

ably, and need it in such a climate. I was afraid Mrs. L. had put on extra for me, but she assured me she had made no difference.

Saturday, 20th.—A gala day; warm, but not too hot, with breeze enough to keep mosquitos pretty clear. At 6.30 L., B. and I started in a canoe, lent by Mr. Tyrell, to visit the whaling shanty and Eskimo point. A pleasant paddle of four miles brought us to the shanty, and we had thence a stroll over the rocky plateau northwards to the ruins of an old battery, erected to command the Promontory of West Fort, on the opposite bank, but never used. This reminds me that the redeeming point at Churchill is the abundance of pretty wild flowers, most of them of kinds new to me, but among them the wild vetch and the marguerite and a sort of corn flower (yellow). Mr. L. said his little girl collected some 36 varieties. I have a few poorly pressed and put away. The smell of the shanty is indescribable, from the remains of the whales, from six days to six years killed, and the whale oil which is boiled down and stored there. Poor Allstone is supposed to live here a good deal during the fishing season, and has a small den with a dirty rickety table and rough cot in the corner right over part of the storehouse for oils and whale skins. In this den, and with tin plates and cups, borrowed from the men, of which the look would make you hesitate, we dined sumptuously on fish fried in whale oil. We then saw two whales speared and taken out the nets, and I photoed them and the surroundings, and then two miles' paddle brought us to the Husky camp. First we went the round of the evil smelling tents, with their odorous inhabitants and their provisions of polar bear meat, raw salmon, and seal lying about. I was much struck with their skill and ingenuity in mechanical trades. They pick up all sorts of odds and ends of metal, and with these and bones and walrus' or bear's tusks, they make all sorts of implements being especially good at splicing and riveting. One old man was found making copper rivets out of an old copper hoop, with which he was about to rivet an old tin kettle top unto the worn out bottom of another kettle. Then L. gathered all the women and children (the men were away), and taught them and prayed with them and sang some Husky hymns, and I afterwards photoed some tents and some groups. Then we walked over to inspect the ruins of Fort Prince of Wales (should be Whales), and I only took one photo as plates are getting scarce and it is not a missionary object. But I brought away an eight lb cannon ball as a trophy. The fort must have been