

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 into the tent & m

us as they tripped over the guy ropes. Two animals were provided with bells and their monotonous tinkling all night about our ears was most exasperating. Twice I got up & drove the herd away but in five minutes they were back. — After starting at 3 P.M. we followed the Battle river for some miles passing some made Indian log cabins and cotton tepees containing the usual residue of squaws, dirty & half clad children, dogs & squabblers. By night had made about 15 miles and were midway in a level wet plain having the Peace Hills to the north. To say that the mosquitoes were out in millions tonight would be an underestimate of their census; while eating my fungal supper I sat in the smoke so that my eyes were fairly burning and sending forth a steady stream of tears, yet was this preferable to the annoyance of the bloodthirsty pest. —

Friday 29
rainy

After 5 or 6 miles travel we crossed the Peace Hills - a ridge about 40 ft above the level of the plains. Here in the old days the Ojibwas and the Blackfeet made peace after years of sanguinary conflicts. Here on the country is flat, wet, mostly covered with willow bush and occasional bluffs of poplar. By 10 A.M. we were at "The Farm" it was the old government farm for the Indians but now owned by one Frank Lucas. It is situated on the banks of the Pipestone a stream of 50 ft. width. I do not admire the taste of Lucas to settle down here to farm, - watermills ought to thrive if their necessary nutriment is to be inferred from their name. A lonely life his wife must have too, as she brought up in Dubaris, but she said to me - work and the children don't give me time to become lonely. — We took dinner there. Her husband was away to Edmonton and she was busy house-cleaning. In the fact it is not customary when at similar work to take down the walls for cleaning, but such is the case here, the house is a muddled log cabin, covered on the inside with thick brown paper and over this is nailed unbleached cotton, this latter had been taken off to be washed and then replaced. Rain again delayed our departure till 3 P.M. when we plodded on through water and willows. One of our ponies is not well broken in the cart to follow and often follows his