

of bachelor existence. Frank went down town to night and stayed all night at Auntie Alice. Lovely day.

Sunday September 16th

Dad. and I did up the chore and partook of a cold and lonely breakfast after which I went down to church. Dad was home alone at dinner time and I don't believe he ate any as Frank and I stayed down at Auntie Alice to dinner and had a good one. We came home right after and I looked up Queen and took Marj. for a drive up into civilized borders of Charlotteville where we nearly got lost. Frank went down to Sam Law's and found that we could look for them to pull in here early tomorrow afternoon. Dred after entertaining Jim Waddle for an hour or so drove with him down town and stayed to tea at Auntie Alice. Frank and I did chores after which I ate one hard biscuit and went down town and went up to Miss Martin's with Marj. after church and Frank went to bed. Fine and sunny day. Little hot. Flies had

Monday September 17th

Dad. and I hauled out what little manure we could this morning from around the old stack bottom, we got out our own seed and I spent the afternoon killing my I think nine loads. Frank cleaned up the barn and granary

and just before noon went down and got Auntie Alice to come over and do things up in the house and prepare the supper for the threshers. They arrived about two o'clock and threshed all the oats out that were over the granary. There is my load of O.A.C. 72 to thresh yet. We got about 330 bushels which was not what we expected at harvest time but equal to any that has been threshed around here. To-night I drove Auntie Alice down as far as the bridge. She simply would not allow me to drive her any farther for fear she might be frightened. Another fine day.

Tuesday September 18th

We threshed till noon and then finished with fifty bushels from my load of O.A.C. 72 and about 117 bushels of nice wheat from the 12 acres, together with a pile of blue grass which Jack Highland has since bought for 16 dollars. I went down about ten and got Auntie Alice who had to do some tall surrying to have dinner in time but she managed alright. After dinner Alfred Ryer came up with his boys to get nine bushels of our Plymouth wheat for seed so he Dad. and Frank cleaned it up together with I spent the afternoon killing my crate fattened chickens. I killed ten leaving the one with