

A Montreal Ghost Story.

On the southern side of the Mountain of Montreal there stood, about twelve years ago, an old house, once inhabited by a man, who, it is said, hung himself. Report said that his ghost was always to be seen roaming about the premises at night time.

By the side of this house was a precipitous hill, which was a favourite resort for tobogganing in the winter season. A toboggan is a sledge made of a long narrow strip of wood curved up at one end. It is capable of holding two or three persons seated, and is very light.

My home was in Scotland, and I had come out to Canada to spend the winter in the gay City of Montreal; everything was new to me, and I entered with enjoyment into all the amusements of the season. One evening, two companions of mine, Tom Dakers and Arthur Fisk, called for me, as I was to go tobogganing on this hill with them. We started off about ten o'clock; it was a beautiful night, the stars and moon were shining cold and clear, and the bare leafless branches of the trees around were covered with frost that shone like diamonds under the rays of the moon.

What a magnificent sight burst upon our view as we reached the summit of the hill! Below us were the thousand lights that glimmered in the city, which lay spread before us like a panorama. I stood gazing long in admiration of the brilliant spectacle, until I was suddenly aroused by the voice of one of my companions, who called out:

"Jim, if you do not hurry up, you will not have much sliding to-night. Come, it is your turn now to have a slide. Are you watching the haunted house, expecting to see the ghost that we were telling you of yesterday roaming about?"

"Nonsense," I replied; "do you really believe that story?"

"Why, of course I believe it," was Tom's reply; "don't you?"

"No," I said, "I am not such a coward as to be frightened by a tale like that. I don't believe a word about this haunted house or the ghosts."

"He pretends he is not frightened in the least," said Tom, "while I am sure we can see his face growing a shade paler even in the moonlight," and they both laughed heartily at me.

"What," I retorted, beginning to get angry, "do you mean to insinuate that I am afraid of ghosts? I'll bet you anything that I will remain here alone for two hours."