

continued cold, driving rains brought us misery, and until the frost grew intense we had to sleep every night in our suits of reindeer fur and rabbit-skin blankets, both wet. Although we landed at night time for a camp, it brought no relief, for within 400 miles there was not one stick of wood, and over everything lay eighteen inches of snow. Our provisions had long since given out and there were days when we lacked one bite to eat; on several others we managed to shoot two or three ptarmigan, or a like number of ground squirrels, but divided among eight, to be devoured raw, that could not be called fare any too ample.

"At one time we were two days on the sea at a time. To tell how it happened, I must explain that the tides were a source of perpetual annoyance and danger, rising from fourteen to eighteen feet. When the tide is out it leaves along the bleak and slightly elevated shore a belt of from four to five miles of shallows, dotted closely with massive boulders. To land in safety you thus have to pick your time when the tide is at the highest point; and on the occasion mentioned it was midnight, and snowing into the bargain."

"Eight more dreary days passed," continues Mr. Tyrrell's narrative, "six of which were spent in battling with the elements and two in lying storm-stayed in our tents. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse, dysentery attacked us, and it appeared as if one of our men would die."

Again, for the last time, they took to their boats. With hollow cheeks and greatly enfeebled frames, they struggled on. "Soon the shades of night began to fall about us, our canoes were leaking badly, and the weather was bitterly

cold. The hours of that night were the longest I have ever experienced, and the odds seemed to be against us surviving until morning; but at last the day returned and found us still alive. My brother was nearly frozen, having been obliged to sit or lie in icy water all night. Poor little Michel had both of his feet frozen, and the rest of us were badly used up. We must gain the shore or perish. By great exertion we succeeded about one o'clock in reaching solid ice, upon which we were able to land, and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts. We had been in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a chilling winter blast, our clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold.

"By October 16th, we were still thirty miles from Churchill Factory's pretentious array of seven or eight houses, but the ice was forming so fast that progress by canoe was impossible. Every one in the party was very weak from hunger and exposure, but I sent the two strongest Indians on foot south for dog teams. They succeeded in hiring four, and also brought back much needed supplies, so that at length we got our canoes to Churchill in safety, the people being greatly surprised at seeing white men come from higher latitudes than even they inhabit. Here, because the river was not frozen, we had to delay two weeks, although part of this time we were glad of it. My strength gave way a short distance from the factory. I having to be carried in, and the condition of the rest was almost as deplorable from the trials of that trip down the bay. The legs and arms of every one in the party, shortly after getting there, swelled to over twice the natural size; but the kind attention received soon put us right again."