

The old Wendigo Mound is not now what it used to be, as its protecting Wendigoes have long since departed and left it to its fate, to become, in recent years, the victim of a sordid commercialism that has carted away a large portion of it for building purposes.

The Indian tradition that this sand dune was at one time the habitation of a family of Wendigoes has already been referred to in a former paper of mine on "The Highway of the Ottawa," and an amusing incident that occurred to us during our visit, in the autumn of 1914, may permit the suggestion that the native belief in Wendigoes may have had its origin in the hasty observation and misinterpretation of a perfectly natural phenomenon.

About two hours after daylight, on a very dark night, a dense fog lay about our camp under the gloomy pitch pines, and enveloped the whole forest like a vast fleece of wool, while out on the sandy beach, beyond the trees, the air was comparatively clear. Here, I was engaged in the prosaic occupation of putting a pot



South shore of main river, looking to the westward. Wendigo Mound on left.

of beans into the sand to bake for breakfast the next morning. The logs that I had moved aside to make room for the beans were burning brightly, when, happening to look over my shoulder towards the camp, I beheld a vast shade in human form, his head amidst the tops of the pines, his lower limbs enshrouded with the smoke and sparks of the burning logs, while in his right hand was grasped an immense club. My first impulse upon glimpsing this monstrous shape, menacing and terrible, was to take to my heels and get right out of the neighbourhood, but I hated to leave the beans. Fortunately I recalled the story told us by the Ettrick shepherd, of how he witnessed a similar phenomenon on a foggy morning in the Scottish mountains, and that having beaten a hasty retreat, he plucked up courage enough to return the following morning, to discover that he had been frightened by his own shadow cast upon a fog bank by the rising sun.

Now, if a gentle keeper of sheep in Scotland, and an amateur archaeologist in Canada, were thus alarmed at their own shadows, what impression would a similar