

I hurried outside, and, sure enough, the spirit had deserted the tube, and lay inclosed in the bulb—that is, it was lower than -62° F. It was startling, but there was no getting round the fact. The news spread through the camp, and the men came crowding round to see the unusual phenomenon. One man ventured the opinion that we had got to the north pole by mistake, but they looked upon it more as a joke than anything else, and were perfectly satisfied, because it meant a holiday. Mr. Abrey had made the rule that when the thermometer went below -30° F., we would not go on the line. We afterward came to the conclusion that there was nothing to prevent our working at much lower temperatures, but the rule once established it was impossible to alter it without creating discontent among the men. I went out that day two miles from camp on snowshoes, just to see how it would go, and, although it was cold at starting, I was warm enough before I got back.

The next night the thermometer went down to -58° F., and the third night to -61° F. Now, according to all precedent, we should have spent those three nights cowering with quaking hearts over the stoves, and using up the cook's fat to make the fires burn. As a matter of fact we went to bed as usual and slept without any fires at all. Not only that, but we suffered no discomfort. The only unpleasant thing about it was turning out of one's blankets in the morning to light the fire, and that I admit *was* cold, but still nothing that a strong man could not stand with equanimity.

But what will be thought when I state that during those three days of extreme cold Mr. and Mrs. Abrey were on their way from Battleford to Fort Pitt, *and slept out without any tent, and without keeping up a fire through the night?* If a Canadian surveyor's wife could do this, a Canadian surveyor can get to the north pole.

The next cold snap after this the thermometer reached -58° F., but it did not touch -60° again that winter. Not once during the winter did any of the party suffer from frostbite. I have repeatedly seen the men chopping bare-handed with the thermometer at -25° F.; and have myself taken observations of the North Star when it was -35° F. It was cold undoubtedly, but it was not as bad as taking the same observation in the mosquito season.

During the whole twelve months we were out we had not a day's sickness among us, but everybody was decidedly fattest and heartiest during the coldest weather. One fallacy we completely exploded—i. e., that extreme cold produces drowsiness. We never saw any indication of it, and since then I have traveled some thousands of miles across the ice of the Georgian Bay in temperatures varying from $+32^{\circ}$ to -30° F., and never experienced the slightest inclination to drowsiness. Only once in my life