

Thursday January 27th

We finished thrashing by about eleven o'clock this morning and got about 3 days of seed which we thought wasn't bad. Frank went down to Art Ryerse's to get his name on the petition that the J. D. C. is circulating to counteract the one that some scare heads around Simcoe have sent in to have Jeff dismissed. George & Floyd signed it but told him not to go near Art as he wasn't in a good humor. We didn't do much this afternoon and to night Mary and I went down to meet a friend of hers, Mrs. Low a sister of Miss Dever's who lectured for the Women's Institute and has been in Simcoe this week. She came down on the seven o'clock car and went back on the nine. We didn't have time to bring her over here so took her to Benly's. Mary went down this afternoon and went with Benly Alice, Enah and John to the fifteen cent. left over tea in the Methodist church. I had tea at Benly's. Cold & cloudy.

Friday January 28th

We were late getting up this morning but Frank and I managed to get on a load of corn before dinner. We put it off this afternoon and got another one in leaving just two rows more to haul and we hauled a row to a load to-day so will finish it to-morrow if all's well. To night Essie & Woodger

came over here for tea. They had been skating on the pond. Essie had to leave right after tea to go to choir practice so she and Woodger skated back across the pond. Woodger was so possessed to be so full he could hardly wiggle and kept us in fits of laughter all the time by his nonsense. When they left Mary and I went over to Benly's and we all went down to the Pickfords to spend the evening. We had a very nice time down there except that as usual I went to sleep in my tracks. Dad has been lame all day as he dropped the tongue of Tom's Clover mill on his toe yesterday and it is very sore. Enah, Mary & Sid drove down to Pickfords in the cart with Mexico. Lovely day. Mild.

Saturday January 29th

This has been a beautiful spring like day, and Frank and I succeeded in getting all the corn in one load this morning and the other which we left on the wagon this afternoon. It took us till pretty late to get it. To night the boys came over full force and had their social evening. They each brought enough beat for the whole bunch so by the time they got their sand wicks eaten they couldn't hold any cake and Herman who is a natural hoarder attributed his inability to partake of a scrumptious cake that Mrs. Wilson sent over to its being no good. Damn them.