

Friday February 28th

We haven't seen Frank all day. He stayed at Auntie's last night and went up to Simcoe on the nine car. He intended to see the hockey match at the rink to night between Simcoe and Niagara Falls, come down on the eleven and go to the Women's Institute dance in the hall. Dad and I just did chores this morning and I took Pommers out for a little more exercise. Dad went back to the bush right after dinner. I went back about ten o'clock but didn't do any thing. We did the chores up fairly early and to night May and I went to a concert in the Methodist Church. It was put on by a travelling company comprising a pianist, vocalist, elocutionist and violinist. The pianist was a blind man and although he could play beautifully, it gave a fellow the "Willies" to look at him as he looked like a mechanical ghost. All the performers were very good but the violinist took my fancy. I almost wished she had been the whole show as I never heard any violin sound so sweet. I was in at Auntie's quite awhile on my way home as Ray was there having come in on the seven o'clock car to spend Sunday. Hubby was

down there when I went down with a medal which Lila had just received for a first prize on an essay she had written on the "Victory Loan". It has been very mild all day with a strong south wind. It rained hard this evening during the concert but had cleared off when I went home and the wind had gone around to the west getting stronger & colder.

Saturday March 1st

The advent of this March has been of the most approved lion-like type. It was a ferocious wind all night and morning and much colder although milder and calmer more calm this afternoon. Frank got home some time before day light and said he had seen the hockey match. We thought it would be too soft but he said they played a good game in spite of the water on the ice. The score was 8-4 in favor of the Falls. Dad went over to Gupper's this morning to see his steers and was over there all morning. Gupper was showing him some great bargain he got in used uniforms up at Brant's Shoddy Mills so this afternoon Frank rode back up to see what he could do. He left his wheel up there