

intercepted with washes they were shaken, yet when I stopped I was applauded even by them. —
Consistency, honesty where are they. —

Monday 5
fine
night rain

In the afternoon I left for my new station - Kabeau, where I am going to establish the long side of the Northwest Angle - Lake of the Woods, it is not only an international boundary corner but also the initial point for the boundary line between Ontario & Manitoba. We will have a line run in the winter (when the numerous lakes & ponds are frozen) connecting my observatory with the N.W. angle. —
On the train I met a young Englishman James C. Rose from Liverpool who is on his way to Peabody St.

Tuesday 6
cloudy

At 5-20 A.M. I arrived at Kabeau, a most desolate place amidst rocks, trails & water. Civilization is marked by only one house, ^(station) but which I found in a most uncivilized state, being under repairs, having had a coat of plaster put on to smother the numerous & the bed bugs I was told. I had Hobson's choice & bought my cot & blankets into an uncomfortable (at least by human beings) room, & feeling sleepy & unwell lay down & slept. — At 10 at night I left again for Port Porcupine 23 miles to buy lumber for my observatory. — There I put up at the Hilliard House - a fair hotel.

Wednesday 7
fine

Port Porcupine is prettily situated on The Lake of the Woods. Its population is less than a thousand and composed principally by men who were employed on the construction of the railway and on completion thereof went into business. The place never had any enviable reputation, only last night at 8 o'clock a man was snatched, shot and robbed. It is supported by lumber, who go down on the numerous islands in the lake, by railway employees and those of a sawmill. The surrounding country is too rocky and broken to be adapted for agriculture. —

Having slept well my indisposition of yesterday