REPORTS

ARKETS.

ARKET.

.... ..	3 00	5 00
.... ..	1 90	2 10
.... ..	0 33	0 34
....	0 32	0 35
....	0 23	0 25
....	0 19	0 21
....	0 29	0 32
....	0 18	0 20
....	0 27	0 30

OLESALE.

	$10 50	$12 00
	12 50	14 00
	11 00	12 00
	9 00	10 00
	8 50	10 00
	14 00	15 50
	13 50	14 50
	11 00	12 00
	20 00	25 00
	13 00	14 00

ARKET.

lbs.	$ 7 11
100 lbs.	7 41
50 lbs.	7 41
100 lbs.	7 31
lbs.	7 31
100 lbs.	7 21
100 lbs.	7 11
Yellow	7 01
	7 35
	7 01

Canadian bags.
Canadian bags.
20c over granu-

OCK.

....	8 25	8 50
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....	7 00	7 50
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....	3 50	4 25
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....	7 00	7 25
....	6 75	7 00
....	6 50	6 75
....	60 00	100 00
....	60 00	100 00
....	8 50	9 50
....	6 00	8 00
....	11 50	13 25
	10 25	
	5 00	11 50

WOOL, ETC.

Butcher Hides Country Hides, er lb., flat cured, ured, 16 1-2 to 17c

kins green, flat, ured, 20 to 21c per 19c per lb. Dealding to condition 50 each.
take off $5.00 to
No. 1, $4.75 to
$2.00 to $3.00.
$3.00.
sold in barsold in barrels, 5 to 7. Cake No. 7 to 7 1-2.
er Pedlar Stock

s would as to qualWashed rejections, etc., 27 to 27c as to quality 31 unwashed according Hallam's Weekly

ARKETS.

N OPTIONS.

	High.	Low.	Close.
	1 08½	1 08¼	1 08¾
	1 08¾	1 08¼	1 08¾
	1 05¾	1 03¾	1 03¾
	0 42¾	0 42¼	0 42¾
	0 42¾	0 42¼	0 42¾
	1 00¾	1 00¼	1 00¾
	1 00¾	1 00¼	1 00¾

AIN MARKET.

May, $1.10 1-8;
1 hard, $1.15 1-8;
1 $1.13 1-8; No.
$1.10 1-8; No. 3
No. 3 white oats,
ur unchanged.
Bran, $17.50

MARKET.

No.
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May.

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Pigs $9.00 to
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	11 75

6 1-2d.
—6½.
Chas)—6½, 15s.
—12½.
—7½.
25 to 30 lbs.—
—7½.
—7½.
25 to 34 lbs.—
—7½.
35 to 40 lbs.
—7½.
20 lbs.—8½.
—8½.
in Gerdes new—
—7½.
—7½.
best white, new—
—9d.
9d.
s, 1-4d.
refined, spot—4½.

Pella, Iowa, has
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And NOW for MARMALADE!

It's the season for Bitter Oranges and Grape Fruit. Make your Marmalade with

St. Lawrence Granulated Pure Cane Sugar.

Being absolutely pure it assures best possible results and removes all risk of fermentation.

FREE Upon request we send excellent orange and grape fruit marmalade recipes and 30 marmalade labels for home use—Address

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ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"My dear Frances," said her ladyship; "he has been here only a week or so, and is it a necessity that he must lose his heart in that space of time? He shoots all day with Eddie, and sees Mildred at dinner-time, and talks to Mabel for half an hour before bedtime—and that is the extent of his love-making. So, you see, the field is quite open to you." And then she thought of that conversation with her husband in the bedroom some nights before, and felt that her speech was slightly jesuitical.

"I see," Miss Sylverton rejoined, turning her clear violet eyes first on Lady Caroline and then on Mildred; "he talks to Mabel, which means that Mildred will not look at him, in spite of his unlimited thousands. Well, I thank heaven I was not born with aristocratic tendencies; and I think Mabel is right. Is he handsome?"

"Very," answered Lady Caroline, seeing that Mildred would not open her lips on the subject.

"Rich, handsome and young in every sense of the word," cried Frances, gayly—"why, what more is wanting? With your permission, Lady Caroline, and without Mabel's, I shall certainly marry this young man"; and then the door opened, and Eddie came into the room.

"Frank!" he exclaimed, with undisguised delight; "my dear fellow, is it indeed you? I never anticipated such a happy surprise when I came here to hunt up my pipe. Why, what has brought you home so soon? Is it indeed your very self in the flesh?"

"Rather," said Miss Sylverton. "It came to this, you see, that as usual, I couldn't see the old boy's line of conduct, and so I bolted, quite as much to his relief as my own."

"I can readily believe that," put in Eddie, innocently.

"Besides, the country down there was stupid, and I was getting bored to death," went on Frances.

"Can't you say out boldly and honestly that you couldn't do without me?" said Eddie, mischievously, and Miss Sylverton instantly rose to the combat.

"You shall have your ears soundly boxed for that piece of unwarrantable impertinence," she declared, and laid down her little silver-mounted riding-whip preparatory to commencing operations.

Having chased Eddie successfully into a corner presently, Miss Sylverton laid her pretty hands about his ears with great rapidity until he had cried pecavi several times, when she desisted, and they both looked up to see Denzil Younge standing in the doorway, laughing heartily at the whole encounter. He looked so extremely handsome, and the entire scene was so out of keeping with all propriety, that for once in her life Miss Sylverton blushed crimson.

"You there—and you never came to my rescue!" said Eddie, when he had recovered his breath, looking reproachfully at Denzil as he spoke. "Well, I would not have believed it of you. However, the longer we live the more we learn, and I suppose it is the way of the world. Miss Sylverton—Mr. Younge."

"Oh, Mr. Younge, indeed I did not know you were there," Miss Sylverton murmured, demurely, looking as if she could not hurt a fly to save her life; "and, beside, Eddie and I are such old friends." Here she made the discovery that she was excusing her conduct to a strange young man—a thing Miss Sylvester had never before been guilty of.

"Well, wonders will never cease. I declare she is actually ashamed of herself!" exclaimed Eddie, who was enjoying her unwonted confusion immensely. "I verily believe she is blushing."

"No, I am not," returned Miss Sylverton, promptly, quite ready now for a war of words—"far from it."

"If that is how you treat your friends," broke in Denzil, "I should like very much to put my name upon your list, Miss Sylverton."

"Would you?" she said, coquettishly. "Are you not frightened? Well, if you behave prettily, and make up your mind to endure a good deal of ill-treatment, I dare say I shall be able to make room for you. But I must have time to judge of you first."

"Thanks; and for how long am I to be put on my trial? Don't make it too long," pleaded Denzil, in his lazy musical voice. For the life of him he never could refrain from softening his tone when addressing a pretty woman.

"For just one week," answered Frances. "I could understand Machiavelli himself in a week, so next Friday you may come to me for my decision."

In the meantime, Miss Trevanion, I hope you will put in a good word for me," Denzil said, turning to where Mildred was standing.

"Certainly. I will even put in two for you on this occasion—it is such an important one," Miss Trevanion returned, smiling on him her sweet, cold smile, which somehow ever had the effect of sending the blood throbbing back into his heart; and then the conversation changed.

The room in which they were all assembled was one of those cosy, comfortable, curiously furnished rooms that generally find a place in most houses under the name of school-room, and was the pleasantest apartment in the whole of King's Abbott. It was decorated with a good deal of dark oak paneling, and had a few soft-looking chintz-covered sofas, eight ancient chairs, two mahogany tables that had seen service, and a handsome polished floor. It was utterly devoid of luxuries, and, although the most remote, was the best-loved retreat in the establishment.

Miss Sylverton perched herself on the edge of a table with perfect grace, directly opposite Eddie, who had posed himself artistically on a similar table, and was busy scratching his name on a handsome rosewood writing desk.

"Where is Mabel?" Frances asked, presently. "I have seen nothing of either her or Sir George."

"Papa went to Pinchley Common an hour ago," Mildred answered; "but I cannot imagine where Mabel has hidden herself so effectually."

"I think she went with Rachel into the garden;" Denzil said; "at least they were talking of examining some flowers when last I saw them."

"Eddie, go and see," desired Miss Trevanion.

Whereupon Eddie, being too lazy to descend the steps that led to the garden, called from the window on "Mabel," "Mab," "Queen," "Queenie" alternately, until a faint sound from some distant corner conveyed the intelligence that Mabel had heard and was answering his summons. She came in a few minutes later with Rachel Younge, and seeing Frances, dropped all her flowers upon the floor.

"Frances," she exclaimed, and ran forward and kissed her friend with honest, undisguised delight; after which Miss Younge was introduced, and made the faintest, stiffest little inclination, in return for Frances' careless, graceful bow.

"She is unbearable," Miss Sylverton assured herself upon the spot, and then told Mabel all about her unexpected return. "And now that I have succeeded so fortunately," she added, "in getting out of the lion's clutches without suffering any very severe damage, I think the country ought to celebrate my escape by some public rejoicing. Don't you think so, Mildred? And don't you think, also, that it is high time old Dick Bohun gave us a ball?

"It does seem a long time since last he gave one," Miss Trevanion answered, assentingly.

"A dreadful time," declared Frances," who was in the habit of adorning her conversation with innumerable notes of admiration, mingled with startling adjectives—"so long a time that I have quite forgotten what I wore at the last. I say, Eddie, have you finished the ruination of that desk? Because, if so, I should like you to get a horse and ride over with me to the Grange, where we will find old Dick, and make him give us a dance before next week is ended. What do you say to my plan?"

"I am willing," Eddie said, laconically, and left the room to order his horse.

"I vote that we all go," exclaimed Mabel. "Why not order the pony-phaeton, and accompany them? It is a charming drive."

"Charming—and so in your idea," Mildred said; "only I don't think I will go, Mab, my dear."

"Oh, why not, Mildred, when there will be plenty of room?" cried Mabel. "You and Mr. Younge can sit in front and Rachel and I behind. Do come, my dearest."

"Not to-day, thank you," Miss Trevanion returned, blushing faintly.

"'An' if she won't, she won't,'" quoted Mabel. "Mr. Younge, I have failed, so I leave you to try the power of your persuasions while we go and dress—I dare say you will be more successful. Come Rachel"—and then she and Miss Younge went out of the room.

Mildred prepared to follow.

"Miss Trevanion, I wish you would come with us," Denzil said, softly, eagerly, as he held the door open for her. "The drive will not be the same thing without you. Will you come?"

"It is very good of you to wish it," she answered, bestowing upon him, for the second time that morning, her beautiful, indifferent smile, "but I do not think will—thanks."

"Why not?" he asked, impatiently, still standing before her, and gazing almost angrily down into her calm, unutterably lovely face. "Why not? Tell me."

Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and looked full at him.

"I suppose it must be because I do not care to do so," she answered, coldly, almost innocently, with an intonation that cut him to the quick; and then he stepped aside and she passed through.

As the last of her dress disappeared through an opposite door the young man turned away, clinched his hands and muttered to himself—

"What a fool I am—what a fool—to wait all my life up to this, only to fall in love with a woman who scarcely cares to remember my existence!"

With this self-congratulatory address, he strode down the steps and into the pony-carriage, in which shortly afterward he drove his sister and "the queen" to the Grange.

All things considered, the poor ponies would have preferred any other driver that day, and the girls a more lively companion; but che sara, sara, and so all parties had to put up with Denzil. Once applying the whip rather too sharply to the well-cared-for back of Gill, the far-off pony, she thought proper to make a bolt of it for half a mile or so, and persuaded Jack to accompany her, until a steep hill and Denzil's firm hand had once more reduced them to a kindly frame of mind. During this rather trying half mile, Miss Younge, as loudly as she well could, had taken particular pains to express her consternation at and her disapproval of her brother's mode of driving, until Denzil, provoked beyond bounds by more than one cause that day, turned and advised her, in no very tender terms, to restrain her excitement; after which Rachel set her thin lips tightly together and determined to have her revenge as speedily as possible; so when the Grange had been reached, and they all stood round the phaeton, waiting for Eddie's knock at the door to be answered, she said, sweetly:

"What is the matter with you today, Denzil, dear? You are a little out of sorts are you not?"

"Am I?" asked Denzil. "I don't know—most people are at times, I suppose. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for nothing, dearest"—if possible, spoken more sweetly still—"I was only anxious: and, by the bye, your persuasive powers failed to bring Miss Trevanion with us, did they not?"

"Oh, you serpent!" thought Frances Sylverton, indignantly, as she saw Denzil's handsome face contract and flush painfully; but all she said was: "Mr. Younge, will you come here and see what Eddie has done to my stirrup? The boy grows more intolerably stupid every day. What—is there nothing really the matter with it? Well, I wonder, then, what makes it feel so queer?" and then the door was opened, and Denzil helping her from her saddle, they all went into the house.

Here they spent a long half-hour with the master of the Grange—a half-hour that worked wonders, as Frances obtained her request and a ball was promised within a fortnight to celebrate her delivery from Uncle Carden's grasp—"strictly on the condition," said old Dick Bohun, "that you give me the first quadrille, Miss Frank;" and she having promised the desired slow dance willingly enough, they all turned once more homeward.

Frances Sylverton discovered two things during her ride that morning. One was, that the chestnut thoroughbred she rode that day went easier in its stride than the little grey mare, her more constant companion; the other, that Denzil Younge was, without doubt, very desperately in love with beautiful Miss Trevanion.

CHAPTER V.

When the Deverills made their appearance at King's Abbott on Monday evening, just ten minutes before the dinner-bell rang, they brought in their train, uninvited, a cousin of their own, a certain Lord Lyndon, who had most unexpectedly arrived at their place that morning.

"I knew you would make him welcome, my dear," the Honorable Mrs. Deverill whispered to her old friend, Lady Caroline, as they seated themselves on the soft cushions of a lounge, "and really we did not know in the least what to do with him."

After which little introduction the young lord was made welcome and civilly entreated forthwith. He was a middle-sized young man of from 26 to 30, rather stout than otherwise, with nondescript features, and hair slightly inclined toward the "celestial rosy." His mouth, too, was an inch, more or less, too large for his face, and his eyes might have been a degree bluer, but, for all that, they had a pleasant, genial expression lurking in their light depths, while his smile alone would have redeemed an uglier man.

He was a general favorite with most of his acquaintances, and a particular one with his cousins, the Deverills, who looked upon him fondly enough in the light or a brotherly relation, time having convinced them that their chances were not of that order that would change his position from friend to husband. The elder Miss Deverill was a tall girl, gawkily inclined, possessed of a very pronounced nose, a talent for listening, and a bright, clever expression, while her sister was particularly ugly. There were no two opinions on the latter point, either in Cliston or elsewhere; and indeed charity embodied would have found it difficult to indicate one passable feature in the younger Miss Deverill's face.

Miss Trevanion, in a demi-toilet of black and gold, scarcely improved Miss Jane's homely appearance this evening, as, with her calm, self-possessed manner, she sailed down the long drawing-room to receive her parents' guests.

Then she was introduced to Lord Lyndon, and executed a little half-bow for his especial benefit, which had the effect of reducing that amiable young nobleman to a hopeless state of imbecility for the ensuing five minutes. After that time had elapsed he gradually recovered his wonted composure, and, summoning back his departed pluck, took to staring at Miss Trevanion every alternate five seconds, with such unmistakable admiration in his eyes as caused Denzil Younge, in the background, to mutter curses, not loud, but deep.

Miss Trevanion was smiling very sweetly at the new arrival—far more sweetly than she had ever smiled at him—Denzil; and he—the new-comer—was evidently enjoying to the full the commonplace conversation he was holding with her.

Seeing this, Denzil fairly gnashed his teeth with excess of jealousy, and consigned this harmless young lord to all sorts of dreadful places, while telling Miss Sylverton, with his tenderest smile, how dear to his heart was a crimson rose in masses of fair brown hair.

Not that he deceived in the very faintest degree that astute young woman.

"Who was it told me you preferred great wealth of golden hair?" she rejoined, mischieviously, while she laughed good-naturedly enough, albeit slightly mockingly, as Denzil colored and flashed a glance at her, half-earnest, half-reproachful, from his beautiful dark-blue eyes.

"Never mind," she whispered, laying her hand with a gentle pressure on his arm as he took her in to dinner—"never mind; I am your friend, you know—so trust me."

Whereupon Denzil returned the pressure very gratefully indeed; after which these two felt that they had sworn a bond of mutual good-fellowship.

All through dinner Lyndon devoted himself exclusively to Miss Trevanion, while she—from what motive was a mystery—came out from her habitual coldness, and laughed, and sparkled, and dazzled her companion, until Denzil—watching from the other end of the table—felt his heart ache oppressively, and a dull sense of the emptiness of things in general creep over him.

Perhaps, had she vouchsafed him even one gracious glance, even one smile, not at him, but in his direction, it would have somewhat dulled the pain; but her eyes sedulously avoided that side of the room, while she coquetted with and charmed her new admirer with an assiduity that made Frances Sylverton fairly wonder.

Once only, before she left the apartment, did Denzil meet her glance, and then but for an instant, as he held the door open for the ladies to pass through. Mildred, who happened to be last, having caught her light dress in a slightly projecting corner of the wainscoting, he stooped to release her, and as he rose again their eyes met.

In hers lay nothing but mute, cold thanks; while in his—whatever it was she saw in his, it caused Miss Trevanion to bow hurriedly and move away down the long hall, after the others, with quickened, petulant steps.

"Mildred, darling, how pale you look!" Lady Caroline said, anxiously, as she joined the ladies in the drawing-room. "Are you cold, child, or ill? Come over here to the fire and warm yourself. These sudden chills are very dangerous."

But Miss Trevanion would neither acknowledge to cold or go near the pleasant, inviting blaze, choosing rather to wander away vaguely toward a distant, heavily curtained window, where she hid herself from the watchful, reading eyes of Rachel Younge.

Outside the window, ran a balcony, gleaming marble-white in the brilliant moonshine. It looked so soft, so sweet, so lonely, that Mildred, whose cheeks had changed from palest white to warmest crimson, felt a sudden intense longing to pass out and bathe her flushed face in the cool pure light.

(To be continued.)

SNEEZING COLDS, BAD COUGHS IRRITABLE THROAT ALL CURED

Just think of it, a cold cured in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrhozone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of catarrh and grippe disappear at once. It's the healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrhozone that enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names and meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone which is sold everywhere large size containing two months' treatment costs $1; small size, 50c; trial size 25c.

KILL THE WEEDS

Co-operative Experiments in Eradication for 1916.

During the past four years the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union have carried on co-operative experiments in the eradication of weeds. Some fifty-eight farmers have taken part in these experiments and some very interesting and valuable results have been obtained. The weeds experimented with were Perennial Sow Thistle, Twitch Grass, Bladder Campion, Wild Mustard and Ox-eye Daisy. The results obtained may be summarized as follows:

1. That good cultivation, followed by rape sown in drills, provides a means of eradicating both Perennial Sow Thistle and Twitch Grass.

2. That rape is a more satisfactory crop to use in the destruction of Twitch Grass than buckwheat.

3. That rape gives much better results in the eradication of Twitch Grass and Perennial Sow Thistle when sown in drills and cultivated than it does when sown broadcast.

4. That thorough, deep cultivation, in fall and spring, followed by a well-cared for hoed crop, will destroy Bladder Campion.

5. That mustard may be prevented from seeding in oats, wheat and barley by spraying with a twenty per cent. solution of iron sulphate without any serious injury to the standing crop or to the fresh seedings of clover.

Those who took part in these experiments profited by the experience in nearly every instance they cleaned the field experimented upon, demonstrated to their own satisfaction the effectiveness of the method tried, and at the same time the results furnished practical information to others.

These co-operative experiments in weed eradication will be continued this year (1916), and it is hoped that a large number of men will take part in them in order that sufficient information may be gathered to warrant definite statements being made in regard to the best methods of controlling these pernicious weeds. The experiments for 1916 are as follows:

1. The use of rape in the destruction of Perennial Sow Thistle.

2. A system of intensive cropping and cultivation, using winter rye followed by turnips, rape or buckwheat, for eradicating Perennial Sow Thistle.

3. The use of rape in the destruction of Twitch Grass.

4. A method of cultivation and cropping for the destruction of Twitch Grass.

5. A method for the eradication of Bladder Campion or Cow Bell.

6. Spraying with iron sulphate to destroy mustard in cereal crops.

7. A method of cultivation and cropping for the destruction of Ox-eye Daisy.

Those who are troubled with any of these bad weeds are invited to write to the Director of Co-operative Experiments in Weed Eradication, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont. He will be glad to furnish full information concerning these experiments and to supply application blanks for the same. All experimenters will be supplied with full and detailed instruction for carrying out the experiments selected, and with blank forms on which to report the results of the same. All interested in clean farming are asked to co-operate in this work. Address all communications to J. E. Howitt, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

NERVOUS DISEASES IN THE SPRING

Cured by Toning the Blood and Strengthening the Nerves.

It is the opinion of our best medical authorities, after long observation, that nervous diseases are more common and more serious in the spring than at any other time of the year. Vital changes in the system, after long winter months, may cause much more trouble than the familiar spring weakness and weariness from which most people suffer as the result of indoor life, in poorly ventilated and often overheated buildings. Official records prove that in April and May neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy and other forms of nerve troubles are at their worst, and that then, more than any other time, a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic is needed.

The antiquated custom of taking purgatives in the spring is useless, for the system really needs strengthening, while purgatives only gallop through the bowels, leaving them weaker. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine, for they actually make the new, rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves, and thus cure the many forms of nervous disorders. They cure also such other forms of spring troubles as headaches, poor appetite, weakness in the limbs, as well as remove unsightly pimples and eruptions. In fact they unfailingly bring new health and strength to weak, tired and depressed men, women and children.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nova Scotia Man Has Good News

FINDS IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS A CURE FOR HIS RHEUMATISM.

States Out of His Own Experience That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are a Sure Relief From Pain.

Greenfield, Queen's Co., N. S., March 27.—(Special.)—"To anyone who suffers from rheumatism I say: 'Take Dodd's Kidney Pills.' They will be sure to give you a release from pain." This is the message of Cornelius Hirtle, a well known farmer living near here. Mr. Hirtle suffered from rheumatism for four years and found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was in bad shape for four years," Mr. Hirtle says in giving his experience. "My back and hips troubled me so much that I was not able to do much without suffering. I also had stiffness in the joints, my muscles cramped and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. I had a bitter taste in my mouth, especially in the morning. My appetite was fitful and I was often dizzy.

"I suffered from shortness of breath, I was often dizzy and I was depressed and low spirited.

"I took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I am recommending them to all my friends. They are better than any doctor."

Every one of Mr. Hirtle's symptoms was a symptom of kidney disease. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

TOOK PHOTO OF A GHOST

Yorkshire Vicar Produces Negative as His Proof.

Was Invisible to Him, but Wife Saw Phantom.

London Cable. — A claim to have photographed a ghost was made by Rev. Charles Tweedale, vicar of Weston, Yorkshire, in an affidavit made before the Commissioner of Oaths and supported by Mrs. Tweedale and his son. Rev. Mr. Tweedale, who a few years ago attracted attention by his reports of psychical phenomena at the Weston vicarage, told a correspondent of the Yorkshire Post that on December 20 last his wife, son and himself were at lunch at 1.30 in the afternoon, when suddenly his wife cried out that she saw an apparition of a man with a full head of hair and beard standing at the other side of the table, to the left hand of their son. Mrs. Tweedale drew attention to the figure, but neither he nor his son could distinguish it. Crying out hastily to his wife to keep it there, although on reflection he admits he does not know how Mrs. Tweedale could have compelled the figure to remain, he rushed off into an adjoining room and picked up his camera. Fortunately this was loaded with quarter plate slides, and without a moment's delay he returned to the morning room where they were lunching. He then placed the camera on the window sill and focussed it up some distance between the camera and the position where his wife still said she saw the figure. He gave an exposure of 25 seconds.

Mrs. Tweedale described the man as a little man, and said the top of his head appeared to be about on a level with her son's shoulder. Mrs. Tweedale and the boy continued sitting at the table during the time the plate was being exposed. The resulting negative appears to have corroborated Mrs. Tweedale's vision. Mr. Tweedale explained that he personally developed the plate shortly afterwards and it had not left his possession in the meantime. The negative, which was shown a reporter by the vicar, is of quarter-plate size, and reproduces the corner of the morning room. In the foreground is the dining table, the white cloth on which reflects the light into a corner. Sitting at the table is Mrs. Tweedale's son, and opposite him, towards the edge of the plate, there is the shadowy but distinct impression of the head and shoulders of a little old man with abundant hair and flowing beard. The figure, which appears to be in semi-recumbent position, almost hides that part of the piano which lies behind it, and this, in Mr. Tweedale's view, conclusively proves the apparition had definite objectivity, although invisible to the normal vision of himself and his son.

In response to a suggestion that the camera may have played a trick upon him, the vicar stated he had carefully examined the conditions as they were. At the time the camera was in perfect order, and the plate was taken from a new box of quarter-plates, and had not been previously exposed. No person of similar appearance ever has been photographed by him, and none of the family recognized the figure disclosed on the negative. His wife clairvoyantly saw the figure which she described, and upon a sensitive plate being exposed a figure was disclosed, and was recognized by Mrs. Tweedale as being like the man she saw.

Sand Swept Asia.

In the arid lands of central Asia the air is reported as often laden with fine detritus, which drifts like snow around conspicuous objects and tends to bury them in a dust drift. Even when there is no apparent wind the air is described as thick with fine dust, and a yellow sediment covers everything. In Kotan this dust sometimes so obscures the sun that at midday one cannot see to read fine print without a lamp.