

that she had found one egg which the hen had laid. But shortly afterwards there was consternation in that household. The two fowls had been found dead, and an Indian dog was quietly making a meal off one of them. The hole whereby he had effected an entrance was stopped up before he could escape, and Mr. McIvor, using his revolver, had the satisfaction of shooting the brute, and pitching his body down on the frozen river.

Now it happened that this dog belonged to Match-ee-ninie, an old Indian claiming to be chief of the band; and who had the reputation of being a conjuror and a cannibal; in consequence of which the Indians all feared him, and obeyed him.

He came into the store that evening and spoke to Mr. McIvor thus :



WHO KILLED THE DOG?

"You pay me for my dog."

"How much?" asked Mr. McIvor.

"Twenty weeg." The Hudson's Bay Co. use, at inland posts, a standard for value, the name differing in different localities. A weeg equals about fifty cents.

"All right," said McIvor, "I will pay you for your dog if you pay me for my fowls."

"How much?"

"Twenty weeg."

The Indian saw that he was caught, and walked out with a muttered "Kish," meaning, "Hold on, we shall see." Next evening he again came to the store, and said: "There are bad people about; I have seen a wendigo. You pay me for my dog. [Wendigo: a spirit, a ghost, giant, something uncanny.]

"Get the wendigo to pay you," said Mr. McIvor, laughing, and again the man slunk off. Mr. McIvor knew the Indian nature well, and he said to me:

"That old fellow is up to some devilment. That's what they always do when they want to do an evil trick themselves; pretend that someone else is going to do it. We had better keep a watch on the place; he might set fire to it."

*(To be continued.)*