

No. 162.

A TALE OF INDIANS OF LONG AGO.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

I am telling you a story about the Indians a long, long time ago. There was an old couple and sometimes they would go out fishing. One day as they were fishing someone caught hold of their canoe. They kept paddling as hard as they could, but they couldn't get their canoe to start; at last they got their canoe to go, but noticed water in their canoe, that some one caught hold of the canoe. This some one had finger nails like a lion, and was the lion, too. This old couple hurried for the lake shore to get some gum to fix their canoe. They went in the bush to look for the gum, and when they returned to the lake shore their canoe was gone and all their things what they had, and all the stuff they had to eat was gone. They made (came to) an old camp and hunted for something to eat. The first thing they caught was a porcupine, which they killed and cleaned and buried in hot coals. It was very nice to eat. They lived there a long time. They had nothing to cover them, nor quilts either. They had only cedar bark to keep them warm. One day as they were camping there they heard someone coming. "What shall we do now?" said the old man to his wife. "Some one is coming to kill us." "Don't be afraid," said the old woman, "I will pull one of my hairs out and burn it, and that beast won't come near us," but it was coming very close to them, and the old lady pulled one of her hairs and burnt it, and that beast didn't come very near them. It went back when it smelled the hair. "Well," said the old man to his wife, "I can't stay here much longer, we have to leave this place now. I can't stay here another night. I tell you that we are going to die both of us, if we stay here." The old woman said to her husband, "I will go and see, maybe our canoe might be at the lake shore now." When she went there the canoe was there. Nothing was wrong with it. It was the Lion that took their canoe at first and brought it back just in time for them to return home. This ends this story.

Note by G. E. L.—The Lion mentioned here is probably the "White Lion," or "White Lynx," that appears in other Ojibwa tales, and who lives in lakes.

No. 163.

THE FAITHLESS CHUM.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

The story about the two Indians who were living together for a long time. One of them thought to himself, "It would be better for me to get married and I will have my chum for a hired man," and so he did.

"I will go hunting," he said to his chum, "but remember, you take good care of my wife, and mind that you don't go near her at nights while I am away. If you do I will know it anyway." "Oh! no!" said his chum, but he had it in his mind that he was going to take the old squaw away as soon as the Indian left the camp. Well, this married man got ready to leave for a week's trip. He wasn't very far when his chum said to the woman, "Well, you and I will have to sleep together now." "No," said the woman. "Well, somebody will kill you