

paces from them, laid their heads down and went to sleep again. They barely moved when I pricked them in the snout with my pikestaff, but I was able to get a pretty good photograph of them. I thought I now had enough, but before I went I gave the nearest one a parting poke in the snout with my pikestaff; it got right up, grunted discontentedly, looked in astonishment at me with its great round eyes, and then quietly began to scratch the back of its head, and I got another photograph, whereupon it again lay quietly down. When we went on, they all immediately settled themselves again, and were lying like immovable masses of flesh when we finally rounded the promontory and lost sight of them."

Once more we had snow-storms, and now lay weather-bound on the south side of the island.

"Friday, May 29th. Lying weather-bound.

"Saturday, May 30th. Lying weather-bound, stopping up the tent against the driving snow while the wind flits round us, attacking first one side and then another." It was all we could do to keep ourselves tolerably dry during this time, with the snow drifting in through the cracks on all sides, on us and our bag, melting and saturating everything.

"Monday, June 1st. Yesterday it at last grew a little calmer, and cleared up so that we had bright sunshine in the evening. We rejoiced in the thought of moving on, got our kayaks and everything ready to launch, and