

GHOSTS.

An Account of Some Remarkable Manifestations.

...SOCIETY—Estab... 1856; incorp... 1840. Meets in... 92 St. Alexan... Monday of the... meets last Wed... Rev. Director... P.P.; President... 1st Vice-Pres... 2nd Vice, E... W. Durack... Secretary, W. J... Secretary, T. P.

A. AND B. SO... the second Sub... in St. Patrick's... ander street, at... ttee of Manage... hall on the... ry month, at 8... Rev. Jas. Kil... H. Kelly; Rec... elly, 13 Valie

B. SOCIETY... Rev. Director... President, D... J. F. Quim... street; treasur... S St. Augustin... the second Sun... in St. Ann's... and Ottawa... m.

A. Branch 26... November, 1883... St. Patrick's... nder street, on... ch month. The... transaction... on the 2nd and... ch month at 8... ers: Spiritual... Killoran; Chan... President, J... ce-President, J... e-President, J... g Secretary, R... derdale Ave.; A... W. J. Macdon... J. J. Coslin... street; Treas... Marshal, J... J. O'Regan;... W. A. Hodg... Gahan. T... Advisers, Dr... E. J. O'Con...

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...illa, N.Y., July 3... ncial Act of the... re, June 9, 1878... ncreasing rapidly... 000 paid in... ber 25th, 1894...

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...ELLS... (Logo) Shane's (Logo) more, N.A., U.S.A.

...COMPANY... (Logo) YORK CITY.

...MURCH BELLS... (Logo) ITORS.

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Ghosts? Do you not remember, reader, how in the days of our childhood our young blood was chilled and we went to bed all a quake from grandfather's recitals of banshees, fatal knocks, leprochans, the headless coach, and wandering spooks of various sorts, given with great unction, and ingeniously regardless of our harrowed feelings? And you remember when we had outgrown our childish dread of the fo-fa-tum department irreverent laughter was the only thing that greeted the old man's fearsome yarns, to his disgust. Yet ghosts are such a venerable institution that they must not be dealt with lightly. Plutarch and other ancient writers give many instances in contradiction of the idea that behind the gates of death lies an "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and we know how thoroughly the modern spook has been exploited. Some remarkable and apparently inexplicable cases of "apparitions" have been noted in modern times, and of these perhaps one of the most remarkable is that of the

WYNARD GHOST STORY.

The facts of this remarkable story are as follows:

Sir John Sherbrooke and General Wynyard—dignities to which they afterwards arrived—were at one period young officers in the same regiment employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. They were, it is related, both of a studious turn, and this similarity of tastes produced a friendship between them, all the dearer and more intimate as it afforded to either a refuge from the whirl of dissipation that was going on around them. It was their common habit to retire from the mess room immediately after dinner, and betake themselves to the apartments of one or other of them, where they would sit together for hours, each employed upon his own studies.

Such was the case on the day of our story, when they met in the rooms belonging to Wynyard. It was about four o'clock, the afternoon was bright and clear, with far too much of daylight remaining to veil any spectral illusion. Both, too, had abstained entirely from wine, a circumstance of some importance in regard to what is to follow, as is also the arrangement of Wynyard's chamber. It had only two doors, one of them leading into the outer passage, the other into the bedroom from which there was no second way of egress; or, in other words—for this matter cannot be made too clear, it was impossible to go in or out of the bed chamber, except by passing through the sitting room.

They were both sitting at the same table, occupied, as usual, when Sherbrooke, happening to look up from his book, was surprised to see a tall, emaciated youth, of about twenty years of age, standing beside the door that opened into the passage. There was something—it might be difficult to say what—so striking or so unusual in the stranger's appearance that he almost involuntarily called the attention of his friend by slightly touching his arm, and pointing with his finger to where the figure stood. But no sooner had Wynyard raised his eyes and fixed them on the strange visitor than he became agitated in a most extraordinary manner.

"I have heard," Sir John Sherbrooke was wont to say, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

Both for a while remained silent, the other one under the influence of some untold but powerful feeling; the other from surprise at his friend's profound emotion, which in some degree became communicated to himself, and made him also regard their strange visitant if not with awe, with something very much akin to it.

While the two friends continued to gaze, unable to speak or move, the apparition—if it were an apparition—began to glide slowly and noiselessly across the chamber. In passing them it cast a melancholy look upon young Wynyard, and immediately afterwards seemed to enter the bedroom, where it was lost to sight. No sooner were they relieved of the oppression produced by this extraordinary presence than Wynyard, as if again restored to the powers of breathing, drew a heavy sigh, and murmured, as it seemed, unconsciously, "Great God! my brother!"

"Your brother?" repeated Sher-

broke. "What can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; but follow me and we'll soon know the truth of it."

In saying this he caught his friend's hand and preceded him into the bedroom, from which, as we have already observed, all egress was impossible. Great, therefore, was the surprise of Sherbrooke at least—upon was born in the house and destroyed finding that the room was absolutely untenantable, though he still believed they had been mocked by some illusion.

Wynyard, on the contrary, was now confirmed in his first impression that he had actually seen the spirit of his brother. Neither of them was wholly satisfied with his own opinion in a case where the reason and the senses were so much at variance, but in the hope that time might, one way or the other, afford a clue to the mystery, they took a note of the day and the hour.

As the impression of this strange event grew fainter upon the minds of the two ghost-seers, not only did Sherbrooke become more confirmed in his idea that some trick had been played on them, but even Wynyard strongly inclined to agree with him. At no time does it seem to have entered into the head of either that the whole thing might be the illusion of their own senses, and not the practice of others. Taking it for granted that they had seen something, the only question was as to what that something might be—a real spirit or a deception?

And they now adopted the opinion in spite of all the improbabilities connected with it, that it was a spirit, for it certainly was difficult to understand how a human being could have escaped from a room that, upon the narrowest search, had no outlet, and not less so to comprehend by what means anyone could have so closely personated the absent brother as to deceive Wynyard himself; yet both these difficulties must be removed before the fact of human agency could be admitted.

Although convinced that the whole was a trick, Wynyard could not help feeling great anxiety to hear some news from England concerning his favorite brother. That news came all too soon.

The first ships reaching Nova Scotia—it was in the days before the telegraph—could bring no news of the kind desired, inasmuch as they had sailed from England a little before the appearance of the real or supposed spirit. At length the vessel, so long and anxiously waited for, did arrive bringing letters.

There were no letters for Wynyard, but there was one for Sherbrooke, in which he was desired to break the sad news that Wynyard's favorite brother was dead! Moreover, the letter detailed particulars which went to show that Wynyard's brother had died on the day and at the hour of the apparition to the two friends!

There is a curious sequel to the story. Time went on, years passed, and Sherbrooke returned to England. He had almost forgotten the story of the apparition when it was suddenly revived by an apparition of another kind. He was one day walking with two friends in Piccadilly, when, lo and behold! on the opposite side of the street appeared the perfect image of his Nova Scotia spirit, except that it was neither so pale nor so emaciated.

"Now, then," he said to himself, "we shall have this singular affair unravelled."

And forthwith he darted across the way and at once accosted the stranger, excusing the liberty he was taking by a hasty narrative of the circumstances which had led to it, and dwelling not a little upon his supposed resemblance to the supposed phantom. The gentleman accepted the apology with polite frankness, but declared that he had never been out of England, and therefore could have been no party to any deception, such as that implied, even if he had been so inclined. "For the likeness," he added, "you will no longer be surprised at it when I tell you that I am the twin brother of him whose spirit you imagine to have seen in Nova Scotia. When he was living we were always considered to bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other."

The mystery of the apparition in Nova Scotia has remained a mystery. But, good reader, I am not satisfied with so tame a sample of the ghost world as that above dealt with. Like the fat boy in "Pickwick," when that remarkable youth made revelations to the old lady in the ar-

bor, "I want to make your flesh creep!" and I do not think I can get nearer to that desirable end than by relating to you the RICKETTS' GHOST STORY which at one time made a profound sensation.

My story says that Mr. L., related to Lord S., was an atrociously libertine. He was aided and abetted in all his evil ways by an old butler named Robin, who was distinguished by a remarkably hoarse, deep-toned voice. Mrs. L. was known to be very unhappy, very ill-used, and was very seldom seen by the neighborhood, who were deterred from visiting at that house by the character of the master. In the course of events, it was said, a child was born in the house and destroyed by the agency of the butler. It is not clear how the household eventually came to be broken up. Old Robin, it is said, came to an untimely end and the owner growing disgusted with the house, left it.

"Be that as it may," says the lady of quality who tells the story in her diary. "The house was to be let and was hired by Captain Ricketts for the reception of his family during his long absence from England, either on the East or West India Station. When he sailed, Mrs. Ricketts, with three young children and a very small establishment, removed to her new residence. She was not long to remain in peace.

I do not precisely remember how long it was before her quiet was disturbed; but I think it was only a few days after her arrival that, sitting alone one evening about nine o'clock, she was quite startled by the singular feror expressed by her cat; the animal darted from its slumbers on the hearth, made a piteous cry, and, after running round the room as if wishing to escape, darted to its mistress and rolling itself up in the train of her gown, lay there panting and exhausted.

Mrs. Ricketts was rising to summon a servant when her ear was struck by a tremendous noise in the room overhead—it had the sound of tearing up the boards of the floor with the utmost violence and throwing them about. In a moment the servants, alarmed, rushed into the room. Mrs. Ricketts, who was a woman of resolute spirit, headed the party to explore the room from which the sounds appeared to proceed, but on entering nothing was seen, and the operations seemed to have shifted to another apartment.

The whole house was searched without effect, and the noise continued a considerable time, varying its apparent station as it was approached.

The next night the annoyance was renewed, and after the floor-breaking ceased, three voices were heard distinctly—that of a female and two males—ones of these so remarkably hoarse and dissonant that one of the servants, who was from the neighborhood, exclaimed, "That is like the voice of wicked old Robin." The female seemed to plead in agony for some boon; one of the men seemed to answer in a mournful, grave tone, and the deep, hoarse voice sounded angrily and positively. No distinct words could be made out, but now and then the voices seemed so close that, as old Mrs. Gwyn described it, "you would have thought that by putting out your hand you would have touched the speaker's"; to this succeeded a strain of soft aerial music, and the whole ended by a series of dreadful piercing shrieks.

Next day the whole establishment gave warning, and were reluctantly dismissed by Mrs. Ricketts, who took the precaution of making them sign their names as witnesses to a short account which she noted in a book in which she afterwards kept a regular journal, of the transactions of each night, continuing the practice of making every servant she dismissed (and she seldom prevailed on one to remain long with her), as well as the few guests whom compassion for her forlorn state induced to come to her, sign their names for a testimony of what they heard—for nothing was ever seen.

I am not sure whether these horrors were repeated every night, but certainly so frequently as to leave Mrs. Ricketts neither peace nor quiet, and to produce agitation which affected her health. She had been in this state more than a twelvemonth when Mrs. Gwyn came to pay her a visit. She was very much shocked at the altered appearance of Mrs. Ricketts. She had flattered herself that the accounts which she had received from her friend were exaggerated.

However, when the usual period arrived the whole routine went on, and Mrs. Gwyn was terrified to a degree which left her only in astonishment that Mrs. Ricketts could have endured so much and so long. I remember her saying that the first burst of noise was as loud as if three or four



carpenters had been employed; the whispering conversation often seemed to be close to her ear; the soft music she compared to the tones produced by a then celebrated player of the musical glasses (Cartwright), and the shrieks which closed the whole so sharply as to rend the ear. I remember the comparison the more distinctly because I had been taken a few days before to hear the performance of Cartwright on the musical glasses.

Mrs. Gwyn, though very sufficiently scared, would have remained with her friend the few days she had promised if her maid, a valuable, faithful servant, had not been so ill by terror that she could not in common charity oblige her to remain after the second night, when a repetition occurred. She therefore pursued her journey after having added her signature to the book, which she described as then containing many pages. I remember that my aunt asked her if Mrs. Ricketts would publish this book, and she said that should her friend survive Sir John Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent) and Colonel Luttrell (afterwards Lord Carhampton), she believed it was her intention to do so. Mrs. Ricketts died some years ago at a very advanced age.

Mrs. Gwyn then went on to relate the substance of a correspondence she kept up with Mrs. Ricketts, recording a circumstance which took place not long after she left her.

The bedroom which Mrs. Ricketts occupied was separated from the nursery by a wide passage, the doors of the two rooms being exactly opposite. Mrs. Ricketts slept alone, and had a light burning on the hearth. One night, soon after she was in bed, she heard a heavy foot leap (as it seemed to her) from the window seat and walk slowly to the side of her bed, where it stopped. The curtain was drawn on that side, and she instantly threw herself out of the opposite side, next the door, and, standing in the doorway to prevent anyone from escaping, called for the nurse. The alarm was instantly given. While the nurse remained with her mistress upon guard, the nursery-maid summoned the rest of the servants. A strict search was then made, but nothing could be found to account for the sound which had roused Mrs. Ricketts.

Next day an old carpenter of the neighborhood desired to speak to her, and to mention a circumstance which had occurred during the residence of Mrs. L. He had been employed and well paid by old Robin, the butler, for a job which was done in his presence and after every other person in the house was asleep. It was to take up a plank in one of the bedrooms, and saw away a joint so as to give room for a small coat box about two feet long, which the old butler deposited under the floor, and then the carpenter restored the plank and joined it as well as he could. He said he had been sworn to secrecy, but as the parties were dead and gone, he thought he might safely mention a circumstance which he could not help believing might have some concern with the disturbances.

Mrs. Ricketts made him lead the way, and he went to her apartment, and, lifting up the carpet at the very spot where it appeared to her the heavy step had passed, he showed her the joining of the plank; by her desire it was taken up, and the joint, according to his account, was found removed and an empty space remained sufficient to contain such a box as he had described. If it had been there it had been removed; no trace

of it remained. You may suppose what the box was suspected to contain.

The only other event I can recollect was the return of Sir J. Jervis to England, his visit to his sister, Mrs. Ricketts, his grief at finding her in such a state of health and nerves, and his determination to remove her from a place where, he was convinced, there was some foul play. He took upon himself the risk of the displeasure of Captain Ricketts, who had expended a large sum in settling his family, and whose apprehended censure had deterred his wife from quitting the residence where he had placed her. Sir John would not even suffer his sister to sleep another night under the roof, but removed her and her children to a farmhouse in the neighborhood with every servant belonging to them.

He determined with his friend Colonel Luttrell, to watch through the night; and detect the imposture which he was convinced had been carried on. The ground floor consisted of a large hall and two parlors, one on either side. In these parlors the friends, well armed and lighted, established themselves, and at the usual hour the noises began. They both rushed into the hall, each angrily accusing the other of an attempt to play a foolish trick; but as soon as they met they were aware the noise came from other quarters; the plank-tearing, the whispering, the soft music, the shrieks went on in the usual succession, and after an active search all over the house they were obliged to acknowledge themselves baffled.

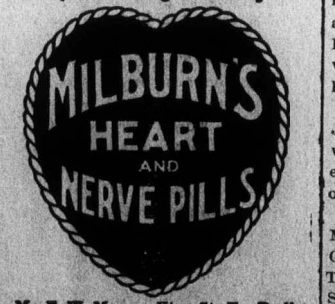
Mrs. Ricketts never returned to the house except for a few mornings which were devoted to packing, etc. One of these mornings she sat down to rest in the housekeeper's room. Her brother sat with her, leaning against a large press which had just been emptied of its contents. They were both startled by a noise close to their ears, which she compared to that of dry bones being rattled in a box. Sir John threw open the door of the press exclaiming, "The devil is here and we shall see him." However, nothing appeared, and this forms the last link of my chain.

A young friend, who saw much of Lord St. Vincent in his latter days, told me he was extremely angry when ever the subject was alluded to; and Mrs. Gwyn said Mrs. Ricketts was ever averse to the discussion though she never refused to answer any question put to her.

And now, having told my tale, I must profess my utter disbelief of any supernatural agency. Had I written this during the first fifteen, nay, perhaps, twenty, years of my life, I could not have made such a declaration; for the story was a nightmare of my existence, from the age of eleven to that of discretion—if I ever have attained that happy period. I consider it as one of the best planned and executed deceptions I ever heard of, for whatever purpose it might have been wrought, I do not believe the plot has ever been discovered, though the general idea is, I think, that it was to further that purposes of a gang of smugglers.

But all that happened long before the days of Maskelyne and Cook, and long before any one would have been likely to draw upon the resources of science in order to carry on such a deception; and it is hard, indeed, in the face of the details to understand how two men, such as Lord Vincent and Lord Carhampton, could have been hoodwinked so thoroughly by the devices of mere smugglers. However, the mystery of the Ricketts ghost still remains a mystery.—Dublin Freeman.

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JACQUES CARTIER.

Status of Discoverer of Canada to be Erected at St. Malo

On the twenty-third of July next, in the little French coast town of St. Malo, a fête in honor of Jacques Cartier will be held under distinguished auspices.

A committee of Frenchmen in Canada and France was recently formed to erect an imperishable monument to the famous French-Canadian in his native town. They entrusted the work of creating a statue to the sculptor, Georges Bateau, and the monument, which is characterized by great vigor and boldness, will be placed on the ramparts of the old Breton city facing the ocean Cartier braved and conquered.

The committee, which is a thoroughly representative one, comprising the following: Honorary President, M. Thompson, Minister of Marine; Count Melchior de Vogue, of the French Academy; M. Paul Deschamps, Deputy of the French Academy; Prince Roland Bonaparte; Sir Wilfrid Laurier and M. Charles Jounjan, Mayor of St. Malo. President M. Louis Tiercelin, vice-presidents, MM. Houitte de la Chesnais and Edmond Louis Tiercelin, vice-presidents, MM. also act on the committee.

In the inauguration ceremony not only the people of Brittany, but all France will participate, and all Canadians, without distinction of race or creed, are particularly invited. Special invitations have been addressed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to the Mayors of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, to the Premier of the Province of Quebec, to M. de la Roche, rector of Laval University; Dr. Peterson, principal of McGill University; Dr. Dawson, president of the Royal Society of Canada; M. Adjuitor Rivard, president of the Societe du Bon Parler Francais; M. Louis Frechette, Mr. W. Chapman, Mr. Jacques Cartier, of Saint Antoine; Mlle. Hortense Cartier, daughter of the late Sir George Etienne Cartier. No relation exists between Mr. Cartier of St. Antoine, Mlle. Hortense Cartier and the discoverer of Canada, it having been definitely established that Jacques Cartier had no descendants. The committee has specially invited this lady and gentleman, however, because they bear the same name.

The celebration is to begin at ten o'clock on the morning of July 23, with a memorial Mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, in the course of which a panegyric on Jacques Cartier will be pronounced by one of the most notable preachers of the Church. The official programme of the fête will be as follows: Afternoon, erection of the statue on the ramparts, speeches by the principal invited guests, M. Tiercelin, president; M. Jounjan, the Mayor of St. Malo; M. de Vogue, of the French Academy, the Hon. Adelaïde Turgeon (representing the Government of Quebec); the Hon. Mr. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General of the Dominion (representing the Government of Canada), and M. Theodore Botrel. The last named will recite at the foot of the monument a poem specially composed by him for the occasion. Mr. Frechette and Mr. Chapman, Canadian poets, will doubtless also respond to the call made by the committee. If they cannot assist at the celebrations, they will at least contribute poems to be recited at the foot of the statue.

In the evening a gala soiree will be held at the municipal casino, as well as a concert in which M. and Mme. Botrel will take part. The town will be illuminated and a popular fête held.

On the following day the house Jacques Cartier inhabited at Parame will be visited, and a memorial plate erected by the archaeological society of Saint Malo. It is possible that the Minister of Marine will represent the French Government at these celebrations. The north fleet will be in port at Saint Malo and will share in the fête. The ships are to be illuminated at night. The place chosen for the erection of the statue is that part of the ramparts known as "La Hollande," where an ancient cannon may yet be seen. The statue overlooks the whole port and will be visible from all points.

I must not worry in my work, or fret to lay down my cross. I am not forgotten.

Begin your life-work betimes; it is said to be sowing your seed when you should be reaping your harvest.