

where he found some Malecite hunters. These he informed that a war party of another tribe was very near at hand. Knowing that they did not have a ginap, he told them that they were in a dangerous place and pointed out the mountain where the chief ginap of the enemy was hunting for snakes. On the following morning he put on his cedar slat snowshoes, started for this mountain, went around it, and found where the tracks of the enemy's ginap went up the mountain. He followed these tracks, but when he got to the top he could not find the brave, but only his snowshoes, which were standing against a tree. A more careful search, however, revealed him in the top branches of a pine tree. About the same time the chief perceived him. The hunter sat down upon a log and drew forth his pipe and lit it, while he waited for the other to come to the ground. After he had smoked one load, he took the brave's snowshoes to one side and said to himself, "These are my own snowshoes." When the ginap of the enemy heard this, he began to descend the tree. The latter said, "Give me a chance. Don't shoot me while I am still in the tree." He tried always to keep on the other side of the tree from the Malecite, but the latter kept following him around. When he got close to the ground the Malecite shot his arrow at him. The other brave dropped to the ground still alive. He told the Malecite that he was fortunate, for he would not have killed him so easily had he been on the ground.

The Malecite said, "You still want to talk. I could kill a dozen like you." And as he said this, he raised his hatchet and despatched him. He then put on his adversary's snowshoes, for they were better than his, because they were netted with rawhide. Previous to this the Malecite snowshoes had always been made of cedar boards. Now seeing the smoke arise from the enemy's camp, he knew where they were hiding and, stealing up, killed them like so many animals, for they were helpless before the hands of a ginap after the loss of their own. He then went back to his followers on the lake and told them that the danger was over, for he had killed the enemy. So each one took a pair of the snowshoes belonging to the enemy, for they were netted with rawhide like the ginap's. When spring came they went down the St. John river in their canoes to their own village.¹

¹ Here the version of Newel John stops; the following is the version of Gabe Aquin, the father-in-law of Jim Paul.

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¹ The lake
² Literally