station found that two tons of horse manure in an exposed place in five months lost five per cent. in gross weight, 60 per cent. of its nitrogen, 47 per cent. of its phosphorus and 76 per cent. of its potash. The total loss of plant food was 61 per cent.

It is reported that no evergreen trees have ever been struck by lightning, and some people are advocating the planting of them for protection.

The Ohio Experiment Station recommends as a treatment for killing peach and plum borers, three pounds of naptha soap emulsified by boiling in three gallon of carbolineum avenarius, which can be obtained through dealers in market gardeners' and fruit growers' supplies. This can best be mixed by the use of a carbolineum
use of a force pump. When the soap solution and carbolineum are thoroughly mixed add four gallons of water and apply with a spray pump, being careful to protect hands and face when using.

COW TESTING ASSOCIATIONS' LESSENED PRODUCTION.

Dominion Department of Agriculture, Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

August records received at Ottawa from members of cow testing associations indicate that in most districts the flow of milk is well up to the average. In some localities there is but a very slight decrease from July yield of milk, so light that the increasing richness shows a trifle higher yield of fat.

In other localities, unfortunately, there is a very marked shrinkage, as much at 120 lbs. and even 180 lbs. of milk per cow less than in July. Many dairy farmers have accordingly vowed that next year will not see them caught without any provision for maintaining the flow, but they have determined to provide some soiling crop, and if possible build a silo, so as to ensure succulent feed for probable hot spells in July and August. Such men are wise.

Some districts have as high averages as 870 lbs. of milk and 29 lbs. of fat in August. Such wise dairymen had made provision of suitable feed. Others, less provident, had to be content with a yield of 580 lbs. milk and 21 lbs. fat per cow; while here and there the average yield was down to 390 lbs. milk and 16 lbs. fat. Such men might well copy the methods of their brothers farmers who regularly secure the larger yields. Selection of the best cows can be made intelligently when records are kept of each cow.

C. F. W.

Ottawa, September, 1909.

### A GREATER INVENTOR.

#### Compared With Whom Even Edison is a Mere Also Ran.

A list of some of the mechanical devices which nature introduced in the human body and which man has been centuries in finding out was printed in the Sun not long ago. Here are a few more examples of the genius of nature. It looks as if the old party had Edison even with his 700—or is it 7,000—inventions, beaten to a f——inish.

The action of the valves of the heart was the original of the idea now in use in valves everywhere, from those of a pump to those of a steam engine. Their purpose is to regulate the flow of fluids or vapors in particular directions and to prevent back flow or regurgitation.

The valve in the box of a pump prevents the water we have drawn up from returning to the well so that the next movement of the pump handle will send it out of the spout. In the case of the heart we have two sets of valves, whose object is to prevent blood, pumped out from each side of the heart, from returning into the heart's cavities.

There are certain beautiful flap valves which fall back to let blood enter but which float upon the blood, meet in the middle and form a perfect temporary partition, preventing reflux. These flaps are provided with cords which allow of their meeting together, and these cords, attached to the wall of the heart, pull down against the force of the blood which would cause them to float up too far, and so the fluid must pass away by the proper channel.

Again we have pocket-like valves, placed around the great blood vessels into which blood passes from the heart. Imagine three pockets set in a circle round the entrance to the vessel. The mouths of the pocket open away from the heart. They allow blood easily to pass from them, but when the tendency to back flow occurs the pockets fill tensely and their edges meet, and so again there is found a temporary barrier against regurgitation.

The field here is very wide, for animals and plants have learned by experience and by outward conditions acting on them to adopt their structure to meet the exigencies of their lives. It was said that Brunel adoted the plan of the teredo or ship worm in his mode of constructing the original Thames tunnel.

The teredo is a boring shellfish, which burrows into wood by means of the two shells which envelop its head extremity. It lines its burrow with a limpy secretion, and it was this practice which is said to have given Brunel the idea of protecting it as he worked.

The tools of mankind have been over and over again foreshadowed and anticipated by animals. Saws, files and lancets are common among the insect species, and the gizzard of certain insects and of grain-eating birds recalls the grinding action of a mill, as indeed does the duty of our own molars or back teeth.

The case of "little wanton boys that swim on bladders" is represented by certain members of the Jellyfish class. The Physalia or Portuguese man-of-wear floats on the sea by aid of a large bladder-like structure, to the under side of which the little animal colony is attached. Near by is the Volilla, which hoists a veritable sail on its fair disc and is blown over the sea by the aid of the contrivance.

### A Sermonette.

(Fadette in Chicago Tribune.)

Jesus said, "Consider the illies, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. Yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Jesus thus indicated the effortlessness of the lilies.

These lovely flowers burst through the huge weight of earth pressing heavily over them.

They spring up from below the ground.

They put forth green shoots and tall, swaying stem.

They bloom with immaculate efflorescence, ravishingly perfumed.

And all silently.

Tranquilly.

Easily.

The falling dews fill their uplifted bowls with refreshing nectar.

The sunbeams bathe stalk and petals with the light of heaven.

The air distills its pure vitality into the gossamer pores and veins.

The lilies simply stand still in their places.

They simply awake to the beauty which envelopes them.

They merely receive the overflowing wealth of life and light and power that pours lavishly upon them.

They merely allow the sweet surrounding influences to play over them, to filter through them, to mould them.

Why should they hurry for a living?

Why be ambitious?

Or concerned

Why give a thought for the morrow

Every thing is done for them.

They need only to let it be done.

And thereby they furnish fables for souls.

### Carefully Guarded Trade Secret.

Among the finest and most distinctive varieties of textile fabrics are the cloths technically known as quiltings, which, however, have nothing to do with bed quilts, but include such fabrics as piques, diamonds, mattings and materials for gentlemen's light waistcoats.

The important processes in the manufacture of quiltings are zealously guarded as thare secrets. They represent the finest achievements in cotton cloth.

The extreme delicacy of their manufacture may be gathered from the fact that down to even twenty-five years ago they were still largely made on the hand loom, the work being done not in mills but given out to the workers in their own homes. By constant experiment and after many failures a quilting loom was constructed which could be driven by power, though its production was only slightly faster than the hand loom. During the last twenty years great improvements have been introduced, especially at Bury, England, which came to be the centre for the making of quiltings.—From the London Daily News.

### No Testimonial.

Advertising Agent—Your pardon for intruding, madam, but I understand that you have been sick and are now perfectly well, and that during your illness six bottles of Dr. Curem's Elixir were bought at the corner drug store.

Madam—Yes. The nurse who came to take care of me got sick, and ordered the bottles for herself. I did not take any of it.

"H'm! Can I see her?"

"She's dead."—New York Weekly.

### Looking for Luck.

He—So poor old Monty has been run over by a motor car. How did it happen?

She—The poor chap was stooping to pick up a horseshoe for luck.—Town and Country.

# A Mother's Breakdown

## Her Health So Shattered Her Children Were Taken From Her.

It is a sad story, one that is not often heard now-a-days that is told in the following letter by Mrs. Marion R. Charlotte, written from her home in Pittsburg: "For about five years I suffered from a complication of disorders, the origin of which my doctor was unable to discover. It was undoubtedly owing to imperfect action of the liver and stomach. I am sure of this because there was a continual weight and painful fullness in my right side and scarcely anything I ate was digested. I also suffered agony with hemorrhoids. A succession of sleepless nights, cruel pains in my side and back, combined with the terrible state of my nerves made me wish for death.

"I could do no housework, my sisters took my small children and I despaired of ever getting on my feet again.

"One memorable day a neighbor brought me a box of Dr. Hamiltin's Pills which had cured her of troubles similar to mine. To my astonishment, I felt better next day. Gradually all my pains disappeared, I put on flesh, looked healthy, had lots of spirit and a desire to work. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cured me and I know they will work marvels for every woman that uses them."

The one safe dependable medicine for men and women in poor health is Dr. Hamilton's Pills —refuse any substitute. At all dealers, 25c per box, or five for $1.00. By mail from The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

### Seizing the Opportunity.

In a certain Ontario local option town is a citizen, who despite the legal precaution for his salvation, persists in his adherence to the cup that cheers. He is a thorn of vexation in the sides of his virtuous fellows. Especially, does old John Smith, the cobbler, feel sore distressed at heart at the habits of the convivial one. Recently, old John came to the conclusion that extreme measures for reformation must be taken.

One night he saw the wayward soul steering a weird gait down a side street. Suddenly, to his consternation, he saw him plunge to the left, and, in his wild career, through the white gate of the little village cemetery. John Smith went home. He would teach this desecrator a lesson.

Ten minutes later he, too, entered the cemetery. But he came through another gate, and he sneaked along with something white under his arm. He stepped behind a huge tombstone. In a moment, when he reappeared, the old cobbler was garbed in folds of white—a sheet.

He stood still, raised himself to his full height, and gazed about him. His eye lit upon the figure of the drunkard lying there upon the ground in the pale light of the moon, old John Smith began to speak:

"Behold, I am the Apostle Paul."

No reply. Down in the village, the town bell struck the hour of twelve.

Again the deep, sepulchral voice:

"Behold, I am the Apostle Paul."

Then a voice drawled out with a bored air:

"On you be, be you? Well—well. Say, did you ever get an answer to that long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"

And the wraith vanished into the night.—Canadian Courier.

### What We Have to Learn From German Schools.

Dr. George Parton Haney, director of art and manual training in the New York public schools, who made a study of European educational institutions during a foreign trip, says that one of the chief things we have to learn from Europe is to teach workers how to improve their work.

"Definite means will soon be devised," he says, "for educating the best equipped pupils in drawing in the public schools in higher drawing classes or schools by means of scholarships. This is a system used in the English schools, the pupils who show the greatest proficiency being advanced to the art school at the great South Kensington museum. I found many fine things in the German industrial schools. There are three 'continuation schools' in Munich, each with a score of rooms devoted to various industries. In the daytime they give instruction in theory to those who are at work in a trade, each apprentice being required to attend for one day a week, from 7 in the morning till 6 at night, failure to do so being punishable with a fine for his employer. The evening and Sunday classes are devoted to instruction for advanced workers. In the third year they go into the workshops.

"There are cooking schools, where gas stoves are used. Often there is a kitchen garden, to be cared for by the pupils. Advanced classes in domestic science for girls are also popular. Printing is another branch that receives much attention."

### The Retort Corteous.

Barber (to customer)—Razor all right, sir?

Customer—My dear man, if you hadn't mentioned it, I'd never have known there was a razor on my face.

Barber—Thank you, sir!

Customer (continuing)—I thought you were using a file!

### Family Discipline.

"So you are going to send your youngest boy to college?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He's too big for me to handle in the woodshed, and I guess I'll have to have him hazed."—Washington Star.

### Immune.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a very small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, was moved to pity.

"Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Nope," the mite cheerfully replied. "I can't read."—Youth's Companion.


Do You Realise the Danger of a

POISONED FINGER

DEATH OFTEN LURKS IN A CUT.

YOU see this danger illustrated in the case of Mr. W. C. Edwards, a well-known Friendly Society leader, of Peter Street, Toronto. He cut one of his fingers with a piece of glass, and instead of applying Zam-Buk to prevent blood poison and to heal it, he neglected the cut, and blood poison followed. He says:—"The blood-poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After two months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save my arm. I left that doctor and consulted another. After a few weeks' treatment, he also told me that operation would be necessary. He said the bone had become diseased and the finger would have to be opened so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk.

"That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the sling, and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk. I spent over $20 in doctors fees and when I think how Zam-Buk at such a trifling cost saved me from amputation I am very grateful for the balm I can tell you."

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, sprains, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg, diseased ankles, running sores, ringworm, cold-cracks, chapped hands, chilblains, and all other skin diseases and injuries. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, 3 for $1·25 or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse anything offered "just as good."

Zam-Buk

The kind that pleases people

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