

Monday May 26th

I spent most of the day cleaning up around the place. I cut the lawn this morning and this afternoon cleaned up the shingles around under Dick's windows. Dad and Frank did chores & odd jobs. Frank took a gig to the mill and they hauled a gig of hay over to the horse stable. Evah went over to Mrs. Battershys for afternoon tea and came home with the information that Quint's name was amongst those of the troops just landed at Halifax so that naturally created considerable excitement as she said Aunt & Aunt Alice were quite sure he would be here to night. We all went down to night. I had to go to hand practice but went down to the eight o'clock car but Quint didn't show up. I saw Win and Sid and they were very surprised that we should be looking for him. Aunt was to have gone to London to day but put it off till tomorrow in hope that Quint would be home to night. They had letters from Dick to night and he hoped to sail on the "Empress of Russia" which is due at Vancouver in a day or two. This was a holiday in town to day and they had great sports at the school house. ^{both alright} Sid and Alice were picked up alive in mid ocean and are

Tuesday May 27th

Dad. went back this morning and got the disks and has put in most of the day working up the old garden. It is wet but so sandy that it doesn't matter. I spent the day taking the sod of a strip of the lawn where I want to plant my perennial borders and re-sodding the square under Dick's windows. Frank has been doing odd jobs. He treated some potatoes with formalin and dug up a lot of saw thistle in the meadow east of the orchard. He says there is quite a patch of it over by the sheep pasture fence. There were three or four little plants of it there last year but we thought we got every particle of it out. Evidently it has fooled us. Frank went down to the day to night and I went down to see if old Quint came but he didn't. It has been a beautiful day & looks clear up.

Wednesday May 28th

Dad. worked all morning harrowing the old garden and plowing furrows to plant potatoes. Frank and I cut up a bag of potatoes and planted them out there. This afternoon Dad. took the disks back and washed in the back field near the woods. He said it didn't work