

ten minutes trying to unhook the chain which was just within an ace of unhooking but would not come, and although instead of this being a nice, bright, crisp shinsney, snowy sleigh-bell jingling day, it has been a dark, muddy, drizzly, drippy, rainy rotten one with nothing more cheerful to look at than the mist and drizzle and nothing to hear but the darn ducks squawk and the dismal flapping of Eud's clothes which have been hanging on the line since Monday steadily getting wetter than when she put them there. Even in spite of all this I haven't got the blues and upon a moment's thought realize that I would be a mighty ungrateful creature if I had, for in spite of all the weather there is an awful lot to be thankful for. The main part of the war is over and the boys are beginning to get back some of them pretty badly shot up but others looking fine and all of them tickled pink to be home. Old Quint, who must have seen some hard fighting during the last summer and fall has got through without a scratch and writes most interesting letters from Belgium of the sights he sees there. Of course, Dad. had a letter from Dick to-day written on Christmas saying he

was to sail for Siberia the next day so he is probably well out on the Pacific by this time and will maybe see action over there as the paper reports Canadian Artillery in the Circum-polar region supporting Russian, American and Polish troops in attacks on the Bolsheviks. but then even though his future movements are in some ways so uncertain, it doesn't seem as if his stay in Russia will last as long as it might have if the Western front was not progressing and some reports say that men will not have to stay there more than a year unless they like, even although Canadian troops are still kept there, and even if he does see action over there after knowing of some of the marvelous escapes some of the boys in France have had, I can't help feeling that the same power that pulled them through will also look after old Dick. These things as well as others keep my heart above my heart tops in spite of the depressing atmosphere. We did nothing in the way of celebration to-day. Frank and I had to take old Gladys down to Coleman's this morning and got pretty wet doing it. Dad. felt better this morning and went out and helped us load her but I'm afraid it didn't do him any good. In night Frank and I went down town Frank went up to Hubby's. We intend to celebrate New Year's on Auntie's birth day.