

to sleep at Ben's till about half past nine and then
went up to the boys and waited for Marj. who came away
from the house early and we got home about half past
ten. Tom Butler was in at noon and expressed
his intention of going down and "beating" the can
off that amateur poet - meaning Wilbur McDonald.
Because he imagined he had said some thing of
an insulting nature about the Prince of Wales in order
to make an impression on Giltha. In reality all he
said was that when the Prince was in Montreal he
had seen Mr. Donald do some of his comparing tricks
and was more taken with them than by his jokes.

Friday January 21st

It had still been very mild all day and is barely
freezing to night but it has been cloudy & foggy
and rained quite heavy showers several times.

Wilbur came over this morning and killed the pig
and made a very good job of it which is quite
natural as his "heart is in his work". Dad was
watching the glint of satisfaction in his eye when he
tried the hair and found he had made a good scalp
and the found way in which he rubbed off his fat
and legs and said "Wilbur, I believe you like to
be a butcher." Wilbur smiled in a good-natured way and
said candidly "Yes, I do. But I don't think I did the actual

killing, shooting them before sticking them. I don't
think Wilbur imbibed of the blood, but so soaked
up is he with his art that he often does hold his
cupped hands under the blood stream as it runs
warm and gurgling out of a struck beef or pig, and
then drink it down adding to the delight of it by
getting as much as possible on his face. It was a
nice pair of pigs - one of them the same being the nicest
one so far that I have yet had that we have ever killed.

We didn't do much this ~~morning~~ ^{afternoon} but husked
corn and do chores. To night Marj. and I had
an evening at home and to celebrate it we
built a fire in the grate and I read Pickwick
Paper, all round and slept ~~at~~ ^{at} intervals and
Marj. sewed at her mat. and then before we
went to bed it was such a beautiful mild-moon-
light night we went for a walk down to the boat house.

Saturday January 22nd

I felt pretty bright all day to day, my cold and sore
throat made me feel rather miserable. I went over
to the farm this morning and Frank and I loaded
Billy with chopping box on the old way on and took
it home as he was over yesterday after it. We
went on down town and got half a ton of soft coal
Charlie & Art Quabury went through just before