

interviewed with waders they were shocked, 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 - Katsuan, whither I am going to establish the longitude 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 Portland Or.

Tuesday 6  
cloudy

At 5-20 A.M. I arrived at Katsuan, a most desolate place amidst rocks, boulders & water. Civilization is marked by only one house, <sup>(station)</sup> but which I found in a most miserable 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 & brought my cot & blankets into an uncomfortable (at least by human beings) room, & feeling sleepy & tired 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 tourists, 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



September

had fled and with elastic step I moved about and attended to my business of obtaining the necessary material for the erection of my observatory. To make sure that there would be no delay about the shipment of the lumber I attended to the loading of it on a car myself, & well it was that I did so. — Having several hours at my disposal in the afternoon I took the ferry to Kewaukeo three miles distant. This steam ferry was no "Solano" of Oakland, for the "captain" asked me to sit on the star side to make her trim. Two stops were made at sawmills before we reached our destination, when stopping the captain, who is also wheelman, jumps from the bow and holds the craft until the passengers are on or off, there is no shouting of "make fast your head line" — "haul in your stern line." — Kewaukeo consists also lies on one of the bays of the lake, it consists of several large sawmills which supply most of the timber for Manitoba. The ~~lumber~~ <sup>timber</sup> is brought from various points of the lake and from Assiniboine river, which flows into it at the International Boundary. There is here also in course of erection an immense flouring mill & elevator by the meanderings of the C.P.R. Immediately to the north runs the Winnipeg river which near by discharges the waters of the lake, the difference in level between the two at the mill is 23 feet, and this fall gives the motive power for the mill. — At 4-30 or 16-30 I returned to Port Park. Before leaving for Kewaukeo again at 31-45 I called on Mr. Timmerman — Superintendent in his private car. Not desiring to wait for the passenger train at 4 in the morning I left on a freight. Pitting in the caboose I got to talking with a Mr. McKenzie who has charge of the tauts and windmills. He told me of several bad sink holes near by on the line, in one no bottom was found after driving piles down 135 feet. The track keeps continually picking the road, and many<sup>a</sup> time he said he had stood on the platform or on top of the car ready to jump in case the train were to go down in going over the bridges. — From what I saw



in the mountains last year and his knowledge of this section we both remarked that it was well passengers did not know what dangers they are subject to, and how they have to run the gauntlet. — Midnight found me in my adopted temporary home.

Thursday 8  
pleasant

My lumber did not arrive till noon when I immediately commenced work. No carpenters being obtainable either here or in Port Peshage I was left to my own resources of muscle, to increase the demand upon the latter I was only supplied with an old saw that never knew of the existence of a file, and a hammer. The only available pike being on the side of a hill, I had to do considerable digging to get somewhat of a level spot. Next I laid the joists and then found to my dismay that the boards had not been cut to the proper lengths altho' ordered and especially paid for so doing, telling the foreman at the sawmill at the hire that I had to build myself and make do to lessen my labor. There being not a sufficient number of boards large enough for the roof I was obliged to shorten my joists. Night coming on I went to bed tired, meditating upon the repose of one soul at least in purgatory for an indefinite time. —

Friday 9  
fine

For the placing of the upper joists I had to wait till noon when the section men came in and held them in place till I had nailed supports at the corners. — Accidentally the operator came out and assisted me in nailing on the boards (flooring). Yesterday I did considerable puffing when working (Kugawotacht macht Blasen) but today that is already overcome and the work proceeds well under a steady stream of perspiration.

A few words about the section house and its occupants. The building was originally put up for the engineers during the construction of the railway, and now does service as shaker and section house.