

I think every one else's apples are disposed of I
am afraid I won't be able to get Mr. Clarke's barrels
filled. We got notice yesterday that they had come
Dad put the load of mangle off which I was going
This afternoon Mary and I went down town in the
waggon right after dinner and got the barrels
and the piece of wool that ~~was~~ shipped to the
exhibition and which ~~was~~ fifth prize. It has
evidently been at the station for some time
Mary went on up town but I came straight
home stopping off a minute at Cluck Ward's to
get some cabbage and help him retrieve his
gate which the dogs had thrown into Dawson's orchard
on Halloween night. When I got home Dad &
I put on another load of mangle a small one
and four bags of potatoes which he had bagged
up and got them up and unloaded. Mary walked
home. To night we had a call from Mr. & Mrs. Tom Butler.

Thursday November 3rd

Dad ^{took} ~~took~~ Ted to school this morning and as soon
as we got the chores done we went back and put
on a load of mangle and got them off before dinner

Mary went down after the mangle this morning and
brought them over in the cart for dinner. They expect
to leave soon for B.C. where they are going to keep house for
Harry. It started in to rain soon after dinner and kept
it up pretty much all the afternoon so we didn't go
back for another load. Dad drove I went down after
Ted and took the Misses Harding with him. I didn't
do much but a few chores and flocked the lake in
the chicken yard and made a trough for them. Cold

Friday November 4th

It started to rain soon after we got up this morning
and has kept it up steadily all day, part of the
time raining hard but it has not been so cold
and in night there is a very high wind. We haven't
done any thing outside to-day but Chores and Dad
took and went after Ted. Mary drove part way
down town with Dad and walked on down to see if
she could get some apples from old Mancee for her
Dad. She didn't see him but Miss Mancee told her she
could. She walked home. I spent most of the day painting
a show card lesson. Mary spent the evening
telling me Barnaby Rudge which she read the other day.