

does not slip and make a deep cut, which will cause a wound that may prove very dangerous and difficult to cure. When the corn has been well scraped, a small piece of soap plaster should be laid over it. When these excrescences appear under the sole of the foot, and are not amenable to the above treatment, they should, after soaking in hot water, be saturated with a solution of salicylic acid in collodion, which can be got at any chemist's. Soft corns may be rendered less painful by the insertion of small tufts of cotton wool between those toes upon which the corns appear. Bunions usually take up their position at the root of the big toe, and they are more serious than corns, for when once the joint is affected it is difficult to cure. Sufferers from bunions should always rest as much as possible, and the bunion must be well soaked in hot water. A dressing, consisting of a piece of lint soaked in cold water, should be bound round the toe, and covered with a strip of oiled silk. When there is a suspicion of any inflammation, a linseed poultice must be applied, and as soon as the gathering has come to a head, it should be lanced. This is very important, as neglect may end in erysipelas.

After the Wedding.

CRUMPLED ROSE LEAVES.

The rose had been duly planted and admired by crowds of sincere well-wishers, and by those others whose wishes are of the world, wordy, and not meant to be more weighty than the breath that utters them. The assemblage had gone now, melted like the morning mist; there was a feeling of exhaustion in the air, and the rose waited for what should come next.

What ought to have come cannot be told, what did come was a shower

of raindrops, light as down at first, but thickening gradually till the rose was almost bowed by their weight.

Is it possible that Kitty thought life would be all sunshine—that never a cloud would fit over that expanse of purest blue beneath which she had been dwelling for the past six months? Did she think that the rose would never shed even a stray petal?

Well for you, Kitty, if it is only a leaf now and again that falls, and that you do not live to see them all scattered, and nothing left of its former beauty but a dusty calyx.

We can all (so we say) rise to great occasions, we are rarely found wanting when a sacrifice that eats into our hearts is demanded of us; but the little opportunities which ask for self-repression and the exercise of patience and long-suffering towards our dearest are allowed to pass by on the other side unrecognised by our blinded eyes.

Kitty had asked Tom to match some silk for her, and Tom had "clean forgotten it." She had anticipated a morning at her embroidery-work, too, with which she wanted to embellish the home next; and now here she was with spare time on her hands, and absolutely helpless for want of that skein. And Tom didn't seem to think it mattered a bit.

Sorry, of course; he would be sure and bring it to-night. And, after all, Aunt Jane would never see anything wrong. For his part he didn't think it worth worrying over!

"The very first thing I asked him to do," sobs Kitty—"the very, very first; and he—he forgot it!"

Decidedly, Tom is not perfect. If he loved her as he says, he would surely have remembered. Had she ever failed to do anything he asked her? And Kitty begins to feel a cold hand clutching her heart. Suppose—suppose she has made a mistake? Was it

for this she had left the sheltering home where she had been made so much of, her wants almost anticipated, and certainly gratified?

Ah, little skein of silk, see for what trouble you are responsible!

Love may be "a thing apart" with your husband—in fact, it generally is; but it is there all the same. From the worries and troubles, the stress and strain, the wear and tear of bread-winning he will continually hark back in thought to the little home and the little wife, and rejoice with a sober thankfulness that such a jewel has been committed to his keeping.

Storms will come, winds will blow, and waves will arise—so snowy-crested and, alas so angry-looking, that you vaguely wonder will you ever override them; but in the midst of the turmoil let out your anchor swiftly, and ere the cable has run far you will find a sure hold in Tom's heart. It is full of love as ever, and more full of trust and confidence than at first, for the storms have tried you, and you have not been found wanting.

JESSOP BUSTARD.

Society Weddings.

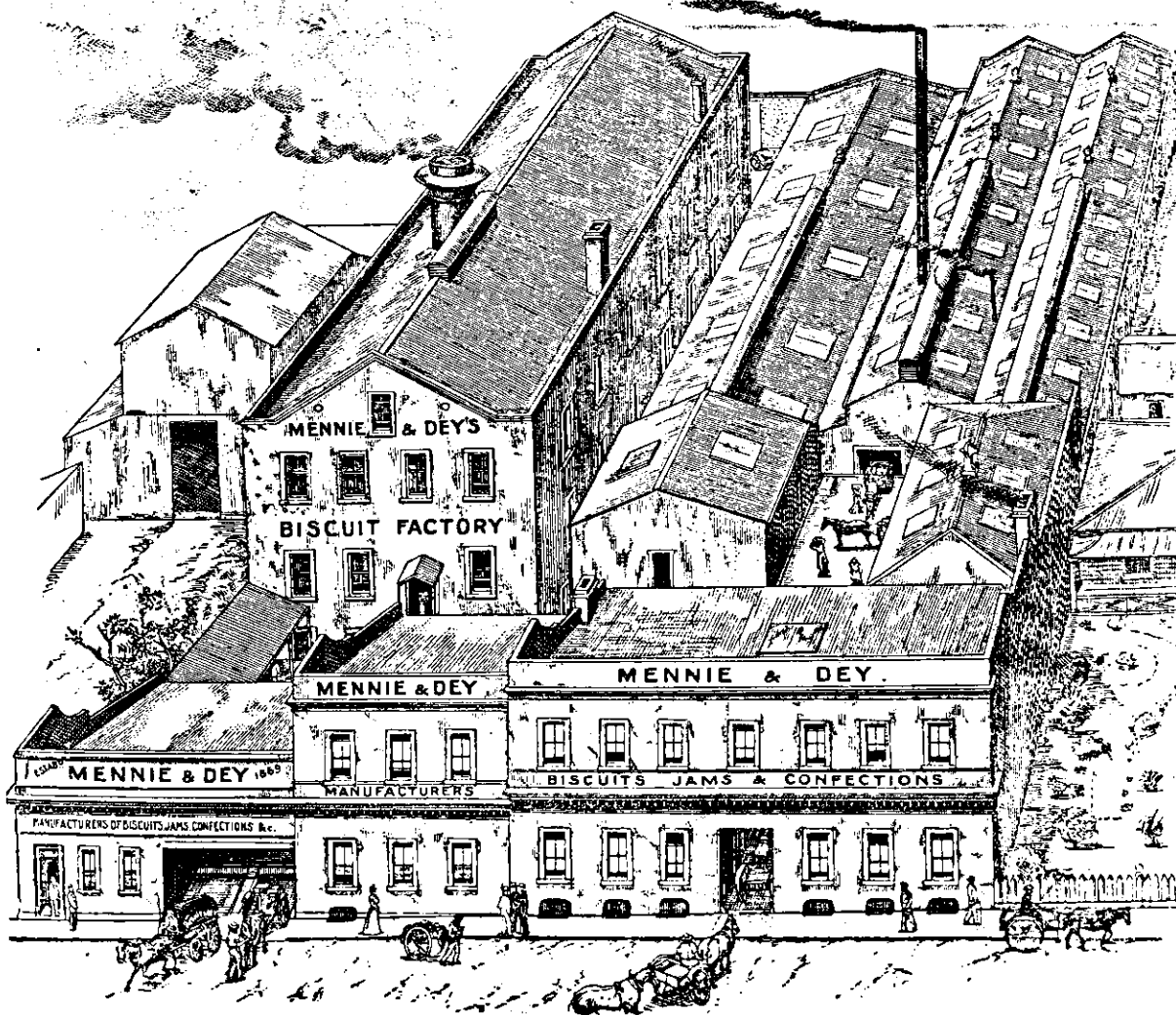
Having regard to the fact that in many cases several hundreds of pounds are spent on a society wedding, and that it may be witnessed by the highest in the land, it is not surprising, says a writer in "Casell's Saturday Journal," in the course of a chat about "Rehearsing a Society Wedding," that the bride's mother, who is the stage manager of the ceremony, should in her anxiety be desirous of having now and again something in the nature of an address-rehearsal of the great affair and the smaller ceremonies and duties appertaining to it. Such rehearsals she obtains sometimes, and there are some interesting stories told of the way in

which they have been carried out. On several mornings previous to the event Lady So-and-so has attended the church with her daughter, and in the first place plied the vestry clerk with questions on all manner of subjects, even sometimes anxiously taking his opinion, and apparently attaching considerable weight to it, as to whether the weather is likely to be fine or not on the nuptial day. The good man is asked whether he thinks a certain thing ought to be done in this way, and whether the bride ought to stand like that. In the church an imitation ceremony for the benefit of the bride has more than once been gone through, mamma for the time being acting the double role of clergyman and bridegroom. She shows the bride how to stand and walk where to put her feet and hands, and generally gives her full instructions as to wedding ceremony department. It is a not infrequent thing for the bridegroom himself to be a little anxious on such points, and to go to the church on his own account for a little enlightenment; and the story goes that just before a wedding not long ago the bridegroom one morning suddenly appeared through the vestry door in company with his best man and the clerk, the idea being to get a few "tips," and there discovered at the chancel steps his blushing bride-elect and her maternal relative carefully going through a course of education in marriage and giving in marriage!

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