

great majority, but the ghost still walks. The newspaper men who have taken over the building, look upon the familiar more philosophically than did the Hudson's Bay man.

"He's a regular nuisance," Clarke will tell you in confidence. "We hear queer noises at night. The casements and windows rattle and those infernal moccasins swish, but nothing is ever seen. Naturally disembodied spirits have privileges that ordinary mortals have not, and this one seems to have gained a knowledge of the printing business since we came here. We have never been able to understand how certain articles got into the paper under the old management. There was one calling a representative of His Majesty the King, 'a bewhiskered monstrosity,' there was another abusing a certain editor of Vancouver and others falling foul of well-known politicians. The ghost must be held accountable for them, not us, for we never wish to say a harsh word against anyone. And in future, when anything scathing or needlessly abusive appears in the *Standard*, we can but blame that other fellow—the ghost."

P. S.—Since this truthful story was written, Editor Clarke has gone, but the ghost lingers.