

down our way, but in the North it is not people or animals but villages that go astray, and what had taken place this time was that the great ice-field on which Aivick's igloo was built, near the others, had suddenly split in two. Part of it grounded in shallow water and stayed where it was, while the piece on which Keleepeles and Cunayou slept was sailing away, driven before the storm in a strong current.

He stood for a long time and thought hard. Aivick, and the boy's mother, Allegoo, the Drinking Cup, were no doubt perfectly safe with friends, and probably at this moment were carving titbits from along the back of a square-flipper seal and chewing them with real content. That is another advantage of the North. You don't telephone the butcher, who gets the steak from the packing-house and hands it to the delivery man, who gives it to the cook, who turns it over on the stove and then turns it over to the housemaid, who puts it on the table, where your father turns a piece of it over to you. Nothing like that, at all. You kill a seal and eat it, with no bother about cooks, butchers,