

just before it began to rain and brought back the old cultivator. I think I forgot to mention at the time but the ice ran out a week or so ago, it lasted pretty well but we think we can make it do better next year by putting in more sawdust and making better drainage. Frank stayed home from school again today, my cold is better tonight but Dad thinks he is getting another one now. Frank took a log of wild flowers down to exhibit at the Horticultural Show tomorrow night. Cloudy all day, didn't rain very long.

Thursday September 18th

I haven't done a trap of work all day, I have felt all day like a cake of soap after a hard day's washing and just lay around the house. This morning Dad thought it was a little too wet to work on the land so after he did chores he went out and got a load of rails and took back Ivey's disks. This afternoon he drilled in the rest of the wheat. He ran out of seed when he was within a round or two of finishing and had to go down to Alfred's to get another bag, when he got back it was too late to finish so he will have to wait till morning, he thinks Alfred's wheat a better sample than John Wexler's as there is not so much cracked wheat in it. Frank went

back to school this morning but Dad kept him home this afternoon to help him drill. Eva and Liddem's went down to see the flower show, she said it was ^{not} as large as other years and that Frank didn't get a prize on his wild flowers. Frank did not go down to see it. Dick did not get home till late as he went to the dance in the pavillion the last of the season. The men and women at the canning factory didn't get their wages as they had been promised so have all struck again except Harry & the engineer. It has been a nice day - I think

Friday September 19th

I didn't do much more today than yesterday. I started to clean out the stables but became so exhausted that I had to give it up and just poke around. This afternoon I read and answered an advertisement I saw in "The Literary Digest" for a fellow who tells how to get strong, if he fails to help me I think I shall take to dressmaking or something of that nature. Dad finished drilling before Frank went to school this morning and then harrowed the field over, he started to run the furrows before dinner but old Harry & Joe proved so incompetent that it took him the whole afternoon to finish the job, the last five of the dead furrows were so crooked that he harrowed them first and ran them over again.