

And late sowed potatoes, but we could stand a lot more of it. Dad had an early breakfast and got down to Fleming's about seven. He only thrashed his wheat and a load of oats so they finished at noon. Dad said the wheat didn't turn out very well but the oats were better. I just did chares this morning and wrote in this and made a new milk record card and tacked it up in the cow stable. Frank and I looked at the bees and put in three frames which had full sheets of foundation in, in place of three which they hadn't worked on at all. We just took them from the super and put them in the lower hive. I got stung for the first time. We didn't do any thing much right after dinner. Frank went down and got the paper but there wasn't any thing startling in it. They don't know where the British Army is at all. Kitchener is keeping it whereabouts strictly secret. The first decoration for gallantry was awarded to a French lieutenant of dragoons who had the Cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him for doing what he would have been guillotined for a month ago. Such incidents do make war look horribly foolish. Dad and I went out to look at the potatoes in the field traces if the wide worms were in them at all but we couldn't find any. They promise to be a fair crop for this year. When we came in we took the

team and went down to Uncle Wadd's and got a load of shingles. It was six o'clock when we got home. So night Cousin Clare and Enah have gone over to see Mrs. Rotherly and Frank has gone down town with Ray Bannister. Lila is over here for all night. Frank went over to see Mrs. McPherson and her bees this afternoon and got stung too. Like every one else's bees have made very little honey this year.

Saturday August 15th

We chored around about half the morning and then went out and straightened the oat stacks up a little, some of them were pretty wet and one or two heads had sprouted. We then came in and put the load of hay off that was on the rack before dinner. Frank mowed it nearly all away in by Deadnought's stall. He also unloaded our load of shingles while Dad was examining the refrigerator, it was leaking and we didn't know what caused it but Dad found the overflow pipe was blocked up. Frank went down and got the paper right after dinner and Dad went to sleep. He has been saying so long how much he would like to take a sleep so we let him go till Giddums came in about half past three and woke him up. We then went out and hauled out five loads of manure before tea. Frank hoed the potatoes in the old garden and I helped him between loads.