

was that I didn't do chores before day light as I had intended as I thought the day would be too rough to go after woods, later in the fore noon, however, it stopped snowing and was not such a bad day as it wasn't very cold, so I hooked up and drove over home after first going up to Shandi and speaking for their wood rack. It was after eleven when I got over to the farm so it was too late to go to the woods before dinner but we went up this afternoon with Gary & Pommer. Frank saw Paper and harnessed his wood rack so we didn't have to go out to Shandi, we all three went up to the bush and found a very busy place. There was a big gang up there and the mill was going so there were some at it sawing, some piling lumber some chipping & sawing in the bush and Bill Mc Donald was snaking logs to the saw. It seems a great pity to me to see that fine piece of bush on the lake bank being cleared right off. Dad had quite a time getting into the place where the wood was as they had the main track blocked with logs and Gary & Pommer are not used to ploughing around through deep snow and brush but they got there and I got a cord of hard maple for five dollars but there was a great deal of small branch wood mixed with

it. I didn't speak for any more because Charlie Shadel hinted this morning that they might want me to help them get their wood out and I think if they do I can get some from them. The Snider's from down the lake were up there getting wood and we had to wait after we got loaded for a while till they got the logs chared out of the track. It was after four when we got back to the farm so we left the wood there and Dad said he would bring it out in the morning. I drove around by the Donalds on my way home and told Ana not to come over to-morrow as we expect to go to town, she too was scared out of coming to-day owing to the ominous looks of the morning. I found Mary pretty well fagged out when I got home as she had had a busy day but when she came in from feeding the chickens found the two kids in the coal pail. Harry B. taking it out and handing it to Gay who was eating a little of each piece and then throwing it on the floor, they were both as black as niggers when Mary found them. Gay was proud as Punch of herself and Harry B. made his usual remark on such occasions "Gay do it". The last day she left them to feed the chickens, she came in to find the kitchen floor littered with hay which they were busy pulling out after seat of the old arm chair