

lowed it a long way in a westerly direction, but without finding a suitable crossing. Then I continued some three or four miles alone to scan the country, but as I could see no chance of getting over, I returned to Johansen and the sledges. It is a fruitless task, this following a lane running at right angles to one's course. Better to camp and make one's self some good pemmican soup, *à la* Julienne (it was highly delectable), and then give one's self up to sleep, in the hope of better things in the future. Either the lanes will close together again or they will freeze, now that it is tolerably cold. The weather is quiet, so it is to be hoped new ones will not form.* If it keep like this during the days we require to reach land, it will be a good thing; when once we are on land as many lanes may form as they like. Should matters become too bad before that time, there is nothing for us to do but to mend and patch our kayaks. As they are now they will not float. The continual capsizing of the sledges has cut holes in many places, and they would fill the instant they were put on the water."

I ought perhaps to explain here that I had deferred mending the kayaks as long as possible. This was partly because the work would take a long time, and the days were precious, now that it was a question of gaining land before the ice became impracticable; partly, too, because, in the temperature we now had, it would have

* The lanes form most frequently in windy weather, as the ice is then set in motion.