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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

At length the artist's arrangements were complete, and the judges, consisting of the two families of Laventor and Morylin, were admitted to the gallery. The aptness of Gertrude's proposal at once became apparent, for in point of fact the pictures proved to be a group, in which three angels were ranged on either side of St. Michael, as the central figure, and the separate inspection of each figure would have conveyed no idea of their power and significance when seen together.

First came Barachiel, "the Helper," with the folds of his mantle filled with white roses; then Jehudiel, "the Remunerator," holding in one hand a crown, and in the other a scourge; next to him St. Gabriel, with his lily, whilst St. Michael stood conspicuous as a warrior, with sword and armor, and red cross banner displayed. On his left hand was St. Raphael, with kind and friendly countenance leading the young Tobias by the hand. There was a homely, human character in this figure, which distinguished it from the rest, which made the contrast all the greater as the eye turned to the next cartoon, and was almost startled at the flashing, burning radiance which surrounded St. Uriel, "the Strong Companion," "the Light and Fire of God," with a sword in his right hand, and living flames in his left. Last of all came Seathiel, "the Angel of Prayer," with clasped hands, and his whole attitude that of humble petition, like a final key-note in the glorious chord, reminding the beholders that by the hands of the holy angels the prayers of all saints are offered before the throne of God.

A bush fell on the assembled party, as they passed from one to another of the angelic figures thus displayed. They hardly seemed a subject for criticism, for the presence of the spiritual power which Julian had thrown into his work, the proportion of limb and feature, and the mingling of colors seemed to fade away out of mind. The place, too, had its own solemnity, and the wind which sighed through the old gallery and waved the tapestry on the walls seemed just then more fitting music than the sound of human voices.

Imogen was the first to speak. "Your judges are very silent, Monsieur Jules," she said; "do you not tremble what their sentence may be?" He made no answer, but looked at Aurelia, who gave a sigh of relief, as one who had held her breath under some absorbing emotion. "Do not ask me, Mr. Wyvern," she said; "I have forgotten all about the cartoons, and was thinking of the angels."

"That is the most flattering criticism you could deliver, said Father Adrian; "an artist who makes his judges feel in presence of the realities he has tried to represent, so that they forget both him and his representations, has achieved his end."

"He has, indeed," said Julian. "If that proves to be the effect of my pictures when they are finished I shall be well content."

"Barachiel is charming," said Imogen; "but I have been trying in vain to find a meaning in his roses."

"He is the 'Helper,'" said Father Adrian; "but his name really means 'he who blesses God.'"

"Ah, I see," said Imogen; "then the roses are the symbols of joy and cheerfulness, which are the real helpers through life. I shall choose him for my angel. Jehudiel, with his crown and scourge, will better suit you, Mademoiselle Aurelia; he seems to say as he holds them out, 'Consent to suffer, and be crowned.'"

"That," said Gertrude, "is too high a flight for me; but St. Gabriel, with languid and morose, is the way you feel when your liver fails to do its work properly; in consequence you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, and dyspepsia. You have a 'don't care' spirit and a 'played out' feeling, and everything tires you."

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his lily and the Ace on his lips, looks like an old friend."

"And you, Miss Houghton," said Julian to Mary, "have you no preference among my angels, or are they just pictures to you and nothing more?"

She smiled, and putting her arm within her brother's, led him to the fifth cartoon. "Geoffrey and I have the same attractions in most things," she said, "and St. Raphael, the kind, human-hearted angel, shall be our patron, shall not he, Geoffrey? But I wonder, Mr. Wyvern," she continued, "what reason you had for placing him between the splendor of St. Michael and the dazzling blaze of St. Uriel. It makes him look very rustic in comparison; but that is just what suits us best."

"I believe," replied Julian, "that I meant to give a lesson to my critics. Nine out of ten of them will care nothing for your poor St. Raphael, in his russet cloak and pilgrim's staff; but it is so I like to think of the 'faithful guide of them that have lost their way.' Angels are not entirely made up of gold and jewels."

At that moment an exclamation from Imogen made them turn their heads. In company with Gertrude she had found her way to the picture of St. Uriel, and at once recognized its resemblance to the "grand homme bleu" of the shipwreck. "It was his very look; M. Jules must have drawn it from memory, she was sure; perhaps," she added, "he meant it as a memorial of that event, and a thank-offering for their deliverance."

A gesture from Julian imposed silence on those of the company who were in the secret of the cartoon. He affected not to see the likeness which Imogen had pointed out, but he could not shake her in her opinion. "It is altogether amazing," she said; "if it were but dressed in the blue guernsey and big boots of the fisherman, it might stand for his portrait."

The evidence was conclusive. Julian and the chaplain exchanged looks, and the former briefly observed, "You see."

"Yes," said Father Adrian, as he drew the young man away, "you will take notice that it was a fisherman."

"As you will," replied Julian, "fisherman or no fisherman," it was a real face, and no imagination."

"I grant it," said the chaplain; "but now the question still remains, 'who that fisherman was.'"

They all left the gallery together, and going forth into the garden, a general leave-taking ensued. Madam St. Brieuc and her daughter had fixed their departure for the day following, and were profuse in their compliments to Julian, and their earnest expression of a hope that he would one day visit them in Brittany. Julian was also departing on the morrow; he had put everything in Gules' hands, and would leave his own cartoons under Aurelia's care, to be executed when the works in the chapel were sufficiently advanced, which would not be for many months to come.

Aurelia promised they should be carefully seen to, and Julian added, "I wish, how I wish, I dared to trust you with something yet more precious!" She looked an interrogation, then, taking advantage of the moment when the St. Brieuc party were engaging the attention of the other bystanders, he led her aside, and seemed to be pouring out his heart with earnest solicitude. Geoffrey followed them with his eyes, and observed Aurelia's calm countenance, listening with fixed attention. As they returned on their steps, Julian still speaking in low emphatic tones, Geoffrey caught his closing words: "If you could promise me so much, I should be happy indeed," and her reply: "I do promise; you may trust me faithfully."

Poor Geoffrey pulled his hat tighter over his eyes and turned away. It was all right, all as he wished; and it was nothing to him. But as he walked home he heard little of his companions' talk, and his head was swimming.

CHAPTER XIV. NEWS OF JULIAN.

Julian was gone, and the countess and her daughter also had departed for Brittany. Life both at Merylin and Laventor was returning into the old channels, the same, yet how unlike the same! In vain to say when some great wave has passed over us, that we will be as in days gone by, and that all shall go on with us as it did before. That wave will have left its fertilizing or its desolating work behind it, and the fields over which its waters have flowed can never be quite the same again.

It was not the same to Geoffrey, to whom Julian's visit had brought new experience and a deeper insight into his own heart. Into his tranquil life of quiet home interests there had intruded some sharp pang and bitter struggles. Neither could it ever again be the same to Mary, though she was angry with herself for finding that the intercourse which for two months had shed such a charm over their family circle had, by its withdrawal, left behind a woeful blank. Geoffrey saw and understood something of what she was feeling; and though there was no farther talk of eagles and sparrows, they felt that there was another tie of unspoken sympathy between them, and it drew them closer together than before.

Meanwhile Geoffrey's own mind was busy devising scheme after scheme for investigating anew the evidence concerning Uriel's guilt, and obtaining further light on the subject. The point on which he had fixed as affording the only likelihood of opening a new view of the case was the mention which had been made by the chaplain

of a soldier in Uriel's regiment, whose height was as remarkable as his own, and who was said to have borne a grudge against the youth. On reference to a report of the trial he found that the man in question was a certain Joe Morton, the son of one of Sir Michael's former tenants, who considered himself aggrieved when his landlord refused to renew his lease, and had vowed revenge. Joe, a wild slip of the family, had enlisted in the regiment in which Uriel soon after obtained his commission, and having on more than one occasion got himself into trouble, through misconduct, he attributed his frequent visitations of punishment to the ill-will of the young man who, as he supposed, had prejudiced his commanding officer against him.

Geoffrey further ascertained that since the affair of the robbery Morton had got his discharge; and a long and weary course of inquiry enabled him to track the man through many an *alias* and many a conviction of crimes and misdemeanors, and to establish the probability of his having returned to his native county about a year previous to the present date. All this information was not obtained without expenditure of time, trouble, and patience. Good Mrs. Houghton wondered not a little at the frequent journeys undertaken by her son, to Exeter, now to Bristol, and now to Plymouth. The explanations he gave of agricultural meetings, or exhibitions of machinery appeared to her highly satisfactory, and she did not conceal from her daughters her conviction that Geoffrey had been thoroughly upset by Mr. Wyvern's visit.

"You know, my dears," she said one evening, when the subject of her anxiety had pleaded "business" as excuse for a sudden departure for Truro, where the assizes were being held, "Mr. Wyvern is a man of genius, and I have never denied it. It's all in character for him to be going about the world restoring chapels and setting up life-boats. But I wish he had not infected Geoffrey with those restless ways. He has never been the same since that day when they first went to the castle together. I saw it at the time. Geoffrey is not made for that sort of thing, it doesn't suit him."

"Do you know, mamma," said Gertrude, "I think in some ways Geoffrey is so much improved since he has been shaken about a little. Rodolph says he never saw a man so come out as he is; he declares that Lady Annabel talks now of his 'distinguished air,' and that she has marked him for Eugenia."

Mrs. Houghton sighed. "I don't know that I care for his coming out, poor boy," she said; "I should like him to make a sensible marriage, certainly, but not with any of those Abbots. You don't think there is anything in it, do you, Gertrude? You really make me anxious."

"I don't know," said Gertrude, "Lady Annabel has certainly been extraordinary civil of late. I suppose 'Cousin Julian,' as she calls him, having taken up his quarters here, together with Mr. Paxton's visit, has made her think we are not quite barbarians. The last time she called she was full of Geoffrey's perfections, and talked about his zeal for exterminating smugglers and poachers as worthy of all praise."

"I wish he would leave the smugglers and poachers alone," said Mrs. Houghton; "I'm so afraid of his getting himself shot some day. He never used to concern himself about these people formerly; I can't think why he should now."

"But, mamma," said Mary, "it is time some one was concerned about them, they are getting so bold. Aurelia has actually had a threatening letter warning her not to go to a particular cottage at Penmore, where she has been visiting a poor girl, Clara Fagan, in typhus fever. She showed it to Geoffrey and he thinks that it must be from one of the Penmore gang, who are afraid of her being a spy on them."

"How dreadful!" said Gertrude, "and has she been there since?"

"I believe she went the next day," said Mary; "you know Aurelia does not understand what fear means; but Geoffrey says she must not go again, and must send her relief to the girl some other way."

The facts were much as Mary stated them, but neither she nor Aurelia were aware that Geoffrey's special interest in the smugglers of Penmore arose from the circumstance that he had succeeded in tracking Martin to that neighborhood, and had every reason for believing that he was a member of the gang. Assisted by the police and coastguard authorities, he had been for some time engaged in watching their haunts and preparing to take them by surprise, and the letter received by Aurelia confirmed him in his suspicion that the house to which she had paid her charitable visits was the resort of some of their leaders.

Meanwhile what had become of Julian? His friends at Merylin and Laventor were beginning to ask themselves this question, for though for some time after his departure he had reported his movements pretty regularly, weeks had now passed and were slipping into months since any tidings had been received from him. The Holmes Abbots had gone to London for the rigorous duties of the season, so no information came from that quarter. From time to time Aurelia communicated to Mary such intelligence as she had heard through Mr. Gules, and seemed to be solicitous in trying to believe, and making others believe, that there was nothing extraordinary in his silence. Geoffrey, who at rare intervals received a hasty note, containing some directions regarding the chapel, with the briefest possible notice

of the writer's own doings and whereabouts, made the most of these despatches when speaking to Aurelia; but in the secret of their hearts they both felt that there was something that called for explanation.

One morning, however, the postbag brought Geoffrey a letter from no other than Lady Annabel Abbot. Opening it over the breakfast table with a certain growl of annoyance, he found it to contain certain commissions connected with some of Lady Annabel's multifarious undertakings, in which she wished to engage Mr. Houghton's kind interest and co-operation. The growl was renewed at intervals as he waded through the effusive feminine composition; but as he turned the page and read the postscript it was changed for an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it, Geff," said Gertrude; "is there any news of Mr. Wyvern?"

"Why—yes," replied Geoffrey, "he's in Brittany; has been there three weeks."

"In Brittany!" exclaimed Gertrude, "with the St. Brieuc people, no doubt?"

"Exactly so," replied Geoffrey. "I wonder—"

"I don't wonder in the least," said Gertrude. "You know, they invited him the day before they left. Rodolph always said that would be the end of it."

"Ridiculous gossip," said Geoffrey; "I don't believe a word of it. Now don't go and put that about, Gerty; he's no more thinking about it than I am."

"Very well," replied Gertrude; "not that I see why he should not think of it, if it so pleases him; and if you won't be angry at my saying so, he never was the same after that affair of the wreck; from that day he had the air, to my mind, of one *eperdument epris*."

"What does Lady Annabel say?" inquired Mary, very calmly; "is it private, or might one see?"

Geoffrey pushed the note towards her and went on with his breakfast, with a certain savageness of demeanor. Gertrude looked over her sister's shoulder, and read aloud the momentous postscript:—"P. S.—We have not heard from dear Julian since he went to Brittany, three weeks ago. His prospects of happiness at St. Brieuc seem to have put everything and everybody else out of his head. He has written to Paxton; only two lines, but quite in transports. She is of good family, I am told, but I should have preferred an English alliance."

"Not very clear," said Mary, composedly, but for some reason or other feeling as if every one was looking at her, and wondering what she thought of it; "I daresay, he will tell us more about it himself."

"I tell you, I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey, rising from the table, and thrusting the letter into his pocket, as though he owed it a grudge. "He's gone to Brittany to shoot, or to fish, or to sketch, or something. It's not that." And so saying, he left the apartment.

A few minutes later a great bang of the hall-door seemed to indicate that he had gone out; and the bang had a chartered about it that betokened a ruffled mood in the outgoing party.

"How savage our dear Geff can be when he tries," said Gertrude; "and he tries so seldom that it has a certain charm of novelty about it. Why should not Mr. Wyvern end his romance in the most natural of all ways? Rodolph declares that of such an adventure as that of the 'Speranza' the thing was inevitable."

Meanwhile, Geoffrey was endeavoring to work off his irritation in the open air; and after turning the matter over in his mind he bethought him of applying to Mr. Gules, to ascertain if there were any truth in the main fact stated by Lady Annabel of Julian's visit to Brittany. Three weeks ago had been the precise date of his last letter to Geoffrey, in which not the smallest allusion was made to any such plan, and this of itself seemed unaccountable. He took the road, therefore, to Merylin Chapel, where the works were being actively carried on, and where, as he expected, he found Gules in attendance.

Yes, Gules had heard from Mr. Wyvern, a week, no, a fortnight, ago; he was in Brittany, certainly, at the Chateau St. Brieuc; and seemed much pre-occupied. "I shall not be able to write again for some little time," he wrote, "having an affair on my hands which engages all my attention."

"Those are his words," said Gules, "he doesn't say more; but there are rumors, perhaps you may have heard them, of his approaching marriage."

"Absurd!" said Geoffrey, "I should not like that story to get abroad. There is not a shadow of truth in it. Mr. Wyvern's business in Brittany is of another kind, altogether; you may rely on it."

The words escaped his lips before he was aware that Aurelia was standing by his side. She had come to the chapel to watch the progress of the work, according to her daily wont, and had approached the spot where Geoffrey stood, without his having perceived her entrance.

"Is Mr. Wyvern in Brittany?" asked Aurelia, in surprise; "has he written to you?"

"No," said Geoffrey, shortly. He was wholly inexperienced in evasion, and his resolution not to communicate any injurious reports to Aurelia did not avail to prevent him from exhibiting a most inconvenient confusion of manner. Then he bethought him that the idle rumors of which Gules had spoken would certainly reach her ears, and that it might be better for her to hear of them from one who would at the same time qualify the impressions they might convey.

"I heard it from Lady Annabel," he said, "and dressed up, needless to say, with plenty of gossip. He is at the Chateau de St. Brieuc, and has been there three weeks."

"And he never wrote to you himself?" said Aurelia, "how strange! don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey; "he wasn't bound. He is after some of his own hobbies, I fancy; life-boats or paintings, matters of that sort."

"And the gossip," said Aurelia; "it connected his name with that of Imogen de St. Brieuc, I presume?"

"Who cares for gossip?" was Geoffrey's not very straightforward reply. "Not I, certainly," said Aurelia; "but one cares for—well—for consistency, for fidelity."

"I am as certain of Julian's fidelity as of my own," said Geoffrey, earnestly. "Appearances are against him; but what is the worth of friendship if not to trust?"

"Amen to that, with all my heart," replied Aurelia; "and a friend's trust is not to be blown away by every idle rumor. But, if it were as they say, I confess—for his sake—I should be sorry."

She spoke with dignity, but without a particle of wounded feeling. Geoffrey felt puzzled, perhaps the least in the world disappointed, at the way she took it. It was a comfort, certainly, that she would not be broken-hearted at Julian's defection, if, indeed, the report were true; but, at the same time, it was mortifying to think that, perhaps after all, Aurelia was too stately and too self-contained to have any heart to break. But no, that would be misjudging Aurelia—a worse crime in his eyes than even mistrust of his friend. For, in truth, there was in Geoffrey's soul that character of true chivalry "which needs not the gilded spur or knightly oath" to make its owner cling to fidelity as to some sacred obligation. No, he did not understand what seemed the state of the case between these two beings, to him the worthiest in the world; only until forced to own himself deceived he must continue to believe that Julian was true, and Aurelia worthy of his devotion.

He took his leave, promising to let her know when he should hear from Julian, to whom he secretly resolved to write, and stating what was currently reported, obtain his own explanation. With this resolve he turned his steps in the direction of home, intending to write and despatch his letter without delay.

But home he was not destined to return that day, which, unknown to him, held within it the unraveling of many a thread connected with the fortunes of Merylin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH UNITY.

If ever the Anglican Church is reunited to the Church Catholic, it will hold the name of Lord Halifax in perpetual remembrance. No prelate could show greater zeal for Christian unity than this titled layman, and no apostle could labor more patiently and wholeheartedly. It must be said, too, that he understands the issue better than most non-Catholics. His article in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine* closes with these hopeful words:

"Who will be the leader in the return to unity. Must there be some manifest leader? Can there be any permanent union without some one strong centre? We do not know what the providence of God may have in store for His Church—what things, new or old, He may bring forth from the treasures of His wisdom. But, if I may express my own personal conviction, I should say that the course of history points to the Chair of St. Peter as the centre of unity. The Church of Rome possesses in a high degree the qualifications for successful leadership. She combines a rigid hold on every principle once laid down with a wonderful facility in applying principles to cases. I do not speak of the higher qualities of faith and patience, for I am considering my subject rather in its human aspect. For some centuries the Church of Rome has been repeatedly negotiating the reunion of various members of the Eastern Church. The results have been disappointing, but disappointments have their lessons. Surely it is not for nothing in the designs of Providence that the Roman Church has gained these stores of experience, ready for use when the time for action comes. When the determination of Christian men to seek peace and ensure it has reached its due development, they will find ready to their hands all the resources of the Apostolic See, whose venerable occupant is even now calling them to a wider love, rousing them to a great energy, inspiring them with new hopes and the power of unfailing prayer."

We believe that the American view of the English aristocracy is none too high. But if there are many titles worn by men of the stamp of Lord Halifax, the American view sadly needs revision. Noble is who nobly does. Lord Halifax is a true nobleman.—Ave Maria.

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Thos. Sabin, of Extington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.