

Friday, May 30th.

Wind still in from the sea, keeping everything back. Cartwright Harbour is all broken up, but wants a southerly wind to clear it out. Spent morning at my desk. The others worked on the boat. In the evening, we decorated the teacher's house. I am trying to get this little cottage all ready for Miss Ashall, whom I am expecting out from England, to undertake educational work.

Saturday, May 31st.

Everybody has had to knock off boat work as these in-winds are too chilly. Mr. Batten and I did some more work inside the little house. We have put up some beaver board and are panelling it with strips. It is beginning to look really nice. Before night, we had it all painted. Spent several hours cleaning ourselves up for Sunday.

The notes of the Journal for the period between the end of May and the arrival of the first mail-steamer have been unfortunately lost. The ice was very slow in going away and it was well past the middle of June before any boats could be launched. June had almost run its course when the "Terra Nova" arrived from St. John's, Newfoundland, bringing us strange comfort in the shape of a burying party who had been sent down to bury the dead that we had laid to rest seven months ago! One refrains from further comment, for various reasons.