

A Cancer Remedy of Merit

Many Most Astonishing Cures

There is a peculiar condition of the system which favors the growth of Cancer, just as there are certain conditions of the atmosphere that favor the growth of mildew, etc., on plants.

Plasters and operations do not change this condition, they simply remove the diseased parts and very soon the disease appears again.

We ask you to read the following letters carefully, and although we do not believe in publishing the names of persons in newspapers, yet we will be pleased to give the names and addresses of the people who wrote these letters, to anyone who is troubled with either Cancer or Tumor.

Correspondence is Strictly Confidential. Write To-day.

Dear Sir,—I wish to give you a history of my case. Last March I had a Cancer of face removed by knife, but it soon returned, and the 6th. of May I had a larger one removed with the knife, hoping this would be a permanent cure, but I was disappointed, as it returned again the last of June. Hearing of your "Vitalia," I sent for it, and began taking it the 1st. of July. My general health soon began to improve, and now I am quite well. I have regained my usual weight and feel well enough to do my work again, and there is no sign whatever of the Cancer. I am very thankful and would gladly recommend "Vitalia" to anyone likewise troubled. Sincerely yours, Mrs. John S.

I had a Cancer on the side of my nose, just below my left eye, drawn out by plasters. I suffered terribly for months. It did not trouble me any more until about a year ago, when it broke out on the inside of my nose as well as on the outside. Having known a person in our village who was cured of Cancer by your treatment, I decided to try it, and with the very best of results. There is not a mark of Cancer left, and my health is so much improved that had I no Cancer at all, I would think the money well spent. I shall be pleased to recommend your medicine whenever an opportunity affords. Yours sincerely, Joseph R.

By Physicians it was decided that my case was incurable. My appetite was gone, my strength failed and my health rapidly declined. Six months ago I saw your ad. in the Montreal Star and at once sent for your "Vitalia No. 2," and have been taking it since. To-day I am happy to say that my health is much better, my appetite has returned, the pain and soreness have all gone, and I feel much improved in every way. To any person afflicted as I have been, I can heartily recommend your medicine "Vitalia," and can also recommend your firm for kind and honorable dealing. I am, yours truly, Mrs. Jasper S.

mitted to an operation, and had my right breast removed. The diseased portion, after removal, was examined by specialists, and they decided without hesitation, that I was the victim of a Cancer. Shortly after the operation the disease returned with redoubled force in both breasts and in the right arm pit. I was induced at this time to try a widely advertised Cancer cure but derived no benefit from it whatever. Then I commenced with your "Vitalia" and after using three bottles, I am thankful to say my Cancers have disappeared, and am entirely cured. I cannot fully express what your medicine has done for me. I feel that it is a duty I owe to you and to sufferers of that dread disease—Cancer—wherever they may be, that I should send you this testimonial; and I sincerely wish you "God-speed" in your noble work. I am, sincerely yours, Mrs. A. L.

Dear Sirs,—I gladly give you a full history of my case. About eighteen years ago I

Dear Sir,—For the past seven years I have been suffering from an Internal Fibroid Tumor. After being thoroughly examined

Dear Sir,—Four years ago a Tumor appeared in my right breast, and increased in size until it was as large as an orange. I sub-

Enclose six cents in stamps for full particulars.

VITALLIA MEDICINE COMPANY,
577 1/2 Sherbourne Street
Toronto, Ont.

worldly point of view, I could not do much worse. She has not a penny, poor child; she and her mother only just manage to get a living out of the little school they teach; but she comes of a good family, and there is no one living who can speak of them save with honor and respect, and in these degenerate days that goes for something."

"Yes, that goes for something," I replied. "I do not think Sir Vernon would care for money; but I am quite sure he will be particular over every thing connected with the lady who will rule at Fosbrooke."

After a long consultation we agreed that it would be better to write at once and tell Sir Vernon how impossible it was that my brother should carry out his wishes, as his word was pledged to the girl he loved and had chosen to be his wife. While John wrote the letter I sat wondering whether, after all, it was not a great pity that my brother had fallen in love with beautiful Alice Poyntz.

It happened more than a year ago, and was, as most of the great events of our lives are, the result of an accident. My brother and I went one evening to "old Drury." It was the first night of a new piece and the house was crowded. We stood watching the confusion outside the theatre as that large audience gradually dispersed, when our attention was called to something unusual that was going on. In a moment I saw what was the matter. An intoxicated cabman swearing rudely, two or three policemen interfering, and two terrified, shrinking ladies. They had engaged the cab, but, on seeing the driver's state, they were alarmed, and dare not enter the vehicle. John rushed to their assistance. I do not know how he compromised the matter, but I saw the cabman completely subdued, the policemen not merely satisfied, but radiant, while my brother took charge of the ladies during the time I was employed in procuring another cab—by no means

an easy task, as most of those within sight were already engaged. John made the most of his opportunity, and during those few minutes he managed to introduce himself to the ladies and to learn their names. "Mrs. and Miss Poyntz, Rose Cottage, Holloway Road"—that much the little card told me; while by good use of my eyes, I discovered that Alice Poyntz was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen in my life. I liked her manner, too; and when she held out her hand and thanked me so warmly in that most musical of voices, I was captivated.

If ever a man fell at once eagerly, ardently, devotedly in love, it was my brother, John Temple. From that moment he gave himself up heart and mind to winning that peerless young creature and making her his wife. All that night he positively raved about her—"Had I ever seen such a face?" "such glorious eyes," "such golden hair," etc.—until, before morning dawned, and he fell into a troubled sleep, I wearied of hearing of the perfections of Miss Poyntz.

"It will be nothing but civil, Charlie," he said, "to call to-day and see if the ladies are well; they were very frightened, you know."

To this I agreed, nothing loth, and at a proper hour for making calls John and I went to Rose Cottage, Holloway Road. The demure little maid who opened the door told us Mrs. and Miss Poyntz were engaged in the school-room, but if we would walk into the parlor she would tell them.

The parlor was painfully tidy, and was chiefly remarkable for its stiff chairs and the quantity of antimacassars scattered over it.

I do not remember how it came about, but I heard John accept an invitation to take tea with them on the Sunday following, which invitation he had fished for in the most bare-faced manner by telling the elder lady how very lonely he always felt on Sunday. That was Friday, and I really thought my brother would have driven me crazy long before Sunday afternoon. I said to myself over and over again, "Well, if this be love, I hope I may never know anything about it."

We certainly enjoyed the quiet little party. Alice made the room bright by her presence, and John thought no nectar could be comparable to the tea she poured out for him.

I think the elder lady saw how the land lay, for she brought the conversation round to the subject of good old English families, and then told us that her husband was one of the Poyntzes of Devonshire, a rich and noble old family. True, he was but a distant connection and the family did not in any way acknowledge her (the widow) or her beautiful child; but no one could deny their claims to be considered as belonging to the Poyntzes of Devonshire. "And, after all, you know, there is something in good birth, Mr. Temple," she remarked—"it always tells."

Then John, good, simple fellow, in his turn told how he was the heir to the large estate of Fosbrooke and the title of the baronet. I saw the young girl's face fall as he did so, while the music seemed to die out of her laughter. She treated him with a ceremonious respect which seemed to cause John terrible confusion and embarrassment.

I saw that he longed to fall on his knees there and then and tell her that no money or rank could come between them, or make any difference in his great love. He said that and more with his eyes, but as yet he was too shy to speak.

I liked Alice, not only because she was beautiful, but because she had

such a frank, open, noble disposition. I do not believe that she ever had a secret in her life until—but that was none of her own.

They were very poor. Hard as they both worked at the little school, it barely supported them. The husband had left nothing behind him; they had no resource save in their own labor. John went once with them to see the late Mr. Poyntz's grave in Kensal Green. He asked the widow why she did not apply to some wealthier branches of the family for aid. I liked her better then, for she said she would never do it; her husband had been one of the proudest of men—prouder than she could imagine any other to be—and she did not believe he would rest in his grave if she were to do such a thing and he knew it.

Then she confused my good, simple brother most terribly by asking him if he thought those who loved us during life knew anything more of us, or loved us still, after death. John looked almost unhappy at hearing an idea so far removed from his matter-of-fact every-day life, and answered with some hesitation that he had really never thought about it.

For twelve long months my brother endured the vicissitudes of his wooing—sometimes so elated and joyous he seemed to tread on air, and again so depressed and miserable he could not smile. Every evening he went to Rose Cottage. Things were at this juncture when my uncle's letter arrived advising him to pay his addresses to and, if possible, marry Clare Roulston—at the juncture when he had surmounted all his imaginary difficulties, and Alice Poyntz, with her rich dowry of youth and beauty, was his promised wife.

It was with some trepidation that we awaited Sir Vernon Temple's reply. If he were displeased or offended, farewell to John's hopes of succeeding him; but we ought to have known him better. He only said it was a disappointment to him, but that he could not blame John.