

## ON THE CARDS.

Can you tell fortunes? she asked, leaning her elbows on the table and shuffling the cards.

'Some people's. Shall I try your mother's? Her mother was dicing in the armchair by the fire.

'Oh, don't be silly! Mum's fortune is told.'

'Poor mamma!'

'Well, you know what I mean—all that's worth telling. She refused the fair man and married the dark one; wasn't very rich and wasn't very poor—quite poor enough! She shrugged her shoulders and made a dainty grimace—alas! unnamable. 'Had two tiresome boys and one very nice girl—voilà moi!'

'Who was an incorrigible little flirt and tease,' I suggested bitterly.

'Fortunes don't go into such details about secondary persons, even if they happened to be true, which they aren't.'

'Oh, yes, they do.'

'Since you know so much about it, you can tell mine.' She scattered the cards toward me with a crash. 'It's all right, mum; I'm only throwing the cards at Cousin Harry.' Her mother gave a sleepy smile, and returned to her slumbers.

'You mustn't blame me if the cards are unfavorable.'

'I shall know you've made it up if they are.'

'I wouldn't dream of jesting upon such a subject,' I assured her. 'Fortune telling follows certain essential principles, which are immutable and—'

'Should be practiced, not preached. Go on.'

'To start with, then, you are the Queen of Hearts.'

'Why?'

'Because the Queen of Hearts represents feminine beauty and charm.'

'Oh! she leaned back and laughed. 'If you are only going to flatter me I won't listen.'

'I merely state a fact. You are the Queen of Hearts.'

'No, I'm not. I'm spades or clubs because I am dark.'

'Excuse me, it is not a matter merely of complexion, but of general appearance. Spades represent plain people, diamonds passable people, and hearts very nice looking people. Therefore you are the Queen of Hearts.'

'Lots of people wouldn't consider me good-looking at all.' Her tone invited contradiction.

'Very likely not.' She flashed an indignant glance at me. 'But the fortune-teller is the sole judge on these occasions.'

'I'm glad the fortune-teller is so appreciative. Of course, I know you're only pretending.' She looked at me for denial, but I busied myself with the cards. 'Go on! she cried.

'First, I shuffle the cards—so. Then I cut them—so. Now I place my hand on them—so. You place your hand on top of mine.' She did. 'Now I place my my other hand on top of yours—so—and you put your other hand on top of mine.'

'I never heard of this before,' said she, doubtfully. 'Neither did I, but it had occurred to me as an improvement.'

'Now you must sit quite still and silent for a full minute.'

'I know I shall laugh.'

'Then the fortune will be spoiled.'

'I don't believe it's necessary.'

'Yes, it is—to place the teller and the teller en rapport.'

'But we aren't, you know. We always quarrel—at least, you do.'

'Couldn't we be, just for a minute, Milly? I didn't mean to speak seriously, but I did.'

'She nodded gravely, and I sat looking at and watching the pink color steal over her pretty face. I think it must have been two minutes that we sat like that, during which I forgave her all her little wickednesses.'

'There!' said I, reluctantly. 'Now for the fortune. Cut the cards, Milly. The fortune must be your own making.'

'You have made me feel quite serious,' said she with a nervous little laugh.

'It is going to be a serious fortune,' I meant it to be.

'Then—then won't you cut, too, Harry? To represent other people? I don't like all the responsibility. Please!' So I cut, too. It didn't matter, you see, because I looked at the cards before I put them down in the shape of an open fan round the Queen of Hearts. Of course, I don't know anything about fortune-telling, really.

'The disposition of the cards,' I said gravely, 'indicates many possibilities of happiness and good fortune; but much is left to your own decision.'

'What a nuisance! Don't they say how I shall decide? I shook my head.'

'The hearts near the queen show that you are and will be much liked and admired.'

'I believe you're making it up.'

'The three kings next to her indicate three admirers—perhaps lovers.'

'Whoever can they be?'

'The King of Clubs, with the other clubs close by, I take to be a soldier—good looking, dashing, and, from the diamonds in the same line, not badly off. The hearts at the end of the line denote that you have given him some encouragement.'

'I'm sure I haven't,' said she, with some warmth. Of course, she knew I meant Capt. Richards. 'The cards are wrong.'

'Perhaps they mean that you will do so,' I suggested, inquiringly; but she twisted up her handkerchief and made no answer.

'The King of Diamonds, with spades following, means an elderly suitor who has prospered in trade. He is shown by the diamonds, ending with the knave, to have made a fortune and retired, handing over the business to his son.' I meant old Parsley.

'I call it very unkind of you, Harry.'

Her lip dropped a little, and I hastened to apologize.

'It isn't my doing. It's the cards.'

'Well, you know it isn't true. It's only—she looked over her shoulder to see that her mother was still asleep—'mamma's silliness. Why, he's as old as dad; and I wouldn't. You know I wouldn't.'

'The cards leave it to you, Milly.'

'Don't you believe me?' She looked quite hurt.

'Of course—if you say so.' I patted her hand, which was lying on the table, but she drew it sharply away and rubbed the touch off with her handkerchief.

'Well? The King of Hearts? What does that mean?'

I considered a moment. 'The King of Hearts,' I pronounced slowly, 'means a handsome young fellow who paid you a great deal of attention when you were staying with the Queen of Clubs, a dark relative—probably your aunt.'

'I won't listen to another word!' she cried, indignantly. 'It's a nasty, horrid fortune, and quite untrue. There!'

'Very well.' I made as if I would sweep the cards together.

'Don't be disagreeable.' She looked at me reproachfully, with one of her kaleidoscopic changes. 'I want to hear it—my proper fortune—not nonsense.'

'Well, isn't this true?'

'No, it isn't.'

'Didn't he pay you a lot of attention?'

'Young Jephson?'

'Yes.' He was the rival I really feared.'

'Nothing special.'

'So many pay you attention that you think nothing of it.'

'You silly fellow!' said she scornfully.

'Why, he's almost engaged to cousin Annie.' I felt as though a weight was taken off me.

'Why, I said, 'how stupid of me! She must be the dark lady, I suppose. I ought to have connected him with her instead of with you.'

'I don't believe you understand the fortune business a bit.'

'It's very difficult,' I apologized. 'But you see the cards are all right, when you read them properly.'

'What else do they say?'

'The next point is money. The seven of diamonds, next to the knave of clubs—probably your uncle—indicates a legacy; and—'

'No, no!' she interrupted. 'I don't want to know about money.'

'Well, the duration of life is shown by—'

'That doesn't matter,' said she quickly, shrugging her shoulders.

'Then I hardly know what else there is to tell.' I looked at her doubtfully. There was one thing only that I wanted to tell her. 'What do you want to know, Milly?'

She put her elbow on the table and rested her head on her hand. The she laughed uneasily, and I held my breath for a moment.

'Isn't there—I mean did you finish with—the—the admirers, as you call them?'

'There is another,' I told her, 'but he is hardly worth mentioning.'

'Why not? because he doesn't care for—doesn't admire, or whatever you call it—much?'

'Oh, no! But he's poor, you see. Being only the King of Spades, he has to work for a living, so he admires at a distance. There are two cards between him and her, you see.'

'But,' said she very gently, 'they are hearts.'

'Yes,' said I, 'they are hearts; being two, they show that he is distantly related.'

'We are second cousins really.'

'They indicate that he is very fond of her, but leave it doubtful if she is more than slightly attracted to him.' I looked appealingly to her, but her eyes were cast down.

'How do you make that out? she asked at length.

'The card next to her is the two; but that by him is the ten, which means great affection.'

'What does the rest of the line mean?'

'The nine of spades, on the other hand of the king shows that he has a good deal more work to do before he can be in a position to ask the brave of hearts—her father—for her hand. Meanwhile the eight of spades and the ace of clubs show that he must toil at some risk in a land across the sea.'

She clasped her hands suddenly and looked up.

'Oh, no, no!' she cried.

'Yes,' I said quietly and sadly.

'Where? Her dainty mouth was quivering.

'The cards do not say. But it is the Cape, I believe, where a relative has offered him a good berth.'

We looked at the cards in dismal silence for a while. Then she smiled at me ever so brightly.

'There is the ace of hearts at the end of the line, Henry,' she whispered. What does that mean?'

I took the hand near me gently in mine. 'I think, Milly,' I said earnestly, 'it must be my heart because it is over by you. Will you have it, dear?'

She looked down for a moment, then pushed it gently toward me. 'I think,' she said, 'it must be my heart—which is going over the sea with you.'

'Best Use for Whisky Barrels.'

A new use for whisky barrels is suggested by a bridge which spans, or rather floats upon a river in North Carolina.

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Full particulars 6c. (stamps).

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

## Making It Work.

There are 150 men in north St. Louis who defy anyone to dispute the fact that Tom Maguire is a genius. Mr. Maguire is yard foreman at the Laclede Gas Company's plant at 2nd and Mulanphy streets. His enthusiastic proclaimers of his genius are his fellow workers in the big yard. A sewer pipe leading from one of the buildings to the river bank, 160 feet away, became clogged. The pipe is sixteen feet below the surface. It was not known just where the obstruction was, so arrangements were made to open the trench. Then Maguire brought into play what proved to be the trump card—viz, rats.

He had been thinking about the plan for several days. One night, by the aid of generous bunks of fresh cheese, he managed to entrap two big gray rodents, and these he determined to put into the sewer. They were taken to the mouth at the river bank and released. The opening was then closed securely behind them, leaving the animals with only one chance of life. That was to go straight ahead. And they did. Several more rats were caught each succeeding day and turned into the sewer, until a dozen fine specimens were gnawing away in the pipe. The morning after the last detachment joined the main rodent army, water commenced to trickle from the pipe. Iron rods and steam were applied. In ten minutes the sewer was clear.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

## MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates

Is a remedy without equal for affections of the throat and of the lungs. Try it for your Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Grippe, etc., and the result will be your cure. Take notice:—the use of this preparation will save you many tears and much of your money. For sale everywhere.

## Thousands of Bushels of Locusts.

The war that was waged against locusts in defence of the crops and vineyards in Algeria last year is described as having been extensive as well as very successful. Lines of defence 322 miles in aggregate length were constructed, and in the ditches placed to receive the pests as they fell from the barriers more than 270,000 bushels of young locusts were destroyed.

M. Deitler, the French executioner, celebrated his seventieth birthday recently by guillotining a murderer at Bastia.



**SUSPENDERS**  
GUARANTEED

## BORN.

Parrsboro, to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McKay, a daughter.

Springhill, March 1, to the wife of Joseph Moss, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 23, to the wife of James Davis, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller, a son.

Woolville, Feb. 25, to Dr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 24, to the wife of John Leadbetter, a son.

Tufo, Feb. 24, to the wife of Mr. E. W. Hennessy, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Chisholm, a son.

Bathurst, Feb. 26, to the wife of John Kenney, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 22, to the wife of J. E. Crowe, a daughter.

Mapleton, March 2, to the wife of Samuel Bird, a daughter.

Halifax, March 3, to the wife of R. C. Weldon, a daughter.

Tufo, Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Ellis, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moser, a daughter.

Naunigewauk, Feb. 23, to the wife of B. W. Hill, a daughter.

Yarmouth, N. S., Feb. 26, to the wife of Wm. Taylor, a son.

Bass River, Feb. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thompson, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 21, to the wife of Alex. Robinson, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McLellan, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Henry, a daughter.

Richibucto, Feb. 24, to the wife of William Wathen, a daughter.

Cumberland Co., Feb. 25, to Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Kirk, a son.

Woolville, Feb. 16, to the wife of Mr. J. Elliot Smith, a son.

New Glasgow, Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fraser, a son.

Tusket Wedge, Feb. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Porter, a son.

Great Village, Feb. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Geddes, a son.

Tusket Wedge, Feb. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund LeBlanc, a son.

Middleton, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Primrose Neely, a daughter.

Chance Harbor, March 2, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Fraser, a daughter.

Great Village, March 1, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Carson Layton, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Springhill, Feb. 22, by Rev. John G. G. Gustaf Anderson to Ronania Teed.

DeBert, Feb. 17, by Rev. C. E. Crowell, Hugh G. Ross to Mary A. Douglas.

Bridgeport, Feb. 24, by Rev. F. P. Grestorez, E. A. Craig to Miss Annie Kelly.

Conquerall Bank, Feb. 28, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Gabriella Parks to Ella Rehfs.

Granville Centre, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. F. Warner, R. Leigh Hunt to Edith A. Wade.

DeBert Station, Feb. 24, by Rev. William Dawson, Matthew Peppard to Emma Fleming.

Chatham, Feb. 15, by Rev. H. T. Joiner, Mr. James Keenan to Miss Maggie Ryan.

Colchester, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. A. McKee's, Gordon McLoughlin to Laura Wilson.

East Pubnico, Mar. 2, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Mr. Joseph Probert to Maggie L. Taylor.

Argyle Sound, Feb. 26, by Rev. Geo. E. Sturgis, Earlory C. Goodwin to Edna McNair.

Greenville, Cumberland, Feb. 15, by Rev. J. E. Jones, William Webb to Mollie Parry.

Isaac's Harbor, Feb. 16, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Saxby M. Blakely to Penina M. Giffen.

Richibucto Village, Feb. 21, by Rev. Father Hadon, Alphe Thibideau to Adeline Finagan.

Diligent River, N. S., Mar. 2, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Isaac Graham to Lillie Vickery.

Hookick Falls, N. Y., by Rev. Wm. Webster, Mr. Herbert R. Smith to Miss Ella M. Carle.

Newport, Hants, Mar. 2, by Rev. Ralph G. Strathie, Norman Melver to Miss Lexa Harvey.

Chatham, Feb. 16, by Rev. Father Joiner, Mr. Michael Coning to Miss Mary McIntosh.

Bridgeport, Feb. 26, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, William Henry Lobes to Christie Minnick.

Hamilton Bermuda, Feb. 15, by Rev. Father Parker, Lieut. J. R. Lay to Edith Mary Johnson.

Conquerall Bank, Feb. 28, by W. E. Gelling, James G. Gelling to Isabella May Vaughn.

North Kingston, King's, Feb. 24, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Err L. Gertrude to Laura Armstrong.

## DIED.

St. John, Mar. 8, W. L. Prince.

St. John, Mar. 7, Jane Stewart, 68.

Halifax, March 1, James Pryor 82.

Jigby, Feb. 26, Mrs. Wm. Orde 51.

Tufo, Feb. 28, John B. Morris, 21.

Gay's River, Benjamin Paynter, 47.

Halifax, Feb. 24, E. Edwin Dickie 70.

England, Feb. 14, Rev. Charles Hole.

Brenton, Feb. 26, Mr. John Moses, 79.

Liverpool Feb. 23, Jacob Wagner 87.

Bar River, Feb. 14, John Goodere, 74.

St. John, Feb. 23, Chas. McCaw, 34.

Ap. le River, Feb. 21, Donald Munro 80.

Waterford, Feb. 3, William Johnson 83.

Kings Co., Feb. 24, Ed. in E. Dickie, 70.

West Quoddy, Feb. 29, Peter Rombey 86.

Cape I. I. N. I., Feb. 26, Ab. J. Penney, 75.

West Quoddy, Feb. 20, Peter Rombey, 86.

Halifax, Mar. 3, Capt. J. K. Wetmore, 68.

Halifax, Feb. 23, Rev. Charles G. Abbott.

St. Stephen, Feb. 19, Wm. H. Clark, 51.

Antigonish, Feb. 23, Alexander Boyd, 89.

Five Islands, Mar. 1, Hibbitt Corbett, 82.

Windsor, Feb. 19, Mrs. Charles Lavers 51.

Bloomfield, Feb. 27, Mrs. Edwin Jones 92.

West Pubnico, Feb. 23, Mr. Issi Amir, 27.

Dumbarton, Feb. 20, Norman McLeod, 23.

East Boston, Feb. 23, Mrs. John Turner 70.

New Canada, Feb. 24, Twining Meldrum, 31.

New Canada, Feb. 24, Twining Meldrum, 31.

Antigonish, Feb. 23,atherine McDonald, 60.

Argyle Sound, Feb. 21, Mr. Phineas Goodwin.

Tusket Wedge, Feb. 23, Mr. Cyrie LeBlanc, 60.

Halifax, Mar. 4, Mrs. Mary Ann Richardson, 96.

Everett, Mass., Feb. 22, Mrs. Alice Hammond, 85.

Cape Island, Feb. 24, M. Joshua L. Nickerson, 80.