

people were a source of constant annoyance to the dwellers on Lake Deschênes, but more particularly to an Algonkin camp on Sand Bay, quite close to the headquarters of these malignant beings. The old man, who possessed the gigantic proportions of his class, was frequently seen wading about in the waters of the bay, when on foraging expeditions particularly fond. The family consisted of the old man and his wife and one son. The bravest Indian warriors had, on several occasions, ambushed and shot at the old man and woman without injuring either of them; but, by means of sorcery, they eventually succeeded in kidnapping the boy, when his parents were away from home. Holding the young hopeful as a hostage, they managed to dictate terms to his father and mother and finally got rid of the whole family.

The writer heard this story for the first time one night while camping at the Chats Fall. It was told at the camp fire by a half-breed descendant of the Indians who had the unpleasantness with the Wendigos. Though far from believing that any sane Indian of the old school would have laid violent hands on even a young Wendigo, the writer is quite satisfied that had one of those legendary monsters of the American wilderness loomed suddenly out of the dark shadows of the forest and approached the camp fire, the poor half-breed who was "spinning the yarn" would have taken to his canoe without a moment's hesitation and left the Wendigo in undisputed possession of the island.

Fight at Big Sand Point.—Life on the old Ottawa, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, was always strenuous, and frequently dangerous. On this rugged old trade route, during the French régime, the fur-traders from the interior, both white and red, experienced many vicissitudes while conveying the products of the chase to the trading posts on the St. Lawrence. Shadowy traditions of those days of racial attrition have been transmitted from father to son, from the old *coureurs de bois* and their Indian confreres, to their half-breed descendants of the present day. These traditions account for the human bones washed out some years ago at the foot of the old Indian portage at the Chats Falls, and those that lie scattered about at Big Sand Point, lower down the river; also, for quite a number of brass kettles found at one time near the mouth of Constance Creek; for the Indian burials on Aylmer Island, as well as for the presence of arrowheads, stone celts, flint knives and other native implements in the gravel beds at the foot of the Chaudière; and, without pausing to consider whether these relics of a departed people are not the ordinary litter of Indian camp-sites, or the disinterred bones from Indian burial places, tradition, as usual, takes charge of them as the ominous tokens of a period of violence.

A great many years ago, so the story goes, a party of French fur-traders, together with a number of friendly Indians, possibly Algonkin and Huron allies, went into camp one evening at *Pointe à la Bataille*. Fires were lighted, kettles were slung and all preparations made to pass the night in peace and quietness. Soon, however, the lights from other