

Thursday, February 19th

This morning I drove Auntie to Vittoria to catch the 11.40 train for Port Rowan as she went up for the day to see Auntie Ida. I didn't come straight home but went around to see if I could come down the front road but I saw both the Dunkins and they said I couldn't get through that way so I had to come back around by Vittoria. Mr. Dunkin told me that he hadn't had the sheep registered yet and got me to give him the numbers again. As I wasn't in a special hurry I drove down the road that goes past the mill but after getting along it quite a way had to turn back but I wasn't sorry I went as it is so pretty. I think I have been through before but it must have been a long time ago as in the summer, it is just as pretty in winter, as the little stream is running along just the same, and the snow, sun shine and evergreens all combine to give it a very cosy & comfortable appearance and the narrow little road way bounded by the artistic old rail fences over which you occasionally catch a glimpse of a field keep you in mind of the fact that you are still within reach of civilization but at the same time fits in beautifully with the fairland surroundings. That is certainly a lovely country up there if it isn't much good. I didn't get home till after the

rest had had dinner and as Sid. McBeids had been here to tell us our wire had come Dad and I had to go down after in this afternoon. Dick came home to tea to-night and after was he and I went down to the Orchestra dance. We had a dandy time, there were not many boys there but lots of girls. I danced pretty nearly every dance and with pretty nearly every girl and by half past two wasn't any more than able to trudge home. Percé Brock was down with his traps and so with him and Murray combined we couldn't help but have dandy music, the rest of the Orchestra was there too of course. The old ewe who has lambed, couldn't get up to-day and all the afternoon has been stretched out flat and although she was chewing her cud this afternoon to-night she is just about dead. It has been a beautiful day fairly cold but very sunny.

Friday February 19th

Dad and I didn't do any thing all morning but tend to sheep and lambs. The sick ewe died during the night. Dad thought of skinning her but when he saw that her skin was all mottled he decided not to touch her as he was afraid of blood poison, and besides the wool came right off her I suppose from fever. He took the fleece of her just by pulling it and it came as easily and left the skin