

VERY QUEER BUT TRUE.

SOME STRANGE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Instances Where the Dead Appeared and Spoke to Friends—John Blaney's Ghost—The Captain's Son—The Visitor to the Play House.



THE truth of the following stories of the supernatural is vouched for by an English author. They are selected from a collection made to prove certain theories, but published in this form are none the less interesting. The first is told by an English lady, who graphically describes her experience on the night when a friend died. The narrative is a thrilling one, as are most of those given below. Some of them are not unlike the experiences of St. John people published in *PROGRESS* a year or two ago.

At the Hour he Died.

On the evening of March 13th, 1879, I was dressing myself to go to a dinner party at Admiralty House, Vittoriosa, Malta. I had accepted Admiral and Mrs. —'s invitation, much against my will, as a dear friend was lying seriously ill at Brighton. However, the latest accounts had been so cheering and hopeful that I had allowed myself to be persuaded by my husband into going. An eerie feeling was creeping over me in an unaccountable manner, but I tried to throw it off, and succeeded in doing so to a certain extent; still, something made me turn my head round and stare into my husband's dressing-room, which opened into mine. I distinctly saw a hand waving backwards and forwards twice. I rushed into the room—it was empty. Soon afterwards my husband came upstairs, and I told him what I had seen, but he put it down to "nerves."

As we crossed the water the cool night air seemed to revive me, and I began to laugh at myself for letting my imagination play such tricks. We got home, somehow, and I dragged myself upstairs to my room, and commenced undressing. Whilst taking down my hair I distinctly felt a hand pass over my head and neck as if some one was assisting me. I told my husband—to be again laughed at. I knelt to say my prayers. Instead of praying (as I had been used to do) for God to make my friend well, I, without any thought of my own, prayed that he might be taken out of his misery. I went to bed. Something came and lay beside me. I clung to my husband, who tried to calm me, assuring me there was nothing there to hurt or frighten me. A cold mouth seemed to freeze on my cheek, and I distinctly heard, "Good-bye, Sis, good-bye," in my friend's well-known voice. Still my husband declared he could hear nothing. I said, "I am sure Mr. Abbott is dead." My husband said I was hysterical and overwrought, drew me towards him, and held my hand till I fell asleep—for I suppose it was a dream and not a vision I had. Be this as it may, I saw my friend come into my room: a livid mark was across his face. He was dressed in a night-shirt, and his feet were bare. He came and sat beside me—told me he was dead—that he had left me some money, and before he died had wished to make some alteration in his bequest, but the end had come so soon he had not time to do so. He repeated his "Good-bye," kissed me, and disappeared.

I told my husband of my dream and marked the date. Five days afterwards a letter with a deep black border came to me from my friend's brother, telling me his brother had passed away at ten o'clock, March 13. Allowing for the difference of time, Mr. Abbott must have come to me either just before or just after his death. The legacy left me was as he had stated, also the fact that he had intended to make a change as regarded it, but though the lawyer was sent for he came too late.

John Blaney's Ghost.

On the 10th of April, 1889, at about half-past nine o'clock a. m., writes a resident of Lissadell, Sligo, my younger brother and I were going down a short flight of stairs leading to the kitchen to fetch food for my chickens, as usual. We were about half way down, my brother a few steps in advance of me, when he suddenly said—"Why, there's John Blaney; I didn't know he was in the house!" John Blaney was a boy who lived not far from us, and he had been employed in the house as half-boy not long before. I said I was sure it was not he (for I knew he had left some months previous on account of ill-health), and looked down into the passage, but saw no one. The passage was a long one, with a rather sharp turn in it, so we ran quickly down the last few steps and looked around the corner, but nobody was there, and the only door he could have gone through was shut. As we went upstairs my brother said, "How pale and ill John looked, and why did he stare so?" I asked what he was doing. My brother answered that he had his sleeves turned up, and was wearing a large green apron, such as the footmen always wear at their work. An hour or two afterwards I asked my maid how long John Blaney had been back in the house. She seemed much surprised, and said, "Didn't you hear, miss, that he died this morning?" On inquiry we found he had died about two hours before my brother saw him. My mother did not wish that my brother should be told this, but he heard of it somehow, and at once declared that he must have seen his ghost.

Saw Him at the Play.

On the evening of Saturday, April 26th, 1890, writes another lady, I was engaged with my sister and other friends in giving an amateur performance of "The Antigone," at the Westminster Town Hall. A passage led down to several dressing-rooms used by the ladies who were taking part in the representation, and nowhere else. None of the public had any business down this passage; although a friend came to the door of the dressing-room once to speak to some of us.

I was passing from one dressing-room to another, a few steps further along the pas-

sage, just before going to the stage, when I saw in the passage, leaning against the door-post of the dressing-room which I had left, a Mr. H., whom I had met only twice, but whom I knew very well by sight, and as an acquaintance, though I had heard nothing of him for two years. I held out my hand to him, saying, "Oh, Mr. H., I am so glad to see you." In the excitement of the moment it did not occur to me as odd that he should have come thus to the door of the dressing-room—although this would have been an unlikely thing for a mere acquaintance to do. There was a brilliant light and I did not feel the slightest doubt as to his identity. He was a tall, singular-looking man, and used to wear a frock coat buttoned unusually high round the throat. I just observed this coat, but noticed nothing else about him specially except his face. He was looking at me with a sad expression. When I held out my hand he did not take it, but shook his head slowly without a word, and walked away down the passage—back to the entrance. I did not stop to look at him, or to think over this strange conduct, being in a great hurry to finish dressing in time.

Next day, as a number of us were talking over the performance, my sister called out to me, "You will be sorry to hear that Mr. H. is dead." "Surely not," I exclaimed, "for I saw him last night at 'The Antigone.'" It turned out that he had been dead two days when I saw the figure.

"My Boy is Drowned."

Sailors are accredited with being the most superstitious community it is possible to come across, writes an old tar: Well, I suppose they are, and, though I don't reckon that I am much of a believer in the supernatural, I'd like just to relate a little yarn of what befell me some years ago. I was commanding the *Grenadier* in 1883, and on the 2nd of September we were caught in a terribly heavy gale. I had been up on the bridge full of anxiety, all day and all night, and when next morning broke I went to lie down on the couch in my chart-room for a little spell of rest. I fell asleep almost immediately, and had a dream. I dreamt that I saw a steamer laboring in a fearful sea, and whilst I looked I recognized her as vessel named the *Inchutha*, which was commanded by my eldest son George, whose figure I could distinctly make out, swathed in oilskins upon the bridge. The vessel was being cruelly knocked about by the surges, and I held my breath in my sleep as I watched her. Suddenly a towering billow came rushing down upon her, and swept like an avalanche of foam over her stern. She staggered like a wounded deer, and before she could recover herself a second wave, heavier even than the first, careered wildly over her. I saw her dark outline lingering a moment amid the boiling yeast, then her funnel and masts settled out of sight, and she had vanished from off the raging waters. I woke with a start, and, rushing up on the bridge, cried to the mate, "My boy is drowned! my boy is drowned!" And from that day to this the vessel has been never more heard of.

A Duel on a Tight Rope.

In Dublin, at the beginning of the century, there were two rivals in the art of rope-dancing, a Frenchman named Perote, and an Italian, Signor Sartiucco, who, after trying in every way to outvie each other, agreed to perform together in a "dance of friendship." The two men on the rope were in the full dress of the period, with lace ruffles, bagwigs, and swords. Signor Sartiucco in beginning seemed to have some difficulty with his feet, which Perote perceiving, caused him to make some remark which aroused the Italian's anger, who raised his hand as if to strike; the same instant Perote's rapier was drawn, and before the audience could comprehend that they had quarrelled, Sartiucco's sword was out also, and the two were thrusting at each other on the tight-rope. Both were good swordsmen, but Perote was the better of the two. He ward off the Italian's thrusts with his rapier, till Sartiucco, making one desperate lunge received a backstroke which threw him off his balance, and at the same time attempted to grapple with his enemy. Down he went, and down went Perote, and there was the Italian hanging on the rope by his feet and the Frenchman holding on to it by both hands, when the latter, with a face of triumph, cried, "Look, ladies and gentlemen, at the straps attached to his shoe heels and passed over the rope! There is how he has made himself safe, and dared to pretend he surpassed me, whose life was spent on the rope, and whose great-grandfather performed before Henry IV." By this time the spectators had rushed with ladders and and leather beds and got both men safely down. Sartiucco's exposure, however, prevented his further success, and he quickly disappeared from the city.

Marriage Laws in the States.

There are several states in America in which the age at which young people may marry is as early as fourteen in the male and twelve in the female; but elsewhere the ages vary considerably, the highest being in Washington and Montana, where no man can marry before twenty-one, no woman before eighteen. Impatient young couples in these states, however, can easily cross the border and get married elsewhere, the rule being that a locally valid marriage is valid everywhere. Important exceptions to this rule, however, exist. Marriage may be solemnized in all the states by any minister of the Gospel; but in most states he must be ordained or licensed. In some a "common law marriage" is valid—that is, a marriage entered into by mutual agreement of a man and woman to live together as husband and wife, without any ceremony being performed or public declaration being made. South Carolina has no divorce laws.

Questions for Somebody.

Do you think you could love the young man who sneers at his mother and sister? Do you think you could love the young man who does not take the trouble to look his nearest when he comes to see you? Do you think you could love the young man who forgets to remove his hat when he is talking to you in the hallway or on the veranda?

Do you think you could love the young man who is never thoughtful of your comfort, but only of his own?

Do you think you could love the young man who while professing love to you speaks about you in a careless way?

Why He Let the Baby Fall.

A young curate, who had recently taken orders, was appointed to a church where the vicar was extremely energetic, so much so, that when he had been there six months he had never had a chance of preaching. This, he thought, was very hard lines, as he felt sure that he had the making of a great orator in him. One day, however, his vicar told him that there would be a child to christen the next Sunday afternoon, and that as he (the vicar) would be engaged elsewhere, it would be left to the curate to conduct the service. "Now," he thought to himself, "it is not allowed to preach, I will at least avail myself of this opportunity to let some portion of the congregation know what my oratorical powers are."

The eventful afternoon arrived, the child's father, mother, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers stood round the font. The service went very well until he had to take the child in his arms. He took hold of it as though it were a torpedo, and then delivered himself of this oration:—

"My dear brethren, before I proceed to christen this child I would like to address a few words to the sponsors as to its future welfare. It is an old saying and a true one that the child is father to the man. Now, this infant I hold in my arms may, if properly trained, rise to great eminence. He might one day, if well brought up, get into parliament and become a second Disraeli or Gladstone, and pass such laws as would be of benefit to the whole of the British Empire. Or, again, he might become a great soldier and emulate the deeds of Bonaparte or Wellington. Should he go into the church he might eventually become Archbishop of Canterbury or a great missionary, and be the means of converting thousands of souls."

"If he enters the medical profession, why should he not be a Jenner or a Pasteur or a man like Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood? Should he turn his attention to commerce, what is there to prevent him from becoming Lord Mayor of London?"

"As a scientist he might be a Newton or a Faraday. What is the child's name?"

"Mary Anne, please, sir."

The baby fell.

Why Druggists Sell Stamps.

New York people, and indeed strangers in Gotham, instinctively go to the nearest drug store when in a hurry for a postage stamp. The idea is that druggists keep stamps when other stores do not, and the idea is correct. The same idea prevails in other American cities, such as Boston, and a good many people who look for the origin of things have wondered why a druggist should sell stamps when a bookseller did not, especially as no commission is allowed. A nickel-in-the-slot machine has now been introduced, which will save clerks and proprietors a good deal of trouble, though the public will get only two cent stamps for the nickel, the machine keeping the other cent for profit. In speaking of this, a druggist tells the *N. Y. Sun* the origin of men in his line dealing in stamps. He says, "Away back in 1842, I think it was, the government was in charge on letters for city delivery was five cents. Old Dr. Boyd, who had an office on Fourth street, near Macdougall, made an effort to secure a postal reduction. Failing in this, he set up an independent delivery system, which was known as the 'Pony express.' Boxes for the reception of letters were placed in all the drug stores, and all letters so posted were collected and delivered twice daily by the 'Pony Express' for a charge of two cents each. This postage on letters was enough to pay operating expenses and give druggists a liberal percentage for the rent of boxes. When the pony express was finally abolished people had become so accustomed to associating the drug store with posting a letter that druggists began to keep stamps as an accommodation to their patrons, and the practice finally became general."

Women in Learned Societies.

The learned societies across the ocean seem to be recognizing the fact that there is lack of reason and want of sense in confining their fellowship to members of a single sex, for the British Medical Association has formally consented to admit duly qualified women practitioners to membership. Women are already accepted as fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, with the privilege of speaking at the great meetings of that body and of writing the coveted letters F. R. G. S. after their names. The Zoological Society, too, has long admitted women as fellows. It accepts their papers and grants to them all the privileges of this extreme scientific society. "The Geologists' Association has this year elected a woman whose scientific attainments are indisputable as one of its vice-presidents. Approaches of the admission of women to the Medical Association, Sir Spencer Wells consulted an American examiner on the subject of professional women and received the following very smart reply: 'Well, sir, in our country we have a great many female journalists, female preachers, and females in all classes of professions and trades; but we want female women.'—*N. Y. Sun*.

Woman's Best Qualities.

A woman's best qualities do not reside in her intellect, but in her affections. She gives—refreshment by her sympathies, rather than by her knowledge.—Samuel Smiles.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable."

They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THINGS OF VALUE.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respects, whether he chooses to be so or not.—Hawthorne.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

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Healthy digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C.

Duty is the first step to greatness—the helm that steers man safely over the billows of life. If we fail in our duty we bid farewell to the land of promise, to the haven of hope; man's honorable occupation is gone.

HALE AND HEARTY.

The Englishman says he "drinks hail and it makes him ail." The Canadian drinks Putner's Emulsion and it makes him hearty.

There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance.—J. G. Holland.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.

In view of the impending cholera plague, Dr. Doremberg says to the Parisians, "Boil your ice!" Freezing does not kill the germs of contagion, and there is only one other practicable way of preparing ice so that it may be taken safely into the system.

PELEE ISLAND CLARET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe. GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whisky, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whiskey of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—Frederick Saunders.

WM. McKELVIE, Machinist, New Glasgow, says:—"I paid Dr. O. S. Sweet, of Boston, \$100, for six months treatment for dyspepsia, besides cost of medicine. No cure. I then tried Drs. Cox, Carpenter, and the late Dr. O'Connor, all of Boston; was told I was past recovery; was induced to try K. D. C., have used four boxes; and have been well nearly two years, can eat anything. I would advise dyspeptics to try it."

Men and women in love imagine themselves in pretty much everything else that is unrealistic.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."



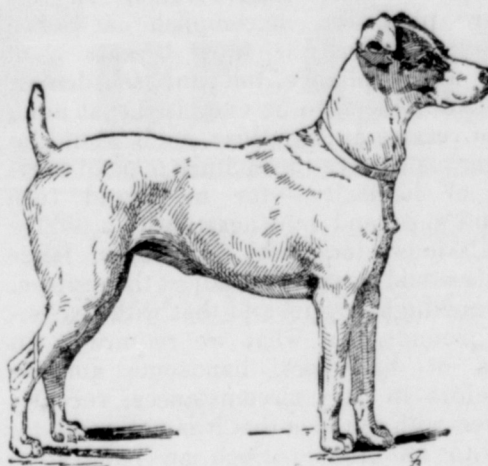
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Dyspepsia is stealing the roses from many ladies' cheeks, and making many men's faces blank.

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While good for all general purposes has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. READ the directions on the wrapper.



"Barred Out."

IF you have a suit of clothes or any part of one that the canine in the illustration has had anything to do with; if he has helped you through the fence for instance, and has secured a memento of the occasion—then you are Barred Out. Your clothes are useless so far as Ungar is concerned.

But if you have a faded suit, one that has passed the hey-day of its youth but is not torn, simply faded, send it to Ungar's and have it made to look as good as new.

Do you do your own washing? Does it make you tired?

Does it break up the week so you cannot go anywhere?

Send your laundry to Ungar's this week and see how much better you will feel for having escaped the drudgery of wash day.

BE SURE and send your parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. They will be done right, if done at.

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