

Wednesday 27  
fine. warm  
after thunderstorm  
and hail

The mosquitoes were out in vast numbers this morning, the horses were literally covered with them. A wet plain was crossed at the northern limit on higher ground one Bennett has a farm + two miles beyond one W. Anderson. Gordon who drove ahead yesterday was again over-taken just before he started off. At Wolf creek which is bridged, a bad boggy place was met and a short distance beyond a worse one. Having driven ahead of the carts I awaited their arrival at Paduore's store  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles South of the Rabbit river. Today being polling day for members for the new Legislative Council for the North West. I found this store to be the polling place for this section. The store is of the usual western kind - built of logs and mud, laid with whip sawed flooring, a concrete serving for trading purposes, loupins + dishing out, an iron stove with three tops the fourth being supplied by an empty kumato can, boxes with cowhide boots + shoes - blankets, coarse underwear tobacco and other necessaries making up the stock in trade. The interesting part though was the election. The voting is open not by ballot. In the kitchen adjoining the store ~~seated~~ upon a rude bench before a blanketed table is seated Mr. Poll Clerk. For want of a bible a Orel dictionary had with a bit of string across the purpose for "smearing on." At 3 PM when I arrived 13 had voted, 11 for Borealy + 2 for Dr Borch the respective candidates. I walked into this official compartment - there was a certain air about the place - due to various broken cans whose material contents had departed, glasses with mysterious brown remnants, some bread of dusky hue and other things all upon one shelf the only one in the kitchen. The services of the three left cook stove not being required at this time it was defunct. Two white men, two half breeds and two indians were the political crowd watching

the progress of the election. The deputy returning officer was undoubtedly a strong Breakey man as I soon noticed. The arrival of my two halfbreeds was very welcome to him. He made a spell here, but a Roundstone springing up they remained under the cuts near by the shore till near 5 P.M. when Padmore hailed them, he having taken a hint from me when I said the poll must be closed at 5 o'clock - just preceding which he has told me that if necessary he'll shove his watch back. (I think he suspected me of being a Brett man). My men came - Patras voted Breakey then when Riche was asked "for whom do you vote" he said "Dr Brett" - Padmore the returning officer stares at him, - Riche turns around & looks at one Morris another halfbreed who tells him to vote "Breakey" whereupon Riche says "Breakey" & this latter is recorded. - My assistant & I look at each other & smile, he saying that Dr. Brett's name should have been recorded. - Padmore felt most uncomfortable after that as long as we were about which was till 6 o'clock. - What a farce such an election is. The right to vote might just as well be given to the cattle in the ranges. - A heavy thunderstorm delayed us somewhat, by 8 P.M. however we had crossed the Rattle river a stream of 100 ft and camped 2 1/2 miles beyond at Morris. There is not much open country here, it is wooded more or less - poplar & a few spruce - and covered with willow brush, the soil is light. -

Thursday 28 Being detained by the rain till 3 P.M. I employed my time writing. - The mosquitoes were somewhat mischievous last night, but what interfered for more with sleeping were the cattle and horses. The smoke of the camp fire attracted them and besides the cuts furnished an obstacle against which they could rub themselves and ease the irritation of the mosquito. One of us was inquisitive enough to stick his head into the door of the tent before it was hooked. We feared that some of the animals would fall onto the tent & m