MORE GHOSTS

A Grim Chronicle of Shadowy Visitations

By D.W.H.

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"There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses; when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and marked partition,
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,
As if the mental eye gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life."
—Anonymous.

I think it is well that, in beginning this chronicle of shadowy events, I should disavow any responsibility for the incidents that are herein set forth. As I had no part in their creation I must claim to be regarded merely as the penpainter of actual occurrences which no person has yet been able to explain to my satisfaction. To the Spiritualist or the Theosophist their meaning may be clear, but to one who, like myself, gropes in a fogbank of uncertainty, not unmixed with suspicion, they convey no lesson—bring no moral. I am aware that more than one Church has denounced the phenomena as the work of Satan and counselled its adherents to have no dealing with his Satanic majesty when he appears in the materialized form of familiar spirits or makes his presence known by raps on table-tops. Indisposed as I am to regard (so-called) spirit manifestations as the work of spirits, I am equally indisposed to attribute them to the machinations of the devil. May there not be some law in Nature, as yet unrevealed to mortals, by the action of which these remarkable appearances are obtained, but which, once understood, will seem simple enough to the plainest mind? Science, which is hard at work on the various problems that disturb the mind of man, may any day furnish a key to all that is mysterious to us at this moment, and with that key unlock and lay bare to the world much that is now hidden behind a thick veil of doubt. Twenty years ago who would have believed that the human voice could be thrown a distance of hundreds of miles by the agency of a chemical battery and a thin wire and be understood and recognized; or, five or six years ago, who believed that Marconi had discovered a principle whereby messages could be shot through space three thousand miles without the aid of wires or any agency save a sender at the starting-point and a receiver at the end? "Wireless telegraphy," said Canon Wilberforce, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, "wireless telegraphy! It is no new thing. It is as old as Creation. What is prayer but wireless telegraphy—an instantaneous message from Earth to the Throne of Grace? That is a pretty idea, and the Christian mind, in common with the commercial mind, has accepted wireless telegraphy as a harbinger of greater discoveries yet to be made in the realm of science. Marconi explains that his discovery is based on natural laws and promises more developments along the same line. He would be a bold man who should say that Marconi has dealings with the Evil One and that his invention should be shunned by all good men and women. I regard spirit manifestations as susceptible of explanation upon other than supernatural grounds, only we are not sufficiently enlightened or advanced to work the problem out. But step by step the knowledge necessary to place Spiritualism where it belongs—on the plane of natural science—is being gained and on some not far distant day all will be made clear and plain to the weakest intellect without the aid of table or planchette.

A remarkable man I once met came from Australia. He rejoiced in the title and name of Professor Bushell. He was a Spiritualist and necromancer—not very clever at slight of hand, nor eminently successful as a medium. One of his acts was to kill a sheep an hour or so before the performance opened. Then he would place the carcase on the stage and make it walk, bleat and gambol under his touch. When he removed his hand the carcase would fall lifeless; but it would revive again and again at the professor's will. Asked to tell the secret of his power he replied with a knowing grin, "Spirits," and that was the only explanation he would give. The professor claimed to be a healer of disease by the laying on of hands, and some persons who submitted to his touch claimed to receive great benefit therefrom. One old woman went to the theatre on crutches and left them behind when she came away as a fee for the treatment. In a short time her trouble returned and when she went for her crutches again she found that the professor had sold them to another lame patient and the townspeople had to subscribe a sum sufficient to buy the old lady another pair.

There was a certain blind man who, having submitted to the professor's touch, joyously declared that he could see as well as ever; but when he tried to walk off the stage he stumbled and fell in a heap into the place reserved for the orchestra, spraining one of his ankles and nearly breaking his neck in the fall. A young woman who complained that her lover was being won from her by another young woman, was given a powder to mix in the faithless one's beer. There must have been some mistake—either the wrong powder was prescribed or the wrong man took it, for the young fellow it was intended for married the girl whom the professor assured the other girl he would never marry, and another man made violent love to the discarded girl and after a long siege won her. It was a queer mix up and afforded the wits of the day much amusement.

The greatest feat, trick or delusion—call it what you will—of the professor was to produce a ghostly shape at the back of the stage and command it to approach the footlights with a slow and measured glide. The coal oil lamps were turned low and the figure was that of a tall woman, habited in long, white robes which trailed behind her as she walked. The face was as white as newly fallen snow and the features bore an expression of intense grief and anxiety.

"That," remarked the professor, "is the shade of one who lost her husband and children—both of them twins!"

This absurd announcement caused a burst of laughter from the audience in spite of the solemnity of the scene.

"I calls her Mary," continued the professor. "Mary Doherty. She is in great trouble. She is looking for the pearl of great price which she has lost somewhere. Walk on, Mary," he said one night.

Mary obeyed, but she had been drinking brandy, and with her eyes turned towards heaven she glided clean over the footlights and fell into the same orchestra pit where the blind man had come to grief a few evenings before. As she went over the train of her dress caught on a projection and the robe was torn from the figure, revealing the lusty proportions of a half-clad youth named Seymour, who had been personating for several evenings the ghost of Mary Doherty. The oaths of the late ghost as he rubbed his bruised shins were fearful to hear. The professor gave no more entertainments and got out of town as quickly as possible.

A colored man named John Deas, a pioneer fish-canner of Fraser river, and from whom Deas Island took its name, created a tremendous sensation in town about twenty-eight years ago. A small house stood on Meares street, not far from the Quadra street cemetery. In this house the year before a colored man known as Soap-and-Water Johnson cut his throat and died. Unaware of the tragedy that had been enacted within its walls, Deas, on removing to Victoria, leased the fatal house. He put in his furniture and established his family therein; but the first night of their occupation was their last. About midnight Deas and his wife were awakened by a fearful groan and saw standing in the midst of a phosphorescent glow a human figure. At first the back was towards the occupants, but the figure turned and then the horror-stricken man and woman saw that it was the ghost of a man whose throat had been cut from ear to ear! Deas recognized the face and yelling, "It's 'Soap-and-Water Johnson'!" covered his head with the bedclothes and did not expose it again until day had dawned. Before noon the family had moved out and although the house was afterwards occupied by another family who did not believe in ghosts and never saw any its evil reputation continued until it was finally torn down.

About the year 1876 a Professor Peck appeared in this city and announced cabinet seances. He was taken in hand by a number of prominent Spiritualists and a cabinet was set up in one corner of a certain drawing-room. Into this cabinet the "professor," bound hand and foot, was placed. A drum with sticks, a tamborine, a guitar and a bell were also placed in the cabinet. In an incredibly short space of time the drum and tamborine were beaten, the guitar thrummed, the bell rung, and spirit hands appeared at the window. When the door was opened the professor was found seated and as securely bound as when he was put inside. Who could have made the din and whose were the hands that appeared at the window? Spirits, skeptics were told. Fakirs, skeptics replied. The argument grew heated and at last Peck consented to be bound in any way that the skeptics might adopt and to be placed in the cabinet. Another night was selected for the test and the skeptics appeared in the room with a warden from the lunatic asylum, which then occupied the site of the marine hospital. The warden brought a straight-waistcoat for the body and a pair of "dangerous lunatic" muffs for the hands and arms of the professor. These were placed on the medium and strongly laced, being secured by a lock the key of which remained in the hands of one of the unbelievers. After nearly an hour passed in futile attempts to obtain satisfactory manifestations, Peck was released in an exhausted condition. He explained that the spirits were angered because he had submitted to a test which cast a doubt on the genuineness of the manifestations and that they threatened to take the power from him should he allow himself to be again treated in a similar manner. Is it not a strange coincidence that these two eminent "professors" in the spiritual line should have borne names that are not dissimilar—"Bushell" and "Peck"—or "Measure for Measure?"

One night in a house on Yates street a number of ladies and gentlemen, as still as mice, sat around a pine table with the palms of their hands resting on the top. They were an earnest band of investigators—none knew aught of the science or principles of Spiritualism and no medium was present. In due course raps were heard on the table top and legs and after a while intelligent answers to questions were given by means of the alphabet. The mode was this: One of the company would begin with A and continue to call the letters in slow succession until he would be interrupted by three raps. This would indicate that a letter had been reached that formed part of the name of a spirit. If the name was John Smith, for example, raps would be heard as each letter was reached and then the person calling the letters out would begin at 'A" again and so on until the whole name was secured. On this particular evening the spirit of a female was invoked and her name rapped out. She was asked if she could play upon a piano which stood against the wall some six feet away from the table. She intimated by raps that she would try. The key-board was exposed and all watched it nervously expecting to see the keys move up and down beneath the ghostly touch. They did nothing of the kind, but from the inner recesses of the piano there came a sound as of a strong current of air agitating the strings of an Aeolian harp. For about five minutes the humming continued and then it suddenly ceased. Then came raps upon the table and the company were informed that the female spirit had moved over the wires and made the noise, but that she was too weak to pound the keys. I should add that there could have been no collusion or trick on the part of any of the company. All were well acquainted with each other. There were no Spiritualists present, and no person was within six feet of the instrument when the phenomenon occurred. I have always regarded that as a remarkable thing and a strong argument in favor of the existence of some occult power which yet remains to be found out and explained. The demonstration was certainly much more satisfactory than the message a certain gentleman received at a seance in another part of the city. He had lost his wife but recently and his heart was bowed down with grief. One night, his breast aching with a sense of his misery, he sought the consolation to be found, as he hoped, at a circle. The operator was what is known as a writing medium. She managed a slate with a pencil. After a brief time this message, addressed to the bereaved gentleman, was written:

"Dear husband.—There ain't no hell here. Yours, affectionately,
"————."

The poor man donned his hat and coat and remarking, "My wife could at least write English," left the circle and the house and never again bothered the spirits.

A strong believer in spirits was Capt. J. G. Vinter. He attended many circles and was a very intelligent and consistent adherent of the new religion. He had some wonderful manifestations and spread the doctrine far and wide by the narration of his experiences. One day the spirits informed him that he was a doomed man. They told him what no one had ever suspected (least of all himself) that one of his lungs was gone and the other nearly so. A visit to Dr. Helmcken confirmed the spiritually conveyed information. Vinter was in reality a consumptive and was already booked by Charon as a passenger for the "other side" of the river Styx. Death was already on his trail. He told me that he had never been ill in his life and could scarcely credit the information he had received. Nevertheless he began to set his house in order. He made his will—he had precious little to leave, poor fellow—and composed dying messages to friends in England and elsewhere. One day he did not rise from his bed and he sent for Mr. James Fell and Ben Griffin and delivered to them a sealed envelop.

"Inside," he said, "is a paper on which I have written a number of figures. When I am dead, if there is anything in Spiritualism and I am permitted to do so, I shall visit one of the circles and rap out those numbers. When my message has been read open this envelope and see if the figures therein correspond with those I may send through the medium.

The snows of twenty-five winters have fallen on Vinter's grave and given place in turn to sweet spring and summer flowers, but no message has ever come from him. The envelop has lain undisturbed and grown moldy through all these years. Both Mr. Fell and Mr. Griffin have long ago solved the problem of life and death to their own satisfaction and, let me hope, to their own happiness and glorification; but Vinter has never made a sign or given any evidence that he is in the spiritland.

There is a gentleman resident in Victoria who has frequently told me that whenever he is tempted to do wrong his deceased wife appears to him and her presence imparts strength to him and enables him to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." This gentleman is not a Spiritualist. I doubt if he ever attended a seance in his life. He is not a professing Christian; but he is a moral man and a good citizen, and his conviction is strong that his wife is ever near him and watching over him. Is this not a delightful thought, and what would not many men and women give if they could enjoy the same experience and believe that their loved ones are ever near and guarding them from sin? I knew a man in California named William Rhodes. He was an able writer and an original and forceful thinker. He assured me that he had often seen and conversed with ghosts—nearly always those of women. He described one of those visitors as exceedingly handsome, and another as bearing on her features the impress of a sinful career. He said that both had met their ends through violence and that they had given information through a medium which brought to justice their destroyers.

I once lived in a house where the hostess possessed the gift of second-sight. Without being aware that it was anything out of the common she could name the place where would be found any article that might be missed by another member of the family. If it were a pair of scissors, a knife, a cloak, a dress or any other article, without leaving the room in which she happened to be at the time she would tell you where you would find it and she was always right.

The Quadra street cemetery used to have the reputation of being haunted. Persons have assured me that late at night they saw the figure of a woman, appropriately costumed in regulation white, gliding, rather than walking, through the graveyard, passing noiselessly over the graves of the pioneers, and then disappearing in the earth. Two or three received a bad fright and told their experience with bated breath and trembling limbs. I visited the cemetery several times at night, but

"No beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invited my steps or pointed to yonder glade,"

and I came away disappointed. A shade has been seen, according to some, crossing the orchard of a certain old colonial house. Servants have observed a grand old man—tall, stately, solemn and composed in demeanor—wearing on his breast the insignia of the high order which a gracious Queen had bestowed upon him for distinguished services and insulted patriotism in a time of national danger, walking slowly through the leafy arbors, pausing beneath the shadows of the lofty oaks to take a long, lingering look at the lovely scene before him and then disappearing suddenly.

A few days ago a Chinese servant who has a bedroom in the stable rushed into the house of his employer and throwing himself on the floor buried his face in his hands and wept aloud. Asked as to the cause of his agitation he told a story of a large man with a white face and a huge nose gazing upon him as he lay in bed and groaning as if in great trouble. The Chinaman said he leaped from the bed and fled to the house for protection. He says that this is not the only time he has seen the ghost and he dreads to occupy the sleeping quarters again. The Chinese are a superstitious race and although apparently calm and stoical in demeanor are plagued by devils and hobgoblins to a remarkable degree—especially when they have been indulging in opium. But the man whose story I am now telling does not use opium and is an exemplary member of the Chinese colony and a valued servant.

Perhaps a leaf from my own experience with the uncanny may prove interesting here. More than seven years ago I was stricken with a severe illness. Having retired at 11 o'clock in apparent health, three hours later I awoke in fearful agony and scarcely able to breathe. Drs. Davie and Watt were summoned and they diagnosed my trouble to be peunmonia. The days and nights of pain and suffering through which I passed need not be described; but I wish to tell what happened (or rather what I thought happened) one night. My memory has been quite clear and remarkably good at all times and I have a vivid recollection of my experience on that occasion. My hallucination was that I had died and my body was prepared for burial. The undertaker came and mourners gathered about the bier on which the coffin rested—I heard the sympathetic things that were said about me to my friends by people who came to peer into my face for the last time before the lid was placed on the coffin and the sweet perfume of flowers from the bouquets and wreaths in the room reached my olfactories and gratified my senses. The last farewells were said and the undertaker advanced to screw down the lid when I sprang from the coffin and confronted him.

"Don't you dare screw me down!" I cried. "I am not dead, and I will not be buried alive!"

To my surprise, no attention was paid to me, and the man went on with his duties. I pulled his sleeve, his coat tails, and plucked at his beard and hair. I might as well have been a gust of vagrant wind for all the notice that was taken. I tried to wrest the lid from his hands, but he went quietly on with his work. I vociferated and appealed to the company to save me from a horrid death. I called my friends to witness that I was being murdered with their connivance. I appealed to the clergyman, but he ignored my presence. Then from the organ pealed forth the strains of the "Dead March in Saul." Rendered desperate by what I conceived to be a deliberate attempt to do away with me in the most horrible manner that could be imagined, as a last resort I leaped upon the top of the coffin and there—horror of horrors!—I saw myself lying within stiff and cold, with eyes closed and features placid in death!

"Five minutes ago," I reasoned, "I came to life and left that box as I thought empty. Now I find it still occupied by my body and I am here—here! I am within the coffin and yet I am outside! Merciful heavens! what has come over me? Who am I—what am I? Am I dead or am I alive? Is the man in the coffin me, or am I some one else?"

I held one of my hands to my face, and something peculiar about it caused me to shudder. A pier glass stood at one end of the room not far from the coffin. An uncontrollable desire possessed me to look at myself. I sprang from my perch on the coffin and darted towards the glass. To my wonderment I seemed to go through instead of around every obstacle that stood in my path. Men and women were as vapor to my touch. They neither moved nor gave the slightest sign that they observed me. While I could see them they did not seem to see me. At last only one person—a stout old lady—stood between me and the glass. I passed through her bulky form and emerged on the other side, and she did not seem aware of my presence.

What was the object that was reflected by the glass? It did not resemble a human being, nor was it like a monkey. It was like something I never had seen before or ever imagined. A little, black, grisly, dwarfish Thing about a foot in height, with a face all seamed and scarred and furrowed. Now all was clear! The body was my late habitation and the grisly little object that had cried itself sick in an effort to make people see and hear it was my spirit—my soul—my alter ego! I struggled no more, but took refuge under a chair and wept.

The coffin was carried out and from the verandah I watched the procession as it slowly wended its way down Cadboro Bay road. As the last carriage passed from sight around the bend in the avenue I gave a deep groan and turned to re-enter the house. But the doors were locked and the windows fastened down. I was shut out from my own house! Then as I awoke I heard a gentle voice say, "The doctor has just gone. He says you are better, and that with care you will get well."

I looked and saw the kindly face of the trained nurse gazing down upon me. "Thank God!" I exclaimed. "It was all a dream."

"Hush!" said the gentle voice. "You must not speak—doctor's order!"

In a month I was well again and have lived to write my wierd experience on the threshold of the other world for the edification of the readers of the Colonist.

The most remarkable medium the world has ever known was a Mr. Douglas Home. By the aid of some occult power he was enabled to float like a feather in the air from room to room and to elongate or compress his body at the will of the unknown force. On one occasion, according to the testimony of Lord Wigan and other equally respectable witnesses, he floated out of a window overlooking a coutryard seventy feet below and floated in at another window. Home could take red hot coals from the grate with his bare hands and put them in his shirt and pockets without injury to himself or his garments. He could call up the shades of departed friends at will and deliver messages to members of the circle from persons whose handwriting was readily recognized and whose identity in other respects could not be disputed. Home exercised great influence over the Russian Court and was said to have won over the late Czar Alexander to Spiritualism. In spite of his cleverness and ingenuity and the influence that was supposed to guard him Home became involved in a law suit over an estate which a lady convert willed him. The will was broken by the courts and he died a little later.

About five years ago a family residing near Victoria came into possession of what is called an ouja board. It was like a table and on its top were the letters of the alphabet and the numbers from one to naught. Upon the board stood a small, heart-shaped piece of wood on three legs. To procure communications it was necessary for the persons sitting at the board to place their hands on the heart-shaped object, when it would move as if endowed with life to the different letters and figures and spell out intelligent answers to questions. One night a "spirit" that called itself "Norman Taylor" took possession of the board and for weeks he gave replies to queries that were put to him. After awhile he became very familiar and told the company many wonderful things about themselves. On one occasion he addressed a young lady who was present and said that he would send a friend of his to see her.

"But how shall I know him?" the young lady asked.

"By a signet ring which he will place on your finger."

Three years rolled on. The magical table had been sent away meanwhile, and the spirit of "Norman Taylor" must have gone off with it, for he was heard of no more. One day a gentleman was introduced to the young lady and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in a courtship and an engagement. The young man slipped a signet-ring on his sweetheart's finger, and as he did so she exclaimed:

"Why, that must be the ring Norman Taylor told me about?"

"Norman Taylor, Norman Taylor! He is dead," said the young man. "How did you become acquainted with him?"

The incident of the table and the promise of the spirit of Norman Taylor to send a gentleman to her with a signet-ring were told and the happy man explained that Norman Taylor was a school fellow of his in Scotland who went to Australia and died there some years before the table was operated here.

It only remains to add that the young people were married and lived happily ever afterwards, as the story books say.

A nautical friend, who stands high in public esteem in the province, contributes the following wonderful incident of a ghastly visitation and a timely warning:

Many years ago, sometime in the '80's, I was the officer of the watch from eight to midnight of a large mail steamer running down for Cape Frio, on the coast of South America, bound for Rio de Janeiro, crowded with passengers, there being I believe some 900 souls on board all told. The night was wet and dirty, but as the ship was supposed to be giving this prominent headland a wide berth we were steaming along full speed without a thought of danger. Two lookouts on the forecastle and myself were on the bridge. I had been pacing to and fro across the bridge for the last hour or two carefully peering out over the edge of the weather-cloth on each side into the darkness and rain, and wishing for eight bells when my disagreeable vigil would be over, when I found myself at about two minutes to midnight under the lee of the port shelter. I looked at the lee side of the bridge where the rain was sweeping inside the starboard shelter and made the mental remark "I am not going there again this good night." All at once I heard a voice whisper to me, "Go over the other side." It repeated, "Go over the other side." I made another mental remark, "bother the other side," when once more I heard, and this time slowly deliberately, and urgently, the order, "Go over the other side." I went, looked over the weathercloth, and in an instant was electrified by seeing, through the rain and spray from the lee bow, a large dark object, a mass of foam at the foot, close to us. I knew in an instant it was a rock, and that we were inside Cape Frio! I called to the quartermaster, "Hard a starboard!" but the man not grasping such a sudden, sharp and unexpected order for a moment hesitated, when rushing to the wheel I pushed him on one side and whirled the wheel round myself. The steam steering gear saved us; she paid off in an instant, but we were so close that our stern just cleared the back wash of the foam. It was all over in a minute, and the ship was saved. The captain came on the bridge just as I had got the wheel hard astarboard. He grasped the situation at once, and taking hold of the bridge rail he turned to me and said quietly, "She is a lost ship." I replied, "I hope not, sir," and when she had cleared the foam and was heading out into the broad Atlantic we both exclaimed with heartfelt gratitude, "Thank God!" The men on the lookout were sent for afterwards when both men declared they had never seen the rock until they heard my shout to the wheel. The rock had just come in sight through the rain. The incident was never mentioned in the log.

Note.—This narration of actual occurrences by no means exhausts my collection of weird stories; and on some future occasion I shall give to the world another chapter on "Ghosts."

Board of Trade.—A very important meeting of the Victoria Board of Trade is to be held at the Board of Trade rooms this evening. It is expected that there will be a large attendance, as upwards of three hundred notices have been sent out to members by Secretary Elworthy. The business to be considered is: "Urgent necessity of early permission being granted to establish fish traps; report of special committee upon Marine hospital affairs." The attendance of every member is urgently requested.

They Mixed With Royalty

How Mr. And Mrs Neill Found Themselves in the Entourage of King Edward.

The Stage Folk Were Mistaken For Members of the King's Party.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

James Neill, and his wife, whose stage name is Miss Edythe Chapman, when resting after the fatiguing performance of "A Gentleman of France," which was presented by them and their company at the Victoria last nigh night and will be repeated this evening, told a Colonist reporter that since their last appearance in Victoria they had mixed with royalty. When Mr. Neill and his wife were in London last spring they drove one day to the Derby, raced annually at Epsom. It was a suffocating afternoon, in the early spring; and, to escape the heat and the crowd, Mr. Neill ordered the cabman to leave before the last race. They started off gayly across the downs toward London.

Before they had gone far policemen rode up, shouting: "The King is coming; draw off the road!" Although impressed with the dignity of the British sovereign, James Neill is enough of an American to wish for a closer sight of royalty than usually falls to the lot of the tourists who strain their necks at the races and rub their hands ever afterward over the memory of a passing glimpse of the portly gentleman in the frock coat. So cabby was told to draw close up to the roadside and wait for royalty.

The carriage came, with the royal Edward and Alexandra in it, looking dignified and distant. Mr. Neill bowed low, the ladies smiled and fluttered handkerchiefs, and the sovereigns inclined their heads more graciously than usual to the party, whom they probably recognized as Americans, who, when they travel, are in some unknown manner sealed with the signature of their own country. The Neill party congratulated themselves on the rarity of a royal smile for chance visitors in London. Natives of the city say they have never yet seen Edward's face. Then, as the way was clear, the cab fell in behind.

When the station was reached where the royal train was waiting the astonished Neills were received with bared heads, grave bows and very nearly the same homage that fell to the lot of Edward himself. Then they remembered that the people had seemed to wave and cheer as much to them as to the royal equipage on the journey to the station. Startled, and the situation gradually dawning upon them they turned to look at another conveyance which now drew up and was receiving the attention of the flunkies. It was the carriage of the Prince of Wales. They had blundered into the royal procession itself, driven behind the King and Queen of England, and the men-in-waiting supposed they were members of the royal family.

Mr. and Mrs. Neill were a bit shaken, but carried the situation well, being experienced actors, and quietly retired to the side of the platform. The King saw the joke and smiled. The Queen did in a minute, too, and when she was safely in the railway carriage drew the curtains aside and gazed curiously at the Americans, particularly at Miss Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Mrs. Neill's niece, who was a member of the party. Miss Forbes, one of the most beautiful girls on the stage and known to be typically American in appearance, starred last season as "Barbara Frietchie."

When the train drew off the Americans waved caps and handkerchiefs enthusiastically as they caught a glimpse of the royal party quietly enjoying the joke behind discreetly drawn curtains.

At Newport last summer Mr. George J. Gould went aboard a battleship which was surrounded by a multitude of little boats, filled with curious spectators bent on seeing all that could be seen. There was a young officer on board who must have sat down accidentally on a fresh-painted bench or something of that kind, says Mr. Gould, "for his white duck trousers were very dirty. He, though, was not aware of it. He moved among the ladies gallantly, and his trousers were an eyesore. Finally some one on one of the little boats below in a stentorian Irish voice shouted—'Och, mister, wouldn't yer ducks be better for a shwim?'"

LOADING SALMON.

The Deucalion Will Have Big Cargo When She Leaves Victoria.

The British steamer Deucalion, Capt. Keay, arrived at the Ocean docks yesterday and commenced loading her cargo at this port, completing a heavy freight which the big Blue Funnel liner is carrying to England. At this port the steamer is loading 50,000 feet of lumber, which is being shipped to Hongkong by Messrs. J. A. Sayward & Co., of Victoria. The steamer will also load here 24,000 cases of canned salmon which, with the exception of 6,000 cases for Sydney, Australia, is to go to London and Liverpool. There is also about one hundred tons of salt salmon for Japan. This is the first shipment of the big boxes of salted salmon which have been shipped to Japan this season, and the Japanese, who export the salmon of this kind, do not expect to send much this year. In the past two seasons the shipments of this kind have been very heavy, but owing to the shortage of cohoes and dog salmon this year, not much has been salted for export.

The fact that 6,000 cases of salmon are being shipped by the steamer Deucalion for Sydney, Australia, is a commentary on the capabilities of the big round-the-world line, which has been placed in service between Liverpool, London and Continental ports with Victoria, via the many ports en route. The shippers of salmon are enabled to send the fish to Australia by the line, transhipping the consignments into the connecting line of the Blue Funnel Company at Hongkong, as cheaply as the goods could have been sent by the direct liners to Australia. Alfred Holt & Co., operating the Blue Funnel liners, have a line of vessels running from Hongkong to Australia, and many consignments are despatched to Australia via the Blue Funnel liners for transshipment into the company's steamers at Hongkong.

The Deucalion is expected to leave Victoria tonight for the Orient and the United Kingdom, for her cargo is being rushed on board. Orders have been received to hurry the steamer to Manila, where she is to load a heavy consignment of hemp. She has already 7,500 tons of salmon and general cargo from the Sound beneath her hatches. The salmon which she is loading at the Ocean dock has been accumulating for some days past several of the smaller steamers having been engaged in carrying cargoes of salmon to the Ocean dock from Northern British Columbia ports and from the Fraser river.

The steamers of the Blue Funnel and China Mutual line, which are both operated by Alfred Holt & Co., with Dodwell & Co., as their agents on this Coast, are cutting into the sailing ship business considerably. The salmon fleet of this year is much smaller than that of many years, for a great deal of the salmon is being shipped by the big freight steamers, and the steamers are also taking considerable of the outward business for the fleet of windjammers now en route to Victoria and Vancouver is smaller than it has been for years.

ROSSLAND SHIPMENTS.

Rossland, B. C., Oct. 4.—Shipments of ore from the Rossland camp for the week ending tonight, are as follows: Leitch, 5,640; Centre Star, 1,340; War Eagle, 1,140; LeRoi No. 2, 270; Jumbo, 100; I. X. L., 140; Kootenay, 30. Total for week, 8,760; year to date, 322,114 tons.

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

Berlin, Oct. 24.—Emperor William was present today at the unveiling of monuments at Kuestrin, Prussia, one to mark the grave of Johann, who built the fortress of Kuestrin, and another in memory of Frederick, the Great Elector. Replying to a toast, His Majesty, after reviewing the life and work of the Great Elector, said: "We must learn from such lives respect for our superiors and obedience to the crown and parental influence. From these qualities spring patriotism and subordination of the personal ego to the well-being of the community, which are what we need in these days."

FRAUDULENT CERTIFICATES.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Solicitor-General Hoyt has filed in the United States Supreme Court a motion to dismiss several cases of Chinamen which are in the court on appeal from the United States District Court for the eastern district of New York, affirming an order of deportation. The cases are those of Chinese who are alleged to have been smuggled in. In some cases the Chinese were admitted on certificates issued by Commissioner McGettrick, of which the solicitor-general says: "It is a notorious fact in the history of the administration of the Chinese exclusion law that Commissioner McGettrick's certificates, ostensibly mere certificates of his docket, were issued without any authority of law, and were fraudulently used."

Nanaimo Assizes.—Sergeant Murray, of the provincial police force, left yesterday morning for Nanaimo to attend the Nanaimo assizes, which open this morning. There are two matters of unusual interest to come up. One is the charge of double murder preferred against a Japanese. The alleged murderer is said to have entered the room of two of his countrymen, and, like the murderers in the Crow's Bar affair, killed his two victims while they were sleeping. He then proceeded to the other room, occupied by the Japanese and wife who kept the house. The woman, alarmed by the noise, escaped through the window. The Japanese was arrested by Provincial Constable Hodson. The day after the crime he said he could remember nothing about it. The Kells' case of cruelty to a child will also be heard.