

Friday August 31<sup>st</sup>

Dad. plowed all day over on the side hill by the woods and got quite a bit turned over. After I did chores I unloaded the wagon load of wood that he brought up yesterday and then went up and set up the oats that had been laid down. Some of them were very wet but none sprouted to speak of. When I got through I started to flail out my winter barley and finished cleaning it up after dinner. About three o'clock I hooked up the Belle to the disk and started on the pea ground. I think it was worked up nicely. I quit early and Eva and I went down at seven o'clock and had a ride on the "City of Doves" as she is out to-night instead of Tuesday night when it rains. It was a lovely night to-night and we had a very nice ride. Lida and Des were with us. Dad was about half the night doing chores as Mr. & Mrs. Smythe came over to see the store. They have just got word within the last day or two that young Ernest Quamby, Chris's second son has been killed in action. It is just about a year ago now that Henry's brother died of his wounds. The Canadians are in heavy action these days around the coal pits of Lens and they are steadily pushing the Germans out of the city. Conscription is now on the Canadian statute books having been passed by the Senate yesterday or to-day. Sunny and breezy & clear