

(Continued from second page.)

and my son. Let my few last years be spent in peace."

"They shall, mother," he said. "Your happiness shall be my study."

"There can be no rest for me," continued his mother, "unless all division in our family ends. Ronald, I, who never asked you a favor before, ask one now. Seek Dora and bring her home reconciled and happy."

A dark, angry frown, such as she had never seen there before, came on to Lord Earle's face.

"Anything but that," he replied hastily—"I cannot do it, mother. I could not if I lay upon my death-bed."

"And why?" asked Lady Helena.

"For a hundred reasons, the first and greatest of which is that she has outraged all my notions of honor, shamed and degraded me in the presence of one I esteemed and revered; she has— But no, I will not speak of my wife's errors, it were unmanly. I cannot forgive her, mother. I wish her no harm; let her have every luxury my wealth can procure, but do not name her to me. I should be utterly devoid of all pride if I could pardon her."

"Pride on your side," said Lady Earle, sadly, "and temper on hers! Oh, Ronald how will it end? Be wise in time; the most honest and the noblest man is he who conquers himself. Conquer your self, my son, and pardon Dora."

"I could more easily die," he replied.

"Then," said Lady Earle, sorrowfully, "I must say to you as I said to Dora—beware; pride and temper must bend and break. Be warned in time."

"Mother," interrupted Ronald, bending over the pale face so full of emotion, "let this be the last time. You distress yourself and me; do not renew the subject. I may forgive her in the hour of death—not before."

Lady Helena's last hope died away; she had thought that in the first hour of his return, when old memories had softened his heart, she would prevail on him to seek his wife whom he had ceased to love, and for their children's sake to take her home. She little dreamed that the coming home recollection of his father—the ghost of his lost youth and blighted hopes rising every instant—had hardened him against the wife for whom he had lost all.

"You will like to see the children now," said Lady Helena; "I will ring for lights. You will be charmed with both. Beatrice is much like you—she has the Earle face, and, unless I am mistaken, the Earle spirit, too."

"Beatrice," said Lillian, as they descended the broad staircase, "I am frightened. I wish I could remember something of papa—his voice or his smile; it is like going to see a stranger. And, suppose, after all, he does not like us!"

"Suppose—what is of greater importance," said Beatrice, proudly—"that we do not like him!"

But, for all her high spirits and hauteur, Beatrice almost trembled as the library door opened, and Lady Earle came forward to meet them. Beatrice raised her eyes dauntlessly, and saw before her a tall, stately gentleman, with a handsome face, the saddest, the noblest she had ever seen—clear, keen eyes that seemed to pierce through all disguise and read all thoughts.

"There is Beatrice," said Lady Helena, as she took her hand gently; and Ronald looked in startled wonder at the superb beauty of the face and figure before him.

"Beatrice," he said, kissing the proud bright face, "can it be possible? When I saw you last you were a helpless child."

"I am not helpless now," she replied, with a smile; "and I hope you are going to love me very much, papa. You have to make up for fifteen years' absence. I think it will not be very difficult to love you."

He seemed dazzled by her beauty—her frank, high spirit and fearless words. Then he saw a golden head, with sweet, dove-like eyes raised to his.

"I am Lillian, papa," said a clear, musical voice. "Look at me, please—and love me too."

He did both, charmed with the gentle grace of her manner and the fair, pure face. Then Lord Earle took both his children in his arms.

"I wish," he said, in a broken voice and with tears in his eyes, "that I had seen you before. They told me my little twin children had grown into beautiful girls, but I did not realize it."

And again, when she saw his proud happiness, Lady Helena longed to plead for the mother of his children, that she might also share in his love; but she dared not. His words haunted her. Dora would be forgiven only in the hour of death.

[To be continued.]

**The Comet.**

The comet is leaving us. The tail diminishes, the nucleus grows dim and lessens in dimensions as night after night it becomes visible in the sky as soon as darkness veils the earth. Travelling constantly to the north with tireless pace, its gossamer tail almost grazes the polar star. The tip of the tail is now more decidedly turned to the north-west, and its slow circuit round the polar star may still be witnessed from the time the twilight fades into evening gray until the rosy glow of morning puts out the feeble light.

With reference to the announcement made from Cincinnati that the tail of the comet has split in two, it may be said that Biela's comet in 1846 became divided, and the two parts were seen racing side by side on the comet's return in 1852, and after that the comet was never seen again. But in November, 1872, when it should have been visible, if it yet existed, there came suddenly out of that quarter of the heavens where the comet was looked for a driving shower of fire balls, and the astronomers said these meteors were fragments of the last comet. Prof. Peirce showed, mathematically, that the nuclei of some comets must be as dense and tenacious as steel. If that is true of the present comet, and if the estimates which give its nucleus a diameter of 1,000 miles or more are correct, who can conceive the terrific power of the force needed to rend it in two? The theories that the nuclei of comets are dense swarms of meteors, or clouds of liquid particles, or masses of gaseous matter, seem far more likely to be true in this case than that the nucleus is a metallic ball of planetary bulk.

A son and heir has been born to the Marquis of Bute, who has been ten years married. His other child, a daughter, was born five years ago.

### LATEST SCOTTISH NOTES.

A cow belonging to the ex-Provost of Forfar died of sunstroke a few days ago.

An old woman of 70 appeared before the Edinburgh Police Court the other day for the 174th time for being drunk and disorderly.

The Messrs. Pirie, of Stonywood, Aberdeen, having kindly provided a public park and recreation ground in lieu of the People's Park, near their works, which is now closed, the new ground was formally opened on June 4th.

The old class-fellows and personal friends of the late Dr. James Simpson, of Aberdeen, will be glad to learn that a movement has been set on foot to obtain subscriptions for the erection of a suitable memorial stone over his grave in Allenhall Cemetery.

Reports from Caithness and Kinross-shire say that the crops never looked better; but in Wigtownshire the "fly" has been making sad havoc with early turnips. In many cases the crops have to be re-sown.

The prospects of the fruit crop are much brighter than was at one time anticipated, and, instead of being a failure, the crop will in all likelihood prove a very good one. It will, however, be about three weeks late in coming to maturity.

The other day the east coast of Orkney between Deerness and the Island of Copen-say, was for more than a mile completely blocked by an immense shoal of herring, the sea presenting a boiling appearance, as if the water could not contain all the fish.

A short time ago a man jumped over the Dean Bridge, Edinburgh. He was rescued and removed to the Royal Infirmary, but died about two hours after admittance. The point from which the deceased leaped was about 100 feet above the bed of the river.

In consequence of the decision of the Edinburgh U. P. Presbytery in the case of the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Leith, against whom a charge of plagiarism had been made, about 300 members of the congregation have resolved to sever their connection with the church so long as Mr. Duncan remained minister thereof.

Seventeen years ago a Spanish schooner was wrecked at St. Catharines, in the Island of Stronsay, and since that time the keel and stern-post have remained embedded in the sand, but is now being dragged out. When the stern-post was separated from the keel a copper coin, dated 1818, was found carefully embedded in the joint.

While the wife of a farm servant at Duffus was returning home, sitting on the front of a cart, with her back to the horse, she overbalanced herself and fell in front of the cart. She had a child in her arms. The wheels passed over the woman's fingers, smashing them badly, and over the body of the child, which died in two hours thereafter.

Certain features of the new Tay bridge that shall supplant the one that went down with such frightful loss of life appear to have been exactly fixed upon. Its total length will be about 10,000 feet, or about two miles, and calculations are made for double the wind pressure which the strongest gale will ever bring to bear upon the bolts. The wind pressure is placed at 21 pounds per square foot, and allowance is made for 56 pounds. Each pier will be entirely independent of an old one, and will be placed in an opposite position. It is intended that there shall be a parapet of wrought iron, as a precaution in case a car should leave the rails.

**Probably the Meanest of Husbands.**

A meaner husband than a young physician of Chicago, as shown by testimony in court, it would be hard to find. He had a wealthy father, but dissipation had cut him off from money in that quarter, and his professional practice amounted to nothing. He married a girl who earned \$20 a week in a millinery store, and allowed her to support him. Whenever she was ill, he sent her to her mother's home, in Michigan, and his letters during these periods were curious. He advised his "precious darling" to come back as soon as possible and demand an increase of pay from her employer; he urged her to try and get a railroad pass, so as to avoid expense; he thought it hard that his "own precious wifey" couldn't re-engage at a higher salary, adding, "I do not hope for wealth, but God knows I do think we deserve a living;" he assured her that her "longing and loving husband" had pawned his overcoat, and was in a great hurry to see her. She worked on patiently, when able, while he made no advance in his profession. At length his father died, and he came into his inheritance. He immediately deserted his wife, got a fraudulent divorce, and married a prettier girl.

**How Sponges are Grown.**

From the recently issued report of Prof. Baird, the Fish Commissioner of the United States, we glean some very interesting facts regarding the recent development of sponge culture. Among the more recent enterprises in the way of the artificial propagation of aquatic animals Prof. Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Gatz, has been so successful in his preliminary efforts in the artificial propagation of the sponge that the Austrian Government have authorized him to attempt the development of the industry on the coast of Dalmatia. The process is very simple, consisting in selecting the proper season in the spring, dividing a living marketable sponge into numerous small pieces, and then fastening them to stakes driven into the sea bottom. These fragments at once begin to grow out, and at the end of a given time each one becomes an entire sponge. According to Dr. Schmidt, three years is a sufficient length of time to obtain from very small pieces fair sized sponges. In one experiment the cost of raising 4,000 sponges amounted only to \$50 and this included interest for three years on the capital employed.

**FOUND AT LAST.**—Olivet Rowell, of Bath, N. Y., who so mysteriously disappeared at Niagara Falls last February, has been found alive and well at College Corners, Ohio, by a detective of the Royal Arcanum Insurance Company. It will be remembered that the body found at the Falls recently was fully identified as that of Rowell, and his wife and child were about to draw the sum of \$7,000 from three insurance companies in which Rowell was insured.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### Useful Hints for Our Fair Readers.

#### NEW RECIPES, ETC.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

**A MOTHER'S PETS.**

"A Mother" writes:

On a rug, nestled down, 'mid the vines in the grass  
Sits my pansy-eyed baby at play;  
And he claps his wee hands as the birdies fly past,  
Or winks in the sunshine of May.

Here comes little sister, "wee Dot," as we call her,  
With her dolly asleep on her arm,  
See; she lays her down gently and tenderly  
Whispers: "Now, sleep, dolly, noffin' shall do you no harm."

Now, "patty cake, patty cake bakers, mam,"  
How their laughter rings out on each passing breeze.  
"Now patty for sister dust as fast as you tan,"  
"See, mamma, we make all the cakes at you we please."

Ah, my wee brown-eyed fairy and azure-eyed boy!  
I think, as my eyes fill with tears,  
Did ever a mother such blessings enjoy?  
God guard them through all coming years.

**Things Not Generally Known.**

That chippings from marble put in the fire till hot, then cooled and pounded fine, is the best sand for scrubbing white floors and tinware.

That a few egg-shells put in a coffee-pot, with half a cup of cold water, and shaken well and then the coffee added, and then the hot water, will settle it as clear as a whole egg.

That if the paper lining the bottom of jelly cake tins is greased on both sides it can be used the second time, by turning over. This will be found quite a saving, if you have half a dozen young hopefuls to carry off the paper and scissors when you are in a hurry.

That when mothers are making boys pants, if they would put a piece of the same on the knees between the lining and outside, it would save them looking for a patch when they most wanted to do something else, and save painting the knees, as some of the members suggested.

That if mothers, when clearing the dinner table, would slice, butter and sugar a loaf of bread, and leave it covered up in a convenient place for the children when they come home from school at night it would save your time when wishing to be undisturbed from sewing, and thereby confer a substantial favor upon the children.

**Table of Information for Housekeepers.**

When striped stockings are washed and are ready to hang up to dry, turn them wrong side out; this will prevent the color from running on the right side and spoiling the stockings. If washed in water that has a little ox gall in it the colors will not fade or run. It is a cheap liquid to have in the house, and can be bought reasonably at any slaughter-house or of the butcher if you ask him to save them for you.

Line your cretonne valances or lambrequins with turkey red calico; it will not fade; it will hang in more graceful folds if lined throughout, and will not disturb you by showing the under side of the border.

To make a mop take old wrappers out in convenient strips; do not get it too heavy or it will strain the hands.

The best dish cloths are made of corsets with the whalebones all out and only the cords left in, or small Turkish towels out to convenient size.

If your white kid gloves are soiled rub cream of tartar upon them and they will look like new.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cents' worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine and put it in an empty, clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint, in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion and a bottle of boric acid.

Do not iron a red tablecloth at all; wash it carefully in warm suds (not hot), rinse well and when ready to hang on the line take great pains to pull it so that it will keep the proper shape. It will retain its color much longer than if ironed.

One use to make of a colored tablecloth which is too much faded to look well on the table, is to turn it into a crumblot. Starch it as stiff as possible, iron it nicely, keeping the edges straight. Instead of tacking it to the carpet, pin it in place; then it will be little trouble to take it up when it needs washing; it will keep clean a long time. It is a good thing to know this, even if you have a handsome crumblot, as this can be put down when that has to be taken up and cleaned.

Never iron a calico dress on the right side; if ironed smoothly on the wrong side there will be no danger of white spots and gloss, which gives a new dress "done up" for the first time the appearance of a time-worn garment.

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw matting will keep it fresh looking and durable. Be sure to use white varnish for white matting. A very thin coat of varnish will also preserve oil-cloth. It must be carefully scrubbed preparatory to varnishing, and at other times washed with skim milk.

Change stockings backward and forward from foot to foot. In this way they will wear evenly, and not be so likely to break out in holes on one side while the other remains comparatively good.

If you flavor a rhubarb pie with nutmeg it will improve it greatly and make it taste like a fresh apple pie.

**A Pretty Chair Back.**

The chair back I wish to describe is made of Russia twinning. Take enough to fall over the back of the chair; fold into three parts, lengthwise, so as to get the exact distance to baste two stripes of black velvet, or velvet ribbon, about two inches wide;

put on each side of the chair back and each end; work on each edge with gold colored silk in feather stitch. Cut out leaves in satin or velvet in different colors; put these up the centre of each vacant stripe between the velvet ones, about four inches apart, blue, green, pink, brown and red, just to the taste; work in a contrasting color to the leaf in button-hole stitch; work the veins in Kensington stitch.

**Useful Recipes.**

**SHORT PASTE.**—To ten ounces of flour and half a pound of butter add one tablespoonful of sifted sugar; mix. Beat up the yolk of one egg in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and roll out the paste once.

**POTATO CHEESE CAKES.**—Take one pound of mashed potatoes, quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, ditto of sugar and butter, and four eggs. Mix well together, and bake in patty-pans lined with puff paste.

**ASBESTOS POWDER.**—made into a thick paste with liquid silicate of soda, is used with great advantage for making joints, fitting taps and connecting pipes, filling cracks, etc. It hardens quickly, stands any heat, and is steam-tight.

**PICKLED EGGS.**—Boil the eggs for ten minutes and remove the shells. When quite cold place in a jar. Boil some vinegar with ginger-root and spices, as for ordinary pickling; cover the eggs completely with it, tie down the jar with a bladder and keep till they begin to change color.

**TO RESTORE RUSTY BLACK LACE.**—Half cup rain water, one teaspoonful borax, one teaspoonful alcohol; squeeze the lace through this four times; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull out the edges of lace till almost dry, then press for two days between the leaves of a heavy book.

**ORANGE SALAD.**—Oranges thinly sliced and freed from seeds—dressed with lemon juice and salad oil, one-fourth of lemon juice to three-fourths of oil, with a dust of cayenne pepper—combine novelty with merit; especially is orange salad excellent with cold game or roast pork.

**LEMON SALAD.**—Lemon salad is similarly prepared, with the addition of lettuce, carefully washed and dried, and some sprigs of fresh mint or tarragon.

**CALEDONIAN CREAM.**—Two ounces of raspberry jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf sugar, the whites of two eggs put into a bowl and beaten with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty cream, and is good and economical.

**LUNCHEON CAKE.**—Take one and a half pounds of dough, one-half pound currants, one-half ounce caraway seeds, six ounces sugar, two or three eggs and one-half pound clarified drippings of butter. Spread out the dough on the pasteboard, roll it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, put it into tins and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

**TO SETTLE COFFEE.**—To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee—two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family—to soak overnight in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will be as clear as amber.

**QUEEN'S CAKES.**—Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound of flour, one pound of butter, eight eggs, half a pound of currants (washed and picked), flavor with nutmeg, mace and cinnamon (as preferred), beat the whites of the eggs for twenty minutes, work the butter to a cream, add the sugar and mix all. Then beat the yolks for half an hour and put them to the butter. Beat all together and then add the currants, flour and spices. Sprinkle with sugar when placed in the little tin pans for baking.

**TEA-DRINKING.**—The properties of tea are slightly astringent and narcotic, and like other narcotics, if taken in moderate strength, gently stimulate. If taken two or three hours after the principal meal of the day it promotes digestion by its action as a warm diluent and gentle stimulant. Strong tea near the usual time of rest prolongs sleep, and is used for this purpose by the studios. In the morning tea should not be taken without solid nourishment at the same time. In summer cold tea is a most refreshing drink.

#### Useful Recipes.

**Eating Between Meals.**

An experienced lady writes: This habit should always be discouraged. Three regular meals are enough for almost every one. I cannot think of any case where a person of average health, or a child old enough to talk plain, can habitually need more frequent meals, if these three are of good wholesome food. Eating lunches between meals is a habit easily acquired, but troublesome and unhealthful. To keep 'tite children from acquiring this habit, see that they have plenty to eat at their regular meals—plenty of good, nourishing food. Many seem to suppose that if the stomach is filled with something at a meal, especially if that something be made to "taste good," it matters little what the filling may be. People speak of an empty stomach as the one great evil in case of delay about meals. Genuine hunger is the real need of the body for more building material. Hunger is often fancied (more often than genuine hunger is felt) by those who have plenty, because there is a sense of emptiness in the stomach which is kept so constantly filled as to have little chance for rest. My baby's case convinces me that eating between meals is mostly a mere habit. He has always been well nourished. I found that he was more contented and slept better at night when he had good full meals—mostly sifted Graham gruel and milk, or bread and milk, and always expected to finish his meal before he turned to anything else. Before he was a year and a half old it was quite noticeable that he hardly ever wished for anything between meals, even when others around him were eating. Some who had a theory that children should eat little and often, felt sure that he ought to have something between meals; but if they can show me a stronger, plumper (not fat) or more rosy-cheeked, healthy fellow of two years, I should like to see him.

Ed. Higgins and Dan Morrissey, confined in the jail at St. Louis for highway robbery, ripped up the flooring of their cell while religious services were in progress in the corridor and made their escape.

Mr. Thomas Hammond, Principal of the Public School, Dunnville, has resigned.

**Personal.**

Earl Derby has joined the Liverpool Reform Club.

The rumor is again revived that Prince Leopold is about to be married.

The Russian Generals Melikoff and Skobelev have arrived in Paris.

W. H. Burton, M. B., Toronto, took the degree of M. R. C. S. at Edinburgh.

Sir H. F. B. Morse, K.C.M.G., has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.

The other day the Princess Louise gave a small afternoon party at Kensington Palace.

Mr. William Inman, of the Inman Steamship Line, died on Saturday at Birkenhead.

The Prince of Wales is to stand godfather to the infant son of Sir Julius Benedict.

Dr. G. S. Ryerson has been appointed oculist and surist to the hospital for sick children, Toronto.

Dr. Buckley, of Prescott, has been again appointed Examiner in Surgery for the Province of Ontario.

Sir Charles Tupper will probably visit British Columbia towards the end of summer, and if he does so will likely arrive in Victoria on August 18th.

The Hon. William C. Whiman, of Lawrencetown, Annapolis, a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia for the past twenty years, died on Saturday night.

It is asserted that Baron Magnus, the German Minister to Copenhagen, recalled in consequence of his attendance at a banquet to the Bornhardt, died in a lunatic asylum.

The Duke of Sutherland sent to a San Francisco theatre for a box. The manager returned the money with the tickets, saying he would be glad to consider the party as guests. The Duke replied that he wouldn't use the box if he couldn't pay for it.

Healy Helfmann, sentenced to death for complicity in the assassination of the Czar, says she is well treated and no pressure has been exercised upon her. She will probably petition the Emperor for a commutation of her sentence.

James Galloway, of Puslinch, was in town with his wife and child the other day. His horses ran away and the party was thrown out. Mrs. Galloway and the child were not hurt, but Mr. Galloway sustained a severe cut in the head.

Drs. Ogden and Temple have been appointed Specialists in Midwifery at the Toronto General Hospital; Drs. McFarlane and Cameron placed on the active staff, and Drs. H. H. Wright and Aikins on the consulting staff.

The present Duke of Wellington continues to draw his father's pension of £4,000 a year, besides the revenues from the estates voted him, which produce another £32,000 annually, and the interest on the £700,000 voted to the hero of Waterloo.

A letter from the Archbishop of Neophoria contains the following passage: "The Lord be praised for overthrowing the Arch Rabi Beasonfeld from his height. Gladstone, the saviour of the Greek nation, now reigns. All will be well."

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