

put the red triangle indicating that we had four wheel brakes. on the markers of the car and then met the Hamilton bus and brought Tom's father & mother in law out here. Tom tried ploughing this morning and took the manure spreader home this ^{afternoon}.

Wednesday November 2nd

The less I have to do the less I get done. and diary writing is one of the jobs I overlook. We have had a beautiful fall, dry and mild a little frost for a night or two a couple of weeks ago. Tom has been ploughing pretty steadily for the last three weeks and has got a nice strip turned over. He is ploughing up all the land on the east side of the lane and as there were only a few old posts left in one fence halter he pulled them out & is ploughing all the way from the road to the gully making a furrow about 100 rods long. He has the long rounds ploughed off and is over to the wheat. so only has half as long a furrow from there over. The wheat looks fine but there is just about 4 3/4 acres of it. I have been taking life pretty easy of late. cleaning up the garden picking apples and doing odd jobs. I have Bobbie over here again so that ~~she is~~ giving after milk every day.

and she just gives about enough to keep us going. It is a great life not being eternally rushed, and being able to loaf and read a little without feeling guilty about it. I was thrashing at Shands for an hour or two this other forenoon and when I came home I suggested to Mary that we go for a drive as it was a perfect day. She was feeling out of sorts but was more than agreeable to the proposal so packed up a lunch and we struck off about noon. We ate our lunch on the Witham creek where the drive car. Post Ryersee road bends and the continuation peters out over a sand hill changes to a rutty lane and comes to an end where an old log series as a precarious foot bridge over the creek. From there we went to Turkey Point where neither of us had been before and finally home through Fisher Glen Normandale and our old Post Ryersee road noted as it is in our short and simple annals for chestnuts, huggies and romance not to mention wild roses. Dad and I were up Post way at a sale a couple of weeks ago and I bought a couple of grade cows. Old Mat. Emerick was sitting out. The fair old fellow hated to leave the farm and he quoted sentimental verses of Tom Moore telling us how his heart was wrapped up in the