

These two men were quite afraid then; they left that house the next morning. The sick man wasn't quite well. They used the old woman the best they could for fear she might kill them. When the two Indians reached Rama safe, they told this story. The end.

No. 81.

THE LION THAT STOLE A BABY.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

A long time ago there was quite a few campers of Indians. It was a very wild place where they camped, as it looked like if wild beasts would live there, but the campers were not afraid. One woman had a little baby. She went out of her camp and when she returned the little baby was gone. They all hunted around. They didn't know where the baby went. They saw a big hole near where they camped, and they began to think it must be the lion's (American panther) den, and that the lion stole the baby. They were afraid to go in the den, and at last the lion came and put the baby out, but before he put it out he smashed (with his paw) the poor baby's head to pieces. The poor mother felt so awfully bad that she nearly died herself. They buried the poor baby. The end of the lion story.

Note by G. E. L.—See p. 18, Memoir 48, Geological Survey, Ottawa. "Some Myths and Tales of the Ojibwa, South-Eastern Ontario," Paul Radin. 1914. *Re Lions Stealing Children.*

No. 82.

THE YOUNG MAN OF RAMA.

Told by Lottie Marsden.

Some time ago a young man left Rama to go visiting an Indian place called Moore's Point. When he got there he was very sorry such Indians were living. They never hear the word of God, nor do they believe in religion. They do nothing but drink all the time, children and all. They have about 25 bottles of whiskey every day for about a week. Sometimes they let their children go naked and with bare feet. Whenever they have money they never think of buying clothes for their children. They were all witches too, as this young man was saying. There was an old man there. He said to this young man, "You are the worst kind of people there in Rama." This young man didn't want to let on that he heard, as he was afraid of the old man, but the old man made him mad (annoyed) at last, and he said to the old man, "I never saw such people in my life as I do now." The old man says, "Don't you say anything to me! Do you know, if you shoot me you can't kill me!" The young man was afraid of him then. The old man said, "You will find out; I won't forget this." Shortly after the young man got back here in Rama, one night he had a dream that a blood-sucker was on his hand. He tried to get it off, but he couldn't; so he got a knife and scraped it off. The next morning the young man's hand was all swelled up, so that he wasn't able to work for some time. He asked one old man if he'd cure