

# More Cases Cured of Cancer.

No Plaster - - No Knife - - No Pain.

A constitutional remedy that builds up the system instead of debilitating it. A remedy of genuine merit that has Cured hundreds in their own home.

Pleasant to take; its success in destroying the cancer germs in the system makes it one of the most wonderful remedies of this century.

The proof is indisputable. We do not publish names in newspapers as we have too much regard for our patients but we will gladly give any person who suffers with cancer or tumor the address of people who have used our remedy and who out of gratitude for what we have done for them are willing to allow us to refer other sufferers to them.

The Vitallia Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Nearly three years ago a tumor began to grow in my right breast. It rapidly increased in size and caused me incessant sharp shooting pains. I visited my Physician, who, after a thorough examination, pronounced my disease to be Cancer, and advised an immediate operation. I would not submit to the use of the knife, so had the Cancer drawn out by plaster. The disease speedily returned not only in the breast, which had been operated on, but also in the other breast and under the arm. My suffering, both bodily and mental, was intense; so bad in fact that I was often tempted to end my life. I had no appetite; I had no rest at night; and I could not bring my arm down to my side, it caused me so much pain. In December 1899, I heard of your Cancer Remedies and your success in dealing with Cancer. I at once consulted you with the results that I placed my case in your hands. I began to improve while taking the first bottle of your medicine. The pain lessened; the Cancerous Tumors began to soften and diminish in size, until finally I found myself completely cured. To-day there is no sign of a tumor in either breast nor under the arm, and I feel myself to be in perfect health. I can heartily recommend any person suffering from Cancer to try your treatment with the hope that it may be as beneficial to them as it has been to me. I am respectfully,  
Mrs. Susan G.

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Dear Sir:—For over four years I have been a great sufferer from running sores on my side and over my stomach. The latter part of this time I was quite unable to work and scarcely able to walk around. I went to several Doctors; but derived no benefit from their treatment. In July 1901 I wrote and stated my case to you, and immediately commenced using your medicine, and now, thank God, my disease is cured and I am able to work as well as ever. I believe your medicine has been the means of saving my life. I tried every other kind of remedy but found none to do me any good until I began using your "Vitallia" remedy, and now I feel like a new man, and would highly recommend your treatment to any person suffering as I was. I am yours truly  
(Sgd.) Joseph George.

Dear Sir:—In January, 1899, I was attacked with a Cancerous Tumor in my right breast, as large as a hen's egg. I showed it to my Dr. and he informed me that it had probably been growing for several months, and that

I must be operated on at once. I told him I would not consent to an operation. Three weeks after I consulted Madam Paquette of this town, as she has had a great deal of experience with Cancers, and during these 3 weeks the Cancer had grown to be as large as an orange. Madam advised me to write you, and I did so, with the result that I at once commenced using your "Vitallia" Remedies. I took the medicine faithfully, and to-day feel that I am perfectly cured. When I began using your medicine, I could not darn a pair of stockings nor do anything, nor could I sleep at night, but to-day I feel perfectly well and can do as much hard work as I like. I have not had one bit of pain for the last three months, although when I started with your medicine, I was suffering a great deal of pain. I have recommended your "Vitallia" treatment to several persons, and will gladly recommend it to anybody in the future. I remain, Sincerely yours, Mrs. C. G. E.

Dear Sir:—I willingly give you a testimonial as to your treatment of my wife by your "Vitallia" Remedies.

In Feb'y, 1897 a small hard bunch appeared in my wife's left breast. It increased in size slowly; and became very painful; some-

times a dull aching pain, and at other times a sharp stinging pain. For nearly 18 months we tried different kinds of remedies, but without any good effect. The bunch continued to slowly increase, the pain became more severe than ever, and her left arm began to be very much affected. Her general health was also very poor, and she was evidently losing ground every day. About this time also an ugly-looking spot appeared on her upper lip. It was accompanied by a stinging burning pain, and we became very much alarmed, as we were satisfied she was a victim of that dreaded disease, Cancer. Seeing your advertisement in the Montreal Herald, I did not lose any time but communicated with you, and my wife immediately commenced to use your "Vitallia." She took it faithfully and steadily, following all of your directions, with the result that to-day, after only a four months' treatment, there is not the slightest sign of any Cancer, either on the lip or in the breast and her general health is very much improved. It is putting it mildly to say that I am highly pleased with your success in treating her; and I can certainly recommend your painless method of treating Cancer to any person afflicted with that disease. I remain your sincere friend, (Sgd) Chas. D.

ENCLOSE SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR FULL PARTICULARS. CORRESPONDENCE STRICTLY PRIVATE.

**VITALLIA MEDICINE CO. 577½ SHERBOURNE ST., TORONTO - - ONT.**

way down to the hall. As I passed an open door, Mrs. Hallaton appeared and beckoned me in. I had no alternative but to obey her invitation.

"Mr. Neillson," she said in an agitated tone, "as you are going to stop here for a day or two, there is something connected with this household which you ought to know. Has my husband told you anything?"

I bowed and told her gravely that I knew all, and that she had my profoundest sympathy.

She sighed.

"Perhaps you are surprised that I should ask whether Fred has told you," she said, turning a little away from me. "It seems strange, doesn't it, that one should be mad and be conscious of it? It only comes on in fits and they are terrible."

She shuddered; and so, to tell the truth, did I.

"Such a phase of madness is probably not incurable," I ventured to suggest timidly.

"Incurable! Of course it is not incurable," she answered vehemently.

I edged a little towards the door. I had had no experience in talking with lunatics, and felt anything but comfortable in my present position. Mrs. Hallaton was beginning to look very excited and dangerous.

"Of course, if you are frightened, Mr. Neillson," she said, a little contemptuously, "you can leave us whenever you please. These fits do not come on often, but they are anything but pleasant things when they do come on."

"I should imagine so," I assented, devoutly hoping a fit was not then pending. Soon I managed to make my adieu, and with a sigh of relief found myself once more in the hall. I made my way to Burditt's room, but he had gone to bed; and seeing it was nearly eleven o'clock, I decided to follow his example. I unlocked the door, and the way myself. I passed the wide stairs and the door of the room, and at the end of the passage I found a door of which I had never before noticed.

"Does anyone sleep up here?" I asked the man as he bade me good-night.

He pointed to a door exactly opposite mine.

"That is the master's room, sir," he replied, "and the one at the bottom end is Mrs. Hallaton's. No one else sleeps in this part of the house. The servants' rooms are all in the north wing."

I was generally able to sleep at whatever hour I retired; but it was early, and the fire looked tempting, so, instead of immediately undressing, I changed my coat for a smoking-jacket, and lighting a pipe made myself comfortable in an easy-chair. Soon I heard Mrs. Hallaton's light footsteps ascend the stairs, and the door of her room open and close; and a little while afterwards Fred halted outside my door to bid me a cheery good-night, and then entered the room opposite.

How long I sat there I cannot tell, but I fell into a heavy doze; and when I woke up with a sudden start, it was with the uneasy consciousness that something unusual had awakened me. I sprang to my feet and looked fearfully around. The flickering flame of my fire, almost burnt out, was still sufficient to show me that no one had entered the room. But while I stood there with strained senses I heard a sound which made my blood run cold within me, and, although I am no coward, I shivered with fear. It was the half-muffled shriek of a woman in agony, and it came from Mrs. Hallaton's room. For a moment I was powerless to move; then I hastily unlocked the door, and hurrying down the corridor, knocked at hers. There was no answer. I tried the handle; it was locked; but, listening for a moment, I could hear the sound of a woman gasping for breath. I rushed back along the corridor to Fred's room. The door was closed, but unlocked, and I threw it open.

"Fred!" I cried. But Fred was not there, nor had the bed been slept in. A candle was burning on the dressing-table, and in the right-hand corner of the room was what appeared to be a

hole in the wall; but when I stood before it I saw at once that it was a secret passage running parallel with the corridor. Looking down it, I could see a light at the other end, and, knowing that it must lead into Mrs. Hallaton's room, I caught up the candle and, bending almost double, half ran, half crept along it, until I reached the other extremity and found myself in Mrs. Hallaton's room. I stood upright and glanced half eagerly, half fearfully around.

The room was empty, but the window directly opposite to me was open, and as my eyes fell upon it I stood petrified with a dull, sickening horror, and the candle dropped with a crash from my nerveless fingers. There was a miniature balcony outside the window; and on this stood Fred Hallaton, holding in an embrace, which was certainly not of love, the fainting form of his wife. The moon was shining full on his face, ghostly and demoniacal, with the raging fire of the madman in his eyes, and the imbecile grin of the lunatic on his thin lips. In a moment the truth flashed upon me, and as I stood there gaping and horror-struck, he saw me and burst into a fit of wild laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! You, Neillson? What a joke! See what a glorious view of the grounds! Come and bend over, man; don't be afraid. Does the height make you dizzy? It's made her"; and he motioned to the insensible figure of his wife, whom he still held clasped in his arms. "Do you know what I am going to do with her? I'm going to chuck her over down there"; and he pointed to the garden below. "A mad woman is no use to anyone. Come and lend me a hand."

Mechanically I rushed to the balcony and strove to wrench from his encircling grasp the fainting form of his wife. Like a flash his imbecile grin vanished, and his eyes filled with a malignant fury, as he let go his grasp of his wife and sprang at me like a tiger-cat. It was in vain that I wrestled with him. His long arms were around me and he held me as if I were

in a vice. I tried to shout for help, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and a faint gurgling was all the sound I could command. Nearer and nearer we drew to the parapet's edge, until at last I could see the lawn below, studded with flower-beds like the pattern of some fancy work; for Gaulby Hall was built high and we were on the third storey. I felt his hot breath in my face, and caught his diabolical look of triumph as he slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail, which creaked and swerved with my weight, and then my struggling feet seemed to part with the earth as with a yell of—

"Leicester! Leicester!" I opened my eyes and sat up with a start. The Times had slipped from my fingers, and the train was slowly steaming into Leicester station, and there, standing upon the platform, smiling and robust, looking the very picture of health, was Fred Hallaton.

The Christmas party at Gaulby Hall was the most enjoyable I was ever at, and the people (the house was crammed full of visitors) the most entertaining and agreeable I ever met. There was one young person especially—a Miss Alice Pratison she was then—with whom I got on remarkably well. I never enjoyed a visit so much in my life as I did that one, nor a ride so much as one afternoon when Miss Pratison and I, after a capital run, rode home together with her little hand in mine, and our horses very close together. Next Christmas, if Alice doesn't object, I mean to have a jolly little house-party of my own.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.