

to meet Aunt & Mrs. Millman who come up from Toronto to night. Dad and I met them at the station. We saw the Guanbury boys on our way home out experimenting with Charles's tractor which he has concocted out his gasoline engine and an old mower and scraper. It seemed to be running all right on the road. Fine and dry.

Wednesday September 26th

I spent most of the day cleaning out the chicken house and getting it ready to put in the pullets. Frank picked and sorted tomatoes and this afternoon harrowed on the wheat ground after Dad who was disking. He disked on the pea stubble all day. The Guanbury boys were over this afternoon to clean up a load of oats. To night Mr. & Mrs. Colin McNeill & Miss Shand were over to spend the evening. Fine day, the ground is very dry.

Thursday September 27th

Frank and I have been over at Jack Martin's thrashing wheat all day and are not half through yet. The stacks are tough and the separator was stopped a good part of the time. The tough sheaves were very hard on the cylinder teeth. Dad worked on the pea stubble all

day and got started to drill about five o'clock. Frank and I came home to tea as we thought he would want to drill late but he stopped at six thinking we would stay to tea. I went to the picture show to night with May. The day Elgitha calved back in the gully to night ~~at the calf died.~~

Friday September 28th

We have been thrashing all day to day again and are still at it. It went slower to day than yesterday. We only thrashed 90 bushels this morning. We moved down to Cowley's barn to day but the stacks down there seem to be in just as bad shape. Dad finished drilling the field to day and Frank went over to help him drill the piece west of the ditch. Lea Marshall came after ^{Dad} this afternoon to go down to Bruce Smith's to see a colt he has down there. Ernie and the baby went down with them in the car. Cloudy all day, rained a little last night.

Saturday September 29th

We finished thrashing at Jack's about 10 o'clock to day. The oats and barley came through a little faster but the spring wheat was in bad shape. In the three days we thrashed 976 bushels of stuff. Dad ran out the furrows in the wheat field to day and did a few other chores. Looks rainy to day.