

"No dog was killed yesterday, as there were two-thirds left of 'Ulenka' from the previous day, which provided an abundant repast. I now only intend to slaughter one every other day, and perhaps we shall soon come across a bear.

"Thursday, May 9th. +9° Fahr. (-13.3° C.). Yesterday was a fairly good day. The ice was certainly not first-rate, rather rubbly, and the going heavy, but all the same we are making steady way forward. There were long, flat stretches every now and then. The weather had become quite fine when we got under way, about 3 o'clock this morning. The sun was shining through light cumulus clouds. It was hard work, however, making head against the ice, and soon the fog came down with the wind, which still blew from the same direction (N.N.E.).

"The work of hauling becomes heavier and heavier for the dogs, in proportion as their numbers diminished. The wooden runners, too (the under-runners), do not seem to ride well. I have long thought of taking them off, and to-day really decided to try the sledges without them. In spite of everything the dogs keep a very even pace, with only a halt now and then. Yesterday there were only four dogs for my sledge. One of them, 'Flint,' slipped his harness and ran away, and we did not get hold of him again before the evening, when he was killed by way of punishment. The ice was all along more uneven than it has been the last few days. In the afternoon the