

Huskies, as I shall in future call them) to meet me at Churchill in the following spring. Two sleighs were also ordered to be made, and other outfit got ready by the time I expected to be back, and on September 5 I bade farewell to Churchill for the winter, no one, I knew very well, expecting to see me return. That concerned me not at all, so long as they got everything in readiness for the projected journey. From Churchill to York the distance is 180 miles, very much more easily accomplished by land than by water.

A delay of six weeks occurred at York, waiting for the "freeze-up," during which time, as soon as the snow fell, I broke in my dogs—several of them never having been hitched up in harness before. On November 8 Hayes river was frozen solid, and as a large amount of snow had fallen, by the advice of my guide, a start was made for Oxford House *en route* to Winnipeg. Travelling in the early winter on the first snows is never good. However, Winnipeg was reached in about a month, delays having been made at Oxford House and Norway House in order to rest the dogs. The distance from York Factory to Winnipeg is something under 800 miles. The latter part of December, January, and most of February was passed in civilization. A fresh outfit, ordered from England, had duly arrived, and was awaiting me, and two reliable Red river half-breeds were engaged for the journey.

Shortly before my departure, when everything was in readiness, I happened to be one of the unfortunate guests at the Manitoba hotel, which was completely destroyed by fire one night in the early part of February. I was fortunate enough, however, to save my instruments, cameras, rifles, guns, etc.—in fact, everything which was necessary for the trip, and only my clothes went up in smoke.

On February 26 a final start was made from Selkirk. Horses and sleigh were used as far as Berens river (about halfway up Lake Winnipeg), where my dogs and drivers met me. A few days' delay at Norway House, Oxford House, and a week at York Factory to rest my dogs, and I appeared once more on the scene at Churchill—the first week in April. The spring was luckily a very late one, so there was no immediate necessity for hurrying away from Churchill, which was the last place where supplies could be obtained. A short distance north from Churchill the barren land commences, and no fuel can be got. The weather continued very cold, the thermometer frequently registering from -10° to -15° Fahr. The Eskimo, or Husky, who had so faithfully promised to return and meet me, had as yet shown no signs of putting in an appearance. Five weeks were passed at Churchill, the monotony of the life being broken by the occasional arrival of Huskies with loads of venison. A few Chipewyan Indians turned up, relating miserable stories of starvation during the winter months. The Huskies brought welcome news about the deer (caribou), which were reported to be very numerous all along the coast. I may

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