

The Ghost of Former Owners

- The following story is taken from “Restless Spirits” by Pictounian author, Bill McTague. Get your own copy and browse other publications by this author at the McCulloch Museum & Genealogy Centre Gift Shop. –

The white siding belies the actual age of the house. The lodge was built on top of the foundation of another building but somehow both live together in the present. I have living with me not one, but three spectres, each unaware of the presence of the others. I know little about each but am very much aware of their demeanor. [...]

My children grew up here and consider it their home, despite the odd things that happen. Upon entering the house there is a feeling of warmth and welcome. When serving punch or spirits, many guests receive a quick glimpse of an elderly gentleman dressed in a dirty ruffled shirt with black homespun pants. He has been known to refill glasses when no one is looking. Some just shake their heads and say, “For a moment I thought I saw something.” Then in the next sentence, they forget what they were going to say. The elderly gentleman was the public house host of the original building occupying this site. He sort of tagged along with the new building when it was completed. [...] I have never got to know his personality, again I state while I feel his presence I have only seen fleeting glimpses of him. It is like he is here but not here; somewhat confusing for me to explain you almost have to experience it.

The lady of the house is (also) very much present. I can hear her bustled gray dress dragging across the floor. She was for me a built-in babysitter when my children were young. ... Fifteen to twenty minutes before a storm, she would slip into their room and check on them. If the covers had slipped off, she would pull them back up and lovingly tuck them in. A few minutes later, the rain or thunder and lightning would descend on the house. I have seen her. ... she would glance at me and smile. As the children began to talk, they would talk about the kindness she bestowed upon them. If they were frightened, and I was not there, she would comfort them by her presence until they fell asleep.