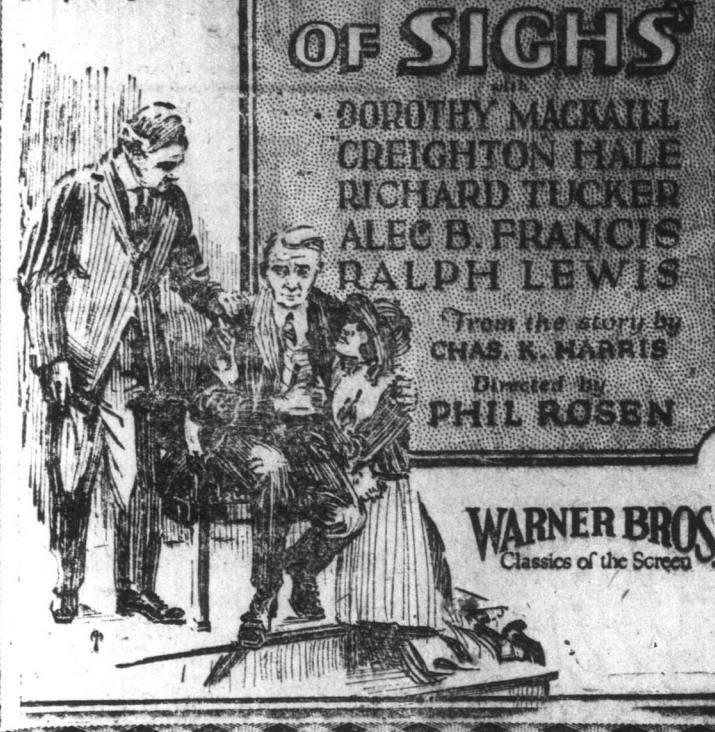


THE NICKEL — THURSDAY

It was her sweet heart's crime for which her father was paying....



Money Prizes at Lottery

It is alleged that those conducting one of the Christmas lotteries have been contravening the permission given for the disposal of fancy goods, by giving money prizes. It is understood that the Judge's permission is subject to certain conditions, one of which is that no money is to be exchanged other than in the purchase of tickets.

Died From Exposure

A message to the Justice Department from Magistrate Summerton of Trinity reports the death from exposure of Wm. Kean, an unmarried man, aged 46 years. The unfortunate victim engaged in trapping on Wednesday last was caught in a storm and becoming exhausted died from exposure. The body has been recovered.

Booked by Rosalind

S.S. Rosalind sails to-morrow for Halifax and New York taking a fair upward freight, consisting mostly of fish and oil and the following passengers: Wm. Warren, Miss Theresa Dunphy, Miss Laura Dunphy, Rev. Canon Bolt, Miss E. V. Bolt, N. Doyle, M. Gatherall, Adrian Canning, Jas. Emberley.

Personal

Rev. Dr. Browne, who has been on a short visit from Washington, D.C., returns by S.S. Rosalind, sailing to-morrow.

CARIBOU SECURED AT BLANC SABON.—Reports from Blanc Sabon state that recently the residents of the place secured twenty-four caribou. It is stated that the appearance of the deer in this vicinity is much earlier than usual.

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Royal Ghosts of Britain

(By A LADY OF THE COURT)

Everybody knows all about the ghosts that haunt the ancient manors and ducal palaces of England and Scotland. Every time the death or wedding of a son or daughter of a haunted British home takes place the family ghost haunts the magazines and newspapers.

The Glamis ghost, for instance, is as familiar in the Far West as in the Vale of Strathmore. But practically unknown to the world at large are the Royal ghosts of Britain. Only a privileged few have heard that there are ghosts in Kensington Palace, that Queen Elizabeth sometimes returns to Windsor Castle, that Buckingham Palace and Richmond also have their own familiar Royal spirits.

It was late one autumn evening, on such a night as ghosts walk abroad, that I was first introduced to some of the Royal ghosts of Britain. With another guest and a lady-in-waiting, I sat at the dinner-table of one of the British Royal Princesses, who has apartments in Kensington Palace, a Princess who is the aunt of King George the Fifth and one of Queen Victoria's daughters. For many reasons I do not give her Royal Highness' name.

"What a lot of ghosts there must be in this old place!" remarked a member of our party.

"Oh, for that matter," laughed the Princess, "I think there are rather few ghosts in Kensington Palace considering its long history. I, personally, only know of two Royal ghosts—Caroline of Brunswick and Queen Mary, wife of William the Third."

"Yet it was here that Queen Victoria first heard she was Sovereign of Britain."

"Yes; but my mother was a young girl when she lived here, and she had no unhappy associations with the place," continued the Princess, and then stopped. For the servants had returned to the room, and it is characteristic of all members of the Royal Family that they will not talk freely before their retainers.

So it was not until the coffee cups had been cleared away that we returned to the subject of ghosts, whereupon her Royal Highness rose from her seat and beckoned us to follow her to her boudoir.

There we settled down round the fire. It was raining hard. The wind moaned fitfully in the old chimney. In the dim light a feeling, not remote from fear, crept over us. Mystery hung in the very atmosphere.

"The spirit of Queen Mary, wife of William of Orange, has frequently been seen in these rooms," declared the Princess. "Only last year a lady-in-waiting to my sister was passing down the corridor of the suite of rooms in which she lived. Suddenly she became conscious of a presence which, though she could not see it, rendered her nervous and fearful. Yet nothing tangible was there to account for her alarm."

"Then, all at once, a tall, stately lady, attired in a flowing black gown and lace veil took form in the waning light. She was carrying a bundle of papers under her arm, some of them heavily sealed. Flitting past, the spectre opened a door, which was always kept locked; then, closing it noisily behind her, she disappeared."

"The lady-in-waiting was so surprised that she hurried off and made inquiries as to the identity of the stranger. No one else had seen her. It was also discovered that the lock of the door had not been recently turned by human hands."

"The room itself, however, gave a clue to the mystery. For it was in the grate of its big fireplace that poor, patient Queen Mary of England spent the whole night, prior to her fatal illness, burning letters and papers, which for some reason known only to herself she wished no other eyes to see."

"She was the most unselfish of queens. Smallpox was prevalent, and she felt she had succumbed to the disease. With her usual consideration for others, she dismissed all the members of her suite who had not had the illness, and spent that long, weary night in the seclusion of this apartment, tearing up and burning papers. No queen had ever been a more devoted wife. And if ever a ghost should walk it ought to be William the Third. For he only realised what he had lost when it was too late."

"The other ghost which haunts this place is Caroline of Brunswick, the unhappy wife of George the Fourth. She strolls in the herb garden, dressed in the fantastic clothes she wore in life—a long, white chemise-like garment, with crimson velvet cloak, and spangled satin shoes."

"Queen Caroline hated Kensington, and was never happy there. She had few friends, and those who did take advantage of her hospitality only came for what they got to eat and drink. Stupid as she was, Caroline declared: 'Unless I show them de knives and de forks no persons will come to Kensington.' She was a little mad, I think, and certainly she was badly treated."

"The ghost of Caroline is supposed to gather flowers and herbs, and she also wanders in the Orangery, the place so favoured by Queen Anne and her courtiers. 'Fat, bold, and fair,' was the description given of her in life. She certainly was not attractive."

"Buckingham Palace is haunted by

George the Third, whose ghost is said to wander in the gardens. It is stated, too, that Queen Victoria can be seen on her birthday, May 24th, standing on the central balcony on which she so often stood during her life to receive the salute of her troops."

"Not a few have been startled by the sudden apparition of this little figure in widow's weeds, a spot of darkness against the great Palace frontage."

"The scene of the execution of Charles I. Whitehall, might reasonably be supposed to be haunted. And so it is, but not by Charles I. Strangely enough, the spirit which returns to the great banqueting-hall, from which the king went to his execution, is the ghost of the Earl of Stratford, not of King Charles. At midnight on January 31st the door at the far end of the great banqueting-hall is said to open, and a sepulchral voice gives the password "Christ," which was used on the night of the Earl of Stratford's execution. You will remember that the execution of this nobleman was supposed to have led, in the end, to the downfall of the king."

"There is a grim story told of how, when repairs were recently carried out in the banqueting-hall, the hollows between the walls were found to be filled with sawdust, presumably the same used at the execution of the king."

"Taking up a little silver candlestick, her Royal Highness beckoned us to follow her down the corridors which led to the apartments occupied by Queen Victoria in her girlhood. They are gloomy and melancholy in aspect. As we passed along I noticed that the tall, deep-set windows were guileless of blinds. Outside, the trees in the grounds tossed their naked branches. It was all very eerie. Somehow I felt we might meet ghosts round any corner."

It seemed strange to me as we followed in the Royal wake that a daughter of Queen Victoria should be conducting such very ordinary personages through her palace; but her action is very typical of British Royalty. There are no snobs near the Throne.

The furniture of Kensington Palace is largely of the period of Queen Anne and William and Mary. Heavy oaken settles bank the corridors, and high-backed, leather-seated chairs, great massive oaken armchairs, Court cupboards, and oak coffers jostle each other beneath priceless tapestries and portraits of dead and gone potentates.

Half-way down the passage our eyes were caught by the figure of a group of dolls—wooden-visaged ladies, attired in the Court dress worn from 1820 to 1836. They were faded and battered relics of splendour, long dimmed and gone, and they gazed at us from their glassy eyes with doleful resignation. Each of them had a card pinned to her robes, presumably bearing the name of the lady she represented.

"Who are they?" I queried of my Royal hostess.

"Oh, they are all dolls of the Princess Charlotte and my mother."

I glanced back at the poor old dolls, relics of the childhood of Queen Victoria and Princess Charlotte. They were particularly interesting as having been the playthings of a young Princess who, had she lived, would have been Queen of England, but who, by dying, left the throne to her cousin Victoria, the greatest queen the world has ever known.

Victoria also inherited from her cousin a large doll's house and a tiny armchair, both of which we passed on our journey down endless corridors before our hostess stopped at last in front of a closed door. For a moment we wondered what ghosts might be in waiting behind that door. What should we see next?

My hair began to stand on end. Perhaps it was the room Queen Mary died in. Perhaps it was in here that Caroline of Brunswick kept the most precious spoils from her still-room—harshorn-drops, eau de luce, Hungary water—

But our hostess soon dispelled all wonderings. Putting the key in the lock and throwing open the door, she said simply:

"It was on this very spot that my mother received the news that she was Queen of Great Britain. I expect you thought I was leading you to a haunted room, but, as I have already told you, my mother had no unhappy associations with Kensington."

Certainly the room was the last sort of place you would expect to be haunted. Airy and simply furnished, with lacy windows and an absence of all the trappings one naturally associates with Royalty, it was a room to live in rather than haunt. St. James's Palace, the residence of the Prince of Wales, is another haunted spot; but it would have scarcely been in good taste to ask a member of the Royal Family to tell the story, because it is connected with the black sheep of the family the Duke of Cumberland, who was a brother of two kings and an uncle of Queen Victoria.

I was told the story of St. James's by a cousin who was an squer to three Sovereigns, and a pall-bearer at Queen Victoria's funeral. It is to him also that I owe my knowledge of the ghosts of Windsor and Hampton Court.

"I was sitting one late spring after-



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noon in the great library at Windsor Castle," he told me. "I was thinking of nothing in particular when I suddenly became aware of a curious presence. I looked up and saw a rather elderly and slight lady, clad in a voluminous hooped skirt and ruff. She was carrying a large, leather-covered book under her arm. I remember her nose perfectly. It was hooked almost like a bird's beak. She appeared to be deeply engrossed in thought, and stood gazing abstractedly out of the oriel window."

"For a moment I was taken aback. There was no one just like her around the castle, and certainly it was not likely anyone would be dressed in these picturesque but out-of-date garments. I spoke to her, and was more surprised than ever to receive no answer. She merely turned round, looked at me as if unaware of my existence, then vanished into thin air, leaving me with a cold, clammy sensation down my spine."

"Collecting my thoughts, I rushed out and told the young officer on duty about the apparition."

"Hallo!" he said. "So you've seen her, too. It was Queen Elizabeth, of course."

"Queen Elizabeth was very fond of the library at Windsor, and particularly fond of the oriel window. In a niche of which she sat in 1583 and completed her wonderful translation of Boethius' 'De Consolatione Philosophiae' in twenty-four hours. As a courtier of hers is reputed to have said: 'The computation falleth out that in four and twenty hours your Majesty began and ended this great work.'"

"Queen Victoria also claimed to have seen the ghost of Elizabeth when sitting in the library one day. On another occasion a young guard-maid, who had seen an elderly lady go into the library, went to tell her it was closing time, but found nobody there. On making inquiries, she was told it must be Queen Elizabeth."

"Little wonder Good Queen Bess haunts the castle. She loved Windsor dearly. When the plague was rife in London she removed her court to Windsor and had a gallows erected in the market-place, where anyone who came to the town unauthorised was strung up without trial."

"Queen Anne is also supposed to haunt Windsor. It was in the alcoves of the library that she heard the news of the victory of Blenheim. 'As for the ghost of St. James's Palace, there are two rooms in that palace which are never opened. They are the scene of a tragedy which occurred during the lifetime of the Duke of Cumberland. One morning, the Duke was found in a state of collapse with a slight wounded hand. The wound was certainly not serious enough to account for his distraught condition. 'A little way down the corridor, in another room, the Duke's valet was found dead, tied to his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear."

"Of course, there was an outcry. 'Who had killed him?' "History will probably never reveal the secret. But undoubtedly suspicion lay heavy on his Royal Highness. As he was the brother of King William and King George, it was an unpleasant supposition, and the nation earnestly prayed that Fate would not send it such a Sovereign."

"These rooms are never opened. But on certain nights it is said that strange noises can be heard coming from their vicinity, noises which sound like voices raised in violent argument. After comes a cry and the sound of a heavy fall. I have heard these noises myself more than once. But nothing would induce me to go up the dark passage where the rooms are situated after dark."

"Bluff King Hal's ghost has been seen occasionally at Hampton Court, hovering around the tennis-court which he so much loved in life. But the real, creepy, hair-raising ghost of that beautiful place is the ghost of Catharine Howard, one of his wives."

"The story goes that the King ordered her arrest, then repaired to

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quest of that peace and happiness which was denied them in life?

Crazed With Liquor

On Saturday night Sergt. Stapleton and a couple of constables were called to Stephen Street, where a sailor, crazed with liquor, was creating a scene. The man, after turning his wife and five children, some in bare feet, out in the snow, barricaded himself in and started to demolish the furnishings. Seeing from an upstairs window the approach of the officers, he smashed out the sash with a chair and issued a warning that if they entered he would brain them. When Sergt. Stapleton stepped up to force an entrance, he threw a chair through the window. It missed the Sergeant's head by a few inches and hit Constable Clarke, fortunately without inflicting serious injury. When the police forced an entrance, everything in the place was torn from all the doors had been torn from their hinges. The man had divested himself of his clothing and quite a tussle ensued before sufficient clothing was put on him to bring him to

the lockup. He appeared before court this morning and was severely reprimanded for his conduct, which merited severe punishment, but for the fact that his wife and children would be the sufferers.

SHIPPING LOCAL AND FOREIGN

S.S. Sachem will probably get away for Halifax and Boston early Wednesday morning.

S.S. Nova Scotia, the new steamer being built for Messrs. Furness Withy & Co. for the Liverpool, St. John's, Halifax, Boston service, will leave Liverpool on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic on May 19th.

S.S. Newton Bay is now en route to this port from St. John, N.B., via Halifax.

S.S. Fidalgo is now en route to this port to load a cargo of fish.

S.S. Pallik, 2½ days from North Sydney, arrived here on Saturday night with a cargo of coal to A. Harvey & Co.

Schr. Jean F. McRae has cleared from this port for Macao with a cargo of fish. The vessel is cleared by Nfld. Produce Co.

S.S. Ceuta berthed at Franklin's premises yesterday where some necessary repairs will be made before the proceeds on her voyage to Hampton Roads.

S.S. Silvia left New York at 9 a.m. yesterday with a large general cargo. She leaves Halifax on Tuesday and is due here on Thursday.

S.S. Rosalind sails to-morrow afternoon.

S.S. Pontia is at Twillingate to-day loading fish, and proceeds from there to Port Union. She will return to St. John's to complete her cargo.

S.S. Hathpool is due to leave Boston to-morrow and is due here Monday next.

S.S. Skipper arrived Saturday at Harbor Buffett with a general cargo to W. Wareham and cleared again for St. Pierre.

S.S. Cape Aquinas arrived at Bellemoram on Dec. 21st with 175 qts. fish from twilling.

S.S. Sable I. has arrived at Curling with general cargo for there, Humbermouth and Corner Brook.

CARIBOU LANDS ONE PASSENGER.—The Caribou arrived at Port aux Basques 3.30 yesterday morning, bringing a big mail and one saloon passenger, viz. Miss R. Doyle. The Caribou is now awaiting the arrival of Sunday's expr.

Vessel Owners Attention

The Western Marine Railway Ltd., Burin, Newfoundland. Require your patronage. Docking Facilities:

Large Cradle:—1000 tons, deadweight capacity.
Small Cradles:—500 tons, deadweight capacity.

Depth of water—18 feet.
Hauling:—35 cents per gross tons.
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25 per cent. of ballast or cargo allowed free of charge if any 30 cents per ton hauling only. We aim to please with service. Address all communications to the Company.

C. F. DODMAN, Eng. and Secy.
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Brown & Polson's Corn Flour
Adds body, while giving richness, delicate smoothness and a most agreeable nutty flavor.

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