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ISSUE : [Issue 56](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1991/1/1

Ghost Stories Told by Students from St. Joseph School

The Light in the Distance by Jason Dennis

My grandfather had been working in a lumber camp in New Brunswick. He was on his way home and had gotten a ride to within three miles of his home. He had to walk the rest of the way. It was very dark and windy, there was no moon or stars and the road was a narrow, little-used country road. My grandfather had gone about half way home when up in the distance he thought he saw a dim light shining through the trees. As he got closer the light would disappear, then appear, grow bright, then grow dim. Needless to say my grandfather was wondering what was making the light for he knew no one lived in this area and it was very late at night for anyone to be about. As he rounded a bend in the road he saw the source of the light. It was coming from the tailboard of a wagon and by its dim light he could see a man trying to replace the wheel which had come off. He walked up to the man who did not see him because his back was turned, and asked if he could help him. The man didn't answer. Granddad thought the man could not hear him because of the wind, so he touched the man on the shoulder. Slowly the man's head turned and my grandfather recognized him as Mr. Jenkins, a person he had known for many years. But he looked very pale and his eyes were very sunken, so that they looked like two black holes. Again my grandfather asked him if he could help and Mr. Jenkins just slowly nodded. Together they replaced the wheel and without saying a word, Mr. Jenkins rode away. Needless to say my grandfather continued his walk home thinking not very good thoughts of Mr. Jenkins. When Granddad got home he went straight to bed without waking anyone. In the morning at breakfast he told the family about meeting Mr. Jenkins, and as he told the Sr. Mary Anne Morrison's 1989-90 Grade 6 class, St. Joseph Elementary School, Sydney. Front, l. to r.: Amber Mills, Leanne Graham, Amy Boyko, Tammy Suds, Jennifer MacDonald, Lynzee MacNeil, Krista Keough, Sr. Mary Anne Morrison. 2nd row: James Sifnakis, Bradley MacPhee, Jonathan DeYoung, Shawn MacPhee, Colby MacInnis, Roger Nicholson, Mark Bennett. Back: Geoffrey Keough, Vicki Rose, Janie Astephen, Lisa Huestis, Stacy Lynch, Shaun Crawley, Stephen Gillis.

story they stopped eating my grandfather. (and) stared at Granddad said, "What's wrong," and my grandmother said (that) two weeks ago on dark, windy night at the same spot where he had helped Mr. Jenkins, a wheel had come off a wagon (and) a man had broken his neck and died. The man was Mr. Jenkins.

White Horse by Cheryl MacQueen

About twenty years ago in Dutch Brook. My uncle was picking up his papers for his morning delivery, when he saw a carriage with two white horses pulling it away quite fast. Then he saw a man run after it. He knew something must be wrong for the horses to be scared like that. After they passed, he tried to cross the road but his horses wouldn't go, so he took the long way home. The next day he heard that someone had been murdered where his horse would not go, so he told the police what he saw and they arrested the man, put him on trial and he was found guilty. He was also the last person to be hung by the county police. A couple of months later my uncle went in to the



woods to gather wood and he saw the same man with a rope around his neck riding on the same white horse he saw the night the man was killed. And then the man disappeared over the river saying he would