

as much like Fairy Land as any poet ever dreamed, but it didn't last long so it thawed enough for the snow to creep from the brandy. Dad. drove down town in the cutter this morning and shovelled Auntys snow for them, he said the sleighing would have been good if there had not been some wheels and which spoiled it. He and Frank got the bob-sleighs out this afternoon but didn't look up to them. I did chores all day and wrapped tar paper around the rest of my little apple tree and laid down the Dorothy Perkins rose bush and covered it up. Mary and I had a lovely evening at home to-night, she darned my socks and I read to her from Jeffrey Arnolds "My Lady Cupress". She got a parcel from home to-day containing a pair of towel for her and two pair of Miss Bain knit socks for me and two soft collars from Dorrie. Dorrie sent her a cup and saucer a few days ago and with it a little well ground

Tuesday December 28th

Frank and I went down town this morning in the bob-sleighs and got part of a load of soft coal and a barrel of salt. It was nearly noon when we came back so I stayed at home and but the stove

window on the kitchen. I was a "heck" of a job and I just about froze at it. It is a very hard place to work being on the side of the kitchen facing the main part of the house which is barely two feet from it and in order to get in there I had to climb over the eave-pipes which converge there before they enter the chimney. Then the window is so high that I had to stand on a rickety box to reach it. The storm sack that Mr. Zealand used was not meant for the window and had to be fitted in with other boards and as I didn't know the combination I made a queer looking job of it. Gordon Zealand & Aubrey Wilson came over at noon to get Gordon's gun. he is up for a day visiting Aubrey. Frank drove down town this afternoon to make some arrangements about an oyster supper that the Shands' school entertainers are holding to-night at Clarence Welshs. He brought Auntys back to the farm with him to stay with Lin while they all went and Mary and I went over and had tea and spent the evening with Auntys. Cold wind & freezing.

Wednesday December 29th

Frank and I bagged up a grist this morning and this afternoon Frank took it down to the mill and went on down town and got a load of Haked as Clare Deab sent over a sample of it with