

hour. Down came the threatening floes, moving with great rapidity towards us. But as I had managed to swing the ship round, the sharp tongue of the ice first shot past her bows and struck the land floes beyond with a terrific crash."

This peril being averted, and the *Windward* at last free, the hour of parting arrived. Mr. Jackson and three others of the exploring party gathered at the flagstaff beneath the tattered Union Jack to say good-bye. The *Windward* had been lying with her head pointing

through, and then only by burning the very ship beneath the feet of those on board her! But it was done. Steam and gunpowder and saw, backed with ready wit and stern determination, did it. The weather-beaten, mutilated little ex-whaler made port at last, and put into St. Katharine's dock, London, on the afternoon of October 22, 1895.

Next June, her dilapidations made good, the *Windward* will start again for Mr. Jackson's winter quarters at Cape Flora. Let

us hope that the Union Jack (or what remains of it) will still be waving, and that there may be seen beneath it, when the skipper of the *Windward* again makes it out from the deck, the full number of the exploring party, having in their possession the record: "Highest northern latitude ever attained."

"Jackson," says Sir John Schultz, in an interview reported in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, "has provided himself with light aluminium sledges and boats, and hoped with these to reach the



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north. She got under way, turned, and headed south on July 3. Just then, when her course was laid for home, the crew and the little band of devoted men left on that desolate shore (their gallant leader among them), exchanged hearty cheers.

Little did the leader ashore, little did the skipper afloat, imagine that another great peril awaited the ship before she could make her way to the open sea in the south; that across her course there stretched an ice barrier which it would take two months to get

North Pole and return to his headquarters at Franz Josef Land, which is the furthest north of known islands, if island, indeed, it is, for he has a hope that he may find it to be only the most southern cape of a polar continent. He hoped to reach a point on Franz Josef Land, where he will establish his main depot and advance northward over land or sea, as he may find it to be, establishing stations at intervals and leaving "caches" of provisions and other necessities to facilitate his return journey.