

Mother and I went to the funeral of the late Mrs. Robert Marr Senior, she was buried at the old Woodhouse cemetery to day. Her age was eighty two. Bro. Calvert conducted the services and preached a nice sermon at the church. The weather has been very chilly and windy; but, not for the time of year. Snow has been getting up and splitting at the woodhouse. Called at St. J. Carpenters on the way home found that Mr. Carpenter had been very sick, and was not yet recovered.

Having received a letter from Mr. David Spence, the Ontario Immigration agent Toronto containing further information as to a farm land I went out to blow this morning to get an answer off as soon as possible. Went to St. J. Carpenters first to give him the benefit of what I had heard. Stopped at St. Halls on the way home & had dinner. Strange to say when I got home I found a man waiting, Joe the Indian, who I have hired for several months at twelve dollars per month with board. Expect him to commence to morrow.