

The big bird came to the rock, where the Indian was, in the evening, and said to him, "Maybe I could take you home if you pay me what I want. I would like to get the first baby you see when you get home." (While the Indian was away there was a baby born at home.) "Well," the Indian said, "I will do that." They started to cross the big lake to get home. They got close to shore when the bird got tired and had to come down in the water about a hundred yards from shore. Anyway the Indian swam to shore and went home. When he got there he saw a little baby boy, for his wife had a child born. Well, he thought he had to give it to the bird, which he did, and his wife was glad that he went and gave up the boy to the big bird.

No. 29.

JOHN YORK'S OWN STORY.

When he was a young man the Mohawks were bad at that time. Nobody was allowed to go out alone anywhere. He wanted to hunt very badly so he and another young man went out one morning quite a long ways off the Reserve to hunt bear and duck. They got to Mud Lake (Carden Township) the next day about the middle of the afternoon. They shot about twenty-five duck that night. The next morning early they heard something across the narrows; they looked and saw a great, big, black bear. They got in their canoe and got near enough to shoot and kill the bear. While looking at the dead bear they heard another one coming down to drink, near where they were standing. They both shot and killed this one. They took the two bears in their canoe and started for home. After going down the lake a little way he looked up and saw three bears in a big oak tree. The two hunters got out of the canoe and went to the tree. He shot the big one but did not kill him outright, but had to shoot again. This left only one more shot ready for use, as they had one double and one single-barrel shot guns. The other two bears came down the tree. He shot one of these and killed it and the last bear had to come down when there was no shot ready for him. He (York) grabbed the bear by the legs till the other hunter got his gun loaded. The bear was a cub but fought like an old bear, tearing the clothes off the man. The hunters got the five bears and took them home. When they got home there was a big feast and everybody came and ate some bear meat, for their friends thought the hunters had been killed by the Mohawks.

Report 1914

The first of these following tales was told to me some eight or ten years ago by Ben Simcoe, an elderly Indian from the Rama Reserve, Ontario County, near Lake Couchiching, and is probably a modern version of an older tale, as it introduces the negro and white man. The word "He" in the story stands for "God" or the "Creator." I could not get definitely from the Simcoe who it did stand for. He seemingly did not know much about earlier Indian beliefs and conditions.

The remaining three stories were told to me this summer by Jonas George, Chippewa, of Rama Reserve, aged about sixty-four, professed Christian. His Indian name is Wash-a-ghe-zik, which means "A clear day."

G. E. LAIDLAW.

The sketch of the two little shiny men setting lightning at the tree, also the "Monster," were drawn by Wash-a-ghe-zik.