

Forty-Eight Hours With the Spooks

A Narrative of Events, Seen and Unseen, at Lilly Dale, by D. W. Higgins.



An interesting controversy is proceeding in England as to the truth or falsity of the phenomena known as spiritualism. The discussion has arisen from a report of the Psychical Research Society of which Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent scientist, is a leading member. Sir Oliver declares that he is greatly impressed by the results of earnest and critical inquiries. He has studied the phenomena from every standpoint that science and spiritualism have placed within his reach, and has become a convert to the new cult. He is confident that the day is approaching when mortals will be able to see and converse with friends who have crossed the border and now stand behind a veil. This veil, Sir Oliver says, is in places worn very thin. Soon it will be drawn aside and we shall be enabled not alone to converse freely with our departed friends when all the secrets of the other life will be made manifest to mortal senses, but see them as well. This view is vigorously combated by many eminent churchmen and scientists, who attribute spiritual effects and demonstrations to overheated imagination or necromancy. Locally, the venerated and beloved Bishop Cridge, of the Reformed church, has written a letter to the Colonist, in which he gently combats the theories and comments of Sir Oliver Lodge. After declaring that spiritualism is necromancy, the bishop quotes from the Bible to show that if spiritual communications "have aught of the supernatural in them, to what conclusion can those who hold the Bible come, but that they are emanations of lying spirits, such as his who went forth (as the Bible says) to deceive the false prophets in the days of Ahab?"

Another eminent divine has entered the lists in the person of Rev. Arthur Chambers, vicar of Brocklehurst, Hampshire, England, who has written several books on spiritualism. In these works Mr. Chambers declares his firm belief in the doctrine that the so-called dead can and do converse with their friends on earth. Though a clergyman of the Church of England he announces that he is a spiritualist and quotes copiously from the Bible in support of his position.

It is not my desire or intention to enter into the discussion, and I refer to it only as a preface or introduction to the narration of a series of remarkable manifestations which I witnessed in an eastern town where I visited about four years ago. Some of these manifestations were of a nature that bordered on the grotesque and deceived only the ignorant; but others were of an extraordinary character and were presented in a manner which, to say the least, startled and puzzled the beholder, if it did not convince him of the spiritual origin of the manifestations. I propose to narrate these events for the benefit of the Colonist readers.

In the mid-summer of 1894 I happened to be at Toronto. The weather was extremely hot and existence in or out of doors was exceedingly unpleasant for anyone who had been accustomed to the cooling breezes of the Pacific coast. As I had several idle days at my

disposal, a friend, whom I shall call Tompkins, suggested that we should go to Lilly Dale, a small town in the State of New York, about 60 miles south of the great city of Buffalo. At Lilly Dale, it was explained, a spiritualistic encampment or convention was in progress, and mediums from all parts of the continent had gathered there to compare notes and hold seances.

Acting upon this advice and accompanied by Mr. Tompkins I left Toronto at eleven o'clock on a certain morning in August, and at six o'clock the same evening we landed from a train at Lilly Dale. The way led through a lovely valley, so pleasant and beautiful, dotted with pretty farm houses, embowered in Virginia creepers and flowers and surrounded by choice fruits of every variety in full bearing that I was reminded of Sol. Smith Russell's play of Peaceful Valley which was wont to draw delighted crowds years ago at the theatres. The hills on either side of the valley are low and many are cultivated from foot to summit. Here and there were pretty lakes, on the bosom of which gasoline launches and rowboats carrying pleasure seekers darted to and fro.

Our arrival at Lilly Dale was heralded by a loud peal of thunder and vivid flashes of blinding lightning. The rain fell in torrents and in a short walk from the railway station to the principal hotel our light clothing was wet through and we were drenched to the skin.

The hotel is called the Leolin. It is owned and conducted by spiritualists and is one of the best and cleanest hostels in the country. My good fortune to visit. It stands in a square and is surrounded by well-kept lawns and flower gardens, and during the short season of eight weeks in each year is patronized by the "faithful," as well as by visitors who, like myself, are in search of novelty and information.

In the centre of the village there is an auditorium where lectures are given daily, and public seances and balls are held each evening. The village is inhabited almost exclusively by spiritualists.

On the morning after our arrival the sun shone brightly from a clear sky and the pools of water that had formed overnight were soon dried.

At breakfast we occupied seats at a table with two elderly ladies. One of the ladies was peeling an orange, while she eyed me curiously. Presently she said:

"Excuse me, sir, but do you not come from a distance?"

"I come from Canada," I answered.

"But not from near-by Canada?" she queried. "You have had to cross plains and mountains and streams to get here."

"True," I said. "I am from British Columbia."

"I thought so," the lady said. Then, after a short pause, "You're a writer?"

To illustrate her meaning, she made a motion as if she were handling a roll of paper.

"How did you guess that?" I asked evasively.

"It is not a guess, sir, it's a fact. We spiritualists never guess. A tall, dark, full-bearded young man stands back of your chair and tells me that he is a near relative of yours who lately passed on. His name, he says, is C—."

A creepy feeling ran up my spine. This woman had described accurately and given the name of a relative who had recently died. I was three thousand miles away from my home and knew none at Lilly Dale save Tompkins, but here was a woman whose knowledge surprised me. While I cogitated over the strangeness of the situation, the lady suddenly gave my name in full. Before I had recovered from my surprise the lady turned to Tompkins and said:

"I see an old lady wearing a widow's cap. She is looking over your shoulder and says she is your mother. Her name is Caroline Tompkins."

My friend almost jumped from his chair, so startled was he to find his mother's name known to an entire stranger and mentioned under such circumstances. We finished our breakfast and after a few commonplace remarks the quartette separated.

After breakfast we strolled through the village. On both sides of the streets were bannerets and signs which informed visitors that the occupants were writing, slate, trumpet or seeing mediums, or clairvoyants. The entire permanent population appeared to be mediums. Many of the cottages were handsomely built and some were furnished expensively and tastefully. As we strolled our attention was attracted by a sign which bore the inscription:

"R. Keeler, Slate Medium." I had heard of Mr. Keeler before. In a book entitled "Spiritualism Exposed," I had read that he was an arrant humbug, that his slate-writing was a trick and the result of clever manipulation with the assistance of a confederate.

We were ushered into a small apartment where Mr. Keeler sat at a table. He handed me a few small slips of paper and bade me write on them the names of persons with whom I wished to communicate. I wrote on six of the slips and folded them tightly. Two ordinary school slates were then carefully sponged to show that there were no words or marks of any kind upon their surface. A small piece of slate pencil was placed between the slates which were then tied together with a rubber band and after the medium had fingered the slips for a moment he handed the slates to me to hold. Almost immediately a scratching was heard from between the slates, and in an incredibly short space of time—say three minutes—the scratching ceased, the rubber band was removed and on one of the slates there were six messages from persons whose names I had written on the slips of paper. There were personal allusions in two of the messages, but they mostly dealt with general subjects and were very indefinite. The prob-

lem that presented itself to my mind was, how the writing, if done by human hands, could be performed in so short a time as three minutes, and each message be in a different hand.

Of course, I have seen many clever things in necromancy. Only the other day, at the Pantages theatre in this city, a man from Maskelyne & Cook's, London, performed slight of hand tricks that knocked Mr. Keeler's demonstrations into the shadows. He put on and took off gloves, tore boutonnieres from his coat lappel and replaced them with others. He changed his neckties all in full view of the audience, his crowning act being to pass behind a screen wearing a white hat and a suit of light hue and emerging in five seconds fully attired in a dark Prince Albert coat, grey trousers and a tall black hat. This man did not claim any connection with spirits, but his tricks were marvelous.

In Mr. Keeler's demonstrations the handwriting did not resemble that of the spirits it purported to be from, but there were allusions to matters that could have been known to none in Lilly Dale save the writer. Were the messages the result of mind-reading? On the whole the Keeler interview was not satisfactory. I saw no evidence of collusion, although later on my suspicions were aroused.

As I left the Keeler Cottage I was attracted by the sound of a man's voice as it rose and fell, sometimes low and melodious, at others harsh and stentorian, from a pretty grove of trees. I was told that an Indian medium was addressing a meeting of the faithful. I entered the grove and there saw a tall, muscular looking man addressing about one hundred men and women. The weather being warm, the orator had removed his coat and vest. He swung his arms rapidly, while from his lips there issued a stream of jargon beside which the Chinook wa-wa would be melody.

"What's the matter with the man?" I asked a bystander.

"Hush!" replied he to whom I spoke. "He's speaking in an unknown tongue. He'll translate it presently. Listen!"

I waited patiently until the stream of gibberish had ceased to flow, when the medium announced that he was a plenipotentiary from the Most High who had been sent to Lilly Dale with a message which he would presently impart to his hearers. In the meantime he would be glad if any who suffered from aches and pains would take their seats on a bench that stood among the trees. Four elderly women and a man, all rheumatic, came forward and sat down. The medium proceeded to rub the aching parts with his hands, all the time indulging in another flow of jargon to assist the incantations. Presently he said to the man:

"Your symptoms is gone—you're cured." "Well, if I am I don't know it. The pain's as bad as ever," said the patient.

The medium scooped a hole in the earth with his hands and directed the patient to place his foot in the hole.

"Now," said he, "the pain's left your foot and gone into the ground. How do you feel, sir?"

"I feel worse than ever," the man ruefully replied. "The pain's left me foot and gone in-

to me body. I don't want no more of this treatment," he remarked, as he hobbled away.

Turning to one of the old women, the operator said: "You're sick 'an' you're not sick. That is to say, your heart's out of order. You've had a big trouble. You're a gran' mother (the woman gave a start) an' a good, kind one, too. But you've had a sad experience. She was left one night to care for two of her gran' children while their parents went to a show. She was tired an' she fell asleep, an' while she slept a coal oil lamp bust and the children was burned to death."

The old woman sprang to her feet, and with blazing eyes and uplifted hand cried:

"How dare you say that about me!"

"Madam," retorted the man, "I dare say anything that's true."

"But it's a lie what you say. I never burned two children to death."

"I can't help what you say. I read it in them wrinkles on your brow and in your eyes." "You're an abominable liar!" vociferated the old lady in a white heat. "I never was a gran' mother. I never was married and I never had no child. I'm an old maid!"

She made a clip in the air at the medium with her parasol, which he dexteriously avoided by dodging, and passed out of the grove, uttering maledictions as she went.

Nothing abashed, the fellow proceeded to explain his mission. He said he was gifted with the unknown tongue and his object was to find mothers for 500,000,000 spiritual children, which were held in Paradise waiting to be summoned to take their places on earth.

"But, alas!" sighed the speaker, "they ain't no women that wants these spiritual babes. Now-a-days babies is out of fashion and the pore little things is shivering in space without any comforts such as food and clothes an' other things to make them strong an' hearty."

The audience seemed greatly impressed with the description of the unfortunate children's plight, and one of the old women on the bench rose to offer herself as a sacrifice on the altar of motherhood, but she was dismissed by the orator with a wave of his hand and the remark, "You're forty years too late. You should have applied sooner."

We left the man in the grove with his 500,000,000 motherless babes and his unknown tongue and passed on till we came to a cottage which bore across its front the information that "Madame Lachapelle, a renowned trumpet medium," resided, and gave seances therein. A trumpet medium, I would explain, is a person who uses a megaphone for the transmission of messages from the spirit world. These trumpets are usually of tin, vary in length from two to three feet and are raised by unseen hands and placed close to the interviewer's head while the messages are being delivered. The interview takes place in a darkened room. Our seance with Mme. Lachapelle was of a very unsatisfactory character. She told us nothing that was of any value. She could not tell our names, although there were three megaphones standing near a table, and her attempt to quote a remark of Wm. Ewart Gladstone was so atrociously ungrammatical and incorrect, that we paid our dollar and fled from the place.

Experts on Art of Living



HAT shall we eat, drink, and avoid—this is the valuable information which the Review of Reviews puts before the readers of its February issue. The advice is especially worthy of attention, because it is the advice of experts in the art of living. The idea was suggested to Mr. Stead by La Revue, of Paris, which addressed an enquiry to eminent Frenchmen as to their use of alcoholic liquors. Mr. Stead put a wider question to British men of letters, scientists, artists, etc., as to the best way in which to preserve their health, ensure their happiness, and generate the maximum amount of working-power. The replies are set out in the February Review of Reviews.

Sir Theodore Martin says: "I have never taken much note of my food or drink at any time of my life. From my youth onward I have followed one rule as to what I eat—so that it was good—fish, flesh or fowl. I always ate sparingly, and required that it should be cooked carefully, but plainly. Rich dressing, or the garniture of appetizing sauces, I avoided. First, because I did not like them, and next, because they disagreed with me. Simplicity and moderation were my rule."

"As to wine and spirits, I never cared for them, and drank little of either—always mixing my wine with a large proportion of water. After middle age I began to care less and less for wine, and for the last twenty years a glass of port wine, largely tempered with water, satisfies all my wants. A cup of coffee I have always found the best restorative from brain exhaustion."

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's Advice.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says: "(1) Food—For the first seventy years of my life I ate everything or anything that I liked—and I liked too much pastry, muffins and such like, as well as potatoes, bacon, etc. I had a strong digestion, but when about sixty could not assimilate this, so a little later I had to give up

all starch foods, and have since lived chiefly on one good meal of well-cooked meat a day, whereby I have lost a chronic asthma and other allied troubles.

(2) Drink.—I drank beer and wine in moderation in early life, but about twenty-five years ago gave it up altogether, and have been better without it. From experience and observation I feel sure that towards old age alcohol becomes more and more hurtful.

(3) Smoking.—Never practiced it since early youth, when its effects literally sickened me of it! I believe that towards old age the minimum of carefully selected food, that can be thoroughly assimilated, is the best. Each person must find what is best for himself. Tea and coffee I take regularly, but without food. I work best morning and evening; after a cup of tea."

Sir William Higgins says: "(1) Food.—A very moderate amount of meat once a day, with a larger proportion of good bread and farinaceous food, and about one pint of milk. Fruit when in season, and fresh vegetables.

(2) Drink.—Coffee and milk at breakfast, weak China tea in the afternoon. As a rule, water only.

(3) Smoking.—No tobacco of any kind. A Great Critic's Diet.

Mr. W. M. Rosetti says: "(1) Food.—I have all my life been a moderate eater, but not attempting to eat less than I feel inclined for. I eat whatever I have a taste for—meat, fish, vegetables (the last not in any great quantity), pastry, etc., being rather fond of cakes and sweets. Very little raw fruit. Being gouty from 1878 onwards, I for two or three years was rather cautious in diet, but as the tendency to gout did not get aggravated, I then returned to my ordinary habits.

(2) Drink.—Up to 1879, age forty-nine, I used to drink about a pint of beer at dinner. Then, on account of gout, I totally discontinued beer, and have never resumed it. I am now essentially a water-drinker, using also

tea and cocoa, and at times coffee. Do not scruple to drink a glass or two of wine (avoiding port) when the occasion presents itself. Also pretty frequently drink at dinner a trifle of neat whisky—say one and a half teaspoonful."

Lord Roberts says: "In my opinion there should be little or no smoking, and moderation in food and drink."

A Theologian's Food.

Dr. A. M. Fairburn, of Mansfield College, says: "I have worked hard, few men in England have worked harder, but I have always been a rigorous abstainer as to drink and tobacco. I am a healthy man, and have taken freely of the good things of this life, and have asked no questions for conscience's sake. One of my first lessons, learnt from a dear old teacher of mine, was this: 'Never think of what you eat; the greatest men have thought least of it, and have always been great eaters; they have not feared to face the day and its duty on a good breakfast. This I have always striven to do. As to drink and tobacco, I have nothing to add save that I know neither. He who does his work in the strength of either fails to do it well. Work done by the strength of wine or the soothing influence of the pipe is certain to be ill done. Nothing, indeed, could be worse for a man who means to live than to need the help of either.'"

Bernard Shaw, Vegetarian.

Mr. Bernard Shaw says: "I have not eaten meat for twenty-seven years. The results are before the public."

"I find modern customs in eating among the unwholesomely rich people horribly monotonous. One would imagine that the more meals people eat the more care they should take to make each meal as different from the other as possible. Yet at present dinner and lunch are really two dinners; and breakfast is rapidly becoming a third dinner. The extraordinary popularity of afternoon tea is really due to the craving for a meal that is not a dinner. The old system of breakfast, dinner, and tea, in which dinner was the only meal at which meat was eaten, will probably be re-established when people realize the need of variety not only in food, but in meals."

The G. T. P. Ry. Terminus



HAVING decided upon Kaien Island, a few miles south of Port Simpson, as the terminus on the Pacific coast of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the management of that new transcontinental railway set about finding a suitable name for it. With this object, the directors offered a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best name, to consist of not more than ten letters. Over twelve thousand competitors submitted names, and the award was made to Miss Macdonald, a lady whose family has been closely identified with the pioneer days of the Canadian Northwest. Miss Macdonald's name for the new port, which will some day be a town of great importance, is Prince Rupert, which words contain twelve letters. Two other competitors, who complied with the conditions, offered the name of Port Rupert, containing ten letters, and to each of the three the Grand Trunk directors awarded the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, after deciding upon Prince Rupert, though that name was not eligible in the terms of the competition.

Prince Rupert, the dashing young cavalry leader of the Cavaliers nearly three hundred years ago, was really the first British-Canadian business magnate. He was the chief promoter of the Hudson's Bay company, and its first governor in 1670. In that year Charles II. granted a charter to the Prince and seventeen other noblemen and gentlemen, incorporating them as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay," and securing to them the sole trade and commerce of "all those seas and straits, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, etc., aforesaid that were not already actually possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State." The first settlements of the country thus granted, which was to be known as Rupert's Land, were made

on James Bay, at Churchill and Hoyle's rivers.

It is to Port Churchill that the people of Western Canada are now turning their attention as the port on Hudson Bay from which a trade line of steamers to Liverpool will before long be established. The Canadian Northern railway is already within five hundred miles of Port Churchill, and people of all shades of political opinion are agreed that it should be extended to that point as rapidly as possible. The only difference of opinion is as to the means. Some contend that the construction of the railway should be under the guarantee of the Dominion government, while others hold that the Hudson Bay extension of the Canadian Northern should be under the guarantee and control of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

For many years the Hudson's Bay company held undisputed sway over Rupert's Land, an enormous territory still shown on the maps of Canada until quite recent date. In 1867 the federation of Canada formed the Dominion, and it was at once found that there were great objections to having the enormous territory of Rupert's Land within the bounds of the Dominion and under the absolute rule of a British private corporation, the Hudson's Bay company. Accordingly, at the instance of the Dominion, the Imperial parliament in 1868 passed the Rupert's Land Act, providing for the acquisition by the Dominion of the Northwest Territories. In the year 1870 the Northwest Territories were formally added to the Dominion, and Manitoba (which formed part of them) was created a province, and admitted into the Confederation.

In 1905 the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created from a portion of the remainder of the Northwest Territories, and there is still a vast area of valuable territory acquired by the purchase from the Hudson's Bay company vested in the Dominion government awaiting the advance of settlement to a point when the inhabitants of this area will, in their turn, be conceded the privileges of responsible government.



summer's day's work in a house, a porch.

The most important outdoor living on. Have some benches on which to sit, and work of space.

During these better, which will of fighting the we

The commonly "rustic" chair or if you do not care tiling them, they can poles which have sap has stopped, clinging to the wood, peels easily. Paint red-lead paint and do not like this as that made of green. These seat out backs, and so. Whatever you have the seats we tect them from the

Summer-houses really luxuries in joyment can be should have one.

Put the summer mand a view of t undue prominence to cover it. Have inches above the g afternoon tea, or as much or more grown-ups—can pl

Arbors and per well as ornament nearly every garde but many times it a pergola is really leading from one the pergolas built where and lead y however, be very one side of the g the garden and its of a neighbor.

If properly use the beauty of the formal garden, the tops of walls, on or in the angles of and tender plants and I have seen th very effectively.

Water is an al den, but the meth pend entirely upon cheapest way is a pool or fountain pleasure one will.

A small ceme hundred dollars, and pond-lilies, an ing up from the co an inch or so in di very interesting to play with the bal hour without tiri The method of