

what he was to-day. We found by interrogation that yesterday's occupation consisted in riding from the Falls up here in Jim's car, as he hadn't been there since he was eleven years old, we didn't doubt his words in the least. He took my job of minding the capstan and once when they were winding it he got a hat in the leg with the lever that knocked him over. Old Ad. is the same whom Dad. & I saw a year ago last winter down in Blammon's bush with Jack Richardson building a log hut for him self in which he still lives. That day his face was almost completely covered with whiskers while now he is clean shaven down to the rim of his jaw and he has left border of grizzled hair right around, I suppose it is hard shaving around the corner. His hair is long and curls closely under an old reddish brown straw hat. His cheeks are just like a well smoked ham but his neck and nose are a lovely purple, his nose, hands & feet are enormous. I had a pretty good chance to study him to-day and he is an interesting looking old duck, he just kept plodding from one end of the barn to the other carrying plank and chewing tobacco with his front teeth I guess

he hasn't got any back ones. He didn't seem disposed to talk and didn't say half a dozen sentences all day not even when Glen would get mad and curse him into a heap, which he did occasionally, it seemed rather hard lines to hear old fellows like Ad. and old Bush just everlastingly stomped up and down, but Glen doesn't care and shows respect to no one, but he is good natured about it all and we take his blasphemous abuse as a matter of course. He was always alright with me and I found that even there a little blarney in small doses helped wonderfully to put in Glen's good graces and also get out of a lot of strenuous labor, which was my place or Charlie's to perform. I didn't feel any qualms of conscience in laying my shanks on Charlie's shoulders, because he really believes likes to work and I don't. We got on well with the barn to-day and to-night had it safely cover the gully, I was to quit when we got that far but Glen coaxed me to come back to-morrow so I said I would. Dad. got a little more plowed to-day and Frank got started to cut the corner field. He & I had to go up to Ham Thompson's again to-night with Quamby's sheep penning