

old place. She was a typical product of that beautiful country. They are not so prosperous up there as they are on the clay but they don't farm there because they love the land, the life and the independence and are content with a comfortable living as long as they can work a little fun into it. The fellows down on the clay don't know what fun is and they have to work so hard at farming that they haven't much time to investigate the matter. They can all quote prices but as for quoting poetry, they can't read it with any degree of satisfaction because it doesn't do well in the clay. They farm for the money that's in it and they shed no tears at leaving the old place if they get a good price for it. Old Emmerick is one of the men up there who has sold out to the tobacco syndicate. They have bought about 1400 acres up there and as the old man said it is all going up in smoke. Charlie Dunkin has sold out too. We were over to see him for awhile. He & Mrs. Dunkin are having trouble these days as their daughter Belle died about a week ago. They were telling us that Aunt Gladys was over to see them and told them she was here to stay and hoped to be married.

very shortly. Quint spends most of his time up there since they both come over from Boston but he doesn't say much. Mary took the kids to Simcoe the other day to have their photographs taken for Christmas and the proofs came to-day, as she expected they were rather disappointing. We were going to plant some tulips that Aunt Grace gave us to-day but it rained all morning so I took up this job instead. We put in a lot of tulips, crocus and daffodils that Mary got in Simcoe a week or so ago. We also got some phlox at Camp Wells so we are hoping for quite an improvement in the garden next year. Mary & the kids went down to see Mabel this morning as she is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Thursday November 3rd

Mary down at dentist's all forenoon and the kids and I kept house and worked at levelling in front of the house. Harry B. helping me. This afternoon I cleaned ditches in the field. Tom is ploughing in. To-night read Pickwick Papers till I fell asleep. Mary who was making an apron for a fool performance they are having at Warburg to-morrow night. Cloudy and rain.