

# HAUNTED CANADA 9

SCARY TRUE STORIES

JOEL A.  
SUTHERLAND

Illustrations by  
Mark Savona

Scholastic Canada Ltd.  
Toronto New York London Auckland Sydney  
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

Scholastic Canada Ltd.  
604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada

Scholastic Inc.  
557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, USA

Scholastic Australia Pty Limited  
PO Box 579, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia

Scholastic New Zealand Limited  
Private Bag 94407, Botany, Manukau 2163, New Zealand

Scholastic Children's Books  
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London NW1 1DB, UK

[www.scholastic.ca](http://www.scholastic.ca)

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Sutherland, Joel A., 1980-, author  
Haunted Canada 9 : scary true stories / Joel A. Sutherland ; illustrated  
by Mark Savona.

Issued in print and electronic formats.  
ISBN 978-1-4431-4895-5 (softcover).--ISBN 978-1-4431-5711-7 (ebook)

1. Ghosts--Canada--Juvenile literature. 2. Haunted places--Canada--  
Juvenile literature. I. Savona, Mark, illustrator II. Title. III. Title: Haunted  
Canada nine.

BF1472.C3S986 2019

j133.10971

C2018-906331-9  
C2018-906332-7

Cover photos ©: top: Floriana/Getty Images; bottom: Narit Bualuang/123RF.

Text copyright © 2019 by Joel A. Sutherland.  
Illustrations copyright © 2019 by Scholastic Canada Ltd.  
All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or stored in a retrieval system,  
or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording,  
or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher, Scholastic Canada  
Ltd., 604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada. In the case of  
photocopying or other reprographic copying, a licence must be obtained from  
Access Copyright (Canadian Copyright Licensing Agency),  
[www.accesscopyright.ca](http://www.accesscopyright.ca) or 1-800-893-5777.

6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in Canada 139

19 20 21 22 23





# THE MAN FROM THE MIST

## *Algonquin Park, Ontario*

In the summer of 1980, Muskoka artist Doug Dunford spent two weeks in Algonquin Park, immersing himself in the natural beauty of the land. He was painting a new sign for the park, and he expected to capture the wildlife, the water and the trees. He never suspected he'd also capture a ghost.

Early one morning Doug walked down to the dock on Canoe Lake. A thick mist hung low over the water — it was eerily calm and quiet. For a long time he stood on the end of the dock with his camera hanging around his neck, enjoying the moment. But then the silence was broken. From somewhere within the mist, he heard the gentle splashing sound of a paddle breaking the surface of the water. A canoe suddenly became visible, steered by a lone man.

The two men made eye contact, and Doug was

overwhelmed by the sensation of a strange energy. He raised his camera to his eye and snapped a picture of the canoeist. And then, without a word, the stranger turned his head away from Doug and disappeared.

The brief experience was so quietly unnerving, even mystical, that Doug quickly began to doubt it had happened at all. It made no sense. Why was someone out canoeing alone in such thick mist so early in the morning? How had he disappeared right in front of Doug's eyes?

One thing Doug didn't question — even though he had no reason to believe it — was that the man had been Tom Thomson. Or more to the point, the man had been Thomson's ghost.

Tom Thomson was an artist famous for his sketches and paintings depicting the Canadian wilderness. He was also an outdoorsman who was skilled at fishing and canoeing. Although he died in 1917 before the establishment of the Group of Seven, he was friends with the artists who formed the group and is considered to be an unofficial member. For more than one hundred years, people have reported spotting Thomson quietly paddling across Canoe Lake, often on July 16, the anniversary of the day his body was found. It seems the artist hasn't been able to leave the lake behind.

Thomson had died eight days before his body was found floating in the lake. He had set out on a fishing trip in his canoe, and many suspect that his death wasn't an accident. His left temple was bruised and his left ankle was wrapped seventeen or eighteen times in fishing line. The blow to the head could be attributed to an accidental

fall, perhaps, but the fishing line was harder to explain. Many people, such as Blodwen Davies, an official of the Saskatchewan Art Board who wrote a biography on Thomson, believe that he was struck on the head and that his body was tied to something heavy and dumped in one of the deepest parts of the lake. If this is true — if Tom Thomson was murdered — it would explain why his soul is unable to move on.

When Doug Dunford developed his photograph, he couldn't believe his eyes. Thomson's ghost had been captured on film. He felt drawn to paint the photograph; it was as if, as he says, the painting chose him. Once completed, Doug titled the watercolour *The Return of Tom Thomson*. He hung it in his art gallery six or seven years later. One day, a young man wandered into the gallery and was immediately drawn to the painting. He purchased it and left.

A year later Doug received a letter from the young man, explaining why he was compelled to purchase the painting. He had seen the exact same man in the exact same canoe on the same lake not long before and had been convinced that he had seen a ghost. He couldn't believe it when he spotted the painting, but he knew he couldn't live without it.

They are far from the only people who have seen Tom Thomson's ghost paddling across Canoe Lake. For example, in the summer of 1931, Mrs. Northway, who lived on the lake, her daughter and a guide were paddling on the lake at dusk when they saw another canoe approaching them. As they neared each other, the three saw that a solitary

man was in the other canoe. Mrs. Northway raised her hand and called hello, but the man didn't respond. At that moment he vanished into thin air, canoe and all, and the only sound remaining on the lake was the call of a loon in the distance. Once the initial shock wore off, the party was convinced they'd spotted Thomson's ghost.

Every year on July 16, people gather on the shores of Canoe Lake, hoping to catch a glimpse of Tom Thomson, a testament to the impact his art has had on the country.



*Tom Thomson in Algonquin Park, sometime between 1914 and 1916*



## AFTERLIFE LIGHTS

### *Port Hardy, British Columbia*

The tires of Frank Chatain's car slowly came to a stop at the side of the road. He killed the ignition and sat and thought and grieved. It was early morning. The sun had not yet fully risen and the land was dim in the grey light. Alone, Frank stared through the windshield, his attention and his sorrow both focused solidly on one of the utility poles across the road from where he had parked.

It was 1986 and his beloved daughter, Tara, had died tragically several days before. She had borrowed a family car and allowed a friend to drive it. The friend lost control of the car on a corner and drove headfirst into the pole. Tara died instantly in the crash, just two weeks before her seventeenth birthday.

As Frank stared at the pole and grappled with his

sorrow, he noticed the street light bolted at its peak. The light was much dimmer than the others that lined the street.

*Probably damaged by the collision,* Frank thought.

The light went out and then, after a moment, came back on again.

An idea struck Frank. *Is that you, Tara?* he thought.

Immediately the light burned intensely bright, brighter than all of the other lights, and then returned to normal.

Frank was certain that his daughter was responsible for the changes in the light.

*Are you trying to communicate with me?*

Once again, the light answered. It pulsed brightly a few times, as if desperate to get Tara's point across. After asking a few more questions and gauging the responses from the light, Frank had interpreted his daughter's code. If she made the light turn off, the answer to his question was *no*. If she made it turn brighter, the answer was *yes*. Armed with this knowledge, Frank asked a few more questions.

*Are you happy?*

The light burned bright, answering *yes*.

*Are you well?*

*Yes.*

Wherever she was, Tara was happy and well. While that didn't make up for the loss, it helped a little knowing she was all right. Frank drove back home.

Some time later Frank and his wife decided it was time to replace the car that had been destroyed in the accident. Unsurprisingly, the couple had no desire to go automobile



shopping so soon after their daughter's tragic accident. The salesperson showed them all of the cars that fit their price range, but the Chatains weren't interested in any of them. Instead, they were drawn to a more expensive model — as if the car was choosing them rather than the other way around — and they decided to stretch their budget to buy it. Strangely, they had gone from dreading car shopping to being filled with happiness as they drove their new vehicle off the lot.

Before long, the couple were driving the new car on the highway between Campbell River and Port Hardy. Despite the fact that it was late, dark and raining, Frank was driving over the speed limit. Suddenly the headlights turned off. Frank couldn't see where he was headed, so he immediately slowed the car down. As he did, the headlights began to flash on and off, until he finally came to a complete stop and the headlights turned on again.

As they sat safely on the side of the road, Mrs. Chatain had a sudden realization. Her husband had told her what had happened the morning he had driven out to the scene of Tara's accident.

“Is that you, Tara?” she asked.

The headlights flashed off and on. *Yes.*

After the initial shock had worn off, Frank started driving again, but now at a much slower speed. Almost immediately the road turned sharply. Frank was certain he wouldn't have been able to make the turn safely in the rain at the speed he had been travelling before Tara had slowed him down.

The Chatains then knew why they had been drawn to

the car. For some reason, *Tara* had been drawn to the car.

For years after, as long as they had the car, Tara continued to flash the headlights whenever there were unseen threats ahead, such as another dangerous turn or a deer crossing the road. And Tara's personality shined through from time to time, such as one day when her parents drove to the airport to pick up her brother, who was returning home for a visit. She flashed the headlights in excitement all the way to the airport and most of the way home, stopping only when her brother finally acknowledged her presence and said hello to her.

Some ghosts have the ability to appear in human form, while others look like shadows and mist. Others still, like Tara, seem incapable of being seen by the living at all and need to come up with other methods to communicate. So the next time you see a light flicker inexplicably, you'll have to wonder if it's simply an electrical issue or if it's something more meaningful, perhaps more chilling. You'll have to wonder if the dead are speaking to you from beyond the grave.