

the straw but there is a high wind to night from the south west. In days paper tells of a terrible storm on the North Atlantic and mentions the Mont Royal along with other liners having reached New York badly messed up. She docked yesterday so Mr. Parks would be two days ^{late}.

Thursday January 28th

Now it has happened that to-day a great blizzard and sleet. This our cat hath been beaten and buffeted by such a wind and ever and anon hath given voice to divers groans and creakings as would make me think that her timbers must far soon be torn asunder. With out there hath been such a swirl and swirl of wind and driving snow and so bitter cold withal, that truly I had not set foot over threshold had it not been for the necessity of foddering the cattle and fetching the fuel Poko Renter. I whiled the time away by sitting by the fire and reading aloud Sir John Derling by Jeffrey Farnol. While Mary baked bread and had fair luck in spite of the weather. It took all day to rise and she baked it this evening. I did not turn the cows down to the creek to-day as it is piled high with snow drifts but carried water to them.

Friday January 29th

The wind had gone down this morning but it has been very cold all day and quite a breeze too. I went over home about eleven and helped Frank bag up 50 bushels of oats which he promised to take to the mill for Jack Martin. We took them down right after dinner and went on down and got another load of Poko Renter for the farm and I got some corn and bran at Billy Linings. I felt rather tough to night with another cold, went to bed early about 10.

Saturday January 30th

The wind shifted to the south during the night and the change in the temperature this morning was almost unbelievable. From some where in the zero region yesterday the mercury went up to around 40° to-day. It was thawing this morning before sun-up. I caught all my big horn cockles this morning and put them in bags to take over to Jack's in the buggy. I also killed and picked a Plymouth Rock cockle for our selves. so I didn't get started over much before noon and as I had to call for Frank at Pickford's we didn't get any thing done before dinner. Pickford has been laid up with a cold and lamboags ever since his wood hen. When we