

To night Frank went down to the weekly Lenten service presumably to sit and watch Roxy. Sunny & mild all day. There are some very fishy stories going the rounds just now about Henry Hoffman being arrested in New York as a German spy and having on him papers concerning Canadian Government buildings & forts which every one should note.

Thursday March 15<sup>th</sup>

I went over to Martin's this morning to ask Chris about the incubator. I was afraid the thermostat had gone wrong but he said it was all right. When I got back Dad & I went down to Hammond's beach and got a wagon load full of saw dust to put on the ice. We didn't get back till after one. I saw for the first time a very interesting <sup>looking</sup> character in the person of Ad. Frolic. I never heard of him till a little while ago but Dad says he has been around here ~~for~~ since he can remember. He & Jack Richardson were building a log hut down in the bush where Ad. intends to live in future. It doesn't look as if it would be a very comfortable habitation and is in great contrast to the mansion on the other side of the road where Oscar Rowden has built up his old shack into a hip-roofed structure of very prepossessing appearance or will be if Oscar ever takes time to paint it.

or clear up the rubbish around it but I suppose he won't have time for that kind of foolishness. Regarding the personal appearance of the above mentioned Mr. Frolic at a distance he looks very much like the gentleman universally known as Santa Claus as he ~~is about~~ wears his whiskers the same way and is about the same size & shape except that there is not such a large portion of the abdomen which shakes like and shynes with jelly. On closer inspection however he would never be taken for old St. Nick as his face would I think have the opposite effect upon that part of humanity which the other so delights. It is of a rich reddish purple colour and all puffed and shiny and is used up nearly altogether to make up his nose which is bigger than any other two noses I ever saw. He was just going home to dinner when we saw him and he had pulled on his old overcoat without bothering to pull out the collar from where it had rolled under on his back. When I told Tom what the other day that I didn't think I had ever seen him Tom said he guessed I hadn't as I would be sure to remember if I ever had and I think I most certainly would. I spent the after noon washing out the incubator and getting it in shape to run but to night the temperature hadn't gone up at all beyond 98°. To night Sam & Mrs. Law came over to spend the evening. It was rather cold