

treated. As it was the longest period Art. ever spent away from home, there was much to tell. Then Supper appeared on the scene with about half a dozen boards in his wagon & had evidently been down town all the afternoon at the very least but we were up on the hill and could not hear him ~~at~~ <sup>well</sup> on account of the wind so he didn't stay long with us but went up and spent a half an hour or so talking to the Teanbury boys. To night's paper says that Gen. M<sup>r</sup>. Donald is a prisoner in Germany and Aunty got a letter from Cousin Carrie which confirms the report. They heard through some lady in London whose son is sharing the same fate as Fred. Cousin Carrie said that if they had received the news ten days ago it would have been awful but after the suspense they have been in since he was reported missing it is a happy relief. George Duncan came over to night on his motorcycle and said the rails which Dad spoke for are in their road now as they have to put their fence up so Dad told him we would be up to-morrow after them, although we hated to stop our other work. Sunny and warm.

Tuesday May 11<sup>th</sup>

We got a good early start this morning and managed

to get home two loads of rails before one o'clock. This afternoon we only got one load as we were delayed considerably. Jack Davis came in before we left with King Chocolate. I think we will use him this year with Belle as we can't seem to get any colts from a heavy horse and we don't know of a thoroughbred stallion in the County. Sensation has gone to Montreal where he stands for \$100. and I guess King Chocolate is the next best we can get. We were stopped again on the road by Wess Buchner who wanted to ask Dad about his horse's shoulder. Mr. Jack M<sup>r</sup>. Birds, Wm. Walker and another fellow are all riding the road machine to-day and seem to be having a very sociable & enjoyable time of it, they have changed the heats now and those fellows come right down to our corner, Dad told them he wouldn't raise any kick if they scraped our lane for us and we were very much surprised to night to find they had. Our next holdup was when we reached Duncan's as old Bill was in the lane slipping weeds when we went up and coming back. He would have been talking, yet heet happily they were hauling manure so we had to move on in a little while to get out of the men's way. We didn't get home till nearly six o'clock and there is still a load up there which