

Tuesday June 24th

Dad and I cultivated the old garden and the mangle out in the field this morning with old Harry. I went sound asleep after dinner and dozed off considerable time, all efforts to wake me proving futile so they say. I had some cider before dinner I don't know whether that was the cause of it or not. After I did wake up I helped George a little who has put in the day making a bigger door way in the end of the horse stable left to let the hay in. Marion and I then went out and picked some straw berries. Mary came over to tea and spent the evening but I had to go to Woodhouse with the hands as there was another strawberry social on up there. We had a good feed and I got home about half past eleven just as George and Marion were getting home with Mrs. A. after having driven Mary home. Harry Ansley died yesterday.

Wednesday June 25th

Dad went down and got his hair cut this morning and this afternoon he and Enal went down to Harry Ansley's funeral. Frank and George put the shafts on the cart this morning and I spent most of the

fore noon correcting the applications that I had returned for the sheep registrations. It poured rain all the afternoon so we didn't do anything out side Marion & I read all sorts of things this afternoon. Irish History, Pope Burns and the dictionary George and Frank and Sid played 9 dead. Dad saw in the paper to day that the Siberian troops had reached Toronto so was quite sure of Dick being home to night and drove down to meet him but he didn't come. I drove down with him as it was too wet for the hand to go to Jack M. B. ride's where we were booked to play for the Presbyterian strawberry social. I spent the evening over at the Monteith's and stayed all night at Aunt's.

Thursday June 26th

It has rained pretty much all day although there have been fine and sunny spaces between the showers. Dad and I went out to set out some cabbage & tomato plants this morning but a big shower drove us in before we got much done. Marion came out to tell us that Aunt and Aunt Alice were over here. They stayed to dinner. Dess had been down with a letter she received from Dick saying that he was in Toronto but would be unable