

## IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

STORIES OF FOLKS WHO MOVE WITHOUT BODIES.

Local and Modern Instances of Apparitions—St. John People Who Have Seen Things That Nobody Can Explain—Can Science Solve the Problem?

A gentleman suffering from a mental trouble spent some time in St. John last year, leaving the city for his home in New York during the latter part of November. While here he had spent a portion of his time at a private boarding house to which he became much attached. After his departure, the room he had occupied was taken by a lady, who had not been in St. John while he was here, who had never seen him, and had never heard a description of his appearance. She had no idea of what he looked like, and it was out of the question that she should have a correct picture, or indeed any picture, of him in her mind.

Quite recently this lady lay down in this room for a nap and fell asleep. She awoke in a state of great agitation and rushing down stairs said she had had a dream which seemed so real that it frightened her. It seemed to her that the door opened and a gentleman entered, advanced toward the bed and said, "I thought I could not go away without bidding you good-bye." Scarcely had he uttered the words when he fell to the floor and the lady awoke in terror.

Now the curious part of the story is that her description of the man was an accurate picture of the gentleman who had previously occupied the room, and who was then in New York suffering from derangement of mind. Details as to the peculiar appearance of the eyes, the style of the hands, the style of clothing, etc., were faithfully described by her, and the picture was recognized in a moment.

An effort is making to learn it on the day and hour in question the gentleman was in any peculiar mental or physical condition, which, on psychological theories, would account for his appearance in a vision, as it were, in the room in St. John. It is one of the things which can be explained by no known law.

It will be remarked that the man who appeared in this vision, if it were such, was at that time alive. There was no ghost in the case. The only way to account for the affair is that, under certain mental and physical conditions there may be a double entity—the soul may leave the material body and make its presence known in another place.

To illustrate this, I will quote a case of which I made mention in a sketch published a few years ago, but which will be new to many of the readers of PROGRESS now. Mr. K—, a well known lawyer of Westmorland county, had occasion to spend a night in Sakville, at the house of a relative. A lady connected with him by marriage was at that time in St. John, suffering from a temporary derangement of mind. After Mr. K— had retired on the night in question, he lay awake for some time. As he lay, he heard a noise which sounded like the continuous coiling of a rope on the bare floor of an adjoining room. This did not disturb him, for he was a practical man and supposed there was some natural explanation for the sound.

Just as he was about dropping to sleep, he felt a distinct pull at the bed covering as if somebody was endeavoring to draw the covering toward the foot of the bed. He gathered the quilts up toward his chin again, but in a little while they were again pulled by some unseen hand. The same thing happened a third time, after which the invisible visitor ceased to disturb him and he fell asleep.

Some weeks afterward, the lady referred to returned to her home, her mental condition much improved. She still talked a little strangely at times, referring to past hallucinations as if they had been realities. She had, she imagined, talked with departed friends, and had visited places which she described. "I saw you one night," she said to Mr. K—. "You were lying in bed at —'s house and I tried to make you know that I was there, but you would not pay any attention to me, and so I came away."

This may have been a coincidence, or it may not. Who can tell?

Many years ago, Mr. William P—, a member of a well known St. John family, was drowned on his way home from a foreign voyage. One day, long before the news of his death was received, the servant surprised one of the family by saying that he had come home, because she had seen him standing in his room as she came down stairs. She had seen him very distinctly, and had taken a second look to make sure. It was in the middle of the day, and she could even describe the way he was dressed. It was afterwards learned that it was on that day he was drowned, and as nearly as could be learned, allowing for difference of longitude, at the hour of the day when he was seen by the servant.

A year or two ago, a St. John lady was lying awake in her room about midnight with no light burning when she experienced the feeling that many of us have had that somebody whom she could not see, had entered the apartment. It seemed to her that the unseen visitor crossed the room to a certain corner, remained there for a time and went away again. She told her experience in the morning and said that she believed the family owning the house would have had news of some kind. The house had formerly been occupied by a gentleman who was then living in the United States. He had used the room in question as his own and in the corner referred to he had kept a secretary containing important papers. The lady was not aware of all these facts, but she was told them when, on the following day, a telegram announced that the gentleman had died, in a distant city of the United States, at about the hour when the invisible presence was in the room.

I should be very sorry to write anything which would encourage foolish superstition or a fear of ghosts, but it seems to me these stories have

not that tendency. They rather furnish food for thought by showing us how much there is that rises above the logic of modern materialism. I have tried to relate the incidents without enlarging upon them in the last, and if they have been correctly told to me, they need no addition. There is nothing in them to make anybody afraid, but there is much to puzzle those who are inclined to speculate on the mysteries of the world in which we live.

ROSLYNDE.

## THE WRECK OF THE ST. GEORGE.

How a Man from St. John Went to Bathurst and Ran Her on the Rocks.

A few months ago there came from St. John to Bathurst a young lieutenant (not so young in years as in experience) to take command of the good ship *St. George*. It is said that he left St. John for our usually quiet village on account of his health, the weather, perhaps, being too sultry for him, especially in the vicinity of certain boarding houses; or he may have been induced to take this step through an ambitious desire of having a vessel under his sole command. At the first meeting of the shareholders of the *St. George*, amongst whom some ill-feeling had existed, the lieutenant expressed himself as desirous of meeting the views of persons of the most diverse opinions; and, indeed, would not assume the command unless harmony prevailed. As a preliminary, the lights were removed from the ship, with the exception of two, which gave forth but a feeble light easily overlooked on a dark or foggy night. As a consequence of the removal of the lights, a collision occurred in which the *Richard Hinton* went down with all on board. It is also possible that the accident may have been partly owing to the poor watch kept on the *St. George*, the lieutenant and his officers being apparently more intent on listening to and repeating stories of what this one and that one said concerning the management of the ship, than on their proper business. The loss of the *Hinton* caused considerable excitement among the general public, owing to peculiar circumstances in the affair; though apparently very little among the officers of the *St. George*. At any rate the lights were not replaced, and things went on in the same careless and slipshod manner on that vessel.

The next affair of importance was the court-martial of one of the ship's company. Now this court-martial was peculiar in its way, for it appears to have been held in secret, in the presence of the lieutenant, who acted as judge, and the accuser, who acted as prosecutor, in the double capacity of lawyer and jury—of course he was not a real lawyer. Then the court information was given that a verdict of guilty had been found. That was all.

That an occasional sailor was lost made little difference to the lieutenant, who held them in small estimation, and thought that the former captain of the ship greatly erred in his familiarity with them; but now it began to be apparent that there was a great diminution in the number, owing to various causes, chiefly desertion. This eccentric conduct extended even to the proper officers of the ship, and it was evident to everyone except the place-holder—I mean lieutenant—and his favorites, that they would soon be too few men to work the ship. This, indeed, presently came to pass, and the *St. George* having drifted on the rocks, now lies a partial wreck, while the lieutenant wanders disconsolately around the scene of the disaster, perhaps wondering how it all came about, or seeking for the right person on whose shoulders to place the blame.

JACK TAR.

## The Fair Sex of the Eighteenth Century.

We read with no little amazement of the prodigious number of tapestry chairs worked by the Electress Sophia, mother of George I., who left tokens of her nimble fingers to palaces, convents and churches all over the country, which did not prevent this gifted princess from learning five languages, besides being renowned as a clever painter and gardener, as well as a profound philosopher. Caroline, when Princess of Wales, 1796, interested herself in the silkworms kept in the mulberry garden at Chelsea, and was forever knitting.

Later on Queen Charlotte, fond herself of netting, knotting and ribbon work, showed her special interest in needlework by establishing a school for the daughters of clergymen and decayed tradesmen, where silk embroidery was taught as a profession. The pupils worked for their patroness a magnificent bed cover in lilac satin, which was exhibited for a long time at Hampton Court, and another for Lord Howard, in gray silk, embroidered in white and gold spots. It is also well known that at the court of George III. idleness, even in leisure hours, was not tolerated. We are told that when at Windsor castle, the princess, their visitors and attendants were all busy either with pencil, needle or knotting.—*London Queen*.

## A Useful Line in Poetry.

Every student of nouns, pronouns and verbs knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining its grammatical construction. The following shows 27 different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not effected:

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way. The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way. His homeward way the weary ploughman plods. His homeward way the ploughman weary plods. The weary ploughman homeward plods his way. The ploughman, homeward, plods his weary way. His way, the ploughman, homeward, weary plods. His homeward weary way the ploughman plods. Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way. Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way. Homeward, his way the weary ploughman plods. Homeward, his way the ploughman, weary, plods. Homeward, his weary way, the ploughman plods. Homeward, the ploughman plods his weary way. The ploughman, weary, his way, homeward plods. The ploughman, homeward weary plods his way. His weary way, the ploughman homeward plods. His weary way, the homeward ploughman plods. The ploughman, his way, homeward plods. Homeward, the weary ploughman plods his way. The ploughman, weary, his way, homeward plods. The ploughman plods his homeward weary way. The ploughman, weary, his way, homeward plods. Weary, the ploughman his way homeward plods. Weary, his homeward way the ploughman plods.

—*Try Time*

## The Holidays

are over and they are still in the ring with all things in season—Roll Butter, Fresh Eggs, Dunn's Hams and Roll Bacon, Christie's Biscuits, Fruits, Canned goods, etc., at 32 Charlotte St. J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

## ALL ABOUT HUSBANDS.

MISS GOULD MUST GET ONE TO PROTECT HER.

While New York Women Discuss the best way "to manage the animal"—The Great Patti's Husband—Young Mackay's Chances of Becoming One.

New York, Jan. 26.—Next to "Are we going to have a war with Chili?" the question of the hour is, "how to manage a husband?"

Sorosis at its last meeting set the ball a-rolling. Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) opened the debate with an interesting paper on. Resolved, that the happiness of the home depends on the oneness of husband and wife. Sorosis' crack debaters followed her, and somehow or other after the first two or three speeches the wife was lost sight of, and the discussion narrowed down to the husband; and didn't he just catch it, and not a soul to stand up for him, poor man, but one white-haired spinster, who made a weak attempt to say something on his behalf, and was listened to with the patronizing toleration that dearly bought knowledge accords to blissful ignorance.

An astute editor seeing in the rumpus a sweet opportunity to advertise his little sheet, offered a handsome prize to the woman who should send him the best letter on "How to manage a husband," and the matrons are hard at work telling the wives of the future how to get diamonds, seal-skin sashes and Paris gowns out of reluctant and economically-disposed husbands. Over five hundred have been printed, but they might all have been compressed into this:

"Feed them, flatter them; that's the way to foot them."

Poor Helen Gould, the millionheiress debutante, whose feet, if any mortals may, should surely "tread on flowers" finds herself self confronted at the very outset of her social career by a regiment of crank admirers, who with pistols in their hands and packages of dynamite in their pockets, are threatening to murder all her male relatives if she fails to smile upon their respective suits.

There seems but one way to afford efficient protection to this poor rich young woman against the cranks and lunatics who daily threaten her liberty and the lives of her relatives, and that is to find a worthy husband for her. Simple as this course seems, there are going to be unusual obstacles in the way of it. She is so awfully rich that, although she is a sweet, amiable girl who might well be loved for herself alone, the young man who seeks her in marriage, unless he is a Croesus himself, will have to face the imputation of heiress-hunting.

If Papa Gould should decide that a husband would be a more effective protector for his adored daughter than the squad of private detectives he now pays to guard her, he would not need to round up the Gotham eligibles. News of her predilection has gone abroad, and the chances are that the liners now on their way to this city are loaded to the water's edge with English dukes, German barons, and Italian princes who have heard it and are en voyage to the rescue.

The poor little Patti—poor little by the way, it is with us. There is nothing in the bills this time about farwelling, but the professional critics are telling her with a candor that must be maddening to the spoiled songstress, that she really ought to say good-bye as her voice is quite worn out and she is singing to a generation who called in to doctor some silver thread, that had been discovered amongst the raven ones. Intent on doing the very best he could for so distinguished a customer he tried an experiment on Patti's magnificent raven mane in which he had every faith, but to the consternation of every one concerned, instead of producing the expected results it turned the whole crop a brilliant auburn.

One of the most interesting personalities of the day had been concocted, and the story that the wig she was obliged to wear whilst playing blonde characters made her head ache, was unobtrusively accepted until the true one leaked out.

Amongst our *jeunesse doree* is that of Mackay Jr. son of the Western millionaire. The fact that he voluntarily abandoned a university education for a modest place in the business world, proclaims him the son of his father, and the social popularity he has already achieved show that he has inherited the peculiar abilities that elevated his mother to the position of Queen of American society in London and Paris.

He is a tall well-built young man and looks every inch a gentleman, in spite of the McAllister estimate that "it takes four generations reared in leisure and luxury to make one." To ancestral backing he owes nothing, for his father was just a common, everyday handler of pick and spade until he drifted into a lucky speculation, and his mother just as certainly was the popular mistress of a miner's boarding house, that prospered because she understood so well how to cook the substantial dishes that tickle the palates of hard-working men.

As Mackay has only two children to inherit his great wealth, this young man is away up in the matrimonial market,—"the highest top sweetening of them all" in fact. It will take the wisdom of the serpent, and the combined cunning of all the rest of the animal kingdom, to keep him clear of the matrimonial traps and snares, with which his path will be beset. Last week he gave a banquet in his own apartments to Maria Van Zandt the famous singer. This plainly indicates that he proposes to remain "lord of himself." The attention that the guided youth pays to actresses and professional singers are his Declaration of Independence. They declare that he adores women, but has no present intention of contracting his homage within the narrow scope that looks only to matrimony.

HERMIA.

## A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with PROGRESS.

We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently.

We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned.

The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it.

We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our Stock is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times.

Our Type is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select.

Our Presses are new and the best.

Our Workmen are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal.

We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

## PROGRESS PRINT.

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That's what they say of a good Dictionary such as PROGRESS offers with a year's subscription

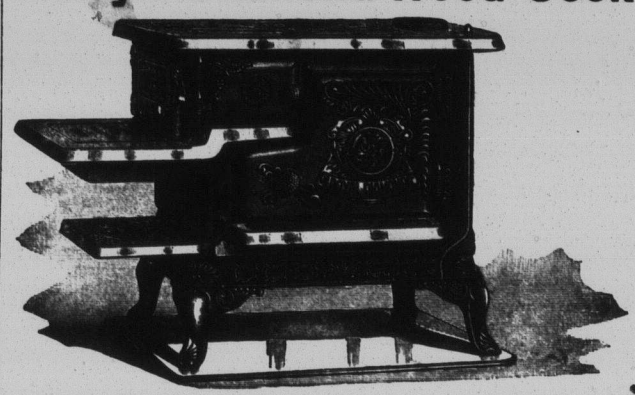
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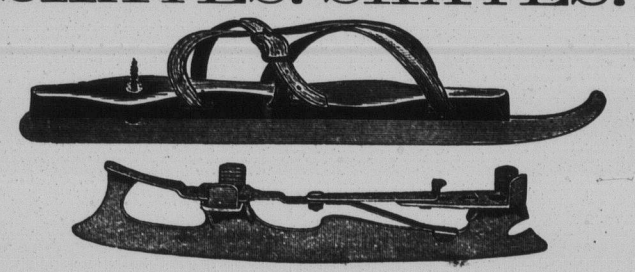


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Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st. 1891.

## REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKY.

Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyshire, Scotland.

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I have carefully analyzed and tested the Islay Whisky, and am of the opinion that it is a Very High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which render the majority of Whiskies deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a portion of the Whisky being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article. (Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1890.

Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & CO.'S "ISLAY BLEND" of Whisky, received on the 24th inst.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & CO.'S "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKY, and I find that it is a pure Whisky, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whisky. (Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY

T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.