

with the attention we will be able to give it being so near the house that it will grow. Dad was going down town this afternoon but as we didn't get back he didn't go so I helped him milk and then hooked up Joe and took Stubby & Lila down, we took Win in at Uncle Wards and she went up and got the stuff for me, I gave Joe Thompson a lift over the hill and, old Mrs. Martin home from about Chris Leankings. Lovely day sunny and dry. Messrs. Flemming's cows scraped the road again.

Sunday May 17th

Frank went down alone to church and Sunday school this morning. After breakfast Dad and I went over to Jim Bannister's for a little while, the mare was dead and buried. Up was there and Jack Spain soon came. When we got home, we hooked Joe and Clepsy up to the buggy and took them around the block. Joe was the worst colt of the two but they went fine. Dick got up for dinner and he and I played catch for a while before he went down town. Then Frank and I went back to the gully and went in for a swim in Robert John's big pool. The water was pretty cold at first but after we got out and let the wind blow on us it felt warm to get in. I came home about four and unintentionally went to sleep. Dad, Enah and Liddens were

all out for a drive and while things were in this condition Mr. & Mrs. John Shand came, they never woke me up and so thought no one was home, pinned a note on the door and left but Dad and Enah just came along as they were going out the lane so they came back. I got the chores done as quickly as possible and got ready and went down to church. I overtook Dunt. After church I went up with him to see Big George about a fishing excursion to-morrow but he wasn't home so Dunt came over as far as Martins with me. Dick came along while we were talking. He said he felt pretty sick so we came home and he went to bed. It has been a lovely day, sunny, and a little breeze.

Monday May 18th

I woke up about three o'clock and heard Dad prowling around, he said he had just come back from town. Al Faulkner had come over after him to go and see his colt, which had got tangled up in the halter-shank and was in awful shape. I got up at four o'clock and would have been ready to get a good early start on the land but for visitors. First Mr. Porter drove in then a little while after wards old Mr. Duncan - he had what he thought to be a sick cow and wanted Dad