

dream of the happy future when we get home. Home . . . ?

“Have been engaged on an extensive sartorial undertaking to-day; my trousers were getting the worse for wear. It seems quite mild now to sit and sew in -18° Fahr. in comparison with -40° Fahr. Then certainly it was not enjoyable to ply one's needle.

“Friday, April 19th. We now have provender for the dogs for two or three days more, but I think of saving it a little longer and having the worst dogs eaten first. Yesterday 'Perpetuum' was killed. This killing of the animals, especially the actual slaughtering, is a horrible affair. We have hitherto stuck them with a knife, but it was not very satisfactory. Yesterday, however, we determined to try a new method — strangulation. According to our usual custom, we led the dog away behind a hummock, so that the others should not know what was going on. Then we put a rope round the animal's neck, and each pulled with all his might, but without effect, and at last we could do no more. Our hands were losing all sense of feeling in the cold, and there was nothing for it but to use the knife. Oh, it was horrible! Naturally, to shoot them would be the most convenient and merciful way, but we are loath to expend our precious ammunition on them; the time may come when we shall need it sorely.

“The observations yesterday show that we have got down to $85^{\circ} 37.8'$ N., and the longitude should be $79^{\circ} 26'$