

Sunday January 2nd

It rained during the night and has been very soft and mild all day but is colder to night. I arose fairly early this morning and got ready in time to go to church. Eva and I walked down and were late. After church Aunty Alice and Aunt Ida were going up to Hubby's for dinner as they had goose and as Aunty Maude had told Aunty Alice to bring Dad up too should he happen to be in church and as he didn't happen to be in church and as I was in no mood to walk home in the slush to dinner and right back I thought it would be all right for me to go to Hubby's so I did and had a very enjoyable dinner. Buck Ward was the only other guest. Spent the afternoon down at the Bagley's and had tea there. We all went to our various churches.

Monday January 3rd

I did chores most of the morning and husked a little corn. Dad and the baby went down to meet Aunty who came up on the morning train to vote. Dad was very anxious to have her vote because Nye was running again against old Walker. They saw Ed. up town and he said

to vote for Walker Moon & Wilson so he did. Walker got in by a majority of 8. Ed. headed the folks for Councillors then came Harry Smith, R. M. Taylor and Mat. Wilson and the by law which was to give a fixed rate of assessment to the Canning factory who in return are going to put up another big building. carried so Aunty didn't lose a vote. Dad stayed down to dinner while he was gone and while I was hooking corn out in the barn, the fattening steers got loose and got out behind the poles and into the alley in front of the cows. I heard a commotion but didn't pay much attention but when I went to go in I found the black calf had either been frightened or hooked into the manger. He was on his side with his right fore hind feet sticking over the edge but he was wedged in so tightly that I couldn't lift him so had to tear the whole manger out and he got pretty wobbly when he did get loose. This afternoon Dad and I went out to try and set up some of the down shocks of corn but they were frozen in to hard. The mice are eating it badly and we can't haul it in till we thrash out our clover seed. Mr. Hemming was over to get a hand to help him thrash to morrow but I don't think the machine is there yet. It was A. Y. P. A. social evening to night. Mrs. Clara Deal and I were put on the committee to run it but except for meeting Mrs Deal on the bridge last night on my way