

44  
Wednesday February 19<sup>th</sup>

I was spending a very enjoyable hour in bed this morning awake but knowing I didn't have to get up till Aunty & Aunty Alice did when Aunty came in with the alarming announcement that she thought I had better stay in bed all day or at least till she went up and got the doctor and threatened to bring me my breakfast in bed. She had heard me cough as I have quite a cold and was afraid that I might contract pleurisy so here my ribs were sore and maybe the flu so was quite worried. I did my best to allay her fear and did persuade her to let me get up and eat breakfast like a Christian but she was bound to go and interview the doctor. He said there was no danger whatever so that relieved her. I sat around there and read till about eleven when Eustace came down I hushed the ice up for her and she drove home but I walked having had all the ride I wanted behind Mrs. ice in his cart coming around the block. I didn't do much this afternoon but sit around and read Dpt. and Frank hauled over another load of straw and put it off in the horse stable. Gardie Baughner was in looking at Dalls sters this afternoon but didn't buy. We also had

45  
a visit from old Bradley and the famous Rachel. He was collecting stallion fees and after looking at Bell decided we owed him seven and a half although Bell doesn't think she is in foal. However I paid him. He allowed seventy five cents a trip for his meals last summer, other wise the fees would have been fifteen dollars. I went down town to night and Aunty Alice gave me a ticket to Miss Congdon's music pupils' recital as the I. C. D. C. were selling the tickets to raise funds to buy a flag for the school house. Aunty Alice had bought two. She went with Cousin Loll and I went up to Monteith and found Mary had bought a ticket also so we started off for the concert. I considering it a treat for me and a Dutch treat for Mary. On the way down we thought better of it as our lady seemed to anticipate much of a concert and went down and spent a very nice evening at Mrs. M. Queen's. I called in at Aunty's on my way home and Aunty Alice informed me that the concert was the worst she had ever experienced. It consisted chiefly of violin selections by Miss Congdon's pupils and the fiddles were not in tune and the fiddlers couldn't play anyway. One lady recited and she stuttered. The best performer was a little Mitchell but her wretched posture and fondness for chewing gum distressed Aunty Alice terribly.