

went off until he came to a reserve. He told the Indians there to leave as soon as they could. They all got ready and one of them said to the rest, "We don't need to go away from here and leave our good homes, we go there to-night all of us men, and while the Windigoes are asleep we'll kill them." "You will show us where they are?" he said to the visitor. They went and killed the two Windigoes. The end of the Windigoes story.

No. 158.

# THE HALF MOOSE, HALF HORSE STORY.

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

There was an Indian in Manitoulin Islands. He had a mare and the mare would be away in the bush all the time. One day the Indian went in the bush to look for his mare and when he found her the moose was with her, and the next summer his mare had a colt half moose which the Indian raised. The colt wasn't very good looking, but it was very smart. A lot of people didn't know that it was half moose as it had a head like a horse. This colt could understand nearly everything what the Indian said to him. The colt grew up and in about three years' time the Indian would go to horse races. He never was beaten. He went to quite a few horse races, but the people didn't know the Indian had a horse that was half moose. When the Indian would enter the racing ground the people would laugh at him because his horse was ugly, but the Indian didn't care. He beat them every time, though his horse was ugly. They'd go five times around the race track and the last round the Indian would talk Indian to his horse and tell him "This is the last round. Beat them now." He'd say this in Indian so the others wouldn't understand. This Indian won the prizes every time, and men wanted to buy this horse from him, but he wouldn't sell. One day a white man came to this Indian and asked him to take him (the white man) to a certain place. So this Indian did. They went 30 miles across the lake (on the ice), when they got to that town where the white man wanted to go, this whiteman asked the Indian to let him have the horse. "I will give you five dollars," he said to the Indian. "I am just going to take a drive around this town," so the Indian let him have the horse. This Indian was looking around the town when he met another Indian who told him, "Are you going to the racing grounds?" "No, I didn't know there were races on to-day," the Indian owner of the horse said. "Well, I was there and I saw your horse there," the other Indian replied. This Indian hurried to the grounds to tell the white man that he wanted his horse back right away. The white man said to him, "I won't let you have him. You let me have the horse for the day." "But I didn't let you have him to run races with," said the Indian. "No, I won't let you have him," said the white man. The Indian went to the police and the police said "Just take your horse." The white man had a nice racing cart, and nice harness on the horse. The Indian took them off and hitched his horse in his own sleigh and got ready to race. The rest, all laughing at him, but he won the race just the same. The Indian kept this horse till he was very old. The white people wanted to buy it off him but he wouldn't sell. This ends the story.

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