

occasion which made it uncomfortable for the rest of us
 fellows during the service, but we managed to pull through
 without disgracing ourselves and very unwillingly by
 accepted the undertaker's invitation to go in and have a
 look at her. Five returned soldiers came down from Simcoe
 to attend the funeral. They were a tough looking bunch.
 One had a glass eye and a stiff arm and another a good
 leg. They buried him in the Simcoe Cemetery. I drove up
 with Lynn Waddle and Jack Maxwell. Lynn lit up his
 corn cob pipe just as we got started and and I don't think
 opened his mouth all the way up unless it was to make
 some coarse and rebeld jest, one being that he thought Wess
 Baughner was damned stingy with his hard cider, as he had
 offered us any. I came home with George Duncan as he
 was alone and could bring me closer to home. I transferred
 at his gate to Jack McBeath's rig and when he turned in home
 I got in with Colin Ryerson & Frank and so got a ride home.
 To-night Frank and I went down to the J. I. G. and although
 we didn't have many out had a fairly good time. Everybody
 present performed in some way sang or read a poem out
 of my James Whitcomb Riley book it being literary evening.
 We had some toast for refreshments. Very soft & mild. Snowing to night.

Wednesday January 8th.
 Besides doing chores to-day Frank and I started to dig the
 straw out of the bottom of the west hay over in the old barn
 and put it up on the rails over head. Home Myers was in
 this morning to return Dad's prolog. He borrowed it last
 night while we were down town to make a turnip out of his
 cow's throat. She wanted to know if we would like to try
 feeding some dried beet pulp as he was going to send for
 some so I told him to get us Wendell's worth to-night.
 Frank and I went down town. I went over to the Monteith's for
 the evening. Frank intended to go to a soldier's concert which
 the S. O. D. E. were having but it was called off on account of
 the Baldwin girls being sick so he went up to Hubby's and took
 Lita to the show. Aunty Alice sent to a Boston publishing Company
 for some plays for us to-night. A little colder to-day but nice

Thursday January 9th.
 Frank and I finished covering the rails in the old barn
 with straw. We intended to get some more corn in and
 some hay over but the weather prevented us. It has been
 very blustering and blizzardy all day. It didn't snow any
 more but the high west wind kept what little had