

me! My father and my brothers are starving. Take me and crush me, oh, great Spirit-Bear, but help the young Tornaq in the hut of my father to save the Inuit, the last of men!" The dog joined in with a mournful howl, but the Spirit did not move.

V.

A man stood looking over the rail of the Mary Ann, musing. So it was here he lost his little Arthur! Well, he could not change it now, but what would he not give to have the little warm body snuggling up close to him and whispering in his ear!

But hark! Something is moving on the ice, and, yes, a dog is howling!

"What in the world! How could a dog be alive out in this wild place? This Mary Ann has no mascot, and if I can catch the dog we'll adopt it for a Christmas present to ourselves!" Saying which, he went down the gang-plank and whistled to the dog.

Taina raised his head at the sound. Ah, here was the Spirit come to him in the shape of a man. "Oh, Great Spirit," he cried, "thou hast answered my prayer!"

The man was even more surprised to see not only a fierce, wolfish dog, but a kneeling Eskimo, who seemed to be worshiping him, though his speech was unintelligible.

As for Taina, when the Spirit led him to where there was light and heat, and many other spirits, he thought himself to be in Sedna, the after-world. And then the head spirit (the captain) tried to translate his poetic jargon, and so effective was the tale that the listening crew volunteered to a

man to carry provisions to the starving Eskimos, responding to the double call of Humanity and the Spirit of Christmas. And so Taina led the band back over the dreary expanse of snow to the Inuit village.

As they approached the huts, Taina struck up the "Song of the Returning Hunter," and voices hailed him from house to house under all that dim, starlitten sky.

Atokak came forward joyously to salute his son, but, like Taina, he thought the great, bluff sailors to be spirits, and worshiped them accordingly. Upon entering the warm little hut, one man, gray-haired and rather haggard, looked about him curiously.

A young boy sitting on the low couch of skins seemed to take much interest in the strangers, regarding their faces with a puzzled expression, much different from that of his stolid brothers and sisters. This attracted the attention of the gazer, and as his eyes rested on the upturned face he uttered a sharp exclamation: "Could it be possible? No—yes—yes, it is! My Arthur, lad!"

"Oh, daddy!" and the little white boy sprang into the arms of his father.

When the white men had returned to the ship with their precious Christmas gift, and the half-starved yellow men sat around their plentiful supply, the Angekok arose and said:

"Know! oh children of the foe!  
We are the chosen of the earth!  
For one, a spirit-child by birth,

Has spent a year in our huts of snow.  
The Spirits of Sedna, when we were like to die,  
Came to us with a great supply  
Of food. Food they gave us, and much.  
And is it not good, though strange? It is such  
As they themselves devour.

"If ever again we meet them,  
They will help us by their pow'r,  
Because of the deed we did him  
Left helpless at our door.  
Forever with us have they left their love,  
Though their son they have taken to Sedna above."



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