

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 Dubuque, 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



own inclinations. He has a habit when crossing the rude bridges made of poles of striking the side stringer with the cast wheel and glancing off into the bridge but once today he ran full ~~fell~~ down the hill, at the same time another pony ran down from the opposite side, they met and collided at the bridge displacing the side stringer or tie pole and pushing Blackie with his cart over the bridge looping between the displaced stringer and bridge. All was extricated and fortunately nothing was broken. A long tedious walk till sundown brought us to a half-bred habitation. Our camp ground was so wet that with every step water oozed out of the ground. ~

Saturday 30  
Cloudy  
afternoon fine

Six all found us on the road or more correctly speaking in the water, worse & worse the trail got, in fact we didn't travel on the trail but floundered through willows and water; now & then one of the horses would run into a tree if the trees were less than two inches it would be pulled down otherwise the cart would have to be shoved back, the ponies enjoyed passing over willows for the branches would brush some of the flies off. Many a time I'd hold my breath when one wheel of some cart would catch stump or brush and raise it, showing the centre of gravity into an unenviable position for me to look at. At Black's house we halted for dinner after having just passed over the worst of all the road. ~ Nearing Edmonton we saw some fencing & plow lines but of the little the most was apparently abandoned. - Now that we are virtually at Edmonton I must say that I have been sadly disappointed with the County adjoining it as described to me by acquaintances - Pearce - King - Simpson &c. - Although this is an exceptionally wet season - notes here every year there is something exceptional turning up - yet a dry season does not remove the nuisance of willows which cover the open land. Some woods there are none, the poplar occurring in bluffs and here and there the slender spruce rears its head above the aspen. - When within a few miles of Edmonton I drove ahead. The deep broad valley of the North Saskatchewan as seen from the South Park is impressive & very picturesque. A ferry on a will