

'Maybe the Mohawk might have left the feather there on purpose and might have put something on the feather,' and if granny picked it up it might have killed her. She didn't want the feather to be there at all" (it was a menace). This was probably one of the feathers worn as a headdress or ornament in the hair, and may have been fixed up in conjunction with paint or other accessories.

No. 165.

WINDIGO STORY (No. 12).

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

A long, long time ago, as I heard old people tell, the Windigo went to a reserve of Indians once and told them to eat all they could, but the Indians didn't know why he told them this, but he had it in his mind that when they got fat enough to eat that he'd kill them one by one. There was one big Indian, he was that fat he could hardly breathe. Well, the Windigo killed this man the first, and the rest of the Indians dare not say anything to him. He kept killing them one by one, and one day there was a strange Indian who came to this reserve, and they told the Indian, "Why do you come here?" for we are all getting killed here one by one. The strange Indian said, "Oh, I am not afraid of Windigos. We killed one in our reserve a few years ago." The rest of the Indians wanted the strange Indian to kill the Windigo for them, and the strange Indian was very glad to do so. He said, "When he (the Windigo) comes here where I am, he will notice that I am a stranger. Supposing he knows I don't belong to this reserve he will smell me, and when he comes I will hide behind the door and when he turns to shut the door I will hit him in the face with my axe." They soon saw the Big Windigo coming, he came to the door and said, "You have got a st anger here?" "No," said the Indians. "Yes," said the Windigo, "I must see if he is fat enough to eat." So the Windigo went in the door where the strange Indian was, and, as the Indian said, he hit him in the face with his axe and downed him right there, but the big Windigo didn't die right there. He lived for quite awhile, but they didn't kill him, they looked at him suffering, as he had been doing so himself killing the poor Indians. They let the rest of the Indians look at him, and then they cut him to pieces and burnt him. That was the end of the Windigo.

No. 166.

WITCH STORY (No. 26).

*Told by Lottie Marsden.*

There was always one or two witches in every Indian reserve, and in this (Rama) reserve there was one witch. She'd go around visiting the Indians just to see if they would say anything to her. She'd ask for something, and if they didn't happen to have what she wanted, then she'd witch them. She went to one other Indian reserve, and was great friends with one woman there. She'd go every day to visit this woman who had sore eyes. It was the old witch witching her. One night the woman who had sore eyes went outdoors with one of her boys to get a pail of water. It was the winter time, and the woman saw a turkey sitting