

and Bobcy come in nearly two weeks and since coming back with Mary have been unsettled and having no need in getting our new nest feathers that I haven't been able to get into my old habit of writing in my diary. There is not much use trying to record the events of the past few weeks as I don't know what has happened, all I know is that Mary and I are married and have had a most happy time and that we are the luckiest pair alive as we are in our own home by our selves for the winter and with the many things Mary has had given to her and the things from the Island which we may use, we seem to have every thing we want, we don't even have to pay rent for the place, which is very fortunate, us being as poor as ever as far as cold cash is concerned. Mr. Island is still here during the day backing up fruit and making cider but in the night with Mr. Johnson and has his men at the sawmills. He went to Hamilton last week and spent Saturday afternoon giving away the fruit he had sent down. Besides the many things Mary has had given to her privately we have had several more or less public donations. The second night we were back in Donce

The band came over to the farm at 7 o'clock with an entire to carry Karl's big drum, Karl himself being burdened with a dandy big leather socking chair to present to us. We had a fine musical evening on Thursday November 4th. We were invited to a meeting of the County C. F. A. at Mr. Neff's in Simcoe where we were presented with a beautiful table cloth. Mary says it is one of the finest she ever saw and that the boys can't see enough new, this was being made before the war. The next night we were invited to the Sunday School where they had "itcher shower" for Mary and stocked her up with a fine lot of aluminum and pipes ware and rumors have reached us that the object of a combined visit of teachers on Tuesday night November 10th is to present Mary with some forks. This is Monday the 18th and I have not had time to make an entry in this for about a week. This house keeping is very unsettling but it is a lot of fun. I am writing now for Mary to get dinner. I have just got off twelve bushels of apples to Mr. Clarke which I spent considerable time last week and this week people getting ready for him. Frank and I got in the mangle and Dad has got some plowing done. Our turnips are out yet and as we had a very cold snap (about 52° of frost) they are