

# LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

# THE YARNS OF BILL BY ARMI-

When I returned aboard th' schooner from my first trip ashore, up in th' Arctic ice-fields, and told th' skipper about th' mastodon I had seen frozen in th' ice, he was bound to go ashore to see it. So, next mornin' we struck out over th' ice and snow. To save time, I took a short cut, which brought us to th' cave where th' polar bear had chased me th' day before.

Th' skipper said he was goin' into th' cave to see if th' bear was still there. I told him he'd likely get into trouble, but in he went. Nothin' happened for a little while, and I was just thinkin' that everything was o. k., when zam! bang! whang! yar - r - r - l, and out of th' cave shot th' skipper, some of th' hind part of his pants gone and yellin' like a Liverpool packet rat in a mutiny. And right aft-

er him was that big bear, lookin' meaner'n a Nova Scotia bucko-mate.

I whanged away at th' bear, missed, and knocked th' skipper's cap off. Th' skipper reached a high ice-cape before th' bear, and was pullin' his feet up away from th' old boy's paws; when I whanged away again and knocked Mr Bear over.

Well s'r, when th' skipper slid down from th' iceberg he was madder'n a tom-cat with a knot in his tail 'cause I had splattered his best cap full of holes when I took th' first shot at th' bear. After we'd had a look at th' mastodon we went back aboard th' schooner. In th' fo'c'stle all hands roared when I told them how I'd peppered th' skipper's cap. I'll bet he'd have triced me up by th' thumbs if he'd heard me tellin' about it.



QUICK SERVICE. HERE'S AN AD IN THE PAPER - WE BUY CAST OFF CLOTHING - JONES, DILL ST.

DO YOU WANNA FIGHT? SURE!

EASY PICKING. HE CAST OFF HIS COAT TO FIGHT.

I'LL TAKE IT TO JONES, - OH GEE! THE OWNER IS FOLLOWING ME, -

HELLO JONES, A CAST OFF COAT. - COME ACROSS.

HERE'S A DOLLAR! WHERE ARE THE PANTS?

THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE -