

AND THIS IS ONE OF THEM.

There are some truths that ought to be blown through a million speaking trumpets every hour; that ought to be printed in big type on the front page of every newspaper; that ought to be painted on every sign-board at the cross-roads; that ought to be taught in every school. And this is one of them: *There is no such thing on earth as a tonic medicine.*

People talk of "tonics" and doctors talk of "tonics." Pshaw! When a country is discovered in which no food stuffs are ever raised or imported, and in which the men, women and children are all well and hearty, we may conclude they subsist on some sort of "tonic." The mischief this delusion about tonics has done is beyond calculation. It leads the sick to lean on broken reeds, to expect relief from a source from which it is simply impossible that relief can come, to waste money in buying "tonics," and precious time in waiting for these alleged "tonics" to work miracles.

Mr. Thomas Foster, of 15, Chatham Place, Adelaide Street, Hull, in an account of a recent illness says, among other things, this: "I then tried stomach tonics, but they done me no good."

Suppose we have his whole story, which is short, and make our comments on it afterwards. He says: "Up to the month of June, 1891, I was strong and healthy. At that time I fell into a low, weak condition. I felt languid and heavy, and was always tired. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and a dreadful pain in the chest and sides after eating, whilst *my stomach was like a burning fire*. I was much troubled with wind, which seemed to roll all over me, and I had a constant belching and rising in my throat. I was in *agony day and night*, and for hours I walked about

the room rubbing my chest in the effort to obtain relief. I lost a deal of sleep and felt worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed. Gradually I became weaker and weaker, until I had hard work to follow my employment, for *I was in misery* all the time.

"I went to a doctor, who sounded me and gave me medicines, but I got no relief, and after taking his medicines for a month I left off going to him. I then *tried stomach tonics*, and other medicines, but nothing did me any good. In this state I continued week after week, growing more feeble all the while. I felt that if I did not soon find a remedy I should be done for altogether.

"In October last (1891) a book was left at my house, telling of Mother Seigel's curative Syrup, and describing a case like mine that had been cured by it. As I had often heard this medicine well spoken of, I made up my mind to try it, and got a bottle from Mr. Cousins, in Anlaby Road. After I had taken two doses I felt grateful relief, and before I had quite finished the bottle I was completely cured and have since been in the best of health.

"*I thank God that this medicine was ever made known to me.* Otherwise I should have been in my grave before now. I will answer anyone who may write me concerning the facts here set forth." Yours truly, (signed) Thomas Foster, 15 Chatham Place, Adelaide Street, Hull, England, March 24, 1892.

Now, let us see: The symptoms of Mr. Foster's complaint are many to understand. He suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. The medicines administered by his physician or purchased by himself proved useless, because they were not addressed to the disease with which he was really afflicted,

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