

Tuesday October 4th

There was a white frost last night, we noticed it on the stable roof but nowhere else. It is the first we have seen although Bill Donald said he has seen it before at his place. There has been a very cold north wind all day and every now and then a driving little drizzle which didn't wet any thing but which was strong enough to make the sheep huddle in a bunch and the colts hump along with their backs to it. I went over to Tom's & Mark's this morning to borrow a couple of bags of wheat. Dad thought that as they had the mill they would have some cleaned up, but they hadn't used it yet. They were both out working on their wheat grounds but came in and cleaned up a couple of bags for me. I took it right to the back field and dad drilled it. I harrowed after the drill, and this afternoon Dad ran out the ditches.

Wednesday October 5th

May and I struck off this morning on the nine o'clock car to take in the Sinecoe Fair. We parted when

we reached Sinecoe and I went out to the Show Grounds to take part in a Judging Competition and May went to see Mrs. Hogg and to get a pattern for a dress. We had three classes to judge, sheep, hogs & dair cattle and I didn't place any of them right according to the other judges so of course didn't get any thing. There were eight other judging. I saw Neff up there, he is here picking his apples. I went back to town at noon and met May, and we had lunch a very poor one as a quality went but costly withal down at Gattas' the Greek restaurant. May also bought some cookies which we took to the park and devoured. We then went out to the Fair again and poked around among the crowd all the after noon. They had a big midway this year and we spent considerable time looking for Quint who was with Gint some where on the grounds with some sort of booth but we couldn't find them. We took a walk through the sheep pens and saw Mr. Ewen who told us that things were still pretty dull in the sheep business. There was a big exhibit of Shrop shires this year. Bettyner was there with quite a flock and so had Waterbury. Tom Thompson son had