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WILL ANYONE SAY THE OLD SYSTEM delivering milk is the correct method spring it to the streets in open words, and specific it to the dust of the street, located with all kinds of contunication, with the streets of its clearly of the post form of milk continues of the post form of milk estimates of the ball the union continues of the post form of the post form of the post form of the streets of the post form of the post for

BY EDGAR FAWCETT

Were they really words, and had a room besides ourselves. Two of them, yet but half awake, and as I rose and the mellifluous language of from my bed and glanced at the clock latter not only harmonized with on my bedroom mantel, which told pair of lustrous black eyes, and me that I had slept unaccustomedly face whose outlines were sensitive and late, not even the sharp winter sun poetic, but broke upon my ear with a shine pouring through my windows cadence delicately pleasing. could dissipate the solemnity of that | Prescott saw that my spirits were poignant little sentence ; "You shall die to-day."

preyed upon by moods Then as

cruelly predicted that she should perish and with an awful, agonizing

Her brother, Prescott Arden, ny dearest friend. Classmates at Yale, we had become bound together by an intimacy more than fraternal. Afterward the trend of our careers bad differed widely. Each had a small fortune, and each had been helped by it to seek inction and success. Long before plighted troth with Arden's sister had set up my studio in New York as a full-fledged painter of landscapes. period Arden had been graduated at the medical college as a physician.

My engagement to his sister had na-

turally drawn us closer together. Lilian's horribly sudden death from pneumonia had tightened the bond Arden was prose itself. With a large, warm, sympathetic heart, he nevertheless flouted my idealisms. In the first anguish of my grief at Lilian's loss told him how I believed-firmly and levoutly believed that her spirit then and henceforth, would be my guar

rony. I remembered both as I now try weather to his dear dwelling. do not wish to avow that he still be-lieved in Lilian's watchful protection. But that strange sentence. "You shall die to-day," made me remember with intense vividness the depth and fervor of my former passionate trust. Suddenly, while I walked along Fifth avenue, in a portion of it not far from the reservoir, though on the op posite side, a most appalling thing occurred. An immense ladder, hung May 1-th transversely in front of a building, tumbled headlong upon the pavement. In a second one of the two painters whom it had served as a scaffolding was killed, and the other horribly in inred. As the crash sounded close beshoulder. But distress and sympathy soon made me forget it till someboo touched my elbow and said: "You had, sir, the most fearfully narrow escape. That big ladder, as it

ell, just grazed your sho "Yes?" I answered rather vaguely Those curious words, "You shall to-day," had occurred to me. A good hour had passed before reached the house of Prescott Arden. Corinthian, Sat., 12th Apl. Monday, Apl. 14 For a while we spoke together of no-Numidian, Sat. 9 a.m., 19th Apl. Monday, Apl.21 thing but the recent ghastly accident Monday. And 28 in the neighboring avenue. I describ-From Montreal. ed to him, with perhaps more realism

> Still, he spike very amicably, after ways a mighty gulf between the mar-I had finished, pressing one of my vellous and the supernatural." range hands between both his own.
>
> "Alfred," he said, "all this is the merest nervous fantasy. You heard no voice whatever, as your reason must already have resured you. And the supernatural!" range caneful enough in dealing with the supports on the floor above. But they have assured me. Good heavens, Alfred! days at Morton. no voice whatever, as your reason must already have assured you. And though the thought is beautiful and picturesque that poor, dear Lilian's leave me my reverence, and I will stunned me; but it was not after all stunned me; but it was not all stunned spirit saved you a short time ago from destruction, still, like many another charming dream, it is woven

"The name Silviani," I said, dream-ily, "has a kind of soothing, idyllic and. Its possessor ought to be im nsely suave and well-mannered." "He's a civil enough little Italian, tensely tired, but not drowsy. My but they teil me that he has married host darkened the room and left me a French wife of whose frisky imprudence he is fiercely jealous. I heard whole hour passed during which the prudence he is fiercely jealous. I heard whole hour passed during which the place the other conjugal quarrel took place the other evening, in the presence of a horrid little coterie of din-ers. That will be very had for Silvi-uni if it happens again."

When we had entered the trim, clean when we had entered the trim, clean freshed and strengthened. Soon af-freshed and strengthened. Soon af-

really pronounced them? I was a man and a woman, were Italians,

bettered by the coziness and nicety of our environment, and presently began It kept haunting me while I dress- to tell me, of those crisp, hunorous is called a morbid man, but since the when the shrick of a woman smote long and wholesome a sleep had not death of one infinitely dear to me I death of one infinitely dear to me I on the placid air of the chamber. Then as we both rose, the enraged my powers of self-control if I should now meet—after a day replete with Lilian Arden would have been my shape darted past me. For a second it wife if she had lived a fortnight long- er than the day on which fate had so beseeching hands. Then it turned, and face. faced a man, small, fiery-eyed, with It is very probable that Prescott ob-

> ate blow from a clenched hand. Meanwhile Prescott Arden had seized the uplifted wrist of Silviani, in a very short time he and a few others had over-powered this murderous little Italian. The wife fled shrieking from the room, though entirely unhurt. A great crowd (my second similar experience that day) began to collect about the stoop and doorway of the house, possibly gathered there by the hysterical proclamation of some scared waited that his master was assassinating his wife. Then came the tardy police; and at the first cott and I pushed our way down the

estauranteur." said my friend, he richly deserves his fate." It was not till we had regained his house that he remembered to He had scarcely restrained at this "Have you the least idea just what

> "Any way, we made sure that hurt no one. "I own that I thought, for a mo

And then I paused. "Prescott !" I soon cried. Well ?" gold, which bore our blended mono-

ment-" came my next sentence.

gagement destined to be our last as either hand. Lilian's face, directly op holidays at her home in Pembroke. well. Before her death the charming posite my own, grew flower-like out of George Knight spent Sunday at his

"Look!" I presently exclaimed. Bedded in the thick gold, just in the heart of its diamond-and-pearl monogram, was a small cube of lead.

of Lilian remained inside, perfectly in time to clear myself from the whole Newboro, has returned to her home af-

cold, yet somehow sympathetic. "Still. "It's all the rank stupidity," I we should recollect that there's all heard him say, "of the builders who

Leave me my reverence, and I will "It is not disdain, my dear boy." came the quick response. "It is-

y two o'clock. We'll have a flagon a very harmless, composing one-and upon my puise. of Chianti and a fowl that no chef in perhaps you may rest naturally and town could cook more capably."

Where," I asked "is Silviani?"

"But a street or two away. He's have more than once praised my cook."

a clever little Italian who spent ten At least he doesn't flourish pistols cars or so in Paris, His restaurant is like Silviani. And we only had time the lounge. "has saved me !"

I took the draught Prescott prepared for me, and law down on the most comfortable of lounges. I felt in when he blows his own horn. terwards Prescott and I seated selves at a small dinner-table, ad-mirably appointed. I knew his din-ing-room well-s had not be and its. The excellent Chinasi. Lilian and I grouped there again end

nowadays, with memories and echoes. At the right of the high, quaint Elizabethan mantel Prescott caused to lie built an alcove, in which ne had hung a large portrait of his sister, so dearly loved and so deeply mourned. There were cushioned seats in this alcove, and two shelves or brackets, on which were constantly kept two vases full of fresh flowers. But in front two curtains of amber plush depended, incessantly closed. The whole little place was a sort of shrine, and Prescott's reason for baying had it constructed here was because Lilian had cherished the room as a piece of her own artistic and decorative invention. The portrait was mous painter in Paris, a year or so before our betrothal. That Prescott should thus have chosen to locate it and to pay it his continual floral tribute, was only one of many proofs of how his hard-hearted rationalism coexisted with funds of the tenderest and sweetest sentiment.

I did not this evening offer to divide those obscuring curtains. Even

to let me depart, and I heard him give orders to his servant which I felt frew. affident had relation to the dismissal of all patients who might call. A little later be engaged me in a game of whist, which he was well aware that I played with pleasure and skill. He was not so good or experienced a days. Mr. Curran, Murvale, draws player as I, but I had lost three milk over the Quobin road to Odessa. game by eleven o'clock, though I be Mr. Babcock, Glenvale, draws milk thought I had better go home.

me visibly to start. "You're not a keeper of late hours," began. "You've often told me-" "Oh, I'm not afraid of midnight, Stevens has hired with J. George, Alfred. And if you're tired of whist I've a new amusement for you. Such bright. R. Parks has hired with a curious book of those Indian re- Smith for seven months. Mr. Patercluses they call experts, who are sup- son will make extensive improvements posed to die as many times as they lease and live as long as they want. I don't believe a word of it, but I've

Prescott read aloud till the little malachite clock on the dining room from Carleton Place has been endeavmantel pointed at a quarter to oring to get the derailed Algoma Cenforth. "If the laws of nature could track to-day. The van and several

mere fantastic fables !" guarded by a huge case of solid oval tains of the alcove, and smelt in the his saw mill. Gillies Bros. are ship auble had seemed too heavy for me the dusk, with its rosy bend of mouth, home in Renfrew. Mrs. James with some discomfort, later with none ing of the chamber had fallen. I brought good prices. storted back, but in another second I saw Lilian's portrait slanted so that the upper verge of the frame had touched the alcove. So small was the

made that extension! I told them at the time that I feared they were not promise not to molest your disdain." in any real sense prostrating. I had soon rallied from its effects, and my first words gave evidence, I should

new, but it is gaining vogue every to drink about two glasses each of day. Each time I lunch there I like it the Chianti; perhaps a bottle of my choicest claret may prove consolabegan to sound twelve dulcet, silvery strokes.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

WHAT OUR CORRESPONDENTS HAVE TO TELL US.

The Tidings From Various Points In Eastern Ontario-What People Are Doing and What They Are Saying.

Glendower Glimpses. Glendower, April 16.-School opened on April 2na. A. E. Rifey is in charge. Mrs. Gowdy held service in the church Sunday morning. Joseph Rodgers, assessor for Bedford town ship, called here recently on his annual trip. Arthur Timmerman, after spending a week at Cataragui, has returned home. A little guest has arrived at the home of Alexander Hopors : Mr. and Mrs. A. Snyder, Verona, at Sanford Leeman's; I. Babcock Olden, at John Babcock's.

Calabogie Cullings. Calabogie, April 15.-Mrs. David Church will be organist in the Metho-Syrus Holden is working the ore mines. Samuel Hunter suffered a dying the other day. Miss Bertie Craig and family have moved from a gleaming pistol in his grasp. I served how sparingly I ate at disner, sprang towards the woman, spurred by an irrepressible impulse of protection, and I felt a peculiar shock in about eight o'clock, that he was loth the region of my heart, like a moder-to let me depart, and I heard him the mines into town for the summer. Siss Laura Lilly and Miss Doolen have gone to Renirew. Johnnie Yohn about eight o'clock, that he was loth Minnie McKerrow has gone to Renired to let me depart, and I heard him

> Sharpton Tidings. Sharpton, April 15 .- The ground is gan by winning two. Finally I rose over the Highland road to Odessa, G. from the table and told him that I McGowan received word of the death "So early?" he said. There was an J. McGowan is busily grafting fruit odd note in his voice, which caused trees. J. Moon is interested thoroughbred pigs. Mr. Paterson lost a valuable cow. D. Karin sold two cows to Mr. Manly, Westbrook. is said the dairy prospects are

> > Folger Flashes.

to his barn.

Folger, April 16 .- A wrecking train tral locomotive on the track. The "Good heavens!" I suddenly broke workmen expect to have it on the be suspended, the mists of death dis- cars were derailed also. O. J. Dussolved. If these tales were not all tin, visiting friends at a distance, has returned. R. Wood, visiting at D. I had torn open my coat. In my I rose, filled with a new impulse, Wood's, has returned home. Two of waistcoat pocket, just over my heart, melancholy and wistful. Tears rushed D. Wood's children are very sick with was an ivory miniature of Lilian. to my sight while I parted the curgripps W. W. Burnham has started gold, which bore our blended mono- dimness an almost suffocating odor of ping lumber at Sand City. John grams in diamonds and pearls. It was roses and lilies. I heard the rings Curly, working with George Knight, an exquisite gift, received from her tinkle on the metal red above me as has returned to Calabogic. Miss Weese on the first Christmas after our en I pushed the tapestry sideways with has returned after spending Easter to carry on my person. Afterward I its virginal throat and its bounty of liott is visiting friends at Calabogie. had slipped it into my left waistcoat heavy chestnut hair. Then came a D. Wood's sale of farm stock, etc., pocket, and worn it there, at first crash. It seemed as if the whole ceil- was quite a success Everything

Chaffey's Locks News. Chaffey's Locks, April 15,-Lockmas retty sanctuary that the portrait, in ter Fleming and assistant commenced in the neighboring avenue. I described to him, with perhaps more realism than he may have found at all palatable, the shocking spectacle, the dense-packed multitude, the excited autocracy of the police, the arrival of the clangoruous ambulances. Finally I told him of my own hairbreadth delivered and the clangoruous ambulances. Finally I told him of my own hairbreadth delivered to him, with perhaps more realism to here of peril. I felt the warm blood spurt over my face as Prescott to special its golden receptacle. 'It was directly and the carrival of the clanger of peril. I felt the warm blood spurt over my face as Prescott to see your child. If you desire to see your child grow up strong, try the effects of Malt Breakfast Food for a few weeks, and note well the grand results. Your Grocer can supply you ard and family spent Saturday and spent Saturday and spent Saturday and the tast. I kissed it as I handed Prescott the tast. I kissed it as I handed Prescott the defictions are the tast of other caught the tast of other spents. Then we both the tast of other spents that at the spents are spents. Then was a state of the saturday and the state at handed Prescott the saturday and the state at handed Prescott the saturday and the same are spents. Then was a state of the saturday and the same are spents. Then was a state of the saturday and the same a arily dismayed. "Of course, it's all Meanwhile Prescott's handkerchief marvellous enough, Alfred," he at was pressed against this bleeding nedy, Philipsville; R. J. Reilly, Rollength said, with one of his smiles, though silent abrasion. "It's all the rank stupidity," I chester, N. I., Leaning returned to Westport Notre Dame convent, after spending holidays with her parents. W. Ashley has begun operations on the Mrs. T. F. Gray is spending a few

Plevna Paragraphs. Plevna, April 17.-The bishop Ontario has appointed Rev. E. M. Rowland to the parish of Newboro. So vigorously, and your powers of at firmation are yet—"

"Affred, Affred," he broke in, with unwonted gentleness, "we've talked over these questions such scores of times lee it as you please. Believe, if you will, that the voice really came from mystic, supernatural sources; believe, if you will, that Lilian's spirit has lately shielded you from death. You're despondent and nervous my dear boy. Come with me to Silvian's for a bite of luncheon; it's nearly two o'clock. We'll have a flagors of Chloric formation are generally consecuted to be an anis for a bite of luncheon; it's nearly two o'clock. We'll have a flagors of the source for you
"Oh. I know what you meant to the me that it is common sense, that's all."

"Oh. I know what you meant to tell me that it is sour meant to the meant to say. You meant to tell me that it is sour meant to tell me that it is strangely did fall, that save on me it strangely did fall, that save on me it strangely did fall, that save me it works of his locality are suffering on a lounge yards away from the locality of the late collapse. The common sense, that's all."

I pronounced these words while half reclining on a lounge yards away from the locality of the late collapse. Present looked silently down upon me for n few seconds. I shall never forget the serenity, patience and synchrom the locality of the late collapse. Present looked silently down upon me for n few seconds. I shall never forget the serenity, patience and synchrom the locality of the late collapse. Present looked silently down upon me for n few seconds. I shall never forget the serenity, patience and synchrom the chief in one sister with their job.

Sharbot Lake and Kingston, has reversely gentle work of his locality of th He will leave on May 1st. Allan Rock is all smiles; it is a boy. Mrs. Dulmage and family are moving to the Soo, and F. H. Wensley moves into his own house on Frontenac street. Mrs. James Stalker is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Watt, who is ill of rheumatism. Mrs. (Dr.) Elkington made
Mrs. Dawson, Ompab, a flying visit
last week. George Wilson, in charge of
Allan's drive on the Buckshot, passed
through the village on Saturday. Great interest seems to be taken i the meetings at Beach Corners lately. The choir of the Methodist church has been re-organized and the organ is now played by Miss M. Bolton. 'ru Wood, ir., and family, leave this work to work in the cotton mills at Mag ple of days with her casty ter.

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