

Junior Department,

A group of small boys were seated in one of the farthest ends of the recreation hall the other evening, narrating ghost stories and midnight adventures. Some of their recitals were very thrilling and might fittingly grace the pages of a Frank Merrywell or Diamond Dick. The ubiquitous Junior Editor (as usually unknown to all) overheard the following stirring tale by a member from some place near Winnipeg.

"There had been a dread... murder committed in our city," the narrator began. "A man had stabbed another and had thrown the body into the M... river, and after much seaching, the body could not be found. One evening, about nine o'clock, I was standing on the corner of a certain street talking to two companions (we call them Mick and Jim for the present) and discussing the awful tragedy. Mick suggested that we go down to the place 'just for the excitement of the thing.' But Jim refused, thereby causing us to send some rather abusive names after him. Mick and I, however, went on to satisfy our curiosity. There was an old pier extending out into the river, and it was here where the man was stabbed. We walked to the end of it and gazed for some time at the seemingly placid waters to contemplate the horrors of the deed. At 9.30 p.m., it had become quite dark (it was summer time) and as there was no moon shining, we determined to return home. But, at this moment, we were arrested by a low sepulchral voice, coming from under the pier, which softly but distinctly murmured :

" 'It floats ; It floats.' "

"Imagine our fright to hear such words in such a lonely spot. We were so dumb-founded that for some moments neither spoke, but just shook from fright.

" 'It's his ghost,' my companion whispered. 'Come, we'd better make our escape.' "

"We started to run and only stopped on reaching Mick's house. As I neared home, I met Jim, who stopped me to ask the casue of my haste. I tried to find an excuse but, judging from his looks, I succeeded very poorly.