

Things That Go Bump In a Canadian Night

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Canada is a great land with room enough for all people from all walks of life. There is a time to grow as a country and a time to celebrate our diversities. This is the time to read legends from our ancestors of Canada.

On an island just outside Thunder Bay, Ont., now known as Isle Royale, once lived a great tribe of Ojibway Natives.

Because of their loyalty to their Gods, and their peaceful and industrious mode of living, Nanabijou, the Spirit of the Deep Sea Water, decided to reward them.

One day he called their Chief to his great Thunder Temple on the mountain and warned him that if he told the secret to the white man, that he, Nanabijou would be turned to stone and the Ojibwa tribe perish.

The Chief gave his promise, and Nanabijou told him of the rich silver mine, now known as "Silver Islet". The Great Spirit told him to go to the highest point on Thunder Cape, and here he would find the entrance to a tunnel that would lead him to the centre of the mine. Apparently the Chief and his people found the mine, for the Ojibway became famous for their beautiful silver ornaments.

However, torture and even death failed to make the gallant Ojibwa divulge their secret and the Sioux chieftains had to devise another scheme to find the source of the Ojibway silver.

One day they summoned the most cunning scout to a pow-wow and a plan was formed. The scout was to enter the Ojibway camp disguised as one of them.

This he did and in a few days succeeded in learning the secret of the island of silver. Going to the mine at night he took several large pieces of the precious metal in order to prove to his chieftain that he had fulfilled his mission.

The scout however never returned to his camp, for on his way back he stopped at a white traders post to purchase some food. Having no furs or money with which to pay for the goods, he used a piece of the silver. Upon seeing such a large piece of the gleaming metal, two white men sought to obtain the whereabouts of its source, in order to make themselves fabulously rich.

After filling the Sioux scout with liquor they persuaded him to show them the way to the

The Sleeping Giant

mine. When almost in sight of "Silver Islet" a terrific storm broke over the Cape.

The white men were drowned and the Native was found in a crazed condition floating aimlessly in his canoe, but the most extraordinary thing that had happened during the storm, was that where once a wide opening to the bay was, now lay what appeared to be a great sleeping figure of a man.

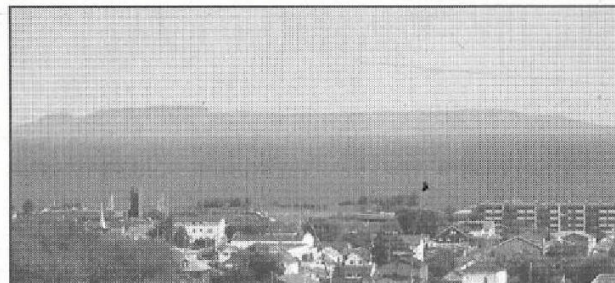
The Great Spirit's warning

had been fulfilled and he had been turned to stone.

On a little island at the foot of the Sleeping Giant, can still be seen the partly submerged shafts of what was once the richest silver mine in the north-west.

White men have tried again and again to pump out the water that keeps flooding it from Lake Superior but without success.

Is it still under the curse of



Nanabijou, Spirit of the Deep Sea Water...perhaps...who can tell?

There are numerous versions of the Legend of the Sleeping Giant and one is not necessar-

ily more valid than another.

If you have any legends of Canada Things That Go Bump In a Canadian Night would like to hear from you at rwolf65@hotmail.com.