

four o'clock. To-night Frank and I went down town
 we went to a party at Juey Howells and I went up to the
 Monteiths. There was supposed to be church again to-night
 but it was cancelled again. When I got home I wrote
 a letter to "The Farmer's Advocate" telling about the J. I. A.

Saturday March 15th

Young Albert M. Bide came in on horse back this morning
 to ask if I want to go shooting with him so Frank rode up
 on his wheel. Dad and I went back to the woods and got
 another load of wood. We got up with it about noon and it
 was raining quite hard. It rained all the afternoon so we
 didn't do much but sit around and read. I went to sleep
 for the most of the afternoon as I had a pain like the one
 I had in the summer. We got another flock look to-day. Frank
 went down town to-night and I read all evening. There
 were two more lambs in the box-stall when Dad went out this morning.

Sunday March 16th

It rained all morning but Frank and I walked down to
 Sunday school and church. I stayed down at Auntie's to
 dinner and tea but spent the afternoon and evening

at the Monteiths. The old man is in pretty bad shape and doesn't
 seem to be much better. Winnie was at Auntie's to tea to-night
 and she Auntie and I went to church. The flu is not over
 yet. Sweetmore died the other day while on a visit to the
 Falls and Dad Smith about the first Dover man to return
 from the war died yesterday. Spring is in the air to-day.
 It cleared off after dinner and I walked down the beach from
 Wedlake's this afternoon. The piles of broken ice along the
 shore are just about washed away. The wind had a
 warm feel to it and there was a steamy mist out over
 the lake so that I couldn't tell where the horizon was. I went
 on out on the dock which is certainly in terrible shape.
 The end is all gone off the west pier and a great hole
 washed through the east pier. They have a car load or two
 of timber down there and are trying to patch it up, but to see
 that harbour now with six thousand dollars worth of timber
 looks to me like a harder job than to prove that
 to: . . . Stop a stream with sand

Or fetter plume with silken band.
 I came up the track with Hughdie Allen and
 the old red-winged black-birds were flying around
 in the marsh and to-night when I come home I heard killdeer.