

1949

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	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.		Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
JAN.	1	JULY	1	2
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		184	185	186	187	188	189	190
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		191	192	193	194	195	196	197
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		198	199	200	201	202	203	204
	30	31		205	206	207	208	209	210	211
		31
FEB.	1	2	3	4	5	AUG.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		213	214	215	216	217	218	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		219	220	221	222	223	224	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		226	227	228	229	230	231	
	27	28		233	234	235	236	237	238	
		240	241	242	243	
	
MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	SEPT.	1	2	3
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		244	245	246	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		247	248	249	250	251	252	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		254	255	256	257	258	259	
	27	28	29	30	31		261	262	263	264	265	266	
		268	269	270	271	272	273	
	
APRIL	1	2	OCT.	1
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		275	276	277	278	279	280	281
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		282	283	284	285	286	287	288
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		289	290	291	292	293	294	295
		296	297	298	299	300	301	302
		303	304
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NOV.	1	2	3	4	5
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		310	311	312	313	314	315	316
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		317	318	319	320	321	322	323
	29	30	31		324	325	326	327	328	329	330
		331	332	333	334

JUNE	1	2	3	4	DEC.	1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		338	339	340	341	342	343	344
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		345	346	347	348	349	350	351
	26	27	28	29	30		352	353	354	355	356	357	358
		359	360	361	362	363	364	365

THE CANADIAN LINE

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1949

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1949

Golden Number.....	12
Epact.....	30
Solar Cycle.....	26
Domical Letter.....	B
Roman Indiction.....	2
Julian Period (Year of).....	6662

2,432,918 is the Julian day number of January 1, 1949, Gregorian calendar.

The year 5710 of the Jewish era begins at sunset on September 23, 1949, Gregorian calendar.

The year 1369 of the Mohammedan era, or the era of the Hegira, begins at sunset on October 23, 1949, Gregorian calendar.

The 14th year of King George VI begins on December 11, 1949.

The 83rd year of the Dominion of Canada begins on July 1, 1949.

FESTIVALS, ANNIVERSARIES, ETC., 1949.

New Year's Day.....	Jan. 1	Trinity Sunday.....	June 12
Epiphany.....	" 6	Corpus Christi.....	" 16
Septuagesima Sunday.....	" 24	St. John Baptist (Midsummer Day).....	" 24
Quinquagesima (Shrove) Sunday.....	" 27	Dominion Day.....	July 1
Ash Wednesday.....	Mar. 2	Birthdays of Queen Elizabeth (1900).....	Aug. 4
Quadragesima (1st Sunday in Lent).....	" 6	Labor Day.....	Sept. 5
First Sunday of Passover.....	" 14	Hebrew New Year (Rosh Hashanah).....	" 24
Good Friday.....	" 15	Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur).....	Oct. 3
Easter Sunday.....	" 17	First Day of Feast of Tabernacles (Succoth).....	" 8
Easter Monday.....	" 18	Remembrance Day.....	Nov. 11
Birthdays of Princess Elizabeth (1926).....	" 21	First Sunday in Advent.....	" 27
Rogation Sunday.....	May 22	Conception Day.....	Dec. 8
Victoria Day.....	" 24	Accession King George VI (1936).....	" 11
Ascension Day.....	" 26	Birthdays King George VI (1895).....	" 14
Birthdays of Queen Mary (1867).....	" 26	Christmas day, Sunday.....	" 25
Hebrew Pentecost (Shebuoth).....	June 3		
Pentecost (Whit Sunday).....	" 5		

MORNING AND EVENING STARS

Mercury.—Evening star to February 2, with greatest elongation East 18° 45' on January 17 at 22 hours. Morning star to April 13, with greatest elongation West 27° 0' on February 28 at 0 hours. Evening star to June 3, with greatest elongation East 21° 32' on May 10 at 15 hours. Morning star to July 26, with greatest elongation West 22° 3' on June 28 at 5 hours. Evening star to October 3, with greatest elongation East 26° 59' on September 7 at 18 hours. Morning star to November 21, with greatest elongation West 18° 14' on October 19 at 4 hours. Evening star for the rest of the year.

Venus.—A morning star to April 16. An evening star for the rest of the year, with greatest elongation East 47° 15' on November 20 at 13 hours. Greatest brilliancy as an evening star on December 26.

Mars.—An evening star to conjunction with the sun on March 17, a morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition in March 1950, —1.1.

Jupiter.—A morning star to opposition with the sun on July 20. An evening star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition —2.3.

Saturn.—A morning star to opposition with the sun on February 21. An evening star to conjunction with the sun on September 2. A morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition in February 1949, +0.5.

Uranus.—An evening star to conjunction with the sun on June 22. A morning star to opposition with the sun on December 24. An evening star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition +5.8.

Neptune.—A morning star to opposition with the sun on April 3. An evening star to conjunction with the sun on October 8. A morning star for the rest of the year. Stellar magnitude at opposition +7.7.

ECLIPSES IN 1949.

In the year 1949 there will be four eclipses, two of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. A total eclipse of the Moon, April 12-13, 1949. Visible in Canada. The beginning visible generally in southwestern Asia, Europe, Africa, The Atlantic Ocean, The Arctic and Antarctic regions, North America, except the northwestern part, South America and the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean; the ending visible in the western part of Africa, the extreme southwestern part of Europe, the Atlantic Ocean, the Arctic and Antarctic regions, North America, South America and the eastern and central parts of the Pacific Ocean. Middle of the eclipse April 12, 23 hours 11 minutes Eastern Standard Time.

II. A partial eclipse of the Sun, April 28, invisible at Toronto. Visible in the Arctic regions, Europe and North Africa.

III. A total eclipse of the Moon, October 6-7, 1949. Visible in Canada. The beginning and ending visible generally over the same areas of the earth as the eclipse of April 12-13, 1949. The middle of the eclipse on October 6, 21 hours 56 minutes, Eastern Standard Time.

IV. A partial eclipse of the Sun, October 21, 1949. Invisible in Canada. Visible in Australia and the Antarctic.

TIME ZONES

Time zones are as follows:

Atlantic.....	60° W. Long.	3 hours slow of Greenwich.
Eastern.....	75° W. Long.	4 hours slow of Greenwich.
Central.....	90° W. Long.	5 hours slow of Greenwich.
Mountain.....	105° W. Long.	6 hours slow of Greenwich.
Pacific.....	110° W. Long.	7 hours slow of Greenwich.

LEGAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES IN CANADA

The legal weights and measures of Canada are the Imperial yard, Imperial pound avoirdupois, Imperial gallon, and the Imperial bushel.

By Act of Parliament and Amendments, it is provided: That in contracts for sale and delivery of any of the undermentioned articles, the bushel should be determined by weighing, unless a bushel measure be specially agreed upon, the weight equivalent to a bushel being as follows:

Alfalfa Seed, 60 lbs.	Bituminous Coal, 70 lbs.
Beans, 60 lbs.	Barley, 48 lbs.
Buckwheat, 48 lbs.	Bluegrass Seed, 18 lbs.
Brome Seed, 14 lbs.	Castor Beans, 40 lbs.
Clover Seed, 60 lbs.	Crested Wheat Grass Seed, 22 lbs.
Flax-Seed, 56 lbs.	Fescue Seed, 22 lbs.
Hemp Seed, 44 lbs.	Indian Corn, 56 lbs.
Lime, 70 lbs.	Malt, 36 lbs.
Millet, 36 lbs.	Millet Seed (Proso Type), 50 lbs.
Oats, 34 lbs.	Orchard Grass Seed, 14 lbs.
Peas, 60 lbs.	Potatoes, 60 lbs.
Rye, 56 lbs.	Rye Grass Seed, 20 lbs.
Soy Beans, 60 lbs.	Timothy Seed, 48 lbs.
Vetch, 60 lbs.	Wheat, 60 lbs.
Slender Wheat Grass Seed (Western Rye Grass), 14 lbs.	

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Troy Weight—24 grains=1 pwt.; 20 pwts.=1 ounce; 12 ounces=1 pound. Used for weighing gold, silver and jewels.

Apothecaries' Weight—20 grains=1 scruple; 3 scruples=1 dram; 8 drams=1 ounce; 12 ounces=1 pound. The ounce and pound in this are the same as in Troy Weight.

Avoirdupois Weight—27 11/32 grains=1 dram; 16 drams=1 ounce; 16 ounces=1 pound; 100 pounds=1 cwt.; 2,000 pounds=1 short ton; 2,240 pounds=1 long ton.

1 oz. Troy=480 gr.; 1 oz. Avoirdupois=437 1/2 grains.
1 lb. Troy=5,760 grains; 1 lb. Avoirdupois=7,000 grains.

Dry Measure—2 pints=1 quart; 8 quarts=1 peck; 4 pecks=1 bushel.

Liquid Measure—4 gills=1 pint; 2 pints=1 quart; 4 quarts=1 gallon; 31 1/2 gallons=1 barrel; 2 barrels=1 hogshead. Barrels and hogsheads vary in size.

Circular Measure—60 seconds=1 minute; 60 minutes=1 degree; 30 degrees=1 sign; 90 degrees=1 quadrant; 4 quadrants=12 signs, or 360 degrees=circle.

Long Measure—12 inches=1 foot; 3 feet=1 yard; 5 1/2 yards=1 rod; 40 rods=1 furlong; 8 furlongs=1 stat. mile; 3 miles=1 league.

Mariners' Measure—6 feet=1 fathom; 100 fathoms=1 cable length; 7 1/2 cable lengths=1 mile; 5,280 feet=1 stat. mile; 6,085 feet=1 naut. mile.

Miscellaneous—4 inches=1 hand; 18 inches=1 cubit; 21.8 inches=1 Bible cubit; 2 1/2 feet=1 military pace.

Square Measure—144 sq. inches=1 sq. foot; 9 sq. feet=1 sq. yard; 30 1/4 sq. yards=1 sq. rod; 40 sq. rods=1 rood; 4 roods=1 acre; 640 acres=1 sq. mile.

Surveyors' Measure—7.92 inches=1 link; 25 links=1 rod; 4 rods=1 chain; 10 sq. chains or 160 sq. rods=1 acre; 640 acres=1 sq. mile or section; 36 sq. miles (6 miles square)=1 township.

Cubic Measure—1,728 cubic inches=1 cubic foot; 27 cubic feet=1 cubic yard; 2,218.19 cubic inches=1 Imperial bushel; 277.27 cubic inches=1 Imperial gallon; 1 cubic foot=about four-fifths of a bushel; 128 cubic feet=1 cord (wood); 40 cubic feet=1 ton.

LINEAR MEASURE

1 centimeter=0.3937 in.	1 in.=2.54 centimeters.
1 decimeter=3.937 in.	
=0.328 feet	1 ft.=3.048 decimeters.
1 meter=39.37 in.	
=1.0936 yards.	1 yard=0.9144 meter.
1 dekameter=	1 rod=
1.9884 rods.	0.5029 dekameter.
1 kilometer=	1 mile=
0.62137 mile.	1.6093 kilometers.

SQUARE MEASURE

1 sq. centimeter=	1 sq. inch=6.452 square centimeters.
0.1550 sq. in.	
1 sq. decimeter=	1 sq. foot=9.2903 square decimeters.
0.1076 sq. ft.	
1 sq. meter=	1 sq. yard=
1.196 sq. yd.	0.8361 sq. meter.
1 are=3.954 sq. rods.	1 sq. rod=0.2529 are.
1 hektar=2.47 acres.	1 acre=0.4047 hektar.
1 sq. kilometer=	1 sq. mile=
0.386 sq. mile.	2.59 sq. kilometer.

MEASURE OF VOLUME

1 cu. centimeter=	1 cu. inch=16.39 cu. centimeters.
0.061 cu. in.	
1 cu. decimeter=	1 cu. foot=28.317 cu. decimeters.
0.0353 cu. ft.	
1 cu. meter=	1 cu. yard=
1.308 cu. yard.	0.7646 cu. meter.
1 ster=	0.2759 cord
0.908 qt. dry.	1 cord=3.624 sters.
1 liter=	1 qt. dry=1.101 liters.
1.0567 qt. liquid.	1 qt. liquid=
0.9463 liter.	1 gallon=0.3785 dekaliter.
1 dekaliter=	1 peck=0.881 dekaliter.
1.35 pecks.	1 bushel=
1 hektoliter=	0.3524 hektoliter.
2.8375 bushels.	

WEIGHTS

1 gram=0.03527 ounce.	1 ounce=28.35 grams.
1 kilogram=	1 pound=
2.2046 pounds	0.4536 kilogram.
1 metric ton=	1 English ton=
1.1023 English ton.	0.9072 metric ton.

APPROXIMATE METRIC EQUIVALENTS	
1 decimeter=4 inches.	1 liter=1.06 quart liquid.
1 meter=1.1 yards.	0.9 quart dry.
1 kilometer=	1 hektoliter=2 1/2 bushels
5/8 of a mile.	1 kilogram=2 1/2 pounds.
1 hektar=2 1/2 acres.	1 metric ton=2200 lbs.
1 ster, or cu. meter=	3/4 of a cord.

INTEREST CALCULATIONS

RULE: Multiply the principal by as many one hundredths as there are days, and then divide as follows:

Per cent	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	12
Divide by	90	72	60	52	45	40	36	30

EXAMPLES: Interest on \$100 for 90 days at 5 per cent.: 100 x .90 = 90.00 divided by 72 = 1.25 (one dollar and 25 cents); on \$1 for 30 days at 6 per cent.: 1 x .30 = .30 divided by 60 = .005 (5 mills).

TABLE: Showing the number of days from any date in one month to the same date in any other month.

From To	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
January ...	365	31	59	90	120	151	181	212	243	273	304	334
February ...	334	365	28	59	89	120	150	181	212	242	273	303
March	306	337	365	31	61	92	122	153	184	214	245	275
April	275	306	334	365	30	61	91	122	153	183	214	244
May	245	276	304	335	365	31	61	92	123	153	184	214
June	214	245	273	304	334	365	30	61	92	122	153	183
July	184	215	243	274	304	335	365	31	62	92	123	153
August	153	184	212	243	273	304	334	365	31	61	92	122
September...	122	153	181	212	242	273	303	334	365	30	61	91
October	92	123	151	182	212	243	273	304	335	365	31	61
November...	61	92	120	151	181	212	242	273	304	334	365	30
December...	31	62	90	121	151	182	212	243	274	304	335	365

EXAMPLE: How many days from May 5th to October 5th? Look for May at left hand and October at the top; in the angle is 153. In leap year add one day if February is included.

DOMINION OF CANADA

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

Canada is a self-governing Dominion and a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The constitution under which Canada is governed is embodied in the British North America Acts, 1867 to 1930.

The British North America Acts provide that there shall be for Canada one Parliament consisting of the King, an Upper House styled the Senate, and the House of Commons.

The members of the Senate (96 at present) are appointed for life. The members of the House of Commons (245 at present) are elected by popular vote. Every House of Commons continues for five years unless sooner dissolved.

Executive authority is vested in the King, who is represented in Canada by a Governor-General. The King's Privy Council for Canada is a body composed of members chosen and summoned by the Governor-General to aid and advise in the government of the country. This body practically never meets as a whole, but active control of the business of governing rests in the hands of that group of its members, headed by the First (or Prime) Minister, to which the Governor-General entrusts it for the time being. The members of this group are Ministers of the Crown. It is the custom that they all be members of parliament and the group is often popularly referred to as "the Cabinet", "the Ministry" or "the Government" although these terms have no official status. Control is entrusted to a Ministry for as long as it retains the support of a majority of the members of the House of Commons. When a Ministry ceases to receive that support it surrenders control and by due process is replaced by another having the necessary backing in the House.

Within the field defined by the British North America Acts legislative authority is vested in Parliament, and this authority extends over the whole of Canada.

Judicial functions are exercised throughout the country by Dominion, Provincial and Territorial Courts, all of which operate within such limits as are respectively appointed for each.

Land Area and Population, Canada, 1941

The Dominion of Canada is composed at present of nine Provinces and two Territories, so called each having local government operating within designated bounds. Their respective names, seats of government, areas and populations (1941 census) are as follows:

	Seat of Government	Land area in sq. miles	Pop. 1941
Ontario	Toronto	363,282	3,787,655
Quebec	Quebec	523,860	3,331,882
New Brunswick	Fredericton	27,473	475,401
Nova Scotia	Halifax	20,743	577,962
Prince Edward Island	Charlottetown	2,184	95,047
Manitoba	Winnipeg	219,723	729,744
British Columbia	Victoria	359,279	817,861
Alberta	Edmonton	248,800	796,169
Saskatchewan	Regina	237,975	895,992
Yukon Territory	Dawson	205,346	4,914
N.-W. Territories	Ottawa	1,258,217	12,028
Canada (Total)		3,466,882	11,506,655

POPULATION OF CANADA

Chief Cities of Canada with Population as Shown by Assessment Department, Jan. 1st, 1945

Montreal, Que.	1,044,170	Peterboro, Ont.	32,379	Chatham, Ont.	18,061
Toronto, Ont.	676,887	Outremont, Que.	31,801	Granby, Que.	17,600
*Greater Toronto	900,491	Fort William, Ont.	31,080	Stratford, Ont.	17,413
Vancouver, B.C.	311,799	Sydney, N.S.	31,000	Dartmouth, N.S.	16,277
Winnipeg, Man.	229,208	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	28,619	Valleyfield, Que.	15,571
Quebec, Que.	176,386	Lachine, Que.	27,104	North Bay, Ont.	16,030
Hamilton, Ont.	175,364	Moncton, N.B.	26,523	Bellefleur, Ont.	15,967
Ottawa, Ont.	163,690	Oshawa, Ont.	26,486	St. Jean, Que.	15,500
Windsor, Ont.	118,548	Port Arthur, Ont.	26,050	Sorel, Que.	15,342
Edmonton, Alta.	108,416	Glace Bay, N.S.	26,000	Cornwall, Ont.	15,193
Halifax, N.S.	106,742	New Westminster, B.C.	25,500	St. Jerome, Que.	15,003
Calgary, Alta.	97,241	Westmount, Que.	25,328	Welland, Ont.	14,761
London, Ont.	81,567	Timmins, Ont.	24,070	Lethbridge, Alta.	14,612
Verdun, Que.	74,080	Shawinigan Falls, Que.	23,868	Galt, Ont.	14,598
Regina, Sask.	56,520	Que.	23,273	Charlottetown, P.E.I.	14,460
St. John, N.B.	55,000	Guelph, Ont.	23,273	Joliette, Que.	14,302
Victoria, B.C.	52,000	Moose Jaw, Sask.	21,000	Owen Sound, Ont.	13,641
Three Rivers, Que.	45,700	Sarnia, Ont.	20,589	Thetford Mines, Que.	13,100
Saskatoon, Sask.	43,027	St. Hyacinthe, Que.	18,669	Woodstock, Ont.	13,021
Sherbrooke, Que.	38,542	St. Thomas, Ont.	18,410	Levis, Que.	12,500
Kitchener, Ont.	36,797	St. Catharines, Ont.	34,644	Medicine Hat, Alta.	12,500
Sudbury, Ont.	36,724	Kingston, Ont.	33,557	Pembroke, Ont.	12,087
Hull, Que.	36,328			Truro, N.S.	12,001
Brantford, Ont.	35,011			Drummondville, Que.	11,555
St. Catharines, Ont.	34,644			Brockville, Ont.	11,077
Kingston, Ont.	33,557				

* Jan. 1st, 1942.

POSTAL RATES

PARCEL POST		To or from any P.O. in the Province of														
To any Post Office within 20 miles (irrespective of Provincial Boundary)		To or from any P.O. in the Province of														
To any Post Office beyond 20 miles but in same Prov.†		To or from any P.O. in the Province of														
From a Post Office in any Province to a Post Office in the immediately adjoining Province†		To or from any P.O. in the Province of														
1 lb.	2 lb.	3 lb.	4 lb.	5 lb.	6 lb.	7 lb.	8 lb.	9 lb.	10 lb.	11 lb.	12 lb.	13 lb.	14 lb.	15 lb.	20 lb.	25 lb.
.05	.07	.09	.11	.13	.15	.17	.18	.19	.20	.21	.22	.23	.24	.25	.30	.35
.11	.16	.21	.26	.31	.36	.41	.46	.51	.56	.61	.66	.71	.76	.81	.85	.90
.12	.20	.28	.35	.42	.49	.56	.63	.69	.75	.80	.85	.90	.95	1.00	1.15	1.25
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75
.14	.26	.38	.50	.62	.74	.86	.98	1.09	1.20	1.31	1.42	1.53	1.64	1.75	2.00	2.25
.15	.28	.41	.54	.67	.80	.92	1.04	1.16	1.28	1.40	1.52	1.63	1.74	1.85	2.20	2.50
.13	.22	.31	.40	.49	.58	.67	.75	.83	.90	.97	1.04	1.11	1.18	1.25	1.50	1.75

The maximum charge on any parcel shall not exceed 1 cent an ounce except that a minimum prepayment of 3c. is required, covering a weight up to 3 ounces. Parcels are liable to 1 cent an ounce excess weight over even pound until next pound or group rate is reached.

† The Maritime Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P.E.I. are considered as one Province. Parcel Post Service to Yukon Territory consult your Postmaster.

Limit of weight, 25 pounds. Limit of size: In no case must the combined length and girth exceed 100 inches.

The postage on parcel Post packets must be prepaid by means of postage stamps securely affixed to the parcels.

It is desirable that the sender's address should appear either inside the parcel or on the cover.

Parcel Post packets must when practicable be open to inspection and can only under certain conditions be sent in sealed packets, in such cases the Postmaster should be consulted before mailing.

Parcels may contain invoices and accounts provided they relate exclusively to the contents of such parcel. Nothing of the nature of correspondence may be enclosed.

Where it is desired that a letter relating to a Parcel sent by Parcel Post should reach the addressee at the same time as the parcel the sender may, if he so desires, after prepaying the letter at letter rate of postage, attach it to the parcel to be sent. Parcel Post rates, on condition that he assumes any risk there may be of the letter being delayed in this way, or of it becoming detached and lost in the parcel mails.

Parcels containing anything of a fragile or perishable nature should be marked "Fragile" or "Perishable", and should be enclosed in a sufficiently strong wooden or paper mache box or other case of rigid material in order to prevent breakage or damage in course of post.

Merchandise, if prepaid at Letter Rate, may be registered with a payment of 10c. additional postage on each item.

C.O.D.—Parcels for delivery within Canada from one office to another, or on rural route therefrom, may be sent C.O.D. under certain regulations. Rates: If amount to be collected does not exceed \$2.00, 10c.; over \$2.00 to \$50.00, 15 cents; over \$50.00 and not over \$100.00, 30 cents.

FREE INSURANCE ON PARCEL POST

Parcels posted in Canada for delivery in Canada may be insured up to \$50.00 without insurance fee, if so requested by the sender. The same insurance procedure as at present will be followed. If the sender desires to insure such parcels in excess of \$50.00 the regular insurance fee of 12c. to cover the additional insurance must be prepaid.

POSTAL RATES—Continued

AIR MAIL RATES

EFFECTIVE 1st NOVEMBER, 1946

(Postage includes fees for all air mail services available.)
For closing time of Air Mail Service and any further particulars, please enquire at local Post Office.

Any Place in

1. Canada, Newfoundland, and United States.....7c first ounce; 5c each ounce after.
2. Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Eire.....15c each quarter ounce.
3. Europe (including Azores, Corsica, Crete, Dodecanese Islands, Gibraltar, Iceland and *Malta).....15c each quarter ounce.
4. Bermuda, West Indies, British Guiana, Mexico, Cuba and Central America (including Panama Canal Zone).....10c each quarter ounce. South America.....10c each quarter ounce.
5. Hawaii.....15c each quarter ounce.
6. Guam, [Philippines, *China (including Manchuria).....25c each quarter ounce.
7. Oceania—*Solomon Islands, *Tonga.....25c each quarter ounce.

Registration, if desired, is additional to the above, except for Canada Air Letters.

CANADA AIR LETTERS

In addition to the regular air mail rates, Canada Air Letters may be sent to the United Kingdom at 10 cents each and to all other countries at 15 cents each. No registration service, however, is available.

Interrupted service to countries not mentioned above, consult your postmaster.

*Air service in Canada only.

FIRST CLASS MATTER

LETTERS

Letter rate to North American Continent, Central America and South America, including Canada, Great Britain, U.S.A., Mexico, Newfoundland, Antigua, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Dutch West Indies, Aruba Bonaire, Curacao, Saba, St. Eustatius and St. Martin), French West Indies (Guadeloupe and Martinique), Guam, Grenada, Hawaii, or Sandwich Islands, Hayti, Honduras Republic, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, (Antigua, Barbuda, Dominica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, Tortola, Virgin Gorda, Anegada, and Jost-Van Dykes), Marion Islands (Guan), Montserrat, Nicaragua (East and West Coast), Panama Canal, Panama Republic, Porto Rico, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Pierre and Miquelon, St. Vincent, Salvador, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, Tortola, Virgin Islands of U.S.A. (St. Thomas, St. John, St. Croix), France, Palestine, Spain, 4 cents for the first ounce, 2 cents for each additional ounce. For other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, 3 cents each additional ounce.

Drop Letters for Local Delivery, 3 cents per 1st ounce, 1c. each additional ounce.

Letters addressed to places in Canada, U.S.A., and certain other countries unpaid or partly prepaid will be forwarded, subject on delivery to double the amount of unpaid postage.

Letters for the United States should bear the name of the State as well as that of the Post Office.

RATES TO OTHER POSTAL UNION COUNTRIES

Letters 5 cents per ounce or fraction thereof and 3 cents for each additional ounce or fraction thereof; Postal Cards, 3 cents each; Newspapers, Books, Photographs, Printed Matter, &c., 1 cent per 2 ounces or fraction; Samples, 2 cents for first 4 ounces, 1 cent for each additional 2 ounces or fraction, limit of weight 16 ounces; Commercial Papers, 5 cents for first 10 ounces, 1 cent for each additional 2 ounces or fraction; limit weight 4 lbs. 6 ounces; registration fee, 10 cents extra.

Postage stamps must be placed on the address side of post cards and other unenclosed cards sent abroad.

Re-directed Letters

Re-directed letters are not liable to any additional postage if handed back to the Post Office with a changed address at the moment of delivery or as soon as possible thereafter, provided always the change in the address does not require the letter to be sent to any place to which the postage rate is higher than was at first payable. In this case the additional postage, if not prepaid, will be collected on delivery.

Re-directed letters should not be dropped into a Post Office Box or receiver unless additional postage has been put on to carry them to their second destination.

Express or Special Delivery Letters

For the delivery by special messenger daily, of letters, bearing a "Canadian Special Delivery" stamp or bearing Canadian postage stamps to the value of ten cents in addition to the ordinary postage and the words "Special

POSTAL RATES—Continued

Delivery" legibly written across the upper left hand corner of the address when the letters are addressed to the United States or to the following cities in Canada: **In Ontario:** Barrie, Belleville, Brantford, Brockville, Chatham, Cobourg, Cornwall, Fort William, Galt, Guelph, Hamilton, Kenora, Kingston, Kirkland Lake, Kitchener, Leamington, Lindsay, London, Niagara Falls, North Bay, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Owen Sound, Pembroke, Peterborough, Port Arthur, Preston, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Simcoe, Smith's Falls, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Stratford, Timmins, Toronto (including Birchcliffe, Fairbank, Forest Hill, Kingsway, Leaside, Long Branch, Mimico, Mount Dennis, New Toronto, Swansea, Weston), Trenton, Wallaceburg, Waterloo, Welland, Windsor, Woodstock. **In Quebec:** Arvida, Cap de la Madelaine, Chicoutimi, Drummondville, Granby, Hull, Joliette, Jonquiere, Kenogami, Levis, Montreal, Quebec, St. Hyacinthe, St. Jean, St. Jerome, St. Michel, Shawinigan Falls, Sherbrooke, Sillery, Sorel, Thetford Mines, Trois Rivieres, Valleyfield, Victoriaville. **In New Brunswick:** Campbellton, Fredericton, Moncton and St. John. **In Nova Scotia:** Amherst, Glace Bay, Halifax, New Glasgow, Sydney and Truro. **In Prince Edward Island:** Charlottetown. **In Manitoba:** Brandon and Winnipeg. **In Saskatchewan:** North Battleford, Moose Jaw, Prince Albert, Regina, Saskatoon, Swift Current and Yorkton. **In Alberta:** Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat. **In British Columbia:** Kamloops, Kelowna, Nanaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, Trail, Vancouver and Victoria. The "Special Delivery" stamp issued by the Department may be obtained at any Accounting Post Office. If a "Special Delivery" letter is registered the possibility of delay mentioned before should be borne in mind.

The following special delivery fee, in addition to postage at parcel post rates, is applicable:

Up to and including 25 pounds.....20c.

The above service applies only to parcel post parcels posted in Canada for delivery in Canada.

Express Letters and Parcels

There is immediate delivery of Express Letters and Parcels so marked addressed to the United Kingdom. This extra fee cannot in the case of letters be prepaid. It will be collected from the addressee at the rate of 6 pence or 12 cents for each mile the letter has to be conveyed from the office of address. In the case of Parcels the fee which is 6 pence or 12 cents must be prepaid in the country of origin. Express Letters and Parcels should be plainly marked with the word "Express".

POST CARDS

Post Cards—Canada, Great Britain and all other places within the Empire, United States, Mexico and all other places in the North American Continent, Central America, and South America, as above 3c. each. Other countries, 3c. each.

Post Cards (official or private) may be posted in Canada addressed for delivery in any Postal Union Country, other than the above, postage 3c. each. Such cards are admissible as "printed matter" provided they conform to the regulations governing same, in which case the postage rate is 1c. each. The limit of size for a Private Post Card is 6 ins. long by 4 ins. wide, or not less than 4 x 3 ins.

The British Post Office will recognize as entitled to return to this country the reply halves of Canadian Domestic Reply Post Cards upon which the additional postage stamps required have been affixed.

LEGAL DOCUMENTS AND COMMERCIAL PAPERS

Legal Documents and Commercial Papers and all other matter either wholly or partly in writing (except the matter especially mentioned under Third Class), Canada—letter rate of postage up to 16 ounces and 1c. per 2 ounces or fraction thereof after.

These papers may be sent outside of Canada at 5 cents for the first 10 ounces and 1 cent for each additional 2 ounces. Must be sent in covers open at the ends, so as to be easy of examination. Limit of weight to all other countries 4 lbs. 6 ounces.

SECOND CLASS MATTER

NEWSPAPERS FROM OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

The despatch of newspapers by mail from office of publication is governed by the regulations of the Post Office Act, 61 Vic., cap. 20, and all information respecting enclosures, sample copies, etc., can be obtained at all Post Offices.

TRANSIENT NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS

All publications to Canada, U.S.A. and Mexico, 1c. for each 4 ozs. Canadian newspapers to Great Britain, certain British Possessions, Palestine, Central and South America, France and Spain, 1c. for 4 ozs. Other publications 1c. for each 2 ozs. To other countries than above 1c. for each 2 ozs. Australia minimum prepayment 2c. for first 4 ozs.

POSTAL RATES—Continued

THIRD CLASS MATTER

BOOKS, MATTER PARTLY PRINTED OR WHOLLY IN PRINT AND MISCELLANEOUS MATTER

On Books (printed), Pamphlets, Circulars (printed or produced by a multiplying process), Catalogues, Handbills, Prices Current (printed), Calendars, Show Cards (produced by a mechanical process), Maps, Prints, Drawings, Plans (without specifications), Engravings, Lithographs, Photographs (on card or paper), Visiting Cards (printed or engraved), Sheet Music, and all matter wholly in print, when addressed to Canada, Mexico, United States, the rate is 1c. for each two ounces or fraction thereof. To all other countries 1 cent each 2 ozs. or fraction. Limit of weight to Canada, 5 lbs., but if single book, 11 lbs. Limit to United States and Mexico, 4 lbs. 6 ozs. or single book 11 lbs., and to United Kingdom and other Postal Union Countries, 4 lbs. 6 ozs.; if a single book 6 lbs. 9 ozs. The general limit of size in Canada is in any way 3 feet 6 inches in length, provided that the combined length and girth does not exceed 6 feet. When addressed to other countries inquire at Post Office.

Matter of this class when addressed for delivery in Canada may be mailed at Parcel Post rates at the option of the sender.

Packets of photographs or calendars for Italy exceeding 3½ ounces in weight can only be forwarded when prepaid at parcel post rates.

Book and Newspaper Manuscript, Printer's Copy and Printer's Proof Sheets, when posted for delivery in Canada or the United States the rate is 1c. for each 2 ozs. or fraction thereof. Limit of weight to Canada 5 lbs., to United States and other countries 4 lbs. 6 ozs.

Manuscript when not accompanied by proof sheets addressed to Great Britain and all foreign countries, with the exception of the United States and Mexico, must be prepaid. 5 cents for first 10 ounces and 1 cent for each additional 2 ounces.

Manuscripts when accompanied by proof sheets relating thereto, may pass to Great Britain and all foreign countries at the rate of 1c. for each 2 ozs. or fraction thereof. Limit of weight to all other countries 4 lbs. 6 ozs.

All such matter must be put up in such a way as to admit of the contents being easily examined.

CIRCULARS

are communications in print, or produced by a multiplying process easily distinguished from typewriting, which are posted to several individuals and couched in identical terms. A circular may, without becoming liable to a higher rate of postage, be signed and dated in handwriting, and may also contain the name of the addressee in writing at the top.

The postage on Circulars produced in imitation of typewriting or handwriting by a multiplying process, is 1c. per 2 ozs. when at least 20 copies in precisely identical terms are handed into the Post Office at one time when addressed for delivery in all countries. Failure to do so will render such matter liable to letter rate of postage.

Circulars typewritten are liable to letter rate.

Circulars mailed at the above rates must be left open to admit of easy inspection.

PRINTED MATTER ADDRESSED "THE HOUSEHOLDER"

Circular matter duly prepaid may be posted, addressed simply "The Householder," without the name of any person, or indication of street or number, and will be delivered at every house, so far as the supply permits, in places in Canada where there is free delivery by letter carrier and to each boxholder on a Rural Mail Route. The number of householders and boxholders where the system is in operation, can be ascertained on application at the Post Office.

REGISTRATION

Money letters should always be registered. Every article intended for registration must be handed in at the wicket and a receipt obtained therefor.

The fee on all registered articles addressed to countries to which matter may be registered is 10 cents.

The sender of a registered article posted in Canada for delivery in Canada, or in any other Postal Union country, may entitle himself to a certificate as to the disposal of the said article by the Postmaster at the office addressed on prepayment of an additional fee of 10 cents, if purchased after despatch of item, price is 20 cents. All classes of matter with exception of items prepaid at Parcel Post Rates may be registered to all destinations throughout the Postal Union and letters may be registered to most of the countries not included in the Union.

Senders of registered articles are requested to put their names and addresses in the upper left hand corner of the cover.

The public are reminded that registered letters are only carried on trains that are accompanied by a railway mail clerk. Hence a registered letter and an ordinary letter posted simultaneously will often be received at different times.

POSTAL RATES—Continued

In case of the loss in the Postal Service of a registered article posted in Canada for delivery in the United States, the addressee, or at the request of the addressee, the sender, is entitled to an indemnity, which in no case shall exceed twenty-five dollars, or the actual value of the lost registered article when the same is less than twenty-five dollars, provided no other compensation or reimbursement has been made therefor.

REGISTRATION TO CANADA ONLY

Up to and not exceeding.....	\$ 25.00 fee is 10c.
Over \$25.00 and not exceeding.....	50.00 fee is 20c.
Over \$50.00 and not exceeding.....	75.00 fee is 30c.
Over \$75.00 and not exceeding.....	100.00 fee is 40c.

INTERNATIONAL REPLY COUPONS

Coupons exchangeable for a postage stamp or stamps representing the postage on a single rate letter from any other country to Canada, can be purchased at any post office at the price of 12 cents each, for the purpose of repaying replies to letters.

A coupon issued in Canada is exchanged in the United States for a 5 cent United States postage stamp.

Reply Coupons are valid for six months after the month of issue in all cases. Not more than 10 coupons may be sold to, or exchanged for, any one person in one day.

Persons receiving reply coupons in letters from any country participating in the arrangement can have them exchanged at their post office for Canadian stamps of the value of 5 cents.

IMPERIAL REPLY COUPONS

Imperial Reply Coupons exchangeable for a postage stamp or stamps representing the postage on a single rate letter from any country within the British Empire to Canada, can be purchased at any Post Office, for the price of 5 cents each, for the purpose of repaying replies to letters.

Persons receiving Imperial Reply Coupons in letters from any country within the Empire can have them exchanged at any Post Office for Canadian stamps of the value of 4 cents.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS

are established at the General Office and at most of the branches. Sum of \$1.00 or any multiple of \$1.00 can be deposited, but the maximum sum which may be received from any one depositor in any year, ending the 31st March, is \$1,500, and the total sum which may be received to the credit of any depositor is \$5,000 exclusive of interest. Interest, 2 per cent. Depositors may at their convenience make cash demand withdrawals (without notice) sums not exceeding one hundred dollars (\$100.00).

MONEY ORDERS

The purchase of a Money Order is but the work of a minute and payment is just as prompt.

The Commission and Revenue Tax on Money Orders issued in Canada for payment in Canada, Antigua, Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Caicos Islands, Cayman Islands, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, Montserrat, Nevis, Newfoundland, including Labrador, St. Christopher, (St. Kitts), St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Tobago, Trinidad, Turks Islands and Virgin Islands are as follows:

	Commission	Revenue Tax	Total Charge
From \$ 0.01 to \$ 5.00 inclusive....	7c	3c	10c
From 5.01 to 10.00 inclusive....	9c	3c	12c
From 10.01 to 20.00 inclusive....	13c	3c	16c
From 20.01 to 40.00 inclusive....	15c	3c	18c
From 40.01 to 60.00 inclusive....	18c	3c	21c
From 60.01 to 80.00 inclusive....	20c	3c	23c
From 80.01 to 100.00 inclusive....	24c	3c	27c

Owing to the unsettled state of New York Exchange the rates of commission on Money Orders issued for payment in the United States (including Guam, Hawaii, Panama Canal Zone, Philippine Islands, Puerto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa) and Virgin Islands (of the United States), Cuba, including Isle of Pines, and Mexico, cannot be furnished in advance.

The commissions on Money Orders issued in Canada for payment in Great Britain and Empire countries not included in the above are as follows:

	Commission	Revenue Tax	Total Charge
From \$.01 to \$ 5.00 inclusive....	7c	3c	10c
From 5.01 to 10.00 inclusive....	12c	3c	15c
From 10.01 to 30.00 inclusive....	20c	3c	23c
From 30.01 to 50.00 inclusive....	30c	3c	33c
From 50.01 to 70.00 inclusive....	40c	3c	43c
From 70.01 to 100.00 inclusive....	50c	3c	53c

EXPRESS RATES

Charge in Cents per Package

	1 lb. or lbs.	2 lbs.	3 lbs.	4 lbs.	5 lbs.	6 lbs.	7 lbs.	8 lbs.	9 lbs.	10 lbs.	11 lbs.	12 lbs.	13 lbs.	14 lbs.	15 lbs.	16 to 20 lbs. incl. lbs.	21 to 25 lbs. incl. lbs.
New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are considered as one Province																	
Between Express points both of which are in the same Province.....	20	20	23	28	33	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	76	81	85	90
Between Express points in any Province and Express points in an adjoining Province.....	20	22	30	37	44	49	56	63	69	75	80	85	90	95	100	115	125
From Province of																	
To Province of																	
Alberta.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Ontario.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Que., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250
British Columbia.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Saskatchewan.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
British Columbia.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Ont., Que., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250
Manitoba.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Alta., Que., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
B.C., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
New Brunswick.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Nova Scotia.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Prince Edward Is., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250
Ontario.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Sask., Alta., B.C., N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Ontario.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Quebec.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
British Columbia.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Quebec.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Saskatchewan.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Alta., B.C.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250
B.C., Ont.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
Saskatchewan.....	20	28	40	52	64	74	86	98	109	120	131	142	153	164	175	200	225
Quebec.....	20	24	33	42	51	58	67	75	83	90	97	104	111	118	125	150	175
N.B., N.S., P.E.I.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250
Saskatchewan.....	20	30	43	56	69	80	92	104	116	128	140	152	163	174	185	220	250

Charges are maximum charges applying to each package. Charges under other tariffs are frequently lower and when lower will apply to each package except where destined to non-agency points, when charges must be prepaid.

Charges may be prepaid or collected at destination.

Packages called for and delivered free within cartage limits.

Receipts given and taken. Delivery can be proven.

Express receipts for packages moving under this special tariff include protection against both Loss and Damage up to \$50.00 per package without extra charge. Articles must be in such condition and so prepared or shipment as to render the transportation thereof reasonably safe and practical. Each package must show the name and complete address of the consignee.

For other rates and information, consult your express Agent.

PROMPT C.O.D. COLLECTIONS

Prohibited Goods.—These charges will not apply to live animals, bees, reptiles, birds, chicks, fowls, etc., iced (frozen water) goods, postage or internal revenue stamps, trading stamps, merchants' cash discount bonds, radium, platinum, or other precious metals in the mass, money, bonds, securities, bullion; articles having sharp points or edges unless the points or edges are sufficiently cushioned to prevent cutting through their coverings; X-ray tubes or coils, pyrometers, mercury arcs, mercury arc rectifier tubes, plotron tubes, kenotron tubes, ultra violet burner tubes, all other transmitting tubes, also incandescent lamps of 3,000 watt capacity and over.

Limit of Weight and Size.—Limit of weight is 25 pounds and size 92 inches lineal measurement (length and girth combined).

New Year's Day (Dom.)

The Langouen did not prevent me from enjoying New Year's day as fully and exuberantly as any in the past. On account of our disinclination to get out of bed before nearly ten o'clock, Dennis had full charge of breakfast preparation, and a good breakfast it was, oranges squeezed just right and cooked cereal of delectable flavour, the only complaint coming from mother on the weakness of the coffee. Jim and Bob Lawson barged in before we were up to say "Happy New Year". I paid them a short call after I did breakfast dishes. The Taylor family seemed a little groggy and spent most of the day in their pyjamas. At 4.00 P.M. we set out for Paris and had a most enjoyable New Year's dinner at Emidi's with roast turkey, plum pudding etc had games and lots of excitement. The charades were a huge success. Nuala ate normally and seemed almost brought back from the dead or near dead as by a miracle. She was as peppy and pink checked as the rest. Home at 10.30 and over to help the Taylors prepare for the big Taylor family dinner on the morrow.

The sun has not shown his face so far in 1949. The weather is moderate with light winds and temperature in the 20's - nothing like the arctic refrigeration of Christmas day and the Sunday following. This was a quiet day for the Bells. Mummy represented the family at morning service while I, assisted by the two "little" Bells, disrobed the tree and packed away the lights and balls for another year. Nuala had great fun straightening up the sunporch to surprise her mother on her return from church. We also dismantled the mantle of the "Christmas Village". We had a peaceful hour returning Sunday school I dozed off several times during the Philharmonic. Home and I went over to speak to the Taylor company at 4.30 then came home to a delicious dinner of pork chops, frozen peas, jello, Christmas cake. There was a desperate, heartrending home scene of arithmetic for an hour after, then a short trio practice, baths, bedtime stories, more practice for the two grownups, beer, diary, and finally bed for the remainder. "and so to die"

It just sun of 1949 coming up from the underworld in unclouded radiance. The children got away to school on time with suitable coaching and urging (this applies principally to Dennis). Gassed up and gathered bread, while passing Richmond I paused to say good morning to Sanga who was slowly packing his way along the icy road with a cane. The sun shone all day, misty and red like October and the crescent moon faintly outlined above the walnut trees, cleaning their branches by a small margin. Penman seems to be working as usual; the strike is again postponed for a couple weeks or so. My December carbuncle is hanging on into January. Standing by the chair is still uncomfortable. Cashed \$5000 in bonds today to pay the receiver general. This great injustice has made me very bitter; wormwood, gall, quinine, birdocks altogether are not as bitter as I am. Oh my mind is full of scorpions. Hope my wife continues to love me, then life will be worth living - that is all that matters.

A little milder, almost thawing, which is not ice-making weather for the rink enthusiasts. Rain is predicted for tonight. My leg is still sore and oozing. Kane is mad at me because I won't go to the doctor and have the bone scraped or whatever operation would be advisable. I seem to get away with it all day working at the chair but by night it stings like forty cat scratches with pangravy soaking up the cotton roll and my underwear. Enough of the season, I'll spare you the months of the fever and chill. Brought Roy M. down and stopped at Richmond to get a package from J. S. for the doctor where I am due to go now. The sun was a misty blur behind the walnut trees and didn't shine out bright enough to see the spots. Good night, dry up! Can't you see these entries are most tedious and uninteresting!

Up betimes with my boil, 2. A.M.
 4.30 A.M. etc. turning on the bed-
 light, disturbing Kane, groping for my
 dressing gown and slippers, slithering
 down stairs and sitting by the register
 wrapped or rapt in thought and the
 aforesaid dressing gown; looking out at
 the foggy opaque night and hearing the
 monotonous trickle of water into the cistern.
 (I got some plaster at Sumner) and
 hope to sleep better tonight. Couldn't
 make the hills so backed down to
 Tony's and make a great splurge
 and eruption of slush in his
 driveway. The fog is thicker this
 afternoon and things look dubious for
 the practice tonight. Kane phoned
 to say Fred H. wouldn't tackle the
 fog. (Later) 5.15 The fog is lifting,
 night or dusk is falling, rails are
 rising, rain is falling, the thermometer is
 stationary at 32 the barometer is falling,
 my rent is rising, also gas, hydro
 and fees generally like the R.A.S.C. The
 only fees stationary are my own. My
 heart pains me, my bowels ache and
 my ulcerous leg is sore.

Epiphany (Que.)

Evidence of Sumner's influence, see
 opposite page.
 12 degrees of jug-shattering frost.
 Therm. this morning - 20° above
 Oh, dear! how I suffer. The pain
 in my chest and guts overshadowed
 my sore leg which I did not notice
 except in putting on my rubbers.
 I am a hopeless cripple all my organs
 are diseased and my three pigmas out
 of time. A good sawing at the Haydn
 symphony last night. When we got
 home we promptly went over to the
 Taylors who were entertaining the
 Wolffs; having in on a lurch with
 drinks is an easy matter for us, we
 are so practiced at it. (Got some adhesive
 tape from Sumner) and plastered my
 thigh, protecting it from the bedclothes, so
 I got a deep nights sleep till 8.00 A.M.
 on "goodie" time. We were innocent a
 new-born babes of the havoc being
 wrought on our back porch while we
 slumbered. I left the jugs there
 when we started for Bramford, thinking
 it was a cool place for them, the temperature
 being 35, with the best intentions in
 the world of rescuing them on our
 return - but alas, "the best laid
 plans" etc. Was lucky to get two
 aqua destilata jugs from Ralph, old scout.

Fine and much milder. The little bit of snow almost vanished. It doesn't look promising for the hockey game tonight or the skating tomorrow. Just phoned Emma; there is hardly any ice left in the arena and the lesson tomorrow is definitely off. How disappointed Nuala will be after her successful work-out last night at the Drumbo rink. She is enthusiastic about the new skates which fact I am very happy to relate. How, guess I'm still in the running; got another distilled water jug making three new ones minus rust and corrosion. Perhaps it's a good thing I let the others freeze. Anyway they are still rattling away in my back deck inside my new garbage pail. I haven't got up enough nerve yet to fire them out on a passing roadside dump. The brave sun is edging north and sets at the north limb of my maple. A perceptible change, a palpable increase in daylight — Lat dog.

Perfectly clear and mild like April from the time the red sun appeared by the side of Nuala's barn till it dipped in splendor down below the roof on the north side of my maple. The country is brown and the roads practically denuded of ice. Brought J. S. down but didn't see anything of him as Kane whipped him home again in the Studebaker at 12.30. I finally disposed of my three battered jugs last night out by the 8th. Got my flat fixed at Cub's (1.50). The only business man I can recall who was as unselfish, ungrasping as Cub was dear old Alfred W. Cox (may his soul rest in peace). Cub is a jewel; great will be his reward in heaven. — also Dr. Eybe and his choice stories. There are a few good people in the world yet.

Yes, there may be, but I'm no good. Came home to find Ken quite sick with a cold and fever. This did ^{not} prevent us from sneaking a rubber of bridge from 11.15 to 1.00 after Kame and I did a little shopping "up town". Got my axe back from Dick ^{Lowery} with a new handle and an edge - bully for Dick. Tell so kindly toward him I immediately bought a tire pump. Kame was again the only member at church from our nursing home. Ken came down and stayed on the Chesterfield all day, save for the odd sortie after some gadget or to call Aunt Enid (who was sick also) Aden and his wife (3rd) called at 3.45 and Kame served afternoon tea. The Taylors and Junner joined in on a grand Chicken dinner with everything slown to rich plum pudding with lots of thick brown sauce. Denny sat up to the table and ate a bit and then was scurried off to bed. Bedtime stories, violin & piano practice, beer and bed.

I might mention in passing that the temperature most of yesterday was 46° and the sod ground ~~is~~ nearly all bare is as muddy as spring. Put on my new license plates during morning service - 85351. Today it is a bit cooler but not freezing except after dark. Colder weather is promised for tomorrow so the rivers might yet hold their winter armor of ice - is there yet time? I am writing under the sharp pangs of hunger, a leg that won't heal, stinging like mad and a left breast that feels as if three swords had pierced it - love's "feverish" citadel.

Crippled with muscular rheumatism, piles, boils, clap etc. Colder and dull with an unfriendly east wind. The "thin gray cloud" (almost) hides the waxing moon straight up over my south window in Taurus (probably).

It is 16 as I write so I will fill my rubber bottle with the hottest water the Wheeler taps affords. Rents are going up the first of April so it better be hot. Otherwise it will be hot for Chester. We rolled out of bed at 8-30 this A.M. so it was a big scramble for breakfast. Muala went out at two minutes to nine and Dennis, now recovered enough for school, some minutes later. The oranges were power squeezed and other short-cuts taken. Well, dry up, big breeze, you are as arid as the desert wind.

Not very cold - just freezing but with a cutting wind. Got the children away in the nick of time for school, (they were both late yesterday) collected my lunch and bottles and was all set to sail at 9.10 when low or lo, a flat back line confronted me. So change it was strenuous work with my septic leg and my pleurisy, neuritis and other ailments. However I managed and delivered it to Cut for surgical treatment. A nail pierced the large intestine and peritonitis had set in. there was also a lot of stones in the gizzard, or outer wall in the folds of the epidermis. It is six o'clock. I'll never get home in time for the concert. The late Dr. Bell. For me the bells of hell go ting-a-ling-ling.

Gauguin's 78th Called in on way way down with a box of cigars. El Aramo variety. Last night was quite eventful. Ted called at 7.30 and we collected the girls (five in all) and drove to Princeton. Pat, Mabel, Effa, Kay and Marion M. We paused on the main street to watch the newly ignited conflagration in the school there. Just one downstairs room was ablaze. In Paris we hear a young technical wizzard on the piano, Margaret Ireland, also a singer. Inspected the school on the way home; all that was left being the walls. Bad loss. Partly fair today and windy with a slight thaw at noon.

It ain't today with a sunthaw but freezing at north windows; maybe I think will be ice tonight for all the hockey games. Dennis so wants to go; a great place for flu, and pneumonia etc, and he was coughing quite badly last night in the small house, and the stove was grinding sausage (I forgot to set it back) adding more disturbance to my light, fitful slumbers, and my leg pained like sin, and my pleurisy was still just sore enough to prevent me from lying on my left side even for an instant! Ah, me, what a physical wreck I am, ready for Tony's ~~on~~ the garbage dump up the 8th. Didn't go over to the Taylors as we were supposed to so my leg was too swollen. Got up at 8.15 so the children were nearly late for school again.

Last night was the second concert this week, and I a cripple, with only one good lung and one good leg. If we enjoyed Wednesday, which I know we did, then tenfold more did we enjoy Camilla Williams, colored dramatic soprano and her marvelous accompanist Borislav Szgala (or something like that). It was a tense hour and a half. Nuala is being initiated into some top notch music. I drove my car and so spared ourselves the neck-cracking and spine torque of Effa's My Res bled a lot this morning and I was proper scared, but since then it has been easier. Patterson's ointment must be terrific stuff. Nuala came down with me all set for the skating class but alas - no ice - just pools of water and rain all day. The going looks bad so I must not delay my departure later than nine o'clock or so. The big strike is called for Monday. Will the wages rise?

Springlike; up to 47°, grass greening and birds smelting. Oh, what a jolt we are going to get soon! Had a real old-fashioned bridge battle last night - the boys against the girls. Jack and I had the edge on them till the third rubber when they swept us off our feet and chopped ~~us~~ us down to proper size. The gin drinks caused a certain recklessness in the bidding and much fun was had by all. Kane yet again was the only member of our house at church. I caught up on a few winks of sleep while listening to the Philharmonic. The other house and Alva joined us in a fine dinner of fresh baked ham, squash baked potatoes and icecream. My apostasy from church brought the minister to see me at night. Having been aware that my body was ailing, he wanted to see if my soul was also. Long bedtime stories made it difficult to get up in time for

school this morning: the usual urging, exhorting and encouraging being necessary to get the clothes on and the breakfast down by four minutes to nine. On arriving at Paris I was delighted to see the Penman mills running as always, having safely passed the second deadline set for the strike. I fervently hope it holds off, and no such foolish thing as a more or less protracted strike interferes with the economic life of our peaceful, industrious town. No car today - it is up at Gordies getting the "works" - five quarts & grease. Mild - 35° and the grade roads all mud like April. Dear Bentie has just brought my car back. They tell me the strike is on tomorrow for sure. Oh hell, what a pity! that 27 out of 650 could fall for such fatuous pupapaganda and then be able to swing a walkout over such an overwhelming majority against!

Dull and just freezing. I guess the strike is officially on this morning. There seemed to be pickets around the mill as I went past. They were ferocious looking, or so I judged from a respectful distance, and they carried folding pieces loaded with fowl shot; they might also have dinks or doggers for close range fighting. Some have gone in for the steam is up and the whistle goes at its appointed time. Jack has to audit church books at Mabel's last night so we went over and babysat for an hour.

Later - first day of strike ends doubtfully. Some got past the pickets, some didn't; some rough stuff took place and some excitement. It rained hard all afternoon and evening. I hope all the pickets get well soaked and full of pneumonia.

Very windy last night, strewing
 our driveway with shingles off
 Jim's roof. Jack also lost a few
 off the west side of the dining room.
 Jack was down at 11.00 for
 some fillings and we had an
 hour's good fun and conversation.
 It was not so much fun for Jack.
 J.S. was down with him and came
 in to phone the doctor about his
 operation. Things are not so good for
 him as in the gay days of the merry
 widow and other dot gasted shenanigans.
 Ralph just brought my car
 back - another big bill for
 cleaning generator job guaranteed
 to last two weeks. I must hasten
 as I want to go home, eat, come
 back, call for Dorothy Howard-Buckingham
 and hence to Brantford.

P.S. Saw Mercury for an instant
 between two jagged masses of cloud over
 the rim of the western hills from Broadway
 on my ^{way} home at dusk.

Poor Dorothy H.B. you won't be calling
 for her any more! R.T.P. Jan 20/64

At last the orchestra has a definite,
 perhaps permanent place to practice,
 - namely the Crystal ballroom of
 the Kirby House Brantford's dean
 of hotels. "Wiggie" wasn't there nor
 "Red Top" but we had a good practice
 nevertheless. Casals, dean of cellists
 was there, brown suit and all, to lead
 our section. We had both our pianists
 as well as a couple new members in
 the wind section. We got back to
 Drumbo at 11.00 and had to have a
 little beer l'ete - à l'ete at Ev's till
 nearly one. Kane and Alena went
 down with me this morning and
 we took note of the various barn
 roofs, half-off or quite off on the way.
 Cold and sunny today - a lovely
 winter day. The twenty odd provincials
 who came to town yesterday to maintain
 law and order in the picket lines have
 caused quite a stir. Paris earned
 itself a front-page feature in the
 Globe & Mail.

Later - Work all done according to plan.
 I await Mummy & Junes in Tax Car.

Paris not only gets in the front page but in the headlines - heavy black type. Talk about being on the map. Strikes beat - murders and suicides all hollow. A bunch of the crazy yahoos marched down in a body to Billy England's and raised bloody hell. Bill was fortunately not in at the time. I guess there are worse times to come. Poor Paris - it is not proud to be in the time light. Evie called in with Sheila at noon - must call and say hello to them on my way home else they may think I have been guilty of an assault and gone A. I. of L. or clean bughouse (there is no difference). I got my receipts from Hamilton for the \$429.92. They gobbled it up like hungry fowls a few grains of wheat. Snow this afternoon to cover the ground but alas it is melting snow at 7-30. Not much hope for ice yet.

Hot sun, a brow, bright day, the night. A freezing morning and night and thawing at noon. The provincials had an easy day, no picket lines to survey, no things to put in the hoagrow. Muala was again a disappointed girl when the absence of ice precluded another skating class. I missed her to eat lunch with. Dod-rotted busy day, and hard on my leg, making my ankle swell to look something like Mrs. Good's. Guess I'll have to look in on R. E.'s birthday party at Dr. Tashen's. Will have to cut the chatter short and get home.

(Poor old Dave Tashen - also gone to the shades - Jan 23/64)

Mild, thawing a little. The sun peered dimly on the unseasonable landscape in the morning, but hid its face from noon on as if displeased at what it saw. Got up at 10.00, so mummy had to go to church alone. I went down to Paris to pick up sister and her family. Got back at 4.00 and had afternoon tea and listened to Chopin Etude records. Took them back at 5.30 and had Helen & John for company. Our stewing chicken didn't get cooked as it was the toughest of the tough so we ate cold pork instead. All but Jack and the baby went to church at night to hear a nice young missionary. She came over to K's to spend the night and we had another sandwich lunch with tea - making in all five meals since 10.30 A.M. What pigs we are.

Very icy this morning as it had rained all night. Had quite a job to get over the bridge. Went by the highway as my back hills would be impossible. Everything seemed quiet in Paris. Bernard called in at noon for Sheila's purse left in my car yesterday.

Water - 8.00 P.M. Here we are at the end of another blue Monday. It got colder this afternoon so the going ought to be better tonight. That was a unique party for R.E. at Mr. Gaspar's. Those present included Art Fegan, Frank Hayden, Poly Laron, Tom Higgins, Dick Emerson, Clarence Veigel, Red Cockburn, and of course the Doctor des Chiens and R.E. himself. Jim Appleby came just as I was leaving. Of course I was late home (9.30) and snow was cress, partly because the pork chops were crisp (the way I like them).

P.S. (not worrying about the big dance tomorrow night because there isn't any, and I can't dance anyway, never could)

about the first wintry day this month, but not too wintry at that. 18° all day and an east wind. I wish it would go 18 below with a wind and the pickets would not be so much in evidence. A little fine snow at times and no sun. Ken unusually high barometer - 30.10. No, I will not go to any dance tonight; I will hike home with my hot water bottle, my sore leg, and my three jugs of water, and last but not least my ravenous appetite.

What a rush. Roy M. waiting out in the car. Mum waiting for dinner till the last minute, waiting for her vacillating, uncertain husband, Dorothy Howard-Buckingham waiting - or is she? Real winter at last - the first since Dec 25. 18° all day and driving snow from the east. Going slowed with ice and snow. Will we get to practice? Didn't wake up till 8.35 so the children had a hurried breakfast of toast + cocoa.

Poor Dorothy H.B. - she will wait for ever now - closely confined in her casket - Jan 27/64

Haw, got up at 7.45 and had a proper breakfast, with the children not breaking their necks to get to school on time. Went the back way four times last night, pick-up up D.H.B. It was snowy and a bit slippery on the hills, giving us a few nice slides, there were some nice kids in the car too. Got to the Kirby house a minute or two before eight. Mummy felt the need of beer. When we got back home, so we took some across the road. Found them just finishing a couple of bottles. Took time after breakfast to shovel the walk (first or nearly) ^{first} time for me this season).

Put some furnace dust on the road from our place to Jack's. It was not only furnace dust but fire-place ashes, nails, hinges, wire, screws etc. very good for tires. Should have brought it down to the inspectors. A fine winter day with a wee bit sun at noon, and a high of 20°.

Haw, got up at 7.00 and had a proper good look at the weather. Our street being a sheet of wet ice I decided to stay up so went about getting breakfast. Slipped over to the station via Tony's & How's. It was quite a balancing stunt to keep upright. ~~Went~~ ^{Went} on time. Assuming it to be on time tonight it is about time to trudge up the hill with my heavy bag, full of useless and unnecessary things. Very dark all day. 32° at noon but it has dropped 8 degrees now and is snowing. Oh well, nihil fit or even nothing is something.

Had a pleasant chat with good old G.A. Prang on the train to Drumho last night. A ride right to my door in Wilson's "Meteor" driven by Robert Larne. Wolfed an enormous dinner then went to bed shortly after 11.00 as the Taylors had also retired early. Today is cold with much snow in the air all morning; a little sun in the afternoon and much colder at night. Muala came down with her lunch and skates all pink with anticipation. I don't know how much homework was done in the waitingroom but by the incessant chatter I imagine not much. She was finished her lunch and away before I started mine. I was as usual behind with my patients and kept them all waiting. Strikers and non-strikers, first one and then the other, the office was a ferment of treasonous "parles", as was the snowed liquor store when I went at the last minute for beer and spirits. Now for Pailys, bath and bed, maybe bridge and beer too? Margaret is to get home with us.

A bang up good day. Had a bridge session last night till 2.30 A.M. at Mabel's so Ken didn't get enough sleep and was mad this morning, partly because Ken got up at 7.30, played records and generally made a disturbance the only morning he gets up on his own power, and what power! A fine clear January day all through, with the glass at zero and getting up to 12 at noon. A tender slip of a new moon "hanging" in the wintery tree. The children went to the United Church, Mom to the Baptist and I stayed home doing jobs like dishes, beds, sewing buttons and bows. Dozed during the symphony, saw some spots, dressed & shaved, helped get the dinner (a little). A happy birthday dinner for Ken, Williamsen's 14 lb. turkey, squash, ice cream, cake, presents, noise, commotion. The usual personnel was there, Taylors, Imms and as a special treat, Margaret. The night after the "smouldering dusk" was "full-stared" and still. Datum in Leo was creeping back toward Regulus.

Cold but dull. Got away before nine with Margaret so missed Mrs. Cross for the first time in years. Gave Blum his hockey stick and gloves before I left. His actual birthday will be somewhat of an anti-climax after the uproarious fun of yesterday. He was not nearly as keen to get up this morning but managed to get away with us and ride to the bowling green. Snowed most of the day making my car look like a white mound. It is very light fluffy snow and the flakes nearly all seem to be perfectly formed as they fly through the sparkling air and happen to light on a dark coat. The country is superbly beautiful and the roads superbly slippery.

Sunshine again and moderately cold; around 20 at noon. The strong west wind has been making sizeable drifts. Have just come from Cub's, and observed the bright new moon with earthshine.

At last we are getting decent winter weather - long may it last. The cold turkey blast night was delicious; I am drooling for some more tonight. I hear pretty Eleanor Barrett has been arrested. There are more damn fools in this town than enough, in fact a lot more horse's asses than horses.

The sun rose before I was up and continued to shine all day except for the interruptions caused by stately cloud banks in the afternoon. The son also rose before I was up and started the breakfast with his favourite corn-meal mix. He had to do some arithmetic before school and got most of it done showing that he can work if he feels inclined which is all too rare. Cold throughout the day, a perfect one for winter sports enthusiasts. All roads icy, particularly the Agn road. I think you could skate all the way from Drumbo to Paris. Bernard left for Montreal last night; dropped in to wish him safe journey; stood and talked a few minutes while waiting for his taxi with the cat scampering around playing the dickens with a piece of paper.

"Soft fall the February snows" - yes it falls softly tonight after a day of penetrating east wind. There was a big row at No. 9 gate this morning and nine arrests were made; I guess the jug is full up. Mrs. Candy's death following injuries received from the picket line, add more brutish tactics generally from the strikers has made Bernard rather blue and pessimistic over it all on his return today from Montreal. A good practice last night and tickets to sell for our coming-out concert on March 3rd. Would you like to buy one? - only 75 cents. Less than a buck takes you in to one of the most moving experiences, one of the most rapturous hours of your musical lifetime. The only thing moving will be the audience moving out, and the only rapture the fifty dollar gown you wrapped your wife in.

More fine wet snow from the east. It was on the verge of a thaw but is tightening up now. Mrs. Lewis wants a ride. I hope to hear all the latest dope on the strike. Yes, I know I was sick 32 years ago today and the "peanut" or "grannie" was sick 38 years ago tonight, but Cui bono? The present has troubles enough; don't dig in the past for them.

By the spoons, a dandy; I refer to the day, meteorologically speaking, and other ways too. Clear sky and warm February sun without heat except through glass; sparkling white country with the roads all plowed smooth and wide; a young moon at dusk high up in Aries; a little drip from the sun-warmed eaves but a crisp frosty air: Wallie to come down with me, do her studies, eat lunch and steam away to the rink with Margaret; patients coming and going, plates rattling and the motor whirring; strikers to handle with gloves, loyal non-strikers to glauk over and do everything to but kiss. All this has made a superb day, as full and happy as any in this nigh twenty seven years of vicissitude in this same office looking out of these same windows at the changing seasons, clouds, sun, and stars, and the tragicomic ebb and flow of mankind, ephemeral childhood and sad retrospective old age.

Penetrating east wind and very feeble sunshine. Mummy went to church, alone as usual; Muala was in bed till noon, the skating show, Shenauingmas etc. of yesterday having done her cough no good.

Dent and I gassed up H & A and drove over the smooth icy roads to Kitchener to get Bertha plus 14 club-bags, suitcases, parcels. Arrived back at 1.10 and delivered Bertha onto Evelyn for a roast beef dinner to which we all partook. Rod MacLean and Conful gave warning of immediate arrival so we leave Big Bertha over to our place. She was visited by Mrs Masocan and family and Mrs Hoddin. I joined this exciting party when I got the clothesline fixed. Had soup and boiled eggs for supper. Got Bertha's multitudinous effects collected and zoomed her and them down to the Paris nursing home at 7.40 after putting the children to early bed with story books, fumes, radio etc. Got Big Bertha hoisted up the stairs to her room at the end of the hall. Called at 37 Jane after to blow off steam.

We blew off steam and also generated some from a tall drink of Old Parr, gabbed, everybody talking more or less at once, played bridge, I being as usual on the losing side which did not detract one iota from the great joy of this unexpected visit. 17° this morning and a bit of a wind sufficient to make picketing far from pleasant, but not enough to bother the roads. Got a cheque cashed for J. S. which constituted the only bright event of the day.

Frost on the windows on this bright winter morning, but alas by noon the sun and warm spring breezes made sad inroads on the little bit of snow and now at 8.30 and hear the peanut starting out Drumboards there is little else but pools of water and dirty slush. I am afraid our winter is a failure. This is the weather Archibald should have walked out in after his siege of "grippe"; a day like today would have given him his lethal dose of pneumonia. Mummy away last night to a play at Woodstock and again tonight to some function of pie or cake. Hardly see her at all.

Too springlike for the middle of winter. Just a few degrees of frost in the morning and a sun-thaw at noon - almost maple sugar weather. I won't have time to tell you much just now as I have some climbers to dump and maybe another chore or two before my dinner in Drumbo at 6.20. It is 5.20 now so so long until tomorrow - and don't forget to tune in tomorrow for the weather and strike news - same time same station.

"Soft fall the February snows,"
 yes, soft as big eiderdown. The
 pale sunlight gave way in the
 afternoon to slate grey clouds over
 the whole sky. The snow will be
 most acceptable, even as the
 colder weather will be which
 is promised. Yes you were pretty
 far gone on Feb 10th not as far as
 Archibald, but pretty looney and
 talking to yourself. I'll bet you
 couldn't play that study in C
 now.

Haw, the real Mc Coy! 5° above
 this morning and 15° at noon.
 That's what I call winter.
 The sun was strong and melted
 the road ice into little pools and
 tiny streams, but the air, god bless
 it, stayed frigid. That means
 skating tomorrow, and the poor
 kinder have had so little. The
 paper says rain for tomorrow - let
 her come, the risk is safe; probably
 a corny forecast like most of them.
 Got some valentines and a
 Doulton figurine "Forty Winks". Now
 mummy ought to have a good
 happy Feb. 14th even if she is
 balled down with cares and worries
 and duties manifold. It is
 clear frosty moonlight now and
 10° above. What a night! - like
 one of Archibald's sonnets - poor
 man - buried fifty years ago today.

The McCoy didn't last very long. After a brief start this morning with frost covering Denny's window, the soft south wind blew up and the soft dappled clouds opened over the sky. Till the sun was pale and blurred, the temperature soared to 40° and water ran in every direction. More later - I must away to get Walthe at Midz and collect the bunch for Brantford.

We played the London Symphony of Haydn and Ouvre ten coeur - Bizet.

It is well the girls had their skating class yesterday because they sure wouldn't have today. The spring like warmth loosened the ice sufficiently for Ken and me to clean both walls, ours and unkie's. Went to Church with the family for the first time in 1949. After such a good start I smashed the Sabbath to bits by cleaning out the furnace after shutting all the registers and letting the fire die down - we couldn't stand it anyway. Took the smoke pipes down and got rid of buckets full of soot. My hands were black till I finally got the dishes washed over at Ed's - then they were better. Must mention last evening which went off with great éclat. Rave and I both addressed the orchestra and organists on our instruments; all the talks were very interesting. Lunch after was delicious, I really appreciating it as I only had time for soup at Ernie's, when I raced up to get Walthe so she could go back with Hank's

Dull, hazy, mild, rainy, everything but reasonable. A very ~~dark~~ Monday dark as a cave. Had a lovely dinner yesterday over at Er's.

- pork tenderloin, ice cream - everything nice including lovely mild turnips. After I tended the children to bed we held a confab over the way and I presented Kane with her Valentine present - a Doulton "Gerty Wimp" - Oh yes I mentioned that before, but, like Jimmy, I have to mention it three or four times before I can go on to something else. The dear children and wife all had valentines on the Pater post for me to ponder over at my bench by the gas stove.

Everything fine: the children and mom all tickled with their valentines. Had oyster soup (a valentine gift) last night, also lovely meat loaf and apple pie. Felt so good I gave Kane and the Jays a good gin Collins, so everybody was happy on valentine day. Rained all last night overflowing the cistern, creating a score or more of rivens on our cellar floor, taking away all the snow and most of the ice. So long for now - see you tomorrow!

Spring is here early, the snow gone, the roads muddy and the sky soft and dappled. This morning the pale waning moon in V Hugo was opposite our bedroom window. Thom got up at 7.30 and was away to Woodstock before I had Ben ready for school. She had to play for Grace and then see Balder and call about Bertha. Bertha owes \$1200 at K & W. and is running up \$4 per day at the Paris nursing home. The cost of keeping derelicts alive is prodigious. Orchestra again tonight. Not deg!

More like winter but only a feeble attempt. 15° this morning but the sunbaw at noon melted the little bit of snow that fell yesterday. (part 72000 on 14th). The folks at the "big house" were away last night so when we returned from Kerby House & Stamford, so we quietly guzzled a bottle of beer & ice and sought our downy couch. Today is the big Holt's birthday. Got him some "Phillip Morris" at Jumer's this morning as we are invited over tonight - "By the living twist" - "I'll swear to man" - if you like.

By the living twist, that was a
 unpleasant queuing of bridge at
 the Enticknap's in honor of Jim's
 48th birthday. Of course John and
 Kane took all the rubbers which
 was as it should be. Delicious
 light refreshments were served after.
 Ham and salmon sandwiches, coffee
 and icecream. To bed at 2.30 A.M.

But it didn't affect my work
 today. The wax moon *Refulgencia*
 shone palely in our bedroom window
 in the wee small hours. Must
 call at 37 Jane as I have been
 shamefully neglecting the dear
 Baileys lately. Warm sun of
 spring ^{44°} did for the remnants of the
 snow and made a mess of
 mud everywhere. No skating
 class tomorrow, no carnival,
 no nothing.

Kane was at Mission Circle when
 I got home last night so that
 made every evening this week
 out for her. Life is getting too
 complicated, just one continuous mad
 rush. I had to cook my spinach,
 warm up my pork chops and soup but
 they were good, excellent in fact and
 I am so used to eating alone that
 I enjoy it now. It was another
 spring day - up to 40° - nothing
 outside but earth, mud and dirt.
 Hope to have a little visit with
 the Taylors tonight as we haven't
 seen them all week. Maybe we could
 score a couple, or "sumpter"

A fine sunny day, not so mild, a cold wind and no thaw. Sat in the family pew alone in church as the children were at the United junior choir. Had a quick lunch and got away for Brantford by 1.45 which was before the children were any where near ready for S. S. Picked up Grace and Dorothy B. Had a long siege of "soffing" at the Mozart & Weber. Felt hungry by 5.00 as it was rather more strenuous than the usual Sunday afternoon snooze while the Philharmonic is on. We furnished our own philharmonic - and how! Got home by 6.00 with the "blessed red sun" still up. Had a fine roast chicken & turnip dinner at Ev's, with beer and all the tranquil comforts of home.

Not as bright as yesterday but some pale sunlight filtered through the white ashen sky and the dirty windows. The great Chester is lowering the hall ceilings in our block, for what reason I know not, unless it be that the lower ceilings offset the higher rent. The strike is still rampant. A hundred or more are now milling around the fire hall which a council meeting is in session. They look like a swarm of bees except that the simile is too complimentary. They are for the most part sheep with a few wolves and snakes amongst them. Read a good resume of the strike out of the Financial Post over at Ev's last night.

The ice storm or "freezing rain" promised over Sunday was a delayed broadcast which took place last night. Accordingly I had to back into Clara's lane this morning and change the hill in spiral or serpentine path, like a colt with rear end swaying from side to side and heels wildly flying. However I made the bridge go on. (your daily talk is most boring) Very dark all day. Just around freezing with spits of rain.

A gray morning with a white coat of rime on the ghostlike trees. Going better than yesterday because the ice was "sugar-coated". Saturn was at opposition the day before yesterday and last night was clear showing it off to advantage as it was backing up in the vicinity of Regulus similar to its position in 1920 that year of years when Alfi first began to introduce me to the heavens: that year of bitter cold and snow, of "flu" and a week's convalescence at family st. Paris (Dr. Denton coming in my bedroom and preening his little beard; that hot busy summer when I labored for the second time for Howard and watched Mars spread away east from Spica after its brilliant opposition in April etc - etc.

What a practice last evening! What a ~~soffing~~ ^{soffing} off especially in the "Oberon"! What wind noises from the cornet player! What general sweat and fume from everybody! Getting home at 11.15 fagged out was not all. We immediately set to work to pack the car for tomorrow, about 17 boxes of clothing for the mission in Toronto, the back deck crammed full, the back seat stacked to the roof. Wallace was out to a show with the Murphy's and didn't arrive home till midnight. We had cracker and cheese after that. Today I have bags under my eyes. Kane had ~~bag~~ ^{bag} all over her as she squeezed into the corner in the back while Wallie, Zumer and I occupied the front. Poor Mrs. Davidson had to take the train. Fortunately I got out at Paris with one bag. Kane is here now. All aboard for Trumbo - it is 7.30
Correction - It was not Kane. It is 8.15 now and no Kane. Husbands are a sorry lot.

Goga's birthday. I am sitting outside 32 Jane now ready to go in and present our little gifts. Have just been up to Cub for gas. Surprised mom by being home at 8.10. The kitchen is completed now all but the floor. The cupboards are grand and the "frigidex" so much better at the south wall. There seems more room to move and the bar across the west is the berries. Now we need four stools, then we are all set. Kane gets all the credit for engineering this very welcome improvement. Now we have a modern kitchen, just ten years after we moved into it. Had a nice practice on the "Oberon" and the Mozart as I was home in such good time and we listened to the "Pop" as well.

10° above and clear. Clear all day. It was a perfect day for the nit-wits, and adepts to march around Paris main street for an hour this morning singing their asinine union songs. It is 7:30 now: I have done my bit of shopping so I will turn my face homeward with the usual daughter Tappety Saturday night feelings. Had a nice game of bridge at night over at E's. The girls as usual trimmed us all hollow.

Almost springlike but yesterday was anything but that; in fact not at all the kind of day to indulge in swimming like Dennis did. I came home last evening to find him asleep in bed having been there an hour or so. He had wheeled down to Gibson's fallen in the creek while playing there and wheeled home a soaked freezing mass of misery. He was up bright and early this morning none the worse for this mishap. Cooking the breakfast and even carrying it upstairs. After our church service the Rev. Roy announced his intention of leaving Drumbo this coming spring. A decided sensation. When the lunch dishes were done we went off in H.V. to pick up our violinists for the fatiguing 3 hour practice at the Kerby house. When we got back to Paris I stole a share while Kane called on Bessie, then we had a big chicken dinner at 37 June with Har and Gladys Jones. Had a lot more bridge and plenty of drinks and ding-foozled fun.

The last day of February was a winter's day. I won't say "sublime" winter's day because it was ~~not~~ that. It was nevertheless winter. We woke up to a north blizzard and it lasted pretty well all day covering the immensal mud with a pure blanket of white. The temperature hovered around 20° so behold! — one day this winter without a thaw — were there others? Possibly but not many. Poor HX is down below my window looking forlorn under its cover of powdery snow. We went over to the Jaysons at midnight last night not satisfied with the rye and excitement at the Baily's and killed an hour with the Miles's and George. We had lovely sandwiches coffee, cake etc.

This was more like that "sublime" winter's day I mentioned in my 1922 entries. It was cloudless from beginning to end. Ten above at breakfast and twenty at noon. Now the thermometer is nearly down to where it was as the last light is fading out from the sky at the end of William as seen from my X-ray window, as the slim moon with its ghostly earthshine is about to dip out of sight, as the noises of the day subside and the strikers and police all go to roost. Ah me! I must scurry away at the cello now to put myself in shape for Sunday night. I must be prepared!

Ash Wednesday (Que.)

Milder than yesterday with a pale sun struggling through. Light snow flurries in the afternoon and turning colder. Perfect March weather. Here's hoping there is an absence of blizzards or ice storms tonight and tomorrow. We are putting our all into this desperate effort. Haydn, Weber, Mozart, Schubert may they not be forced to turn in their graves!

a better March day could not be imagined; sun, and blue sky with springlike woolly clouds; a room temperature of 28° ; hardly any wind to disturb this hazy departure of winter if indeed we could call the last three months winter. This is the test night. We will either make good or fail miserably and be a laughing-stock. Here's hoping. We are under many critical eyes and ears.

We came, we saw, we were conquered. Had lots of fun. The dear children were whisked home by Uncle Jack (mom's idea) so I didn't see them after. We stayed for refreshments and the presentation of the wrist watch to our gifted conductor by Mr. Sweetman. Went to Mabel's after for more lunch etc. To bed at 1.30. Weather conditions perfect. Mild today. f.s. down and back. Mickie of NYC. Widows away. Roads unspeakable or impossible - all springs and shocks broken. Corn painful leg stings. Had to go to Willett H. Hospital at noon to pull Paul Clement's cyst. Saw Chicken and B. Pelton.

Saturday night and the week's work done and the old man home with his bunch of mon'. Very mild with the crows clamorous and spring smells. Ready now to start for Dumbo, but soft you, a word or two before you go - you must stop at the nursing home with that Attlebery Cheque, you must stop at 37 Jane and further check your boxes and progress, you must stop at Cub's for petrol, you must stop - period. Amen.

A fine, sunny March day with just enough winter in the air to make one feel healthy and energetic, just enough snow on the ground to cover the otherwise drab landscape. Dennis was up betimes and dressed, busy with his plans for tapping the maple tree in front of our place. Kane and I spent the afternoon moving stuff into our new keyboards. Got the sunroom cleared of junk. Had Sally Lu, Geoffrey and Alvin D. for dinner of roast pork, baked potatoes, apple pudding. Jack's were away and when all children were retired we went over there to finish the day. Set up the 5 inch and had a look at Saturn, also the moon near first quarter. Night was clear, still and cold.

♂ Saturn is backing up still closer to Regulus.

Brine and frosty, the ground like iron and the rivers hemmed in again with ice. The sun has been "spotty" all winter; observed yesterday through the big telescope and today through the little one. (well, well, what do you know about that!, such a spectacular piece of news!) Was cross at Dennis and Thala last night for breaking the latch on the bathroom door. So all brainless, clumsy, oven of children. Would prefer an earthquake. It is frosty tonight and the silvery half moon is high overhead between Taurus and Gemini. All is quiet save the little bird.

It is 8.15 and I am supposed to be in Drumbo at 8.00 to play at a church meeting at Ev's. Wont I catch it? Sun hazy, sky ashy like, roads rough and becoming muddy; a ring around the half moon late last night; the friendly chirp of a robin when I awoke this morning. Well, I cant fool around here any longer; must make tracks and face the music.

Not so friendly a day as yesterday, being dull and foggy with a temperature hovering around 32° all day and fine precipitation in the morning of half rain, half sleet, half nothing. I hope the season will put the brakes on and not stick its neck out like four years ago. Played Narcissus and Swan over at the church meeting last night at Ev's. Nobody got up and went out. I guess probably it was more or less impossible. I sat at the front door sprouted out with cello and music barring egress there and the dining room door was blocked by Fred Wolff, Jack, and two or three more. No, they had to sit through it, willy, nilly, no less, no more. Had a nice lunch after, then when everybody had departed but the four of us, I produced some welcome beer, to moisten the otherwise arid evening.

Yesterday's "unfriendly" weather turned completely hostile today in a big east blizzard which is still going strong as I write at 7.00 p.m. about a foot of snow has fallen. My car is covered from view almost entirely. Have planned to say how was going south with the plow. I have no shovel. Will I get as far as Roscoe Buck's and have fried eggs?

Had a great time getting in the drive last night and getting out of it this morning. A nice three foot high drift extended the full length of St. after my wrestle with the snow and a hurried meal (all alone) mummy was at Book Club.) I hustled to the rink and skated over an hour with Denny and Niela also principal Earl Sparks. It was a big skating party complete with pop, hot dogs, music etc. Felt fine after my strenuous exercise. Jack helped me push out this morning, also helped move the "frigidex" into its nook in the new kitchen. We owe Jack many debts of gratitude, for such brains, biceps and good deeds. Amen. It is blizzing again tonight - Will we make Woodstock?

In spite of the lateness of the hour I left Paris, the icy highway, the howling wind, the blinding snow squalls, having to go to Ivan Brower's band to stir up some gasoline, getting stuck in our lane-way, having to pick up Marion, Mary, Pella at different places, yes in spite of all (to say nothing of getting away from Drumbo Sat 7.40) we managed to get into the Collegiate auditorium and get fair seats before it started (and parking wasn't easy). Muala and I sat together; she sat on two overcoats so could see the stage nicely. The "Rebellers" male quartet was beyond compare, voices of amazing resonance and timber, also power, artistic consummate musicianship, make all other male quartets odious in comparison. Today was cold and windy. The driving will be plenty tough going home.

Yes, the driving was plenty tough going home last night - especially on no 2. single track in lots of spots; but I made it, go on. Gobbled some supper then off to the rink. The ice was rougher than Thursday but I skated - go on. Had a fine skate with Muala and also dragged Ben around several times. A sleepy game of bridge afterwards. Today was a big day. Church for Mom and pap, while the lazy kids stayed home and raised hell. Sunday school for the kids while the lazy parents stayed home and listened to Erica Morini play the Beethoven. Then the people began to collect; first the children home from S.S.; then George, June & two children, then Alma Junner, finally Jack, Evelyn and two children, then we sat down to a fine dinner of stewed chicken (which I had some now). Giles came over after dinner (supper) and we played trios when the dinner visitors had vanished. Looking at Starn and drinking beer ended a very successful day, successfully cold wind and bright sunshine all day.

Did not mention our fine walk, Geoffrey, Penny & myself which we took after Sunday school up to the tower on the C.V.R. and down the C.P. to the middle town line. Saw two freights and had a lot of fun. I was on the welcoming committee yesterday for the Littles. Jack's were blown seeing Bernice. George and I shovelled out Jack's driveway to get an appetite for dinner. Of course I had just come in from our walk and my appetite was no good. Jack got stuck later in the evening trying to make the garage, proving that we did not finish our job. It thawed a bit today but the temperature was not over 30°. The wind still bitter.

A high, bright sun thawing some ice and snow in its direct rays. but everything hidden from its hand and fast frozen. 21° at noon. It is 15° snow at 7.30. This is perfect March weather, much different than 1945 and even 1946 but the difference is appreciated. After such a fizzle of a winter we would not be happy about jumping into an early spring and then take our abuse later. Let us have what's coming to us now! I am to wait for Kane who will bring me a snack prior to going to the show. This is not my idea but I am quite docile and willing to accord with anything, provided it does not cause me pain, discomfort, inconvenience, heartburn, nostalgia, protruding piles, or hemorrhoids. I must now get back to the work bench.

Ten years ago today! Moving day. Ten beautiful years in the white house on the hill that fronts the east, where I don't see the dawn reddens or the stars released!

March but wintry March. Some snow, some snow driving from the west, 28° at noon, 15° last night. There is a single track through the drifts down the 5th. Some different aspect than February! Talked a minute with J. S. He is getting Boanerges adjusted in Cec Caswell's. Now the snow drifts better watch out, Boanerges will come charging down the road, ready to take off at any minute. Kave and Alma only met me last evening, the Taylors failing to get a baby-sitter. The show was most exciting — melodrama of 1880. Short-guns, angry farmer, Land times, everything after the plan set by dear old Seacock. Time marches on, but the old melodrama remains the same. Well, sign off, old man, the clock hath strucken six and this is orchestra night.

Eric goes brangh! The top of the marmoset etc. etc. Got a hand off to Wade tonight. My memory is improving. A little boulder than yesterday at noon but not thawing away from the sun. The poor sun is still looking like it had the smallpox, and it has to get up earlier every morning and stay up later every evening — poor sun — nobody feels sorry for it! Muala was not up when I left, she was bitten by some bug or other and preferred to stay in bed. Our new kitchen is completed, all but the stools — red floor, yellow walls, new dazzling white cupboards with the "frigider" nestling in the midst of them, new counter with mottled black top. It is a lovely kitchen, especially when Kame is in it. It would be nothing without her — just dust and ashes like the cellar.

The frost ("big frost") or (sleet) stings against the cheek. It is clear, calm and 16° above - very fine March evening. Just back from the car hospital with poor old HX. It had to have a new fuel pump, points etc. It all points to the fact that HX is getting old and will soon have to be superseded with some glittering display of wealth and luxury. Stopped in to see Bersie at the nursing home last night. She gave me washing, and a big love of gab about going to Preston on Sunday. She is anxious to get to Drumbol for an extended and no doubt prolonged period to sort over her great collection of junk. This will be something to look forward to. The Taylors were at Blueford last evening and we babysat. Slept an hour or so in the love seat. They came home at 1.30.

Here it is 7.31 and I am not nearly ready to go home. Scorpions have been working in my mind all day about Saturday off, or afternoon off or even nearly closing Sat. aft. but vain is the hope of ever getting it. Saturday more than my day seems to be crowded with plate polishing, extractions and impressions and these are my bread and butter; and how the cost of bread and butter stays sky high, except that I haven't bought my butter for a month - just did now and it is excellent. but meat! think of it: I got a measly 4 lb. fowl \$2.50 three slices of sirloin \$3.10, bottle of gin 3.00, case of ale 3.75. and don't forget Perry X cost you over twenty bucks this week, and the poor old thing is groaning and almost falling apart. Well, Perry, go home and get something to eat and forget about expenses. You'll never be rich, you son of a bitch. 10° above at breakfast time and cold all day. 13° now and crystal clear.

I knew all along I should have made the effort and gone skating last night, doubtless the last of the season. The children reported the ice the best yet. As the Taylors were in Hamilton and only got home at 10.30 Jack was dozing in his chair till midnight when he woke up, got the bridge table and we had three quick rubbers, the men beating for a change. It was then 1.30. being hungry we cooked a hunk of steak and had beans and tea with cakes. To bed at 2.30. A great rush to get to church. I kept the children fairly quiet with two new comics. The Baileys arrived at 3.30 and we had afternoon tea with part of the N.Y. Philharmonic and some records. The four Bells alone for dinner. We all went over and each contributed some music for Nanna and Ganga who were being entertained for dinner at the big house. Sun crossed equator at eleven minutes to six P.M. E.S.T. A lot milder - thawing all day.

Very mild - 52°. The snow vanished like magic. Song sparrows gave their sweet song of hope for improving weather. Had to get another set of brushes for the generator, also a battery rack and cable for 14X - probably another twenty smackers gone. Every week I spend a lot of money on my limousine, which in a years time would be enough to buy a new car. Oh well, says Mrs. Cannon - Here it is, nearly eight o'clock at night and my practicing to do yet, also a call to the Baileys and post office. My guts are sore and constipated. Got in many peanuts probably.

The spring rains march by the door. They have been marching all day and most of last night. accordingly everything is exceedingly moist, and muddy. half our garden is under water. The spring birds sing merrily. Much sh absolute, Very dank all day.

Dull and rather chilly. 32° all day. Just heard that Mr. Peppers died. This is a grievous loss as there are far too few Mr. Peppers in this world of selfishness and greed. Dennis had a couple spoonful of maple syrup he got from boiling a jaw of soap, which he proudly showed me last night. I was allowed to taste it. I guess I disappointed him by my lack of enthusiasm.

Chill east wind and a little sick sunlight in the afternoon. Dear old Bob Hlepew came in today. He brings memories from the distant past as well as interesting Lucalic tales. Mrs. Grindley came with the violin and 'cello parts for the excerpts from Bach St Matthew Passion. This and the "Aus der neuen Welt" will keep us busy for some time to come. Had a lovely chicken dinner with the family last night. Dennis and I were late (9:30) so room was gloomy and silent. Only a few strings turned out to practice. We had fun with Mozart and Handel under the extraordinary leadership of Mr. Sweatman.

Jack poured us all a jolt of scotch last night then proceeded to demonstrate some fancy stitching on Sumner's little electric "Singer". Later we staged a fashion parade with "Belgie's" woodchuck coat. Today's clouds blew away by noon and the sun shone warmest this spring bringing the shade temperature up to 62°. It made us lazy as with spring fever or vernal lassitude or what have you. After Wednesday's pounding which my poor car got I have shunned the gravel roads. According to Bernard Numan they are impossible, and indescribable. Well, I guess my repair is done so I'll turn off the vulcanizer.

Fire was out when I got home yesterday but I did not light it till this morning and soon the house was too hot necessitating turning the switch off again. After the dishes were washed Kate and I went for a little drive like old times. It was very romantic. The back deck was full of molodorous garbage and the "ninth" concession was full of water and "washboards" some pools were like small lakes and we wondered whether we would stall. Coming back we got some of the season's first pussy willows that were close to the road in the swamp. Today is dull and mild. The stubble is still on but looks like petering out. A seedy looking car, and a seedy looking ^{bearded} driver (Roy/Hawes) seemed to be the lone advertiser. Empty gardens ought to bring these nut-wits, dimbulbs, numbskulls, and what have you, to their senses.

Jack and Ev were dead beat from rising at 5.00 A.M. and Jack being in Toronto all day and Ev being left holding the bag or rather the angel childbed, but nevertheless, moreover, besides, they sat up and played bridge with us for an hour, bless their hearts. Today was a big day for everybody. Jack moved Benjie from the Nursing home to Preston and back to Princeton (no small undertaking). I worked on the clothesline, substituting a iron pulley on the post for the old worn out wooden one. I suppose the line will slip off this pulley even more readily. Dug some parsnips in deep mud and proceeded to wash them in fourteen different waters. It was warm 62 and I enjoyed my afternoon outside. Finally I turned some rubbish. Dinner was at our place with the Galtos and Junner and beer in honor of John's fifth birthday. We enjoyed a tender leg of lamb and baked potatoes. John got some of his presents - namely - money from the Bells, a bank and a garage, ^(service station) with five cars from the Bails.

John fell out of bed with a resounding
boom. I drained him and tucked him in.
87th day Monday, March 28 278 to come
Crash - wah - wah.

After our little practice last night,
we went across to baby-sit while
Ev. & Jack were at the Morrows.
We sat all the Morrow. George
Aunt made a fourth in a rousing
good game of bridge with his
devotion of "83". We got partly
"stewed". Ev served lunch after
that. Two nights in a row - 2.00
A.M. Stormy! Glut. Today
I got my \$450.00 compulsory
savings cheque which nearly covered
the \$491.00 rap I took last week.
Sure is a bright government. They
really have high financiers of
no mean calibre. They can spend
more of your money, give you more
headaches than any other aggregation
in the world - except perhaps
Stalin and his communists. Strong
wind last night, slightly cooler
than yesterday - 52° but the sun
was partly out and my office
soared up to 78 without a scrap of
gas fire. Spring is definitely here!
Hurrah!

88th day

Tuesday, March 29

277 to come

63°. Office hot like summer.
Windows up and a fair breeze
coming in from the south. J.D.
just called. I am in a rush to
make Drums by 7.00 prior to a
Woodstock patch to see the skating
vanities of 1949. Denny's bike
fixed for 8.05 - new tire, mudguard,
spokes etc. What a hard man
on machinery. I am glad he is
not down here - my equipment
wouldn't last long.

What kind of radiant heating is keeping my office so warm these cold spring days? Temperature is 76° throughout and 36° outside with a nasty yeast wind. Maybe the temperature is rising with the rent. Oh that was a splendid exhibition of skating last night at Woodstock. Truly as good as the Ice folkies, icecapades etc. I thought I would be bored. I came to scoff but remained to praise and praise. Took Ann Marie home after over the rough 7th. The children loved it, and I loved taking them.

Where was that radiant heating this morning, you winesap! Cold east blizzard with freezing rain and snow, temp about 28° all day. Gas fire again. All radiant heat miraculously disappeared as quickly as it came. Chris Hastings died this morning. No more wisecracks and long winded conversation to accompany my weekly purchase of cigars, cigarettes, candy, chewing gum, magazines etc. Had to spend \$4.00 today on a new "circuit-breaker" for HX. Soon every part of the car will be new except the car. It will still and always emanate fond psychic odors and memories of that beautiful spring in May 1940. When Louis - dear old Louis was alive. Had to go over to Brant Avenue after our Kenby House session last night. The Bach was incomprehensible.

Tonight we have to go back again to Brantford and muck through Bach. May the Lord help me! The cello parts are inconceivable, unhearable, and impregnable. A chilly April 1. Pulver on the frozen ground the start the day, but the clear blue sky that we enjoyed from noon on was springlike and the bright sun licked up the snow. I was hoping to get in a little practice but the time is upon me when I must load up the car and beat it.

Oh hum! It is 7.10 Saturday evening and I am still labouring at the bench. I am tired after last night's wrestle with J. S. Bach and the recitatives. We stopped our practice at twenty minutes to one and were in bed at 1.30. Too late. How much - stonemuch. Will there be any fun tonight? Not likely. Somebody is sure to be indisposed or dead tired. A fine spring day after a frosty night with April hoar frost on the roofs. The blue sky of noon has given place to grey clouds and the temperature is 40°. Anything more you want to know?

Fine spring day with sun and clouds, frogs singing all the time - 24 hour shifts. Song sparrows melodious. Church afforded an hour relaxation and during the sermon a half-sleep. The afternoon brought storm labour in the form of sawing away at Bach for three hours. Burned a bit of rubbish, then dined at E's - a delicious meal of cold tender beef, mashed potatoes etc. Threw the children bedwards then zoomed off to Brautford to saw more Bach. Not much more light on this incomprehensible medley of flats and sharps. Home at midnight.

Even finer and more spring-like than yesterday. The sun was brighter, the air warmer and the grass a bit greener. Stopped at Princeton to pull a tooth for Mrs Wilson, also stopped three more times without pulling any teeth, just pulling to the side of the highway and waiting for H X to make up his mind to go on again. Certainly this is a very baby car. It just goes when it feels like it. Last night coming home from Brautford the lights went off on the middle tower-line and the plunge into the darkness at 53 miles per hour is quite alarming to say the least. Such a car! If it does not straighten up I will trade it. - then good-bye, Henry. A lovely crescent moon is high up at the foot of the Gemini. They will all soon ~~light~~ hang like glorious crowns over Orion's quads low down in the west.

What a satisfactory day. Mrs. Gowlay to tell me about the Black family etc. Eleanor (Edwards) to tell me about Mel. etc. The Croziers, Bob and his wife, and grandson David (so little time since Donald was his age) Blanche (Wells) to tell me about the town line and neighborhood news, Phyllis and hauling Brenda (I didn't want to see them go). Finally Jim Murray, faithful forever - what an attractive, likeable boy. The sky was covered with thin grey clouds which thickened towards late afternoon and a chill east wind blew steady.

No, Jim has long since deserted me! - April 5/69

Dull and chilly. I better look sharp. I am to pick "big Bertie" up at Mabels with her 14 bags at ten to six and it is 5.30 now. Outlook means look out. Had a little session with Gordon, and Barron below me this afternoon. It cost me two bucks which I gladly paid just for the fun of talking to him. I will make further amendments to my income tax report, perhaps revise it or re-edit it, maybe redact or retract it. Now for Drums, then Beauford and the walter of music.

Dull all day with spots of cold rain. The mist brightened a little at sundown but the sun did not actually show itself. Just a case of "the chilly sunset faintly told of unripened green valleys cold" etc. Had a good go at Bach last night but 'great Caesar!' we need a dozen such "gos" before I can feel at all happy about such complicated, changing, movements, difficult key signatures, syncopation, tempo motto rubato of soloists etc. It is chaos, capinos, cosmos, ~~ca~~ chaos. Have to be home a few minutes early to run over some chorales which we haven't even seen yet. Made the Lord have mercy on me, a sinner. Please give me some dinner.

Sun came out at noon but it was chilly all day - high 44°. No time to shoot the breeze, got to get home and eat and back to Buntingford by 8.00. This is the big rehearsal with the choir and soloists on the St. Matthew Passion. Called in to see the late Hugh Allan last night. Met Jack coming out and Berbie coming in. Had a little talk with Gordon W. Dear old Hugh, such a gentleman: he sold us our license (marriage, not dog) and spoke so movingly to us afterwards. I will never forget him!

I'm afraid Bill Findlay will speak movingly to me after tomorrow's scramble. He may tell me to move out and stay out. Oh well (Mrs Cannon) it can't be helped. I am but an indifferent poor boob. Stomach! Got to play piano at church tomorrow morning, as if the great walter of Bach wasn't enough. Very clear, cool weather. Heavy frost last night and one on the way now. It is dusk and a cold wind come from the north. Frost is in the air, also in my frozen peas.

What a day. Not too many out for the Palm Sunday service. Muala did a fine job in her violin obligato as I could hear her around the row of the piano, organ and voice. I did a poor job on the 'cello in the St. Matthew Passion. However the Bart's seemed to like the whole thing, as did most others present. Took wife and daughter to Kenby house for Christen dinner. Called at 37 Jane and had bridge and rye. Hein was there. Finished the day at the Jaylows drinking gin and eating 1.00 A.M. lunch. A fine warm sunny day.

No frost last night. Warmer
and sunnier than ever. A lovely
day. I felt a little groggy
after yesterday. But the show
must go on, so I wrestled with
patients till 6.30. It is now
8.30 and lots of work staring
me on the bench. H.V. has
turned over a new leaf - it is
performing perfectly. Perhaps the 74000
makes us feel young.

"My shadow, earth, from pole to
central sea, now steals along upon
the moon's meek skin, in even
monochrome and curving line, of
imperturbable serenity." The substance
of this magnificent sonnet is being
revisited now, tonight. Read some
haunting bits to Jane last night
from Shakespeare's sonnets - lines
like "rough winds do shake the darling
buds of may", "precious friends hid
in death's dateless night", "have runned
choirs where late the sweet birds sang"
etc-etc. and many more. A fine
spring day - warm and sunny from
dawn till sundown.

The same old song and dance!
 Would like to get home early to
 do some work. It looks like rain.
 If I stay and work here it will
 not rain: if I go home on time
 early it will start by the time
 I get there. I guess I don't
 live right. Well, here goes nothing.
 By the way, that was a splendid
 eclipse - perfect weather conditions.
 The dark moon was close to spica.

Cloudless still and warm. Everything
 drying up. Ordered some "banane" from
 How yesterday. Wonder if it came.
 It did not rain yesterday afternoon -
 (please note). Got off most of
 the storm windows and washed
 the upstairs ones (outside) ate a whole
 of a dinner then went to
 Brantford. The 13th was unlucky
 as far as the Brantford symphony
 orchestra is concerned. Fred
 Godden is going ^{back} to England and
 the orchestra is folding up for the
 present. Looks like it is down
 for the long count. Poor orchestra -
 it never really was healthy.
 There was not enough players
 who took it seriously.

Good Friday (Dom.)

They'll do it every time. Even the weather. A complete change to a cold east wind ending in snow at night after a day of drizzle. Couldn't work outside so we went to Paris and cleaned the office. Nuala stayed at 37 Jamestown. Dennis worked everything workable and generally got in the way. We inspected the Barty's new Plymouth. No bridge at night as nobody seemed interested. George furnished the latest local news.

Ground white with snow. Temperature of 24° , cold north wind and snowflurries throughout the day. The same brand of weather as when I was writing my finals in 1922. Had a delightful chat with Wade this afternoon. He is making a flying visit. Plane came in at 5:40. She was concerned about my guts and I was too as I couldn't stand up to the chair all day. I abominate cancelling appointments. But gotta do it sometimes. Just had spell since Sept 21st 1946. — not too bad — 'eh what'!

Easter Sunday

The sun came out and the air warmed a bit after a frosty night, but the warmth was dissipated by late afternoon when clouds and an east wind got after it. Car wouldn't go so Kane had to use Uncle Jack's (which Kane loves, in fact, & bats over) She doesn't think HX is any good and wants me to get rid of it. Who will rid me of this turbulent car? I guess it has one wheel in the grave and maybe worse. Played "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" with Kane & thus Maria in the morning and at night "The Holy City" and a trio with Walthe and Muriel. (Moskowsky, Melodie). So I did my duty to Kane, although I reminded her that I was a Confirmed atheist and did it only for love of her. Jack's birthday party was as successful as could be expected with Bertha present and an evening church service coming up.

Easter Monday

Cold, dull, dank, dismal, depressing. Couldn't get the car going so Jack pushed me around the block. Battery is down, coils done for, plugs fouling, condenser no good, fuel line plugged, points worn out, pistons loose and bearings gone. Took it to the Paris Motors for emergency service. Kane wanted me particularly to go to Dr. E. B. P. for a personal checkup and possibly new tail pipe, differential and main bearings. I did not go, being very adverse to going to doctors, dentists, lawyers etc. Took salts instead, which might well prove fatal to my cancer and ruptured appendix. R. I. P.

Dull and a little milder. Some excitement in Drumbo at 7:30 this morning. Earl Kennedy's kitchen was ablaze and all his store of liquids on hand was not sufficient to put it out so the famous Drumbo fire truck took over and saved the rest of the house also the surrounding buildings and village at large. My guts were about as sore as yesterday but I managed to work on some of my patients. I guess I am over the worst. Tomorrow will be better (Betty Smith) Sun came out a little while before getting to cheer and slightly warmed the cold landscape. Not similar weather see Monday April 16, 1917.

A little improvement in the weather, i.e. sunny and warmer. The sky although hazy was clear and the half moon was visible till late in the morning sinking into the south-west. Kame and Nuala have just come in from the final concert in Paris. Hyman Goodman - program looks most interesting. Sorry I was bugged up and couldn't go. Dennis went to sleep over an hour ago, drugged with radio serials. Mummy is cross at me because I don't go to the doctor. Vile leeches and apothecaries - Dr. Hut and Hook and Cowagain. - Butchers, all of them.

They all tell me I missed a rare treat last night when Hymie Goodman really went to town on the old fiddle. Oh well, life isn't all sunshine and roses. Have to take a few storms of adversity. Fine and warm. Kept some appointments today and actually filled the odd tooth. Walked up to Cyki's at 2.00 P.M. in the warm sunshine, but the office was full of patients so I came away without having my guts inspected.

Dull and mild. Caught up to the scraper just beyond the bridge on the 5th. Bodmerges was out in front of J's ready to leap off any moment. Margaret's 13th birthday. Took her a couple little parcels from our house. Rain at intervals. Leaving late afternoon. Supposed to be home by 7.00 in case I am able to go to Woodstock.

Did you go to Woodstock? No, of course not. Marion went in your place. Mummy drove HX and took Nuala, Effie & Ella besides. They enjoyed the wizardry of W. Attimore & Lowe especially the Max Regen - Back variations. Wish I had heard it. I stayed with Dennis and read Ken stories.

Jack came over to burn some beer and chatted a few minutes. Today is windy, rather cool, some sun, but more clouds and cold showers. The cows gone dry, the hens went lay the horse has got the cramp, the hot wind's spoiled the budding lay and I am in the soup.

The day of the big Bailey W. Lity. with magnificent roast beef. I stayed home from church as if you'd and busied myself with the dishes and beds. The weather was partly fair and cold. The new blue Plymouth drove in at 3.30 and a fine time was had by all.

Ice on our soft water pail on the back porch. Heavy white coating on all roofs. Stoves working like winter time. Dull, damp and chilly in the afternoon.

Dull, and warmer. We were greeted with a fine thunder storm at day-break, and the temperature soared till it reached 64. Showers all day and the gorgeous clouds at eventide cleared away over a shining green landscape with the yet bare limbs of the trees glistening in the low rays of the setting sun. Dressed down to the clinic at 3.30 and Chieken examined me. All set now for the "Carving job."

A glorious bright morning which I was aware of from the earliest peep of dawn, due to nervous tension. My nerves are all drawn up taut like fiddle strings. I could play "jiggies" on them. A robin chose to introduce the morning choir and later the song and vesper sparrows chimed in. I guess I don't appreciate enough the lovely rural dwelling I live in - the matchless valley to the east. I shall ~~always~~ always remember coming home real early - before six, and after supper sitting in the sunporch, watching the children outdoors, all the long evening till the twilight brought them in, and how I envied them, and wanted to be out with them, and how impossible it was for me to even stand up straight let alone run or play. How I bore my burden secretly and went to bed troubled and haunted by the vision of the morrow, the immediate surrender and the webs of inactivity.

It is 4.30 P.M. and I have been in bed since 11.00 A.M. in room 22 at the Willett. I have a marvelous view of the eastern sky the Green valley and the High School campus. It is a beautiful cloudless day. I can watch the leaves unfold which as yet are (still) tight within the bud, only the grass is a vivid green. The sword of Parnocles which is suspended above me will fall a day sooner than anticipated. Tomorrow is the day. It is fast approaching. I am tied to this decision wheel and must run the course.

(later) don't forget dear Gordon Madden showing very dexterously and the enormous effort. How I needed it. Gordon was so reassuring, and he chatted so pleasantly. Also don't forget the ride down with Kathleen leaving John at Richwood. Dear Kathleen, how good she always is to me!

Friday, April 29

A spind, I tell you, for every one,
 For if you took ether you would miss all the
 fun
 Although the first part is a bit of a shock,
 But to say that it hurt would veracity mock
 You curl up like a dog and say your prayers
 While they jab you with needles
 quite unawares
 Then you lie on your back and stare up
 towards the sky
 with your legs all a tangle and your mouth
 good and dry
 and your ~~kind~~ family doctor right there at your
 head
 To chat about school days long since dead,
 With your blood pressure guaranteed by the
 nurse
 And no sights or sounds to jar any more
 than the murmur of surgeons at work
 on your bowels
 or assistants flitting with dressings and towels
 till before you're aware the hour has sped
 and you are all sewed up and whisked back in
 bed
 But straight as a board and head real low
 and the feeling coming back to your old torso
 with nothing to do but lie still and wonder
 just how many spikes they are driving

Saturday, April 30

Right up through your back and out ^{on} through the
 top
 While time slows up and seems almost to
 stop
 like hot bandages clinging like bark on a
 tree
 and you think the long night an eternity.

(Written, of course, with apologies to
 the very best doctors and unexcelled
 hospital care)

(later) Don't forget shaving on Friday
 before Kane came in the evening,
 which caused a consternation of
 nuns. Also Saturday was not
 so bad. Bernard came in the
 afternoon and cracked jokes at
 the expense of my fresh gash.
 Kane of course came later in
 the afternoon and stayed on till
 after nine reading and chatting.
 Saturday was not so bad! Do you
 hear? - Not so bad! I was pumped
 up and ate my meals, farted into
 the bedpan and generally enjoyed
 (from under) a restful, painless day!

may say in bed. The foregoing dogged I serves to sketch my impressions of Friday. Yesterday is a day about which I will not write; it should not have been in the calendar. Today began showery and cooler but cleared at noon and was hot and sticky. Home came rail early, before tea and stayed the rest of the day except time off for tea at the Ballys. Erind and Bernhard were in for nearly an hour.

Ate my meals with great relish. — no, I guess they didn't give me relish but I ate what they gave me avidly. 75' yesterday and today; the clembos are jopping. A great time of year to be scooped up.

Windy and warm woke up at 6.00 A.M. as per hospital schedule to a dull morning and wet pavements but the sun was shining before noon and the day was cheerful, particularly so as Eybe ungrounded me, took away the great drainage system and left me on my own; and Louisa gave me an enema which was all very enjoyable. Today came the inevitable poached egg or mashed potato. Roy came at 4.30 and stayed till 5.30. He made a very long prayer. I had much ado not to use the bottle before he got through. Bernard and then Reame to entertain me during my long evening.

Very warm and bright. A full breakfast with toast and marmalade which I didn't eat, I prefer to the marmalade and part of the toast. Eric came just after Lorna had bathed me and put me in clean sheets. He proceeded to tell me a very amusing story, so much so that I gave vent to several painful paroxysms of ~~big~~ laughter and several loud & rather explosions which reverberated down the hall. Shortly after the nurse came in to inquire about the apparent accident. Goga, Margaret and Evid all landed in at 4.00. Had a few minutes confab and exchange of wisecracks. ~~Have~~ & Bernard at 6.45 and 7.00 respectively to further the entertainment. Have read some of *Candide* and I again has to hold my side. Miss Howard fixed me up for the night with a delicious back treatment and a pill, also a bowel persuader stronger than the night before. Everything is fine in this hot of all possible worlds.

not quite so hot, or is it?
 At least the sun is almost obscured by the "thin grey cloud" that is spread far high. The Cascara worked, in fact it interrupted my slumbers, and I was forced to sit on the pan at some unaccountable hour when Jupiter was peering up over the school seen from the remote edge of my window. I have just finished a letter to Evelyn. Kathleen will deliver it tonight, I hope. Did you say not quite so hot! Sap! It went up to 86° and stayed put, cooling off very little during the night. Kane brought my office fan up. Bernard and Dick were in at the same time, also Mrs Oldham for a minute. I am overwhelmed with flowers, the most gorgeous being Kane's magnificent hydrangea which she got from Roy.

Hotter and still hotter. The unclouded sun is reigning supreme this morning. Another great splash of flowers - this time from the Haupe's, I might as well die now, there being quite enough flowers to deck a casket. Have just had a consultation of nurses, bless their hearts, over the Globe and current topics.

Drowsy, hot afternoon. Was there ever such a brilliant tableau: the yet unburnt green of the grass on the High School campus surrounded by the light cloudy green of the rapidly unfolding leaves, the crimson and scarlet athletic trunks of the boys and similar colored sport dresses of the girls, with here and there a blue one for contrast, all engaged in the utmost activity on this boiling, scorching afternoon.

No relief in the heat and a beastly fever ~~to~~ make me even hotter. Can't read much today; can't hold my head up. I imagine I had less discomfort a week ago today. Oh, the boys, long nights, the shrieks and groans of the O's and the catterwails of the babies.

Couldn't eat, couldn't sleep so the Doctor was summoned at 5:30 this afternoon. He listened very attentively to my lungs, and said a I had a touch of cold. This I absolutely disbelieve. My temp of 102° all day today is from sluggish bowels and this prolonged inactivity. Anyway the penicillin became the order of the day (and night). Thus pricked and drugged I slept all night, with tink off every three hours for pinks in the behind. Thunderstorms rolled around as Kane sat with me and read to me.

The thunder last evening really broke the spell and gave me a new lease on life. It is about 50° outside and I have sheet spread and blanket on. The sensations of today were of a cheering nature as I arose and donned pyjamas and the luxurious blue dressing gown, first at 2.00 P.M. and again at 4.30 when Kane was with me. She acted as switch ~~man~~ or outpost guide, or maybe outhouse guide for my first visit to the toilet, under my own steam with canvas all out. In the evening quite an assembly gathered to crack jokes and smoke - Han, Dick, Grind and Kane, we had just been honored with visits from Billy Muir, and Rev. Heslop. He assured that we patients all would be remembered in the prayer from his pulpit at 11.10 tomorrow. Would have had a good night's sleep except for painful pricks in the behind every three hours.

Warmer and fair: the longed for spy was like midsummer I got up at 9.45 and padded down the hall to the bathroom off the nursery, from that western window I got more thrills and surprises in the verdure and bloom of the neighborhood. Everything was calm and peaceful on this beautiful Sunday morning, a great joy surged through me and my bowels moved. Walt Odham was in this morning and at noon Bob McLaughlin. I forgot to mention that Bernard's visit yesterday afternoon was cut short by Zip & Poson. This pair made a tragic-comic picture of domestic infelicity; that is becoming steadily worse. Deluged with kind friends ~~in~~ ~~sight~~ the evening. Sam & Florence and soon after old Ralph. Eleanor put in her appearance with her father and mother and the talk became reminiscent of the big operations and casts of ten years ago. Kathleen endured all with a stoical patience. She was here early after two till, nearly 9.30. Mother's Day and Blossom Sunday - what a way to spend it!

Coolish at dawn, but now rapidly warming as the avid sun streams in my east window. The calceolaria is still fresh and upright. It has stood the hospitalization well, also the gorgeous hydrangea which is out in the hall. My last dinner at the Willett hospital was the most enjoyable of all including a piece of tender steak. My appetite and attack were in a different class to those of Thursday April 28th. Forcing my harassed, fear-haunted self to eat there was a miserable experience which was only relieved by a colossal enema under the kind administration of Gordon Madden. Good riddance says I to a lot of unwanted, poorly-digested food, I am now ready for the slaughter. But enough of that. I had my bag packed and all sundry belongings collected by the time Kate called. In fact I was in the bathroom looking out of the window when I saw the car coming along Capron Street. With my cheque in the hands of the cashier and cordial farewells all around I was on my way to Drumbo.

How the sturdy, vivid maples stood out like a phantasmagorical dream rather than reality. Most of the blossoms were passed their best, spring-cold leafless spring seemed to have jumped suddenly into summer. The heart-warming greetings were of a heart-warming nature and I sailed into my two eggs and fresh brown bread with even more gusto than the stack of ~~good~~ noon. A long dreamless and refreshing sleep ushered in a cool clear May 10 (with the thermometer at 40). I got a card off to Billy Muir via Dennis on his way to school. A visit before dinner over to the big house to see Bessie and little jack-marked John who seemed full of pep and glee. After a dinner of pork chops and fresh stewed rhubarb (blessed stuff) I wiped the dishes for Cassie.

Barish, dry and moderately warm. Worked a little at my dear old study op10 in A⁶. Took the car out for a little spin at 4.00 P.M. Unfortunately I did not heed Kahlua's warnings about an empty gas tank so ran out of gasoline just beyond the top of Morrison's hill. The trip on foot to Gibson's was slow and laborious. Waited there an hour with first the smallest Louise to entertain me and then Charlotte and finally Jane. I found their company very useless and charming but what I wanted was an adult who could help me out of my difficulty. I finally sent Charlotte and Louise down to Albie Scott's and in a very few minutes he was back on the tractor with a tin of much needed gasoline. My time being spent as it was now getting on for six I cancelled my Paris escapade and returned home tired and crestfallen.

Dry, bright and warmer. More speaking at the A⁶ study. Today I made a lean breast of it and announced my intended trip to Paris. I arrived there at 2.30, cut my hair and shaved, got a sheaf of papers and letters from the post office, tires checked and two jugs of water from Cut Ponds and so home to supper. Bernard and Erind came at 8.00 and we had a rubber of bridge.

Warmer yet and ever bright, windy and dry. The distance is no longer fresh but half hidden in dust. Drove up to Willard's at 11.00 and he fixed my ariel on HX. Jim Aitkin drove up just as I was at the bowling-green corner on my way home to dinner. He kept ~~up~~ me in friendly converse till nearly 1.00, singing the praises of the Austin car and enlarging on his numerous grandchildren. Jim is a fine fellow and I did not begrudge him the time. I forgot to mention my daily morning trips to Richmond with John M. sometimes in the truck, sometimes in the Studebaker; they always involve an interesting chat with Gunga J. S. His garden is all plowed and planted and so is as usual away ahead of us. Jack and Ed. gave me a pyramid cedar for my birthday and have all had a hand in the plantation after supper.

Even the same as yesterday and the day before etc. Warm and bright with the lust of harvest time soiling the bright green of the roadsides. Did a little trimming of grass back and front and found the old joints stiff and rusty like an old gate. Got dressed up and took the family to Norwich or more properly to Howard's. The children had the time of their lives in and around the barn. Played catch, admired the early garden and strawberry blossoms as well as the ~~wealth~~ wealth of apple blossoms now at their best. It reminded me of some two weeks later in 1917 when I was "much impressed with ^{the} fragrant and beautiful orchards" around St. George. Admired Howard's new Chevrolet and had a splendid supper with strawberry shortcake (Locker variety). Home as the last light faded.

Surprised mom by going to church.
 Ken stayed at home because noone
 had the energy or ambition to get
 him ready. In the late afternoon we
 walked (Kane, Joanne, Ken & I) up to
 the C.P.R. crossing and were plenty tired
 and hungry on arriving home. Dinner
 at Eric's of roast pork and baked
 potatoes. Ate till I could hardly
 navigate. Roy, Ray and later George
 dropped in and finally Er & Jack.
 Bar and much chewing of fat
 till 11.30. And so to bed.

No change in the hot, dry weather.
 Transplanted some lettuce and parsley
 in the morning after taking John
 to Richmond and grinding some
 kitchen knives at the shop. Every meal
 is a feast and I feel gummy,
 sluggish and sleepy for an hour
 or so after.

Hot - 84°, hardly any clouds to dim the burning glare of the over-ambitious sun. Smelt a savory meat loaf cooking ~~to~~ asked Bert and to dinner which he accepted with alacrity. After the ample meal I inveigled him into taking off our three remaining storm windows and putting up half a dozen screens as well as our south awning. I broached the delicate subject of the advisability of more awnings going up but as he had definitely had enough we sauntered off up the street in search of less strenuous employment, for him at least. We wandered in Gerald's apartment and spent a couple hours there chewing the fat with the red-ridden Jerry. Picking up John and the three gallons of water at George's completed the afternoon's agenda. Manplanted some pansies in the evening. Later George, Turner Jack and ~~Lee~~ made a rather large assembly in our sunporch and we killed a bottle of rye.

Like yesterday - 84° but more breeze and more accumulations of cloud around the horizons, but as yet no definite sign of rain. Slipped down to Richmond with John and from there to Paris to buy groceries and get the mail. Home to a dinner of green ribs and fresh asparagus. Took the four children and Bert to Moscow for a futile fishing expedition. The sun was too bright, the wind was too strong, the trees that were not fishing made sure that those that were would be out of luck by firing rocks of all sizes into the water. We all regretted that this was my last "holiday" at home. Went down to the shops after the upstairs lights were out and from there over to the Taylors for relaxation and beer.

to lose and hot followed by winds and much rain late in the afternoon and a sharp drop in the thermometer. Back to the old grind, the old worries, and inferiority complexes but thank goodness I lock them all up in the office and go home blissfully at peace with the world and ravenously hungry. It is raining heavily ~~now~~ at 7:30 from a leaden sky so I will get just going to the post office.

Here we are again at the end of a day's work. It is 8.00 P.M. I am back to my old haunts. This will not please my wife. However, repairs and full dentures are starting to roll in and I am caught in the tide. It was quite cool (40°) this morning but warmed up into the middle fifties this afternoon. I built a good furnace fire but did not bother with one at the office. Brought ~~Best~~ John to Richwood and Best to Paris where I extracted a tooth and a dollar (both under pressure) from him and sent him on his way to Brantford. He has passed his fivals and feels about ^{as} isolated as I did 27 years ago which is not at all. Joanna now has the chicken pox. I have to deliver two birthday cakes to Danuley's. Have just posted a card to Alice. Dear me what a breeze - I remind myself of certain blatherskytes I know.

Haw! Guess I'm still in the running. Took Dennis down with me and got him a pair of scampers at Doug Black's then did a whack of shopping at the A. and P. (mostly P.) Forgot the Miracle Whip so had to go in again at noon and stand in another line, Oh hum! Enjoyed my lunch - which was far from so a month ago, Oh, what a change a month has wrought! I feel a new man. Maybe life begins at 50. A new life will begin for me anyway as from now. Must pick up Bert, Dennis and more groceries, leave the caddies at the hospital and beat it for home.

Rather cool, especially sitting in that claustrum church. Roy tried his best to preach a sermon but I could not follow it. He told us not to worry and to live in the present. I was sure living in the present but it was saturated with worry when sitting beside a refractory son. The sun came out warm in the afternoon and we read Winston in the sun porch then took a little walk, a birthday party at night with Dennis and "83" over at E's.

Had a great rush to get the children off to school, as they had told us yesterday that there was no school today and we arose lazily at 8.20. The breakfast really flew and so did Nuala and Dennis out the door at one minute to nine. Took John to Richwood. Got away from the office at five minutes to six with Mr Cameron, calling at Sauga's for John. On arriving at Drumbo found a big surprise party ~~under~~ way with the Baileys and Taylors. Just at the moment ^{of arriving} the new Plymouth was away at Princeton picking up Dick off '18. A big buffet luncheon with everyone contributing what they could - ham, clams and yams. Wound up with fireworks and a big 50th anniversary cake with roman candles and a huge center piece which proved to be a pyrotechnical display of great brilliance. Couldn't get the children to bed till after 11.00 P.M.

Victoria Day (Dom.)

Accordingly Dennis gets up at 9.30 and Nuala nearly an hour later. However, we got the dishes washed by 10.30 and Kathleen led the forces to the back yard where we all proceeded to break up humbers of clay. This was very tiring discouraging work. By noon I was ready to turn my back for evermore on gardens. In the afternoon after a substantial pork dinner the outlook changed. Mr Kipp, bless his heart, came on short notice and borrowed, we then proceeded to rake and plant garden. By 5.30 we had everything in but the potatoes, which were cut and ready. A P.O.D. call brought Jack and Ev. and another half-hour saw the spuds planted and the garden finished except a row or two at the edge. At night Jack set off a lot of fine fireworks on the back lawn at his place. After that we drank whisky and milk and sought our couches about 1.00 A.M. when brightest June 10 was peeping above the S.E. horizon.

Up at dawn to see the slimest
slip of an old moon above the
red east, and indications of a
very slight frost in spots. Our
tomatoes did not appear harmed,
despite the roede wind and near
freezing temperature and forced
me to light a coal fire in the
furnace last evening. Cool all
day today - highest 55°.

Brought John to Richwood.
I am afraid I am in for a
lot of work but I am going
to bypass all I can. I am
not going to make a slave of
myself! To hell with them!
Got a card (80th birthday) off to
Uncle Albert.

Ascension Day (Que.)

Almost a frost. The poor
tomatoe plants are fighting a good
fight for existence. Cool again tonight
and cleaning so there will be
more danger than even of frost.
I guess Mr. Dipp was right, our
garden was planted at the wrong
time of the moon. Pulled, or jerked
a tooth for Jerry at the apartment
first go off, then took Littlejohn to
Richwood. Not a bad day -
my five patients did not wear
me out too drastically. Took some
soup in a thermos which I have
just eaten - I think this is a good
arrangement. Wrote a long overdue
letter to Alfred. HX bears me out,
however, if I didn't love it so, like
a parent to an ^{or wayward} ~~unusually~~ child, I would
sell it pronto. Today it was base
commissions, and voltage regulator,
probably the 10th or 11th one installed.
\$9.50 please, and me so nearly broke.
I will have to have a joltage regulator
to help me withstand these weekly
jolts in the form of garage bills.
27 years ago tonight - how dramatic!
how vivid!

Friday, May 27

Venus first observed from Jim's yard ^{and low in the red west.}
 Yes, 27 years ago on the 27th. Do you know what happened. Why, of course: I collected the last of my things at the college and then stuck to Reid Virtue like a leech, getting into his snood T and refusing to get out. He wanted me like one wants the measles, or bedbugs, but he took me to his home at the east end for dinner. I took the street car back to 406 Huron and collected some weekend effects and beat^x to the "Union" where I boarded the "up" for Orangeville. All this is very clear in my mind. If you want to know anything more I will gladly tell you. Today was just regular routine, taking John to Richwood, then looking after my five patients and getting all tired out, leaving every hour or less and quarantining with inertia. The tomatoe soup at 6.30 is a brilliant idea. It sets me right on top — of the can. We covered up all our tomato plants last night with a variety of things from tiles to paper bags but I guess it didn't freeze. Pretty close though — in the thirties.

Saturday, May 28

Do you care that the Diomes are 15 today. No, of course not. Why should I. The cool weather persists like the hot weather the first of May. Night temperatures in the thirties cause us to put all manner of vessels again over our tender tomatoes. The bright sun bakes down on them for a couple of hours in the morning before I get around to snatch them off. Probably the frost would be the lesser of two evils. I am all worn out from my Saturday's work which was not as strenuous as I had anticipated. I was able to trim it down to the optimum of five patients. ~~Heck~~ just returned from a visit to Tom's manions where I purchased a hunk de beef. They are so nice, I will visit them more frequently in the future. The day old moon was charming.

Sunday 1.00 AM
149th day May 29/64

Sunday, May 29

216 to come

Came home from Jack's at (1.00 P.M.) to find a back porch temperature of 37° so we proceeded to cover up the sickly tomatoes once more. We skipped our bath and had it this morning at 9.45 instead. Got breakfast over just in time to rush to church. Dennis was away off down at Hambley so Wallie had to go after him making the three of us just a little late.

Roy was just about to give the invocation as we trundled up the aisle. Kane and I read during S.S. hour and then I played ball with the children while my dear, good, patient, kind, long-suffering wife got the dinner ready. The other house came over (Bertha away at Princeton) and brought stewed Chicken etc. The whisky and milk drinks Jack is mixing for one these days are very tasty and efficacious.

No, I didn't come on the "down train" sniffing, & reading "Middlemarch".

150th day

Monday, May 30

215 to come

I didn't buy a 76 S today but I still have my favorite one purchased 27 years ago. It is still doing yeoman service. Cee Dondgrave is getting strong yet, but I understand Bill Sharon is not. Bert Cross keeps me posted on certain members of my year, that I otherwise would lose sight of. Warmer today but dry, as dry. There are a few ^{signs} of rain but they, too, may fail in this windy drought. Our garden cannot grow being planted in the dark of the moon. The tomato plants are, sick and dying. Their doom is sealed. Venus was bright last night low in the red band of the gloaming and about 12 degrees above it the thin young moon hung or was hazed - maybe it swung.

The too-tantalizing, promising nimbo-
~~cumuli~~ last evening melted to
 nothing, leaving a clear sky last
 night and a similarly cloudless
 day today. Rain simply won't
 come. Something like the dry
 cool weather this time in 1922.
 My first case, was to land
 John at Richwood, then to work
 at my "setting up". Tuesday is
 "setting up" day. The telephone
 keeps waiving but I am adamant
 and will only see my five per
 diem. Any others have to take their
 troubles elsewhere. Well, I guess this
 is my first day in Paris and I am
 immediately concerned with fixing up
 an office above "Dway" Kent's. I
 didn't go about it in a very business-
 like way, but only perfunctorily as if
 compelled by stern, hostile duty and
 haunted continually by the demons of
 doubt and fear. Rather a morbid
 way to begin a career which has
 turned out so pleasantly successful,
 not so much in a pecuniary way but
 in health, good spirits and general
 happiness.

67° was the highest temperature
 on this le mercredi ~~de~~ premier juin.
 dix-neuf cent quarante-neuf. "The dry
 cool spell is seemingly unending."
 Poor Kave struggles with the sickly
 leop tomato-plants. Will we ever
 get a warm soaking rain? The
 deep, leafy woods of June call me
 on every side but I pause not to
 set foot in them during my
 commutations to and fro, I neither
 feast my soul on the choicest of
 the birds or my body on the
 hordes of mosquitoes. I had a ride
 up at noon in Bill Cook's new
 Monarch with young Dennis and Bob.
 We Laughlin, and after the noon
 repast down again with Bernard in
 the Buick. It is 6.00 P.M. Haste
 thee home, thou good-for-nothing
 procrastinating boob - fap!!

Hotter and dryer. Found Ganga on the couch on my way down with Littlejohn. He seemed rather low so I called in on my way home. I think he needs hootch on the widow to cheer him up. Brought Bessie down to Mrs. Buchanan's. She is going to cut loose for a couple of days and make hoopic. Probably go to the show, drink pop and eat sundaes, also visit some of the good old friends that drop in. This splurge of activity will probably end in a sick spell and a visit to 19 and W. or what have you.

Hotter still and dryer. Since Ganga cannot afford hootch in quantities sufficient to do any good and as the widow is not available for two or more very valid reasons, he must needs fall back on the good old family doctor, so I had the deliver a letter and call this evening for medicine guaranteed to kill or cure. All is quiet, says the little bird, Bessie is away, but listen, she is coming back tonight and then the racket starts once more to be continued ad infinitum. Got Jim Gibson to carry a case of beer for me out to the car. He is a good scout. Hope to do something for him some day.

Poor Jim Gibson - gone to the shades last year - June 3, 1969

Poor Jack is so tired all the time. I hated to ask him to carry the safe over but I simply could not avoid it. I have it covered with paper and a case of beer sitting on it. Brought Bessie home ~~last~~ evening right in the midst of the spray-painting of the house, what a mess and a hullabaloo. Bessie is moving to the back porch with her many effects. Had a few minutes pain this morning - just a tantalizer while the afternoon is hotter and drier than ever.

A little cooler, breezy, and continuing fair - ad infinitum. As Jack and Ev. were working till midnight at the shop last night we did not get started on our social drink till late and bedded ourselves down about 2.00 A.M. As usual it was a struggle to get to church on time; In fact 3/4 of the Bell family were definitely late and marched up the aisle during the singing of "Holy, Holy, Holy" Great Epes's ghost! Read a little in the afternoon after putting our books and certificates down in our cellar safe - very safe, nobody can get into it, not even me, I, us, and company. Hoed and watered a little in the parched desert of a garden. As Ev. Jack & John were away we ate over with Bessie & Joanna. The phone call came while we were eating so I stopped eating collected our children and beat it for Woodstock, while Hane stayed home and slaved at house work. A great jawing and chinning with Uncle Will & Aunt Annie!

Moderately warm, fine and drier than yesterday, and yesterday was drier than the day before and so on back to the middle of April.

Couldn't have our social drink last night on account of the company. This was a school holiday so Kane promised the children a treat which was a trip to Toronto along with Bersie, Uncle Will & Aunt Annie. A nice evening day for Kane. I'll hear about it soon over a cup of grog.

Very serious drouth. Dry winds blew all day and the bright sun shone mercilessly. Clouds of dust kept whirling past in all directions. Driving on the rough country roads is not pleasant. It was peaceful last night after Kane and the children came back from Toronto, and the children were prodded upstairs. Just the two Bells and two Taylors dozing over four glasses of beer.

Peace, perfect Peace - Bersie away, company away (for the week), little ones all asleep. What quietness after Sunday evening! Of course we all fell asleep in our chairs. Got a card and \$10.00 for Ross. Dick will deliver it. Pumped a wash bucket of water this morning for the garden - just trying to keep pace with Mrs. Cannon and Davey. Mrs. Bolster buried, also Mrs. McCormick died this morning while poor Martin is still in the hospital.

Sharp frost, or was it a flat frost. J.D.'s corn, potatoes, beans etc. were black. I'll be afraid to look at ours tonight. We did cover the tomato plants but neglected the tender beans.

R.I.P. That was a cold night for June 7-8 - just some of our belated long over due winter blasts. Went to sleep reading "The Twilight War" and had a good long rest. This afternoon I am getting H & X greasch etc and cleaned the writing room besides doing two full dentures. Some speed! Eh. What?!

Poor Goga - would have been 75 today.

Yes, and Grandpa Swance would be 94 today. Poor old Jakey! what a blundering, botch of a job he made of that will! How Auntie Maud swings out the big lead in Florida, Bothwell, and other points! How Bessie Clumps around without any means of support, financial or physical, except various chairs, canes and whoever will lend her a few hundred to carry on with! She wears us down as the lawyers and government have worn her estate down, i.e. - to the bone. Made Aunt Annie's canned chicken into sandwiches at 1.30 this morning after Jack had enough waisy sleep on the couch to sit up and take a little misshisment. Warming up to 62°. I built a roaring fire in the furnace before breakfast so the children could dress by the register. Frost furnaces fires, in June! The very idea. Got our dust layer on - just a narrow drizzle of CaO_2 .

Geordie wants me to buy a new car. He thinks he can have one by July. If I were getting a 49 Ford I should have got it last winter - before the strikes and upheavals. Before I had to spend all this gob of money on 1+X. My money just runs away like water - every week a double saw-buck for repairs, lights, generator, coil voltage regulator, wiring, and 'naw brakes to be retined and new looms front and rear for the waning lights. I suppose this will cost fifty plunks at least. Oh, well, say Mrs. Cannon, I'll just go home and hoe around in the dusty garden, paying particular attention to our three dozen beets, and straggly, wilted Cannons. The tomatoes are fighting a losing battle against flies and drought. I forgot to mention that Bot Kerr was paying me a visit yesterday afternoon. He is making his home at Rosedale cottages, Port Dover. He looks fine - is ready to go fishing any time.

Not once more like my week in the Willett. 82°. Our garden is fried and baked but not baked as there is no moisture anywhere to bail anything. I pump the wash bucket full each morning which is all the well can do at one time and when I come home in the evening, Mom and Nuala have watered the tender little plants. If we have any garden at all it will be on account of this team work and all the care lavished on a few sickly rows of vegetables. Mrs. Cannon's is all that a garden should be as she has Davey to pump endless buckets of water and then too she is up with the birds in the early morn, hacking and chopping. Dick goes to Arbawa tonight - lucky boy. What will I get Buggan?

What a day! 90° in the shade
and Nola sick and broad-
casting it from 6.00 A.M. onwards.
She thirted up at regular intervals
and kept the house agog.
Had to stay home from church
to read to her + gloomy mysterious
stories by Hawthorne. Spent the
afternoon preparing for the company.
Also gardened and made a
pea pen out of Joanna's yolk pen.
Had a buffet tea out on Jack's
terrace when the new Detour
from New Toronto arrived. Jane, Earl,
Uncle Will, Aunt Annie and Berta.
Away went all our accumulated
hard water. Big Bessie will get
rid of any the company leave.
Jack and Ev came over to
our sun porch at midnight
for a life-saver of cold beer.

Hot and breezy. Will the
promised rain ever come? Took
John to Richwood and viewed
J.D.'s struggling garden, some of
which has been planted three
times, what with frosts and drought
or drought. Too hot to go to bed
very early so stayed up talking
to Uncle Bill and Aunt Annie on
Jack's porch. Finally when they
went to bed we had beer on
the Bell porch.

all the promised rain came to naught. All the muggy south west wind and thunder heads, all the dark clouds muttering to each other, all the lightning throughout the stifling night, all signs, all portents failed miserably and here we are in the same parched state, the well going dry and the garden weakening in its desperate struggle for existence before giving up the ghost. Went up to the Ford garage and paid part of the National debt. Oranges returned and new wiring - 57.63. Holy cow! Oh what a change they made, honor the Ford brigade! Peggain's birthday - am going to take him some baubles tonight.

Can't do it: That is wake Richwood by 6.00 P.M. as it is 5.45 now and all my running around to do. Alas, the S.W. wind and thundery looking clouds blew over without a drop of rain. Ah me. My reputation as a weather prophet is shattered. I vehemently declared to Ev. & Mrs. Cannon that rain was coming and it came not. Let me seek out some desolate shade and weep my sad bosom empty. Mom, Wallie & I took the presents to 37 June and had an hour's delightful converse. Den went to the ball game with Uncle Will. Later Jack took Uncle & Aunt to the drive-in theatre.

Sticky and hot again this afternoon, although last night was cool enough for a good night's sleep, or oversleep to 8.20 this A.M. and up till noon the air was fresh and tolerable. Muck, O. Absolute! Trap! Egad! Mom is away to Port Burwell and I am faced with herding the hens and cooking my own supper - awful thought. Guess I'll nibble on something cold and raw.

I did not do too badly on the eat last night - ate everything but the beet greens, asparagus, potatoes, bacon, stewed strawberries (lovely - yum yum). I came arrived home before I got the dishes done. Walter was a good girl and did her practicing; I played two pieces with her for her violin practice namely - Schubert's serenade and Melody in F. Very sticky again today and some fine rain from the east, but so very fine and so very intermittent that I am afraid it won't wet the gardens sufficiently. Anyway I won't pump water tonight. It is evening work, this pumping from our well - both the well and the pump on its last leg.

This blessed tomato soup and good old Schumann again. How I love him! Very hot and humid. My Saturday work and shopping has kept me late. 8:15 now. Oh dear a rather hectic weekend to anticipate. Took Uncle and Aunt to Bamford last night (drive in theater - punk pictures); got home at quarter to one. Oh hum, Saturday is a hard day. Too many patients - must have time daily for cello and piano. Oh Schumann on this office piano after all those years of silence will it summon only ghosts back from the dust of past?

Oh Deundurn, Oh heat Oh 1923! But it wasn't nearly so hot in 1923, it being almost a month earlier in the season. But the park was the same, the bay the same with the boats and the far entrance to the bay about lost in the haze. The same lovely trees, the same paths, the same expansive cemetery across the highway. Would I could recapture more of that youthtime with its intolerance, morbid realismness, vast hope and boundless energy! Walked from end to end of the park twice reawakening tender memories. One trip was to take Ben to the Gent's toi at the far south extremity. Kilroy was there and probably died there. Saw a wreck on the way home. Ben was thrilled.

Apparently the Taylors knew their onions (when they stayed home yesterday). It would have been rather painful for them as "I'll swear to man" with Blanche and Jeffy in the great Dodge scow joined the picnic shortly after we did.

Also Alf and his wife ("here, bue") with their great heifer calf would have been too much for Jack, who at his age now (ten years my senior then) is not so far removed from my youthful intolerance. Lack of grace and brutality which marred my tender youth from 1922 to 1935. Yes, poor Jack can't take it. They had their own problems as Bertha had two "mail-order gentlemen callers" - good Christian gentlemen, but probably suffering from B.O.; V.D. Softening of the cerebrum and other similar ailments. Poor Pam! she suffers so - both with weather, husband, children. 94° today and her recital coming in a fortnight!

It has happened. At two-three or three minutes after two P.M. the sun reached the solstitial colure or words to that effect, as for instance its furthest declination north. The days are long (and hot) the nights are short (and hot also). We go to bed in the nude.

It happened today! Even a greater event than the mere passing of the summer solstice, a lovely rain came, - two hours gentle and sometimes not so gentle downpour soaking everything - the first wetting under the leaves for the ground since April. Got Blenny's new bike - a blue one with motor-bike frame - ought to be sturdy enough for him. It is still raining quietly now as I write at 7:45! Hip, hip! Over the best of friends, ain't us Pip!

No, the long, long June day. I won't be watching the twilight coming home from Toronto in a Model T. No, I will be working in my garden which looks fine after the life-saving shower of yesterday. Dennis was particularly thrilled with his new blue bike. It is a fine machine to ride and I hope he looks after it. Very clear, much cooler and breezy all day, the thin old moon leading the strong June sun across the azure vault.

Not so tired as 27 years ago today when I went on the Tooneville to Brantford with Mrs. Robson shopping for curtain material for the roughly partitioned office. I followed her around hollow-eyed, wishing for a place to lie down and sleep, not the slightest interest in the shopping expedition. Much happier now as I am full of soup and rested waiting for my last patient and Bert to ride home with me. After Kim's appointment I rushed out got a kirk of V.O. for Ev. and a record for Ann Gibson (her birthday today). Lots of breeze and sun and I wanted to be hot again. The sky is clouding over now at 6.45. Do you think rain will come? How fervently I hope so. The very slender moon just up chased the E.N.E. as I got up at 5.00 A.M. Day that I have loved, day that I have loved - the night is here. Our heaven is now, is won

Hot and dry. what unusual news! Is it ever anything else but? The only oasis in this great aridity is the Arlington Hotel, and of course others of a similar nature. A great medley of voices is wafted over through my open windows by an occasional spur-smelling breeze. Earl Kennedy had to have a nooner today, he couldn't possibly wait till afternoon. The barometer has been toying with the idea of rain, but it is not enough - the dark grey stuff - a few clouds cloak the sun now - but not enough. Everything is headed for ruin and starvation. I feel vertigo, mustiness, a dizziness, pains, aches and a general lack of interest - The end cannot be far off. It is just half-off - not quite-off.

Extremely humid, hot and "sultery". A little sun shower is followed in half an hour by another but altogether there wouldn't be enough water for a decent bath. The sidewalks get slightly damp and dry off just as quickly. Still we keep on - Hoping - hope springs eternal etc. - Maybe we will get a rain to soaked in and bring up that second sowing of beets, carrots and beans. Just squeezed my acrylic in the press: it is 7.30. Now for my zoup and crackers! yum yum - My, that zoup was hot - I had to spoon it.

92° all afternoon. After Sunday School Kame and I took the four children and Geoffrey to the river. Although there were a number of cars parked around the privacy of our old camp site we had a good swim and enjoyed the warm breezes under the shade of the big basswood tree. As Jack did not land in from the big tent blitz at Waterloo till 1.00 P.M. ~~that~~ ~~was~~ we stayed up to welcome him with a cool drink. He and Er were too tired to join us at the river and we came back and ate on their terrace.

The four Bells went down to the Bails at night had a hour's pleasant converse, especially interesting as Dick was just back from Urbava. The only fly in the ointment was that Dennis was bad as usual and hauled the garden hose all over the front lawn. Have thought this a very grave offence. Got our water at Bosworth's. Some thunder and rain in spots but none for Drumbo.

Clear hot weather - what else could it be on this day of days - the great election in Missisquoi County. Voted early and often as I was on my way to Paris. Tried to help the Dewey government, but alas, I am afraid of the outcome. Got up a little early and picked about four quarts of peas. They were lovely but I guess they will constitute our ~~old~~ only crop worth mentioning. The second planting will not head unless rain comes. Poor Bob Patten, how he would be worrying if he were alive now.

One of Rev's playmates, Bill Duncan, 9, was drowned under the bridge at Moscow yesterday. This has cast a gloom over the community. The office got unbearably hot yesterday afternoon so I beat it home shortly after seven. Staked the tomatoes and took down the playpen over the peas. The day old thread of a moon was close to Venus in the hot dusky sky. Got Alf's card off yesterday morning. It was duly signed by all of us. Up around 9 o this afternoon and the stickiness is appalling.

Was more than pleased last night to learn that Rev had delivered all his papers, got the carrier hooked on his new bike and seemed quite happy about the whole thing. I had more surprises when I investigated his rudd hut beneath the Cherry counter, in which he and Nuala slept last night. Our upstairs was hot as shades built oh, that ground must have been like bed-rock and the two of them packed in there like two sprats in a tin. The adaptability of youth is marvellous. Today was another muggy day of 90°. A gentle half hour shower refreshed us at 3.30 P.M. Of course it is too much to expect that Drumbo should get any. It is an amazingly dry village.

Mom and Wallie went to Edie's recital last evening so I was left with Den. We took a hike ride with Geffey out the 8th to the bush. We all got attacked by mosquitoes and black flies in great swarms. Den started to cry so we turned tail and beat it for home in the wake of a thunder storm. The rain did not amount to much, but I persuaded Den to sleep inside. He was so tired from his bout with the hard ground last night that he went to sleep almost immediately his head touched the soft bed. 90° today with even greater humidity. Got liquor, beer and groceries. It is 7:00 now. I am away late. There is no help for me. I have to stop at the Dr.'s for J.D. and also give him (J.D.) a job of money. Ah me!

Dominion Day (Dom.)

Made the recital in time. It was fine. Got my supper, changed and drove over with 'cells then had some minutes to wait in the simmering church before the first little girl played her little piece. Penny was rattled and didn't do his best. What his best is I don't know. I am certain I have never heard it. But Neala, wonder of wonders, she memorized Schubert's serenade in two days and played it perfectly. Good intonation & vibrato and at big tone - bigger than I ever heard from her. Her piano also was a surprise. Heller's "avalanche" went with a real swing and good rhythm as did the little sonatina. She is a wonder child (says the sappy fond father). Grace, Kane & I played Cavatina & Polish Dance. July 1st was not observed as a holiday. I cleaned the furnace and mended the indirect draft damper. Then came to Paris did lat work and filled G's tooth. Now it is time to go to camp! Hello.

93°. Whew! Shades of 1931 and 1936. Had a short plunge in the Nith last evening before our picnic lunch over by the dead tree. Today the heat and humidity rose to new heights and I sweat much more than heretofore this summer. Oh, the heat in my lab. I can nearly process acrylies by setting them on the bench. By the same token, I suppose we will soon be doing that very thing. Brought "his" (Mrs. Squire) down, also Fuala for a weekend with Margaret. J. D. would also like a weekend with Margaret, but there is no opportunity, no privacy, no nothing. Poor J. D. is not well. I think a good bout with the widow would tune him up. Got a bottle of gin by standing in the holiday line up.

94° Whew! As Dennis slept in his dugout but last night he was in no mood for anything. Nothing was right. I had to struggle with him in the tub and dressing and ended up ten minutes late for church, and he had all the time there was to get ready. Great Caesar, who'd bring up a mess of young ones?! Dan slept throughout the service stretched out on the seat. This showed what he stands in need of - sleep. So late to bed. Went to Namp Killon where George kept a place for us under our favourite slur. Slept in the warm Nith till my ears were full of soup and my shoulders burning. The sun reigned supreme with never a cloud to mitigate his scalding rays. Picked cherries at Jacks and at home - lovely ripe juicy cherries. yum, yum. Spent the last hour before bedtime in Jack's cool living room drinking gin.

95° whew! going up. Where do we stop? Took John to Gungis and made Paris before the peanut, but had to stop at the York cleavers so it slipped by the crossing and got ahead of me. My sinuses are full of corruption, I am in a continual muck of sweat. There is some breeze through the office from north to south but it seems to be like from a blast furnace.

By the great horn spoon, it has clouded over since soup time (7:00 P.M.) and a little sprinkle of rain has pattered on the withered brown grass. Furthermore it has dropped from 95° to 85° — keep it up!

Yes, and today it dropped headlong from 85 to 65 — real cool! This evening — have to wear my gray coat. Nay, not so. Today it stayed in the 80° but was not intolerably close and sticky like yesterday. Got a lot of groceries from the A & P. The butter was like oil when Kane shovelled it into the refrigerator. There was a picnic at Kamp Kellay yesterday so I was cheated out of taking dear Nuala home. Late home at night — 9:35 but Kane, bless her heart, was not cross.

a slight mistake - today is the day it dropped from 85 to 65. Had to fill some teeth for Buggins after lunch so it cut into my Wednesday afternoon's work. It is now 6.00 P.M. and I am supposed to be in Richmond ~~now~~. Much remains to be done. Blast the infernal work. Schumann and Schubert must go by the board. Dull with an east wind all day clearing towards evening. No, this was a painless busy day - no idle and painful one like July 6, 1922. These days are busy, eventful, satisfying, full of grandeur like 1917 (see diary)

Oh the pain the pain - on and on. Will Autumn ever come and winter? Could I forget this unrequited love and be happy again? Such were my musings 27 years ago. To-day I am happily married, with a priceless wife and two healthy, normal children. I am happy in my work, my motorcar, my delicious lunch and particularly my soup at 7.00 P.M. I am happy in my music and other interests. I am only unhappy in one thing - how I wish it would rain, and rain and rain. All is parched and brown. I think of Hardy's apt words - "Joyless - hued July". Took my flat up to Cuba at noon.

Friday, July 8

"Good-bye, uncle Jeff, see you to night." These are the words of parting at Richwood each morning just before John tears into a day of activity at the Gaugu plantation. Gaugu's garden looks wonderful. I don't know how he does it. Big potato tops and corn - twice as big as ours. Another day of hot uninterrupted sun streaming down from a clear azure, with a steady east wind, desiccating the already thoroughly desiccated fields and gardens. Wheat is mostly in shock and looks not too bad a crop. Hay was fair, but the spring grain is an almost complete failure. Short chaffy stuff no higher than one's knees, just good for pasture. My stock ought to go up tonight; I have the clothes-basket from Eatons also Dennis dress from the Cleaners. I also have my spare tire and a big bag full of groceries.

Saturday, July 9

Cloudy morning. Getting darker all the time. By nine A.M. it was actually sprinkling. Ran over to catch the peasant just at the onset of the rain which was gentle enough and well calculated to soak in. It lasted most of the day and up till dark. Have called in Brown car at 6.00 P.M. and by 7.20 I was ready. Took Ann Gilman home on the 7th. It poured cats and dogs by this time and I undertook to drive Dennis around on his paper route. Have relieved me later when it was nearly done as my supper was ready. We traded cars up C.P.R. street. Margaret is visiting. ~~us~~. Also Charlie & Ann visiting at Jack's. We went over about 10.30 and had beer and bridge - first bridge since the middle of May. Uncle Ralph's birthday (8th). Phoned him up. Wade called in this afternoon but I didn't get a moment to speak to him.

Clear and cool but warm in the sun. The usual struggle to get Den to church. During the season he sat on the floor reading comics. Hoed the garden, now mellow from the rain and picked a basket of cherries, about the last. We were all invited to Roy Miles' camp for a picnic at the creek. Had a grand time everybody was there from the three houses except John Jr., who was going to his Aunt Lillian's for a visit. Had a good swim and a big lunch with hot-dogs and rolls toasted by the fire. It was a perfect day for this outing, gay flowers, pure blue sky, many stars in this heavenly bower with the leaves always trembling and rustling in the fresh breeze. The sunset was clear and colorful with Venus setting like a lamp while the full moon and Jupiter flooded the south-east sky with mellow light. Called at the Baileys and gave Dick a pen on his birthday. Home and so to bed.

Lovely weather. Wade was in long enough to get a tooth filled and to flash over some old love. Patients were waiting so we had to cut short our fall too interesting combat. Chilly last night, mummy being glad of the blue blanket. This morning too was cool: had to move fast getting breakfast to keep warm. The sun warmed things up and by 2.00 P.M. it was 80°. The sky has hazed over now at 7.30 but it is not thick enough for rain or any definite promise of it. However the drought is broken by Saturday's day-long downpour, and we have a little over half a cistern of water. All right, Harold Bones, if you can't think of anything more interesting to say, for Pete's sake shut up! That reminds me, I hear Pete is fired from the Baptist church. Not so good with the third offspring ready to spring off.

Fair and warm at first inclined to be muggy in the afternoon as the temperature got up in the 80's and the sky grew cloudy. Now at 7:45 the west is an even grey and there is a possibility of rain.

The fife and drum band of the returning orangemen is quating on my ears as I try to complete my office chores. A letter off to the Baltimore Hotel and a card to Gracie Fields, no I mean Watson. Poor Ralph was in with Wade yesterday and he is tottering, white, shakin, nearly stone deaf, a shattered column of a man. Brought back Margaret from her weekend in Drumbo. What a lovely, gracious person Evie is! Forgot to mention how heartbroken Jonava was when at the close of our picnic she could not ride in "Javy" car. She did ride in it a week ago from Camp Killjoy to Drumbo via Waberton and sang all the way, standing beside me on the seat, ^{singing} "I go to Nana's, I go to Nana's"

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Fine breezy and moderately warm. The Day of the great Dennis picnic. Got to Drumbo at 12:30 a little earlier than last year. Changed quickly and off to Burgessville. A fine dinner, Ray bringing scalloped potatoes which were extra good. Don ate like a starved horse and none of us minced over food. Had lots of fun at sports. Ran in the sack race etc. The children had a great time. Saw all the old times. Called at Howard's before turning towards home. A real old-time day. I cultivated the garden and snowed the front lawn after supper while the rest went to the big Board of Trade garden party and listened to old time music etc. Spin shot a couple skunks and we smelt them for the rest of the night.

Dean Howard! gone to the shades
to the mournful meals hereafter!
Dennis July 14, 1969

Cloudy all day and clearing at sundown, a n. east wind and chilly air. I guess the Dennis reunion picked on the best day so far - not too hot - not too cool to sit out and enjoy everything. Forgot to mention that Nuala and Dennis played their recital pieces. The results came out on Tuesday and Nuala got honors and Ren came first among the passes in grades IV and V grades respectively. Brought J. D. down and we were all set for a quiet drink this evening when Kane picks him up in Brayford along with Littlejohn and ~~Whitaker~~ ~~Whitaker~~ who has them all home. So he couldn't have a little fuss either at the widow Margaret's or at my place. Stood.

"and the skies are not cloudy all day" tum-tum. Sun again and growing hotter, but still pleasant. Had to spin down to Collis's before six and get a record for Sally Lu, so my time was all taken up that I wanted for buying groceries, liquor, beer etc and had ease the strain on the morrow, the hardest day of all. I strained myself today getting the nuts off the back wheel as my right back was flat all day. At least I first noticed it at noon when I backed up two bumps and stopped, letting her ease back to the curb.

Just got an 8 cent tumbler to
Shaypen Wallie's²⁰ razor blades
she gave me for my birthday.
I wonder if they will keep me
shaving till next May 23rd?
Wouldn't be surprised. Fair today
from early morn with the white
moon high in the west till
now at time of writing when the
hot sun is sitting on the Baptist
Church. I see Charlie Flett going
down the street; he certainly looks
handsome in his new Trubys.
Wonder when I'll get my money.
The way things are this month
I have much more out than in.
The Cuff is coming into its own
again like the old depression years
in the 30's. Must hurry home
to see if unkie wants me to
go tenting with him.

Jack was already home from
his tenting expedition when I
arrived last evening. As Roy &
Ray were there I behooved
Kuff and me to sit out on Jack's
terrace with them drinking, eating
and smoking. To bed at the usual
2.00 A.M. Church was a more
or less tedious ordeal as Roy had
more difficulty than usual in
expressing himself. He talked in
circles and beat around the bush so
to speak. I drew Dennis funny
pictures and he snickered audibly.
Mrs. Moore and her fiance' being
at church came over for lunch
stayed the afternoon and had dinner
leaving only after the last dog was
hung and the last post sounded.
The Taylors, fearing this, beat it to
the lake and jumped in. A cool
east wind blew all day.

The east wind really hit the jackpot and brought rain - a gentle shower that lasted part of the night and half the morning. It will be wonderful for our garden.

We picked our second crop of peas yesterday and by mixing them with equal portions carrots were able to save each a tablespoon of this delicacy. Warmer, yea hot this afternoon and clearing, but sticky. Left my Saturday's groceries in my office all week so now I tenderly transport the wilted greens and oily butter down to my car. Bill Boyd made his last sale to me Saturday, a loin of pork for 3.30 which was all consumed yesterday. - Not a vestige will remain for my supper tonight. Such are our appetites! Goodbye, Bill, you sure scolded me for meat - but why beef about it. That's the way I really got it

Haw, I guess we are still in the running. The garden is peaking up, the beans are luxuriant, soon it gifts tender beans for supper. Very hot, sticky and unsettled. I finally remembered to pick up Alva's ironing board. Hope I remember my "vegebles" tonight. Raided the A & P in spite of the fact that good old Bill Peep is giving me business - he was even in this morning. Have to stop at 37 June to exchange books for mail, so dry up, dried-puss! How about writing a poem on hot July weather?

Well, well, dear old Wednesday again. I wonder how much money I have saved in the last twenty-five years in tourmal work - a sizable sum doubtless.

He said, I'll admit you're a bit of a shit but look at the money you save. Hot and humid - about 87°. Hurry up now, you procrastinator - it is 5.45 - you are supposed to pick up Littlejohn at 6.00 - so step on it. After all the care we have exercised in missing Bowman'schiebers I see four dead ones on the road this morning - some careless hit and run driver.

Hot. Very busy. Ten minutes to eight and the sun is pouring its relentless heat through my north windows. Just wait a few weeks, we'll be wishing for some of that heat back again when dear old summer has taken flight. Ah summer! Must get my whiskers off and my soup slumped and the Express from the post house. How, swanky pants, you were too late for the Express and forgot to zip your pants. You went on the main street unzipped. Shame on you. 'Haven't you got any shame in you.' Nasty, dirty, fellow!

Friday, July 22

W all now, how appropriate.
 Pat ^{Carson} breaks his lawns as fast
 as I can fix them. Have just
 sent him off on his holidays
 with another repair job. Not likely
 it will last till he gets back.

What a grand afternoon with
 pure blue sky and fresh breeze
 not too hot as somebody got
 a rain this morning (we didn't)
 - we never do. Picked half a
 basket of tender yellow pencil-
 pods before dashing to work.

Another nice shower would do
 wonders to our garden, come soon
 soon - nice little shower. The one
 two weeks ago charged the whole
 picture from failure to success
 on some measure of it. Ben
 is like his mummy, he falls
 asleep when I read to him.

Saturday, July 23

Dear Howard & Corrie - July 22/64

Had a pleasant trip to the farm
 at Norwich last evening. The sky
 was so brilliant in the gloaming.
 Venus a white lamp in the colour
 west, Jupiter like a yellow lamp
 about the same distance up in the
 dark eastern sky. Corrie and Howard
 so friendly and generous as of yore.
 Got back at 11.00 and sat in
 the Taylor living room till 2.00 A.M.
 as they were at Bumpford. Today
 is still crystal clear with
 a pure coolish air out of the hot
 sun. The thinnest thread of a moon
 was near the morning sun -
 saw it up till noon. - A rail
 challenger of the blaze of noon,
 wonderfully wondrous, morning moon.
 a ghost of gossamer silveriness,
 a plume down from a fairy's dress,
 and yet so trivial, transient, slight,
 as barely to reflect the light. - and
 more. I wish I could remember
 that lovely poem. It belonged to my
 old office collection dating before
 1938. a pairing of a cloud ^{as seen};
 a casual shadow of ^{a fragment of the stuff of dreams} there to point the
 radiance of the air

A full day and as Kathleen expressed it - a very successful day. The morning was most peaceful without the children as I got the breakfast, put up the east awning and changed for church. K. got a picnic lunch ready and after church we set out for Norwich and points south. Picked up the lively youngsters at ~~Walter's~~ Alice's and proceeded to the lake. Ate our picnic lunch at a roadside table east of Pelhi at 2.15 P.M. with mummy and the kinder nearly starved. On an hour's time they were both plunging pell-mell in the green waves of Lake Erie. Went in myself later for nearly an hour. Had a wonderful fish dinner at Aden's with new carrots and potatoes - all excellent and tender ending with delicious lemon pie. A walk out on the pier while a storm gathered in the north-west. Home by Scotland & Faulkland through rain and lightning. A sunny breezy day - just right, not too hot but plenty warm enough for bathing.

Alas, I found on picking over beans that the rain did not wet the ground under the leaves. Drums doesn't get much moisture this year - we must be indeed wicked. Oh, by the way, Roy got another syllable in his Koethe yesterday calling him Gutta. ~~It~~ I suppose next it will be Gutta Percha. Fine and hot today - 87° - no clouds. Pearl's glads (not Glad's pearls) are a blaze of brilliant color across from my office. It does me good to look at them and my patients also. (I mean it does my patients good to look at Pearl's flowers. It does not do me good to look at my patients, as they are all on holidays or about to be on holidays and so have no money.)

Back to the scorching of three weeks ago. 90° most of the day. Luckily there was a nice breeze coming from my south window so I kept the operating room door open a few inches. Worked all day. Did not go down and sit on Earl Smith's verandah and burn a meal. You were great for sponging meals, cycling all over the map, being most intolerant of whom or what you didn't like. Bought my lunch so Kane phoned J. S. who flogged me. Went back as far as the sixth and picked up lunch also John. Thanks a million, Katie. That was mighty nice of you, I'll love you all the more.

My taxi load this morning consisted of Pete, Ella & John, the latter being 'dumped off' at Richwood. Pete is a non-conformist like Ben. His wishes seldom or never conform with his mother's. 90° again today. Got a ride up at noon with Ruth Guthrie. I choose a different taxi each time, variety being the spice of life. There is a grand breeze coming through my office - but oh, how I hate to don my clothes to go out in the blistering street and the simmering car which has been all day in the scorching sun.

Thursday, July 28

A degree or two cooler but still unbearably muggy. Black clouds gather in the west, thunder rumbles but the rain holds off with the exception of a few odd sprinkles - just a tantalizer. Last night being inflated with bang or ghee I dashed over to Jack's place and helped him trim his hedge of Chinese elm. I would like to have a film of me trimming the elm. Jack poured me a couple of whiskey sours after and I went to bed quite befuddled.

Friday, July 29

Back to the 90° stuff, with the sun shining most of the time except when an accumulation of cumuli and growlsaf thunder would scare it under. Of course no rain, that would be too much to expect. Caroline Kelman - what a lovely girl; what a sensible girl. It is patients like that that make my work a joy and comfort in my old age. So you bought H VIII eighteen years ago today! You sure acted like a lunatic if anyone ever did. The more the years pile up the sillier I seem to have acted. Who acted worse you or I. Sometimes I think thee did and sometimes I think I did. She and me has always been a little queer.

Have been down to the liquor store at ten to six in the last minute line-up before a holiday. The queue reached to the door. Talked with Jim Morrow and Earl Balkwill among others in the thirsty line. I have my meat, corn, groceries, gin, water and bag. ~~Down~~ all set. Hurrah for a week's holidays - a lot better on the system than working. Cooler today - 74 now. Thank god.

A fine moderately warm day. Things were quite peaceful especially after 12:30 when the Gibsons took Muala to Woodstock to skate. Dennis was not up in time for church so I sat alone in the family pew. J. D. Wilson was master of ceremonies and a good old-fashioned sincere talk he gave. It was a relief to hear a fluent flow of English after a long uninterrupted dose of the great Rev. Massieu who massacred his sermons. The Bells and Taylors took off late afternoon to the Long Trum Hall on the Salt highway. Chelsen dinner with tomato juice spilt over Joanna's white dress. Blinding hot sun streaming through the picture window. The Bell car went on to Preston to see Berie. Drove home through the last glow with Venus low ^{on our right} and Jupiter higher on the left.

Still peaceful as Nuala did not come home till I called for her at the Gibson farm. Helped around home in the morning. A big family dinner of roast pork with Mrs. Cross and Turner to come in late and eat what was left. Den and I took off to Paris in the afternoon and cleaned the office.

Ev. & Jack were up at peep of dawn to take John to Hamilton by 7.00 A.M. so they were dog tired at night (as usual). Jack came over alone and had a bottle of beer before turning in. Warm in the sun but cool at night.

Warmer, quite hot by noon. A great scramble to get the car packed & gassed and away by 9.30. Stopped in Paris to bank, pay insurance and go to post. Home drove on to Whitby where we had dinner - a whopper of a meal all we could eat and more - in fact I was the only one who really cleaned ~~his~~ plate. I drove on from there and came to the bend of the new super four-lane highway at Oshawa. Got to Cobourg at 3.50 and immediately registered at the Baltimore. We got a lovely cool room east of the park off the beaten path where the cool shade trees and lake breezes conditioned the air. A big supper at the old Ivey home with just Edith besides ourselves, Aunt Erid supped in bed in the old dining room. Shortly after nine we went back to the hotel and so to bed.

Fine and warm, excellent for bathing in Lake Ontario. Breakfast at the Baltimore, then a stroll up main street to Hopper's diamond emporium. Bought some nice things for Ed. - silver entree dish, Doulton doll (and cup and saucer for Mrs. Cross). We were very happy about our purchases, especially as Ed. has waited so long for her birthday present. Had a huge steak dinner at Edily's could hardly cope with it. Spent the afternoon on the sands and in the lake. queer thing about the holiday this year, the first week spent on the sands and the second on the rocks. Alf was sick so we did not see him all day. Just Doreen and Michael down at the beach. Over to the Hopper's for the evening with goblets of cake ice cream and tea.

Don't forget to mention the lovely picnic lunch by the lake provided by Edily - I mean the lunch. Children and I walked down to the dock after dinner and watched them take cans off the ferry and all the ^{discards} people

Still fine and hot in the sun. strong breezes and white caps. Perfect weather. a little shower in the night to freshen things. Breakfast is getting later and later. This morning it was 9.40. The children have a swim each morning from 11.00 to 12.00 while we elders loaf in the vicinity. Big ban dinner with fried "atoes" and chocolate pudding which Dennis said he didn't like (he ate half of it using tablespoon). Again we enjoyed the cool waters of Lake Ontario mid afternoon. Marnie went in first and I later as I had left my trunks on Edily's line (and my bag at the room). Another picnic supper which Edily most kindly provided. This time we had hot beans to help the lake breezes. Walked out to the end of the pier after (memories of 1916 and 1921). Listened to the band concert for a while then Marnie and I went up to Effie's. Edily took the children over to the room and I picked her up. at 10.30.

Miss Kelly looks after aunt Euid while Edily is with us on our picnics as I take her home each night before we turn in. So far it has been a tea, coffee and soft drink holiday, we have had no opportunity for a trip to the beverage room. Time again and warm. Breakfast still later - 9.55 today, soon we can eliminate it altogether. What a day! How warm the August sun playing on the sparkling lake, and later the moon ghostlike looming up in the dim south-eastern water horizon. How refreshing the green-blue waves of the lake breaking over our heads as I and I were in the water together this afternoon. Nuala is quite a good swimmer now and Dennis can go a few frenzied strokes. Don't forget the Golden Moonlight on the water last evening as we listened to the excellent little kiltie band play soft soothing music.

Last full day at Cobourg. Have to play hard today. Up earlier than usual - 8.30 so I have could finish breakfast at the Baltimore by 9.25 to so make her beauty-parlour appointment by 9.30. The children and I walked around town calling at Hopper's store among others, also visiting the Cobourg depots C.P.R. and C. Grant R. Effie told us up again giving Nuala a sterling spoon, and showing me a whole slew of souvenir spoons and other articles from her cluttered up rooms. A very fine warm breezy day. Couldn't be better weather for the big wind-up. A great bout with the waves of Lake Ontario in the afternoon and our final picnic supper at our favourite table in the Green of the park. This time with Alf, Doreen & Michael. Edily had to stay home to look after Gran & baby Sheila. A sing song at the Juey home and some corn between Alf and me, after which I took the children to bed and my wife to the beverage room so she couldn't call this a 100% lemonade holiday. The moon by Jupiter over the lake made a picture that a painter or even

a Columbus would have seen.

Got up at 9.00 o'clock and breakfasted for the last time at the Baltimore. The morning is hot and bright, the lake invites us for a dip. Got to pack up. Hells, bells. Should stay another week. That was quite a wedding party yesterday at our dinner that Nuala snugged with her Kodak! Confetti all over the house and front walk, confetti in Wallie's hair. Slipped into our swim suits and enjoyed the refreshing lake water for the last time from 11.00 to 12.00 after we had all the boys packed and in the car and checked out at the Baltimore. A big dinner of roast pork, young carrots and fresh applesauce at "the big house". The Hoppers all over to say good-bye. About the only sensible thing I heard Aunt End Bay was coming down the porch steps to the lawn to get her picture taken. She asked Edith "Is that Effie?". Have done to Toronto - where we stopped at 1239 Lake Shore drive and sat by the lake in Earl's delightful garden. I drove from there to Drumbo. The Mc Tean's were visiting the Taylors.

Still holiday weather, although I am back to Paris, cleaning out the post office of papers, letters etc. 90° and no clouds to hide the boiling sun. A letter from dear Edith. Nuala left her purse. Quite liked her - an hereditary trait. Car needs a little looking at. Buases squeak a little and left front window is stuck shut. Outside of these trifling defects it is fine. Took us to our holiday beach and back in fine style. Today it passes 77777.7. Ed. and Jack were simply enraptured with their ploultou doll and cutree dish. Such a day! This office is fierce. Give me the sand beach and the cool green waves!

92° cloudless with old Sol asserting himself to the utmost. Sat on Jack's terrace till midnight and the lowest moon and Jupiter were "treading the floor south" near the meridian. A few meteors, (but no foeds or monarchs) The air had cooled sufficiently to enjoy a deep refreshing sleep. The sun is about to set now and it is 85, so maybe our sleep won't be so deep and refreshing tonight. No soup so I'd better stede for home. A better appetite than last night. My stomach was a bit rocky all yesterday - too much cake at Jane's. Jane had cake, Jane had jelly etc.

Going up! 93° strong breeze but it felt like what hits you when you open the door of a furnace. No relief in sight. Got some new clothesline wire. Now to get home and put it up in the boiling heat. Tomorrow is wash day. Can't ruin the clothes on the old one any longer. Parcel from Edily enclosing Muala's wallet. We sure left Coboury too soon. Oh well, we'll know better another year.

Ah me! Woe is me! I forgot my soup! Oh, how my stomach yearns for soup and crackers. The snow was muggy and hot and clouded over by noon. A nice shower this afternoon and a 15 degree drop in the thermometer but the evening is sticky and close. What would I give for a jump in the lake! Cleaning out the lab shelves and finding a few old treasures. Put up the new clothesline and fixed Ben's bike last night. Patched his "much discussed" or much cussed, back tire and adjusted his wheels. I was tired then and ready for some cold beer on Jack's terrace.

"How does your bike run, Penny?"
 "Oh, fine." "How does the new clothesline work, mummy?" - "Oh, fine." What more would a man want to make him feel at peace with the world and ready for a good supper. And I had it - I mean last evening and then landed in on a midnight party of beer and cold roast chicken on Jack's terrace with Roy, Kay, & George.
 85° and sticky today. Fine August weather if rain would only come our way. Bill Morrison was in today, chewing the fat. He looks fine. Got my lab shelves all cleaned, what a transformation - it boosts my morale.

Lucky 13th. Struck for Saturday afternoon off, and took it off - completely off. Did only two hours work and closed up (shops at 12.00 noon. Got things collected and called for Dick off no 6.

Drove by 3.15, gave Bessie her shot and away by 4.00. Returns on rough roads for the first half of the trip, fine highway in north Wellington and Bruce. Southampton by 7.40.

Ate up town at the tea room then had a nice long evening in the cottage with bridge and drinks. Had a room with two beds three blocks away where we tucked in the children at 10.30 and ourselves later on at about 1.30.

Perfect weather for the beach. A walk out the pier in the morning, a long swim in the afternoon, dinner at the tearoom (Tilly ~~and~~ ^{Tep's}) where we ate yesterday. Farewell to Euid, Bernard and Dick at 7.00 and an evening boatride from the river out over the lake to the end of the pier and back - a fast twenty minutes fun. Sat on the sand till the sky was quite dark and Venus almost set. Just Goga and the two girls in the cottage at night. Very quiet after the turmoil of the last twenty-four hours.

Hot windy and sunny. Up at 7.30 winging and exhorting Dennis to do likewise breakfast at Jackson's getting the car serviced. Next door at the Esso station at the same time. Away before 9.00 and in Drumbo on the stroke of 12.00. 126 miles - averaging 40 miles per hour. It's good to have Kathleen along to keep me straight on roads, turns, detours, etc. She is a wonder at knowing her way about. She is like a compass on the ship - the ship being old Henry Xth. Never mind the old stone boat has 78000 now and always hungry for gas and oil.

No change in the drought except that it is a day older. The wind and sun have long since dried every vestige of moisture out of our garden and lawn. Our tomatoes, nevertheless, are a splendid crop. Picked a basket yesterday noon of the nicest, finest, clearest fruit I ever harvested from our back fifty. We all enjoy eating them so much. They are tops for flavor. Hurrah for Bell's tomatoes! The potatoes are another story - we won't go into that. All I can say is that unless rain falls very soon we will be harvesting a crop of waubles.

The first dull day for ages, perhaps all summer (open for connection). In an case the sun did not show his festive face. But no rain has fallen. We just hope and pray for some, just a little to offset these big washings that are thrown out ~~twice~~ ^{weekly} on our line. Bersie is here swelling the washtub even more.

Every night she needs her liver shot. The Taylors stink away to the drive in to be rid of her for an hour or so. Picked a few nice cucumbers this morning and there are lots of tomatoes ready.

Brought six ⁱⁿ lushes! lushies! tomatoes in a box down to Enid who with Bernard occupies the great house on frame street this week. I am travelling by Dumfries 6th and at the corner of May's I pause to squint at our little white house through my telescope. It is quite a thrill.

Muala and her charming mother were in at 4.00 P.M. (on the shoots), on their way home from Dr. Watt's. Muala's ear which has kept the house more or less awake all week does not seem to be any better. Here's hoping Dr. Watt's drops do the trick. We all need some sleep.

Dennis slept out on the hard ground under a terrible looking assortment of lawn chairs, old awnings and rugs. As he was awake early, he made the breakfast. The water course of which was a binding cement which we were bound over to eat and keep the peace (or eat the piece) and remain bound for the rest of the day. What a life!

Had to take John to Ganga's this morning so couldn't see the wee white speck from the Ayr road. Oh thrilling white spot in the clear morning sunlight, you mean so much to me! You are my home, my castle, you contain the most prickles person that ever drew breath, how I love you and fer and those devils of children. Real cool last night, frost in some parts. Kane was cold even snuggled under the blue blanket. Dennis was all for sleeping in his dugout quarters in the front yard but this morn dissuaded him, slucbily too as he would have nearly frozen out there. He needed a good sleep too after the night before. He was only just down in his pyjamas as I pulled away at 9.08.

Cold last night. Kane could only keep warm by the aid of my dressing-gown over the blue blanket. Cool all day except in the strong sun, in fact I didn't take off my wool vest all day and was quite comfortable. Euid was in at noon to give me Nuala's presents and collect the one for Eleanor. She and Puggam were on their way to Ingersoll and Southampton. Vera⁶ came last evening and we sat around Jack's livingroom drinking coca-cola. Bertha of course had her shot and I had a late supper. I believe there is a theatre party planned for tonight so I must tie me loose but fast. Wish I had had more time to glimpse the dear ~~lunar~~ daytime moon as it goes to invisibility in the northwest sky this afternoon. But you didn't have any time - go on. Don't be such a bone! Write something interesting!

Warm enough to sit out and breathe the dry August air charged with ragweed, goldenrod and 100 other pollens together with the ever present clouds of dust that devastate the countryside. As this was the annual Church holiday I did not hurry with the breakfast dishes but let them run on into the preparations for noon dinner. Roast veal, creamed cabbage, steamed pudding with brown sauce, chocolates and cigarettes. Vera was present and even Bersie was wheeled across by Jack. Was till four P.M. skimming over the dishes, shaving and my own business (à la Mrs Belvedere). By the way that was a successful party with Vera and the Taylors with their fast grey car to the Capital last night. Mrs Belvedere goes to College was a scream. At 5.30 P.M. we collected Vera's bags and Vera herself and made for 239 Lakeside Drive. Sat out in Earl's garden for half an hour watching the color change on the lake as dusk came on.

Came home through a record horde of oncoming traffic lights, I mean auto headlights. Felt exhausted when I got home so immediately poured myself a rye and milk while Kane had a bottle of beer. We were trying to make up for the acid Coca Cola weekend. The Taylors had retired when we got home at 10.45. Still as fair as even (or as unfair to our cistern) up to 80° this afternoon. Back to the sweat and grind I pay little heed to the weather, except that I pray privately for rain in between patients. Collecting presents and shopping for Mula's birthday. Got her a record ordered by Aunt Polly and a shoulder purse ordered by herself. Now for home with the precious carload.

Muala was a happy girl this morning, opening her enormous presents. The red leather shoulder purse really rung the bell as did the string of pearls etc. etc. Can't think of them all. No relief from the hot dry spell now on its fifth month! A letter from Alfred from Blind River, Ont. Never have visitors been less welcome than now with our cisterns about petened.

Sat around in Jack's living room last night discussing the water situation and such I draw on it as Bertha and various other visitors past and future. The outlook is grim unless the skies will give up some of the valuable liquid. Just H_2O , - that is all we want. Muala's birthday passed uneventfully by: today at 6:30 is the party and I am to stop at Princeton for the cake.

Nualo's birthday supper was an unqualified success. Bertha waited to attend it before going to Princeton. When the great accumulation of dishes were ^(was) done we sat about in the living room chin-wagging while I served lager beer. This of course strictly after Bertha was transported to Princeton with her usual collection of bags. Jack accompanied me for moral support. Today brought no change in the sunny, hot, dry weather. Can't think of anything interesting to get done for next Wednesday. How would some "lingering" do?

87° and muggy. It is trying to warm up to ~~all~~ year's effort for the last week in August, especially as the Urbana Bells and due in Drumho today. I am working hard on Bach and Schumann with what little time I get and oh what a little time it is, but oh how I work and work for ten, fifteen or twenty minutes or whatever it is, and it is the steady grind that counts. Had to stop in to pull a tooth for Earl B. last night. After dinner we slipped across the road and had lunch with the Taylors who were entertaining the Fink's prior to the latter's departure to Bethwell. Best of luck, Jack and Fran.!

What the Lam! Don't get excited now, you haven't brought your soap and brushes so calm down, and also, hurry home to prepare for the great onslaught of Bells late this evening. A telegram from Southampton saying that they would leave at 7.00 P. M.

Dick is home, I have just been talking with him by phone.

I must rush to do some shopping - more now when I learn the particulars. Oh, by the way, the 87° muggy spell brought a little thunder shower this afternoon to Paris (and I fervently hope to Drumbo too). You could see the rain falling, and also the wet sidewalks and streets. They looked actually wet. One place there was a little pool of water. I wanted to rush out and fall in it or drink it.

Rain, water, moisture, dew - come soon - we are parched.

Oh, what a wonderful rain! The Urbana Bells came, saw, conquered and brought rain! - a real good soaker. After the great welter of breakfast dishes I dashed off to church to lend Kane moral support and got into taking the collection twice, once before the Colporteur's sermon and again after it. Mr. Sanders speeded away like last year with glit doguance. The two cans went to Paris in the afternoon and called on Dick, the two Baily cans pulled in before we left. Alf. Ben, & I went down to the office for water. It was then that the rain started with a vengeance. Ben was stalled under the C.N.R. subway and we picked him up. The evening was spent happily digesting a big beef dinner and playing bridge. Beer of course came later, then burping and bed.

Wine again by noon after a night of drizzle. The cistern is now about half full. Alfo was down to Paris in the morning for a grease job on the Plymouth and some X-rays on the upper teeth. Sid Gould called at 5.00 and we spent a hour visiting in the lab. which seemed like five minutes. Last night was cool like fall but the sun warmed the air up to the 80° by 3.00 P.M. For any more information on the weather, contact the meteorological bureau.

Don't forget that parcel for Kathleen. Don't forget to call her at always for a card. Don't forget anything. Much depends on you. You have to go and help make Evi's party a success. You have to be very solicitous and attentive to your wife. You have to subdue Dennis sufficiently so that he does not do permanent injury to the eardrums of the guests. Alfo was in this afternoon getting a "dipressh" etc and he snagged Sid Gould for a few minutes. It is an honour to be in the presence of these great doctors of science and learning. Well, becheerio, I have to sleep my soup and cream. No time for Schumann or Schubert.

A long-remembered birthday for Kathleen. Got up at 7.30. Wrestled with goodie, other breakfast items. Then followed the departure of the two cars. Dottie sat with me in 1+X. Stopped at 37 Jane to pick up Margaret. Arrived at Exhibition grounds at 11.20 and parked at water front back of ^{little} grandstand. Alfred, Eleanor and I struck off and did a few buildings. At 12.45 we met Ed and Eleanor by big grandstand, ate lunch by the cars. Wind was stiff off lake. Went to Grandstand show at 2.00 P.M. Three hours of excitement watching ~~troupe~~ ^{troupe} elephants, donkeys, horses, bull, trapeze, juggling acrobatics, hell-drivers. I took Koates back to car then went through three or four buildings till supper time which was had by cars again. Great appetite everything was cleaned up - including four big loaves of bread. Listened to Lestie Bell singers after dodged thunder storms, saw through flower show, said goodbye to C. N. Co for 1949. Arrived home at 11.50 after leaving Eleanor & Margaret at 37 Jane.

What a day was yesterday! And what a night for the Alfred Bells. They had Ed and Baily and had slight trouble coming home. Didn't get to Drumbo till 2.00 A.M. We lit the fireplace and had beer and crockers. This morning we got up to a frigid house. Outside was fitful sunshine and spits of cold driving rain from the west. Put goodie on to cook then descended to light stoker. The house soon warmed to a tolerable temperature. Had to bring red truck to Paris Motors for V-wank dash, motor, door ~~handle~~ etc. Alfred had the blue Baily car last night and so had to bring it down this morning and get his at Edgan Motors when finished. They spent the day with the Bails. September is here "with its mist and reddening leaves". Still a brief while ere the old year quite pass, our wandering steps and wistful eye shall greet the leaf, the water, the beloved grass.

Fair and slightly warmer.
 Alfred and I came down together
 and picked up J. S. at Richwood.
 At present time is in my
 office. It is time to go to the
 winter west at Kadys Killjoy.
 It will sure be a Killjoy for some
 as I am stuffed up like a
 mattress. Not that it matters
 much. Erud called just before
 noon and insisted on me coming
 up to lunch. Alfred took H. V. to
 the hospital and got a new fan-
 belt after the blasted old one
 flew off a couple of times on the
 way to Paris this morning.
 Here's to the stuff in your
 nose. May you have a cool
 sniffly labour day!

Well, well, the passing of time and
 the shifting of scenes have changed
 the picture once more. The dear
 Arbana Bells have gone. They
 left sometime after I did on this
 warm, blue, misty, sunny September
 morn. They to the west. I to Paris.
 What a beautiful picture that was
 down by the river last night.
 All the Baileys and Bells assembled
 as last year (except Dick) at the
 river side of Camp Killjoy. The
 waxing moon over the river with
 its golden path of shimmering
 light on the water, Jupiter nearby
 ready for the conjunction later on.
 Venus setting lustrous behind the
 western hills, Scorpio bending to the
 south west; the calm air, the tranquil
 leaves, the campfire, the songs,
 and finally the sad parting,
 more beer at Drumbo after till we
 were saturated. Good bye dear
 Arbana Bells, I hope you come again
 soon and bring rain and good cheer!

Den was indisposed having a slight fever so we left him to his own devices while we attended church. This was the great Roy's farewell sermon, and a splendidly mixed-up affair it was with its firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly etc. Thank goodness we don't have to listen to any more of that stuff. Maybe the next will be worse - but that would be utterly impossible.

Drove to Richwood at 5.30 P.M. to congratulate Ganga and Nana on their 54 anniversary. Came home to a nice steamed chicken dinner. Had Jack and Ev over later and we consumed a bottle of Gin.

Labor Day (Dom.)

Cool and Showery. Went to Paris at 10.30 to see the big parade. Had lunch at Bosworths and back again to finish cleaning office. Called on Buggins Grange later in the afternoon and were persuaded to stay for a lamb dinner (with mint sauce) ice cream on fresh apple pie, brown potatoes etc yum-yum. and an evening of bridge. Nuala went to the show with the girls. Perry played with Goga he was tolerably good - in fact quite good.

Partly fair and coolish.
 School met at nine A.M.
 and the children seemed
 quite enthusiastic. They were away
 from the house by ten to nine.
 I took John to Richwood.
 I was hoping he would be
 starting to school. Dennis
 maintained all along that he would
 not go back to school - but
 just another instance of his teasing
 and stringing you along. I am afraid
 he will be a tremendous worry to some
 poor unsuspecting girl.

School in earnest poor earnest.
 Not such a good start as Penny
 was tardy, the goodie was thin
 and hot, I flew off the handle and
 hit him, delaying the breakfast still
 more making him late.
 It was ever thus - this scene has
 been and will be enacted countless
 times, the world without end.
 Brought John down and will
 call for him so I must beat
 it. Deed, chilly and rainy.
 Kane's furnace fire went out last
 night and I built another this
 morning. What its fate will be
 I have yet to find out.

Still chilly so had to build another stove fire before breakfast. Showers and sunshine at intervals. Had my first bit of gas on at the office. Remembered to get Nuala's dividers.

Very cool. Got up just before dawn to see the panorama of winter constellations from the bathroom window. The brilliance and detail was not marred one iota by the cold moonlight from the west. Mars growing in importance has crawled into Cancer almost to the beehive. Mostly fair today with the temperature rising to 60 by virtue of a strong persistent sun.

Time and warmer. Slid down by Canning. Fred Gibson was in and we discussed as much as possible within the narrow confines of a half-hour appointment. Got my Elgin watch back from the cleaners, also my funeral suit. Got gin, fruit mix, comics, cigarettes, butter, lettuce, beef, milk, bananas. Think that is enough? Maybe. Must get along before too late as mummy gets fed up wrestling with Dennis.

Once every fall we go to Giles' and I get all stuffed up with asthma and hayfever. Well, today was the day. Heard J. D. Wilson in the morning; during the service Dennis was a bad boy and slipped out at the second hymn. Auntie Eva asked us for dinner with Ganga and Nava. This was very much enjoyed. (Dinner was being prepared) I cut our back and front lawn — first time for about two months. It is coming quite green again and looks almost respectable. This bout with the grass laid a good foundation of asthma which was to flourish later in the day. Had a great time at Giles meeting several people of interest. Played trios, duets etc. Haydn, Mozart, Bach etc. Had a lovely dinner. The children had such ^{for} fine time they hung back when it ^{came} time to start for home — Dew hid outside and Nuala stuck to the living room where Mr. Patterson was playing some popular pieces. Home at 10.30. Dull but no rain.

Mostly fair. Too much excitement yesterday for Dennis who needed a lot of prodding and threatening to get him out of the door by five to nine. He wouldn't get dressed, he wouldn't put his apron on, he wouldn't drink his orange juice, wouldn't eat his goodie. — just wouldn't cooperate nohow.

The waning moon was high up in Aries this morning. John did not go with me as Dave was poorly. Full day at office with no time for hobbies.

"Bob" the collie dog is adopting us until the owner appears. He slept on the back door mat last night. Den was up early (7.00) this morning, feeding him toast and playing the dickens with him. John did not want to leave the fur so it was in tears he departed with me for Richwood. She dull spies finally paid off late this afternoon and gave us a couple of nice gentle showers. It is raining a little now at Expositor time. She car is getting a cheap wash, the thirsty ground drinks the life-giving liquid.

Partly fair and cooler.
 Before dawn the white moon
 was between the sparkling Pleiades
 and Aldebaran "clustered around
 by all her starry fays". Must
 start half an hour earlier than
 usual for Wednesday as I have
 Mrs. Hodgson's plate (perennial tooth
 variety) to deliver and a tooth or
 two "to jerk" for Carl. Chicken
 dinner as a reward for the
 virtuous.

The dinner went off fine last
 evening. Then we had a bout of
 dishwashing followed by music
 - a Hayden Sonata for piano and violin.
 Baby sat for an hour at the other
 house. Jack took Turner home
 shortly after midnight and returned
 with the tidings of Drumb's final
 defeat at the Mt. Hope ball game
 and the sudden death of Bill Cook
 while returning in bus from same.
 John would not go to Richwood
 on account of the overwhelming
 attraction of Ken's collie with the
 white collar and the brown face.
 Cool and mostly fair although
 many light checkered clouds were
 wafted out of the south-west.

Warm enough to forget about gas fire at office, but there was a good furnace fire which kept the family from complaining. Rather a pale sun this afternoon with ashen sky and strong wind. It is 6.30. Have just gassed the car at Cub's after slugging a big case of oil up to the Cenotaph. Also have two bags of groceries from the A. and P.

71° with a big wind. No fire in office but was obliged to light the furnace this morning last thing before tearing off. The thin September haze was not sufficient to obscure the little white spot (our house) from the corner on the Ave road. Got eye today so hope to have a little fun this weekend. Eyed the horned moon clearing the Baptist Church and settling in those maples on Broadway this afternoon. The Taylors work till midnight every day so are too tired for any highjumps.

Warm and showery, rain falling most of the night and morning. The usual battle to get Dennis ready for church. But we made it. A fairly good turnout to hear the young student-preacher from McMaster. He was a born speaker, with polish and professional skill. Everybody was enthusiastic. Called up Paup after lunch and found the Baileys just about ready to leave for Toronto with Eleanor on the first leg of her university career. So I've missed them. Bad Noronic disaster over one hundred die in flaming lake boat docked at Toronto Harbour. Had the other house over for dinner of tender pork and fresh dug baked potatoes. Yum - yum. Enjoying Hagda sonatas for violin and piano.

Mild is the parting year. Had to light the furnace for the tenth time to please wife and piddies. The barometer is low and a strong west wind is blowing great masses of gray cloud across the sky. Very little blue is in evidence this afternoon but just before noon I saw the thin old moon straight up above my south window in a patch of the clearest blue welkin. I guess the finishing room was causing plenty of worries as the great John Ganton tore around like a mad-man jerking the goods thither and yon. I was always at fault and never did anything right or even prospered in that room. Shades of Pub. Long Gladie Etherington etc. ^{Miss Jackson, Edith Gill, Caroline Cley,} Happy memories as the golden days glided by.

Rushing around, trying to get caught up. Came down on the permit talking with J. Lass, with Mr. Jackson still on the job.

Home called at 6.20 and in ten or fifteen minutes I was ready for the dinner at Sibbicks when we ate tender chicken and all the elaborate trimmings ending with buttered scalloped pecan sundaes which were marvellous. Somehow we struggled through the wedding cake, after a two-hour rest in a cowstare state we played trios, had solos by Jean and Kathy also some piano numbers by Edna. Altogether a very successful evening. Home at midnight after depositing calls at office and taking on water and fresh air.

When we got home George was over the way so we formed in on another party. Jack and Ed. gave us a lovely garbage can without garbage. Forgot to mention that Red, and Nuala on Monday night led us on a paper chase through the house till we ended up in the parsonch where two anniversary gifts awaited us - a box of stationery and a packet of cigs. Very thoughtful of them and cunning the way they arranged it. Today is dull and cool with spits of rain. Summer is flying away - only one more day.

And what a day! Left in a frenzy and made the Willett Hospital by 9.30. Jembered Shentley's 24 teeth out while Rondeau made wise cracks. Spent the rest of the day jembering more teeth out and trying to catch up.

Zoomed up to Cub's at 7.00 for last minute petrol; jembered the car around and down to the office again to sock a plate, shave and write this drivel. Cool and mostly dull. Spits of rain.

Didn't forget to leak in the Walker Stone for Kane or to wire the Watson's wedding wishes.

Still cooler and why not? Autumn began at dawn or thereabouts. The sun will now be below the equator for six long months, during which we must do battle with the elements and fight the cold from all sides. However all the bad weather is not when the sun is below 0 latitude nor is all good weather when it is above: we borrow some and pay back some usually with interest. How about a practice with Harry Hill tonight? Maybe dad wants something done in the garden. Showers with hail, bright blue patches of sky and gorgeous cloud formations at least I can see Venus from my south window after sundown.

Much like yesterday with its patches of clear blue sky, chilly rain and spits of cold rain. Saturday night and the week's work done and the old man going home but without his bunch of "mon". There just isn't much good money around maybe some bogus tens. Got spare ribs and bacon. Hoot nasser, get going and spare this protivity. Don't forget to turn your clock back an hour. Cilia's stay on fast time for nine more weeks. Silly misapp! Why can't one time do all the time. Then nighttime calls and the curtain falls.

The nighttime called last night - all night. Nuala kept up a continual caterwaul which prevented sleep. This morning she was practically dying. About breakfast time she fell into a deep sleep for an hour and was much recovered on waking, so much so that she was downstairs dressed this afternoon. I cut the back lawn now lush and green from the rains; took John and Ben on our wheels out to the track to see the dog. Washed dinner dishes for Annie. Got the children in bed by 8 P.M. Practiced Hayden & Schubert. Kane and I drove down to the Parly's and had an hour's confab there. Helen of Troy was present. Light frost last night. Venus and the moon were poised just above the rooftops in the south west at dusk. Brought the girls out to see same. Jupiter was about on the meridian in a little patch of sky between the trees.

Nuala slept peacefully last night ~~to~~ we all had better rests. This is quite a unique situation, that of living in two times - Drumbo on Fast, Paris on slow. Got down about twenty to nine, after digging potatoes and poking around at Richwood. John would rather go to Paris with me than stay with Ganga. Everybody in today with their toothaches on standard time. This is nice - not having to rush too much in the morning - but the pinch will come at night. - a whole hour behind. Kate said she would throw me out or at least refuse to get my supper if I am any later than usual - and Gard knows that is late enough. It is and warmer - 66°. The leaves are colouring up early - the country puts on the reds and blues of autumn.

A novel sensation - this getting down to Paris before the school children are gathered off the streets, meeting them along Reg Lane, passing them down the back road by no 1., meeting them again on William Street. ~~maps~~ me feel as if I have taken the peanut and must have a half hour's snooze before starting in on the day's slugging. Rather a nice arrangement of tides - I wish it were always thus - but alas no nice things endure. Rain is hissing on the pavement and thunder rolls and cracks from cloud to cloud. It is dark at 5:00 (E.D.T.) and I am going to call a halt on work and touch my strings in ecstasy before mending homeward.

Mild, dull and showery.
 Perfect Drumbo fair weather
 except that the rain should
 be colder to be more enjoyed.
 Sisters birthday again. P. loved
 her happy returns. Bessie
 phoned from Mrs. Boobalan's.
 I am to have the pleasure of
 her company to Drumbo.
 Tonight is the great Gresham
 concert - tell you more later.

What a thrill! - what a recital!
 Donna Gresham was up to all
 advance advertising, press notices etc.
 She was a complete surprise, possibly
 among the few very great fiddlers.
 The glorious Grieg C minor, the
 Bruch G minor, as well as ~~several~~
 spectacular and soulful shorter numbers
 made up a program that I fervently
 hope I shall never forget. Jack
 took us in the Studebaker, after
 Bessie was deposited safely in Jack's
 front room and Dennis landed
 at the Fair building. Today all
 I could think of was music -
 I am intense I strive to reach the
 heights. Cold and dull. However
 no rain fell today for Drumbo
 Fair. Forgot to mention the
 happy little hour up at Enid
 after the recital (concert, more accurately
 accurately) with Bergam, Dick, Rev.
 Harrison (uncle Harry)

Time and women. Ganga down and back and with me like a plaster from 4.30 to 8.30. so I couldn't practice or make hoopie by myself. managed to write letters to Arbava and Cahung which he reminised and comed old rhymes.

Very fine, cloudless and up to 62° at noon. The great Paris Fair had a perfect day. I was of course too preoccupied to go. Darkness is falling, the moon is rising, Venus is fast sinking. Who will save her? I will. Who - the hell are you?

Egan VonKeitz

A marvellous day of 70 degrees and sunny. The third pastor to preach (ostensibly for a call, Pastor Kluff). By the way, there were choice anecdotes Saturday night when the Bells, Taylors, Sargents, Baer's & Ritz's held informal house at our place till 2:00 A.M. A great blowing off of steam - a great lunch of great drinks of various kinds of rye and beer. Getting back to Sunday proper from the night before (improper) let me say that Dennis required even more than usual physical persuasion to propel him to church. Pastor Von Kluff was fine - looked a bit like Marcus and sounded like Gordon Barron (bless his heart). Bacon and tomato sandwiches for lunch (yum, yum). Set off in HX at 2:30 to coast through the beautiful autumn countryside to Orangeville. (Dear old W.W.B.)

Our visit to O'ville was of the utmost pleasure and contentment. Going by Angus watching the ever changing vistas of colored woods with the red maples at their best - a brilliant fiery red: the short stay ^{with} the dear old aunts, the trio, the walk to get the icecream, the lovely supper, the drive home through the moonlight - the soft misty harvest moonlight - with a white mist over the rivers, made a day poetic and memorable. Had beer over at Jack's after and ^{the} jammed up poetry burst forth in great gobs. The day seemed long as we went back on standard time. Today is dull, showery but mild - as the mildest frothing year. The color of the falling spray is sweeter than ever.

And spring and seed and swallow
take wing for her and follow
where summer song rings hollow
and flowers are put to scorn.

Late getting home - 9.45. By the
time I wanted my supper, ate it,
and washed the dishes it was
11.00 and I had to give Persie
her shot after that. Mom came
in about 12.30 and caught me dozing
in the chair. Rain at night, in
fact it was raining when I went
out to George Lee's and climbed the
steep steps to his residence where
Murray lay in state after the last
grey change, surrounded by an
overwhelming welter of flowers and
sorrowing relatives and friends. Heavy
rain all the way to Princeton.

Woke up to a cloudless morning
which was followed by a cloudless
afternoon all rules to the contrary.
The clearest blue was spread over
a land of utmost autumn color -
scarlet maples in their most scarlet
mood and the greenest headlands,
greener after the contrasting brown
of the summer. The Daily
26th wedding anniversary. I took up
a box of Laura's at noon, Buggam
was out of town as he is so often
of late. I have established a
record for Wednesday afternoon
- two full uppers cooking in the
acylizer and three repairs simmering
in the old vulcanizer pot - a
maximum effort.

Rondeau and I had another little tête-a-tête at the Willett hospital - dear old Willett - imagine getting sentimental over a hospital! Walking around the upper hall, looking out of the windows where last spring I was imprisoned, always brings back the peculiar thrill of certain outstanding sensations experienced there and there only - the few minutes in the sunny room before I have left on the first day, the blissful ignorance of pain, and all the interesting contacts during the operation, the school campus, the hospital lawn, looking out of the washroom window to the west on the day of my departure and seeing the tremendous growth and advancement of the young spring. All these and more do I relive. Rather mild and dull, rain at night. What a day! After spending most of the morning up River Street, I steamed through mountains of work, unflasking five cases, putting in two full uppers and one repair, washing up a full lower and flasking and cooking same, etc. etc.

Oh, don't blow so about how much work you are doing. You certainly aren't making money very fast. In fact you are slipping back ever since that bout with the income-tax department. The monthly drafts keeps blowing your bank balance down quicker than you can build it up. And now, Percy, you have to go to Cobourg for the weekend and spend another gob of money on hotel rooms and meals. You are headed for the poor house or the old age pension. Warm and mostly dull. I did not have time to view the gorgeous pink sky at sundown or any of the other beauties of this perfect October weather. Clouds blocked our eclipse last night.

A divine day of all October days picked out to be the best. Starting with our departure from Drumbo at 8.10 E.S.T. with grey fog hiding all but the near objects and making driving slow. By the time we were past Troy the sun came out dispersing the fog and disclosing the autumn woods in their height of color and of all years the brightest. All the way to Cobourg where we arrived at 12.05 E.S.T. without a stop except a few minutes pause to view the blackened hulk of the Titanic there was a never ending ever changing panorama of greens, reds and duller shades that made the spirit cry with delight. A lovely dinner at the Britannia. The wedding was short, sweet and to the point with everyone on their best behavior, in fact on their top dignity. Agay reception at the Labovick Lodge, a party at our hotel annex after with Marion, Shirley, Kathleen, Alfred and Doreen - all on one poor little meager of age. Happens after - dry and hot

Slept fine at the spacious room on on into the morning till it was past breakfast deadline. The four of us went to a restaurant for toast and then for a walk out on the pier right out to the end to see what this great fog-born was all about. The day was warm, cloudless, serene, the lake blue, and the shoreline colored with the varied hues of autumn such as we saw on the way down. It made a picture I hope I never forget - that warm, hazy Sunday morn out on the pier with the placid lake all around, with scarcely a ripple. Dinner at the Hoppers then a short visit over at the "Big House" where Alf and I had more beer (don't peep) Five o'clock tea on Edith's verandah then farewells all around, including long clinging ones at the Hoppers. Driving home into the declining day watching the gorgeous cumuli on all sides, white, pink and grey, marvellous cloud shapes with distant play of lightning. Stopped at Clappison's for a sandwich.

When we arrived home and put the two junior members to shumberland we repaired to the Taylors where we found them entertaining the Dixons. Today was still warmer - perhaps a record heat for the day - 78 on our back porch. Dack off our awnings, washed three storm windows and screwed them on. Ben and Geoff made a leaf house out on our driveway. Helga unkie got his load of wood off the front lawn and into the cellar. Charles giving dinner at our home - ten of us with Alma and Bertha. Two chickens, a great mountain of squash, potatoes, apple pie. Thins, bumps, and dishes followed by bedtime stories.

Still another sticky day with a thermometer in the 70's all day. A stiff S.W. wind and many clouds ending in gentle rain at 7.00 P.M. (time of writing) The stiff wind wont be too good for Jack's tents. He has his all staked at the great plowing match (international) near Benford. I didn't feel any more like getting back to work than after any summer holiday when one sticks to everything and sweats buckets. HX stood the trip nobly, turning \$0000 as we entered Toronto on Saturday. No oil needed on trip and \$3.50 worth of gas at Newcastle on Sunday. Rail fare for our family would have been around \$24.00!

Rain all night and half the morning. Drove the little ones to school - no, they are not little ones any longer but mostly grown up - a lot bigger than the little boy and girl I drove to school in 1917. Memories, sacred memories! nothing can deprive me of them, my mind is a rich storehouse of them. Clearing by noon and cooler. I got out my little wool vest again. Venus is glowing strong, a divine lamp, just about to settle into my "winter solstice" maple which is now barren of leaves. Antares is near by to the left, while Jupiter is just past the meridian! A noble spectacle.

Cool and cloudless with the white moon nearly up to Gemini sinking in the western azure all morning. A perfect day for the big plowing match. Jack took us for a spin over to see the tents and exhibits last evening. Tonight dazzling Venus has set with twinkling Antares near it. Too much prosthetic work; leaving hardly any time for Schumann and Schubert!

Warmer. No fire at office. High cirrus clouds hid the daytime last quarter moon in Gemini for the most part. Only once in a while would it peer out in a little lapse of blue. It's setting away north of the church was completely obscured. Several wrecks being towed into Jim Edgar's this afternoon; beautiful new ones shortened, flattened or otherwise rendered useless. Hannah in to entertain me after five. Well, good-bye for now supper and the angels are calling me.

Almost cloudless. High cirrus clouds were wafted slowly from the west while a few sunstay lower ones scudded out of the east in the wake of a chilly wind. This same wind kept up all day and cleared the sky of all vestige of cloud from noon on. Venus passing near Antares set in a blaze of glory. Jupiter drawing westward will soon share the evening honors with the sister planet. A lot of shopping to do at the last minute. Hope Kane is happy with my efforts. Regretted to get braces so my pants still sag. Got a brock of rope instead to counteract the sagging breeches with rising spirits.

Fair air with a coolish wind and the chill of autumn in the air.

Enjoyed Egan Van Ketter in the morning. There was seven thirty present and all were enthusiastic.

He put in a good word for me by dwelling for some minutes on the desatist and his "this won't hurt" (much!).

Put on two more windows; Ken's & ours. The Barlys arrived before I got cleaned up. Had a lovely sirloin roast and ice cream - a superb dinner. Practiced our trios and had a short game of bridge.

Partly cloudy and warmer towards evening. The setting sun coloured the sky (as much as I could see of it) with delicate shades of pink. It was as lovely as I have ever seen. Busy with repairs. Have to repair the drums by 7.10. Oh, Christ, how I must hurry!

A fine turkey dinner last evening at the Drumbo Board of Trade banquet. Jack as secretary was in a prominent place and carried things off nobly. Poo Letenson gave the toast to the ladies - and a right good toast it was. I was at the head of a long table with Dr Dymington at the other end; on my left was Charlie Blondel and on my right Nuala and Kane. Our trio went off but how well I have not to declare. We had to go to Plattville so missed the Magician. We played there over again in a hot house, listened to a talk on coins and ate ~~ice~~ cake and sandwiches and coffee. I was burpy all night. Today was fair and warmer - 60° or nearly.

Summer once more. 64° this afternoon of continuous warm sunlight which flooded everywhere as the mostly bare branches no longer shade the ground. Ev's flowers in her nook are a blaze of color better than any time in the summer. Everywhere is lush verdure and brilliant bloom - talk about June; October has it beaten a mile.

8.20. There goes the peanut. It will get to Drumbo an hour or so before I do. Oh, this weary routine of trying to get a proper bite. I hope that I shall live to see the patient who will give to me the proper bite and just relax when biting through that roll of wax" etc. The same old complaint that will go on for ever - human nature being what it is. "I am weary of days and hours, blown buds of barren flowers, desires, and dreams and games, and everything but sleep." Well here goes for five minutes of pig-sticking on the cello and five minutes of bungling on the piano.

71°. Ah summer! Thou lingerest in the lap of mid-autumn. False care, a sudden change is due very soon. Poor Wallie had her pet bladder pain this morning so could not go to school. Her whines and moans were not so audible downstairs as last time so I imagine she was not too sick. However mommy is worried, and Ben is perpetually bad and tries her to the limit, ~~but~~ he usually comes through with what you want just at the precise moment you start to blow a gasket. The languid summer sun gave way to clouds late today and a gentle rain fell at dusk. My walnut trees are bare: I can see some sky and the "high school hill" and lots of things of interest.

Why was I born? Whether do I go?
 What skills it if I live, and if
 I die what boots it? Oh, what
 a day, after a night of vertigo
 with the window going around at
 dizzy speed, I arise rocky and
 thirsty to confront a day of
 unrivalled abuse and pusillanimity,
 of rough blows of fortune and
 thankless toil. It is now 8.25
 and I haven't even shaved yet.
 Amen.

Dear Howard! - gone to the shades
 Oct 23, 1869

Well, what do you know! things were not
 so bad despite my late homecoming
 last night. Ev. & Jack came over
 and we actually played bridge
 and Ev & I were ahead - if you can
 feature it. Today was cool and
 dull slate-colored sky of mid-
 autumn. Got up betimes and gave
 them bacon for breakfast in addition
 to the usual menu. Ben and I went
 to Princeton at 10.00 to get Egan Von
 Kites from the Greyhound bus. The
 sermon after was good and the
 church warm. Put on two more
 windows after lunch then cleaned up
 and the four Bells (no, the three Bells,
 Nuala went to Woodstock with the
 Gibsons) set out for Norwich. At 5.30
 I drove over to Wobok and picked up
 Nuala and the four Linebells at the
 rink. The highway was like silk and
 the dying day was sad-colored even
 to the narrow band of gold at the
 northwest horizon. a lovely dinner of
 excellent roast beef and the most luscious
 pumpkin pie. Tries after and then farewells.
 We let Howard drive the family back to Wobok
 as we had apples, instruments etc.

The first nip in the air. 42° was the highest today. Accordingly my cold which was budding yesterday blossomed forth today in all its effulgence - red head, wet handkerchief and sore chest. Got to play in Washington this evening so my cold will develop still more into double pneumonia, complicated by, pleurisy, catarrh, and sinusitis. The sun shone part of the time when a patch of deep blue would widen, and anon black clouds would bring cold sleet rattling on the windows. At dusk all was calm and clear with a sure frost waiting to nip the lovely late blooms. The slim moon was very low with Venus not far above.

Is your heart full? - no, but my head and tubes are.

Sobs of mucus, pellets of phlegm, catarrh, bronchitis, cough and sneezes. Changed to my "long" last night at 8.45 on my way to Washington. Got there at 9.00 and had a full plate of chicken before the program. The magician was "marvellous". Wish I could have spoken to him after. Mula came home with me leaving Mom to her fate in Uncle's car. Everything white as snow this morning with the tender leaves all drooping and darkened, all the lusty leaves of the squash, beans, tomatoes etc. ruined once and for all. Goodbye till next summer. Warmed a little this afternoon but is chilly again now at 8.30. Venus and the pale red moon have set and Jupiter falling low.

Chilly and mostly fair. Have to zip home to put on windproofs. Tell you more later. No, I didn't lie on the couch and watch the afternoon fade between snoozes as per 32 years ago. We had no afternoon shower and the moon was not so near the full by nearly a quarter. Shut up - get going.

Apparently Alf & Pottie liked my letter on the Hopper wedding. I do not often get bouquets from that quarter - and these were real swell ones. Got home at twenty to six last evening and mom had not started any windows on account of cold windy weather. However I egged her on to helping me and we completed the five scumponch ones - fly specks and all, but of course I missed a lot of fly specks too. Mom thought I shouldn't work outside with my cold - but I did not heed her warning so today I am still hawking up big oysters (N.B. - the oysters are present in the fall no matter what I do or do not do) A little warmer today and very bright.

D

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♀

Evening embellishments

8.35 and not a bar of music.

Warm and sunny today with a touch of Indian summer in the air: smoky distance and still a little color lingering in the cypresses.

Went over to E's to help with the fun as George and the Miles's were there. Scotch and egg and lunch. Lohed at 1.15°. No, not 1.15 degrees - it went up to 55 however. Six months ago today. Oh, the tender memories!

58° today and continuous sunshine. The Indian summer haze was enough to obscure the little white house from the eye road this morning. 7.30 P.M. and I have not been out on the street. No roast, no vegetables, no goodies - no nothing. Will have to go home with my tail between my legs.

Like I was saying to Glad - that was the best chicken dinner I ever ate - you're not kidding - what the ham. Had a fine session, a quick lunch, then I proceeded to dig the rest of our potato crop (which amounted to a six quart basketful). Then I hawked out the big livingroom window and washed same in garage as the mean temperature outside was 62° . Got it screwed into place just as dusk was beginning to fall. Had just time enough left to shave and dress for dinner. It was a glorious repast - the chicken the tenderest, the turnip the juiciest and mildest, the ice cream the most delicious and so on. Rave and I drove down to the Baily's and had a couple heavy naps. Between the first and second I changed my back tire with Bernard's moral support.

Cooler this morning and clearing late in the day. Becoming much colder at night - 32° now as I write and winter in my car. Have come back from Lib's where I got my tire fixed. Must get home soon to help mom entertain the mob. Guess the children will get half frozen going the rounds in this frigid air. Rent day.

All Saints Day (Que.)

Fine and chilly. The children had plenty of fun last night as they were tired and had to move this A.M. especially Dennis. The dusk smoldered away early and Venus blazed out with Jupiter to the south. Just been advised of Norm MacDonald's death.

Poor Norm. what a prince of a fellow! The only traveller I really liked. I will sadly miss my friend. Everybody will miss him. The world is poorer without him.

Stotter giving trouble. Didn't get to Paris till 10.05. My old friend Horace Sharp was waiting for me at the top of the stairs! Good old Horace - what a lot of memories - his voice and features recall - of 1923. Mummy very kindly washed my ^{black} hands with a nail brush and made a dandy job of it. Sunny and rather mild!

A good party at the Miley's last night. Three bottles of beer apiece and a rich lunch of toasted cheese and bacon rolls and cream pulps with chocolate sauce. This heavy stomachfull together with coffee interfered with sleep. I seemed to have a lump of clay down there that would neither go up or down.

Dull and gloomy all day - typical November weather with a cold east wind.

Feeling rotten: can't get rid of this cold on the chest.

Working like mad wrestling with dentures, and they don't fit - nihil fit. Spark Plug and the third Mrs. Spark Plug (the one with the gold teeth) came in at 5.30 for repairs. I have Spark Plug's washers half flashed. I am going home to get full flashed.

Mummy is very lovely, and tender, and loving, and fresh looking as a spry flower but Dennis is getting her down: he is undermining her nerves, her morale, her physique - her everything. We can't eliminate Dennis in a gas chamber as that would be first degree murder, and we would swing, and furthermore we find of like him at times as his smile is melting in the midst of his nerve-racking teasing and bulldozing. His worst fault is his perpetual resentment of discipline. Just wait till I get my hands on him! Watch out, that ^{smile} will melt you down like wax.

Clear and frosty. Stop, look, listen - drain your radiator!

Had to rush like mad to get the water in my car in time to drive the family minus Dennis but plus Gurner to Wolverton anniversary service at 11:00 A.M. Egan again came forth with his customary eloquence, and spoke sweet soothing words of fundamentalism into the ears of dear old J. S. who sat up front drinking it in like a thirsty sailor just in to port. Got my remaining three windows washed and on in the afternoon after listening to a soul-stirring broadcast of the Schumann Cello Concerto by Pierre Fournier. Invited over to the "big house" for dinner with delicious roast chicken and turnip etc. etc. Dull and rather mild.

Clearing and still milder - nearly up to 50°. A lovely calm sunny day ending in a sunset of unprecedented beauty - the pink pebbled clouds extending far and wide over as much of the sky as I could see from my prison house. But it is a pretty nice prison town. I love my work (male or female)

Mom had to have my car today to take the kids to Woodstock and after to the Wolverson anniversary supper. I drove the Studebaker down to Buggie's for a general going-over. Alex was too busy so I'll have to take it down again tomorrow. Oh well, (says Mrs. Cannon) it gives free transportation. Fat so?

A day of almost summery warmth, sunny all day and clear at eventide with the great planets ever brighter in the dusk.

Fair and mild. Dropped down like a shark in grey Studebaker. Now I am ready to sift home again. Uukie's car all fixed ready for Montreal trip. It is five P.M. and growing dusk rapidly. Won't have any daylight to help me do crog work at home.

Den. had the beets all harvested when I got home last night and together we put them under the sunporch. After the family had practised their music, we took a gander across the road and set in on a party consisting of Turner, George and Hank Robson. Misty fair and mild - almost 60°. Came down in Uukie's car. I now await Mom and the kids in H.E. bound for Iccapades.

Remembrance Day

Oh, the ice cadets and the ice cassettes! What a cavalcade of female pulchritude and extravagant costumes and over all the play of colors - the brightest in the spectrum. Tiring driving - it took an hour to surmount our car from the mob of vehicles and humans around the Maple Leaf Gardens. Rain in torrents, lightning, thunder and fog to make the return journey anything but monotonous and, oh yes, a fire to watch as we passed New Toronto. Nearly went blank into an Aberdeen Angus "critter" who stood stock still in the middle of the road on the Dumfries "islands". So says the evening we returned to a Phumbo snark in total darkness. Ate a lunch and went to bed by candlelight. It was sunny and warm this morning but changed to a chill dark, dark fog this evening.

Dark with a cold east wind from dreary dawn till gloomy eventide. But of course I was too involved in prosthetic and operative to take much notice of the inclement elements except to need my "Panovision" all day. No fun thought as our bridge team is away in Montreal.

Dank, rainy and mild. Zoomed down to Richwood at the 11th hour to pick up John S, John M, and Nana for church. Very dank all afternoon with heavy rain. Egan came in for a short chat about 4:30. Giles, Margaret & John landed about 5:00 and we had music and one of Kay's superb dinners - stuffed roast pork, creamed cauliflower, ~~hot~~ mince pie etc. More music after. George dropped in for the evening. Composed a night letter jungle and sent it to Ther & Jack!

Cooler and clearing a little. The autumn roads this morning wet and washboardy. HX has a broken shock - Alec too busy to fix it.

Too busy to fix anything. J. S.
down and back. This explains
the even greater brevity. Smith's
garage burned down last night.
I am burned up because I can't
practice piano or cello. Rather
cold and dull.

Still no piano or cello. Ch. Lello's
too much rush. Dick will
be coming soon and I will zoom
him out to Trumbo for dinner
and bridge. Cool and dull.
Having Alec fix my car.
Dog link busted.

Alec made a fine job of fixing drag link. Dropped Dick home to Drumbos at 6.00 P.M. yesterday. Passed the Grey Studebaker at Richwood. George Hunt arrived at 6.50 and we had a great roast beef dinner.

Ev & Jack dropped in after. Bridge and wife whiled away the evening till nearly 1.00 A.M. George drove us all to Ingersoll in his super Monarch.

Rather mild and dull most of the day. Still water in my car. We are promised snow.

Partly fair and not much frost. H. E. Goose in for the first time in years discussing church secrets - the firing of Edson from the choir and such topics. He is the same as in 1923, a tried and trusted friend and interesting to a degree.

The Saturday rush is accelerated as we draw closer to Christmas. As Kane and I now belong to the American Federation of Musicians local number 467 we will have to attend practices a week from Sunday and so on and on indefinitely. How will I get all these plates done that I have lined up? Great Christ! Let's pray a minor cong. Oh, by the way winter is on the way: all day the S.W. wind has wafted fine snow on its bosom and now the ground is white for the first time this season - Hop - hip!

Just like 32 years ago with Harry Hill - you great gawk! Can't you remember a simple piece? Take Dagwood I am a failure. A heavy day today. Morning and evening service with choir work and then that miserable batch of a cello piece - Poor Robert - did he turn over in his grave? Had a birthday party for Turner at E's but it was cut in two by the evening service.

Poor Turner - gone to the shades
(Nov 21, 1964)
Loured Nov 20

Woke up at six A.M. and noted the frosty windows through ^{which} the first pale light of a cold dawn filtered. I jumped up, got my dressing gown and slippers and dashed to the back porch, saved one water jug, the other shattered with the frost was strewn over the stoop, then out to the garage to drain the car, which was timely as the water in the garage was coated with a fair amount of ice - then back to bed to get warm. Needless to say I put in 6 jts of alcohol before I journeyed to Paris. Cold all day - 28° at noon.

The Bell family went to Woodstock, the first time alone and entire, to hear the first seasonal community concert - being a recital by the great baritone Walter Cassel and his equally great composer accompanist Stuart Wille. It was an evening packed with thrills and excitement, like all the concerts in this series, sitting on the edge of the seat spellbound. This was indeed a dramatic song recital, covering a sheaf of moods and holding one like the ancient mariner held the wedding guest. Dear Schumann was represented - "Aufschwung". 16° this morning, but cloudy this evening and only just freezing.

Snow-flurries all day, and
enough clear sky at evening to
see the magnificent display of
planets in the south west.

* ♀

) him.

Settling down to a frosty night.
Winter is here. Mr. Brewster
phoned to say we had some
assignments coming up in December.
Ach Himmel! Hk to your stuff,
also Dumore Universal Lathe do
yours - and how!

It means business from the east.
Most of the day the snow has
driven steady fine, falling snow
till my car is a snow-drift and
the roads are heavy. "Who'd-a-thunk-
it". This reminds me of Nov 30th
1940. We sure need the precipitation
and I hope it melts, although
once the cold weather has come
I like it to stay. However we need
soft water - Yes, Harold Bous-
tell me about your trip out west
in '46!

By the great Linn spoon!
 16° by my north thermometer and
 frost clear with crescent moon Jupiter
 and Venus grouped above the dark
 south-west horizon. It never went
 above 28° even in the strong sunshine
 of mid-day. Alec greased and
 oiled my car. He is a fine fellow.
 More power to him and his wife
 and his flowers. Jack shovelled
 and shaved me up past his
 place this morning. Figurez-vous
 mid-winter weather at this early
 date. W.V.B. was buried 28 years
 ago but under somewhat less wintry
 conditions, though I remember the
 ice-storm, the ice on the trees and
 the sun melting it all and by the
 time the procession journeyed to
 Simcoe the roads were bare.

One above zero! +1° F. And
 clear as crystal. Drove H & down
 the 7th along the crossed single
 track, to Gibson's and picked up
 the family. Norm then proceeded
 to drive of his and ours to Woodstock.
 Took Lenkie's car while Kane and
 Auntie E. worked and slaved
 away at the Saturday cleaning.
 A lay of prosthetic seats comparable
 to 1944, '45, '46, '47, with, of course
 a sprinkling of operative. It
 became cloudy in the afternoon
 and the temperature got up to 18
 but it is down to 13° now and
 very damp, missing, perhaps an
 ice storm, blizzard or other demonstration.
 What a sudden, early winter!

Dull and cold with east wind.
 Ken and I shovelled walks
 both before and after church.
 Ken and I went down to the
 Kenby House to practice with
 Mrs. Sweetman, Elsie etc.
 Room was frigid at first but
 warmed up so did our playing.
 Got home at 6.00 P.M. and found
 Wally had cooked the roast of
 pork to a turn. Auntie Wee had
 fixed us some beets and potatoes
 so we fell to without delay.
 Long bedtime stories at night.

Dull and milder. Inclined
 to thaw but not much. Busy
 as ever so I did not take
 much note of the short grey
 day with its shorter greyer twilight.
 Roads slippery. Came down by
 Princeson Road the Blenheim plow
 has not yet issued forth.

Thank with brief thanksgiving whatever gods may be that the odd patient forgets to come so my lab. work won't drag on still too much after nine. Came down by Canning and found the slush hard to negotiate - it seemed determined to steer the car in spite of your efforts at the wheel. Was lucky to get to Cubis for gas as my tank and spirits were low and the slush on Market street extra high. Must make a pause (welcome I am sure) to write to Uncle Harry.

Last day of November. "Just think!" Partly fair so I was able to make one of the few and far between sun spot observations at this time of year. I used to talk about the dear dark month. I scarcely take note of it so busy is my life. Maybe in years to come I might have more time to observe the November skies and fields like I used to thirty or more years ago. Dr. Patterson said he liked to be making a lot of plates in November - well, I am whether I like it or not - and I certainly don't dislike it, except that my hobbies suffer. Cloudy this morning so didn't see Mars and Saturn in close conjunction.

Took a limo in the back
so didn't deposit my two "gasons"
Half way between freezing and
thawing. Some sun. Some moon
but very fuzzy. I can't keep up
to the mad whirl of events.

Had a lovely turkey dinner with
my wife and family at the
United Church - St. Andrews night
and Haggis - yum, yum.

I see the '50 Ford is very
little different from the '49. I will
stick to '49 so long as it performs
in its present excellent fashion.

I should be up at the High School
now presenting my \$25.00 Cheque
to John Weber and watching
Eleanor get her's etc. In fact I
should be a lot more gregarious
than I am. Quite cold all day
but bright; Venus and Jupiter
now close together were radiantly
fair in the brief pale light of eventide.
18° now at 8.30. Winter is here.

Mars and Saturn were up before we went to bed last night. ¹² a pretty little pair "below planeholat" ¹⁰ above this morning and the day was sunny and some mild ^{25°} by night. A terrific day - 3 plates mounted, 5 impressions taken. Still leaving away at 8.30. No Barty or Ding foogled fun.

Yes, there were Barty and Ding foogled fun today but wait till I tell you all. Our bridge broke up at 2.00 A.M. ~~the day~~ during which time and 9.30 we did not have adequate sleep. A bit late for church and Kane's green hat blew off at the last moment before entering the church door and I've scooted after it. Walloped Ben after lunch and made him come to Brantford with us. On our return at 5.00 P.M. I have got ~~teeth~~ teeth filled and then we barged in on a delicious chicken dinner - tender as mom's smile. Got home at 9.30 and found Walter baby-sitting at Auntie's. We continued baby-sitting till 1.30 A.M. and had a game of bridge with Iver and George.

Poor Iver - gone for ever R.I.P.
 Thur. Dec 4, 1969

Frozen but not too cold.
 Election day in Paris.
 Voted for my friend Art Griffith
 but it looks like I lost my
 vote. Took HX to Buzzy's
 to get the gas gauge fixed. Now
 we'll see who does the better
 job - Alec or Paris Motors.
 I am surrounded by models,
 bite-blocks, wax & O. land
 help me.

Just a nice frosty morning at 15°
 above zero. Sunny most of the
 day. Well, Alec does not charge
 me anything for fixing the gas
 gauge. Good boy, Alec he is a
 man after my own heart.
 I must hasten to eat my soup
 and crackers before the grey
 Studebaker comes with Kay pulling
 for me bound for the United Church
 - ever the seat of my wedding.

Had an enjoyable recital last night. Bernard Johnson was excellent, the pianist Knight good also. He had a little difficulty in spots with the Appassionata but who wouldn't except Horowitz or Rubenstein or a few like that. Brought Mabel, Sally Lu & Pat home. I took soup and crackers to "stay" me. I should have thought of this when I was in the reserve army - how dumb I am at times! Went in to see Hannah in her casket on coming to Drumbo. Gave Tommy a box of cigars. Had a midlight snack over at Evi's. It was dark and stormy this morning so Kane decided against going to Toronto. The weather improved and the sun was out for a while at noon. It is cloudy again now with snow flurries - real winter and no fooling.

12° above

A fair sparkling winter's morning, as I fortunately had my black top, I forthwith followed Kane's instructions and drove to Wolverton. Clean, white dazzling snow everywhere and a smooth single track in the middle of the road. Took two teeth out for Mrs. Broy (next to Baptist Church) with her three great grandchildren playing around also a white kitten and a black pup. She is a dear old lady. Cloudy and a bit milder tonight.

Ach Himmel, Heil Hitler, the great cost of Christmas shopping! A little diary that used to sell for 60 cents now is \$2.40. Took the peanut and had to run smartly for it at 8:07 so precisely was it on time. Mrs. Gibson, Scott & Ann were on the train bound for the city, the sights, and Christmas shopping. Tommy will soon be here with HX as it is nearly 6:00 o'clock. Rain and some milder but not thawing much.

Is this a record early skate at the rink!?
I suppose not.

That was a fine evening yesterday. The speeches at the opening of Queen Elizabeth School were most interesting and the playing lots of fun. I have had soup which I ate before going to Brantford and delicious park sandwiches which I bottled in the car coming back to Paris. Got the water and took a tump up to Nonu Daurie's in the vicinity of Evid's. We passed the house of Bailey and heat it for Drumbos. Today is cold and damp ending in a big east snow storm so my car is again blanketed with white. Hard to collect enough money to do all my Christmas shopping. Got home at 8:45 eating a quick supper and beating it to the rink. Had a short skate with Denny, floundering over the bare spots. Walter and Tommy went home and I missed them.

Oh fog! Slithered to Church in the slush in HX. The children had gone on to Sunday School at 10.00 so Dennis refused to stay for church, and I was not for making him. When we got back we found him busily shovelling Uncle's walk in the foggy drizzle. The afternoon was dense, dark and dismal, the fog getting worse as day progressed into night. Walter went with Norm's to Woodstock and we set out for Brantford at 5.45. arriving there at 6.40 in a state of nervous collapse. Played 1 hr and a quarter at the House of Refuge. To some fifty elderly patrons, ministers, patients or what ever you call them. The home journey was worse, the drifting, smoky fog was really a crime. Stopped at the Bails for two scratches. Went home the back way groping through the still denser fog and "sloopy" on wet ice. Uncle fed us ham, scalloped potatoes and beans at 11.00 P.M. and so to bed!

Yea, and even tonight we must play at the Kerby House. - Christmas party for children this time. Took the peanut on this bright sunny, tranquil spring morning. Sat with dear Bert Cross (whom I worship more or less) (memories of Bert Procter) We had a nice guff on the way to Paris. Kane will be calling for me in brown car any minute now. The half moon was clear in a spotless sky this A.M. Low different from the ~~impenetrable~~ ^{smoky} ~~impenetrable~~ of last night.

Clear and colder. No great rush for the train as I drove down leisurely in 17X. Clear still at nightfall when Jupiter and Venus were like beacon lights.

We enjoyed immensely that Christmas party for the Indian children, especially as we got a splendid dinner thrown in. Kane and I sat with Mr. Westman, one fish, one roast beef and one steak - ate till we could hardly walk. Fine clear driving. Too bad Elsie could not have stayed for the dinner - we like her so much.

Cold and partly fair. Day of the great exodus to Toronto to see Jayland. Mom weakened and took the cherubim out of school also Alva I. I left them at my office taking my bag and jug. Having an hour extra time this afternoon I gave the office a lick and a promise mostly the latter. If I didn't get rid of the dirt at least I disturbed it. Called in at Nolan's last night white mom was at Book Club. This morning on our way out of the village we all called at Howard's to see George Beemer and to put our names on the register.

Cold and mostly cloudy with some small patches of blue and a little glimpse of the sun now and then. Rose is a wonder she was so bright as a new dollar last evening after her strenuous key in Toronto with the two strenuous children and all the strenuous driving. We relieved Mary baby-sitting last night and stayed over there till 2.30 A.M. today. I would do with a little more sleep. Well goodnight. Jupiter and Venus, I must finish my work and get along home. HX was fine, but I kept my fingers crossed.

Tremendous rush trying to get my day's work done before 6.30 when Rose calls for me in brown car. She took HX on to Brantford this morning, then to Drumbo in the afternoon to teach and down again to Brantford to play at Lansdowne school tonight.

Last night was our last official appearance before the new year. How Vera, Debbie, Hank, Jr. & Dr. Sid Stickland in the audience. The school seemed identical with the Princess Elizabeth where we were a week ago. Fair, misty and milder today, melting at noon. Bought my goose for the turkeys - no I mean my turkey for the Geese's or Geese, also cigars for Buggans. Christmas funds at low ebb. - oh, well, just about through now.

Dull, mild, damp, rainy gloomy, dark, dismal; good cold and ill weather. Had to play a prelude with Kane (organ and piano). Dear Egan was very eloquent in his pre-Christmas sermon. Nuala stayed but, Ken slipped out after Sunday school. The afternoon was spent overseeing the setting up and decorating of the Christmas tree which Dennis procured the other day from the bush. The track was set up beside the tree and the engine produced and made to run around the board with something of its pristine vigor. Taylors and Tanner over for roast beef and lovely raspberry pie - yum-yum.

Still as yesterday - dark mild, Bumps etc. One of my fluorescent bulbs went - the first since July 1944 - not bad. Jack Stally came in and replaced it with a new daylight - now I have a bluish and a yellowish pair. - Rather a bizarre effect. Got Den's radio this morning and mom walked past just as I was ready to come out I guess she smelled a rat. I think my Christmas list is about complete. Now for wadding the confounded things.

Well, I swanned! a real old summer thunderstorm with torrents of much-needed rain and a temperature of 47°. Canning road fair but greasy this morning, highway tonight, you bet your boots. Got Beatha's dresser set at Eaton so my list is about complete. Delivered Alvin's crocks this morning which made me late for my impatient patient, Mr. Cole, who heaped coals upon my head. A little sun at noon but the afternoon turned dark as a cave and my lights were on before 3.00 P. Clock. Well, I think I bugger off home - yes, Mr. Backus.

Dark, mild and rainy. 47° as yesterday with little sign of change. Went out to the dump on the 8th but didn't drive in very far as the ruts in the mud looked deep. Carried the clinkers and mal-odorous garbage - now - yesterday over to the pile. The country bare and brown like ^{early} November, roads quite soft. Got Harold's crock of brandy, also Benedictine and Burgundy for home. We sure have some high-powered drinks for the holidays.

Rained all night till the eastern ran over and our garden was a lake - must rain for at least two years. Jack took us to Charlie Robson's via the mountain and home by Dundas. The wind-shield wipers were busy all the time. Well, everybody can have a bath now, and Bertha an enema. Jack picked up his new Christmas wreath - a beauty. I was over to Roy's at supper time picking up the Christmas plants, so Ed has her Christmas cyclamen, we have our coffee-table so everybody has their gifts ahead of time. Lucky I have a few up my sleeve to make an exciting 25th.

What the Sam! A little snow on the ground this morning - a brave attempt to be more reasonable. Now our cistern is full the rain was turned off and the cold air turned on. Very obliging of the weather. I pulled up the rest of Ben's carrots under the Cherry tree - perhaps enough for one meal. Another record-digging carrots on December 23! As I said to Edily on my Christmas card there are not enough hours in the day nor days in the week. No time for nothing. Have to attend Chorus practice at Sister Butcher's at 8.00 o'clock then a party at Ev's after. Ah me!

What a glorious Christmas eve! Jupiter has just disappeared and Venus and the moon above light the western sky with a visible meridian. There is a little skiff of snow on the ground to give a semblance of a white Christmas. It is 15° and getting colder. I have all my parcels wrapped in my crude hurried way. Found out that the fire that we saw last midnight was the Ayn Co-operative. Ev had us and the Reynold's over for gas and lunch last evening. Mummy is a dealer; I have some presents for her but not enough - oh yes and a turkey for the Goddesses.

Christmas Day (Dom.)

Milder with misty spring sunshine. This is my new full point pen, a present from Nuala. I love it. It was quite an effort getting up in time for Sunday School and the carrying of Christmas plants to the church before 10.00 a.m. The service went off fine. Played "Little Town of Bethlehem" during collecting for piano and organ. Right after we had our anthem - and there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch, keeping watch - over their flocks by night - and lo, the angel of the Lord came unto them - and they were sore afraid" etc - etc. The junior choir with Nuala and Dennis sang two numbers very prettily. A great pleasure to listen to them. Had a short lunch then carted the presents across the road and had our Christmas tree. Just the Taylors, us and Bertha - Louner went away. Had our family dinner of roast goose at Eiv's later in the afternoon. Everybody was excited over the wonderful presents and the tender goose was never equalled.

Dismal, wet and mild. Slept in later today as there was nothing special to get up for. Just managed to get the breakfast over and the turkey (Woolf Bells, over 20 lbs.) cleaned before lunch. Slept all afternoon in the green chair by the radio. The second Christmas dinner over the road was fully as excellent as the first. We didn't make much impression in the huge turkey. The Taylors new long dining table made an ample board for the heavy bill of fare. My gifts were almost too numerous to mention - hat, gloves, seconds bottle opener, pen, etc. But the most beautiful of all is the living-room coffee table with the blue glass top - a present from the Taylors. I just can't get over it, and gloat over it every chance I get. They were thrilled with their new brass fireplace set and mummy with her pyjamas, stockings, typewriter etc. Dennis and Walke have been sleeping together in his bed with his new radio between the two pillows.

A little cooler with more rain.
 - in fact torments of rain. This will
 be remembered as the green Christmas
 when the cistern overflowed for days.
 Nuala got a great kick out of her
 projector but had the misfortune
 to knock it off the chair breaking the
 bulb. Stores closed today still so
 we can't do anything about it yet.

On arriving home last evening I was
 invited over to Eri's to pick at cold
 fowl (goose, and turkey, mostly turkey)
 fowl and fowl. After satisfying myself
 I followed the treat over to Cassie's
 and sat around drinking fruit juice,
 eating shortbread, Christmas cake and
 candies and smoking strong blended
 cigarettes. Slept wonderfully well
 after - much better than the night
 before. Tonight we are slated to
 go to the Reynolds'. I must first
 deliver from his bridge in time for
 dinner also call for Ganga's medicine
 at Eyke Patterson's. It froze some
 last night but melted today. This
 weather is like Thanksgiving or Easter.
 The swollen waters in the rivers have
 carried every vestige of ice. Now old
 Hiems will have to start over again
 from scratch. By the way, don't forget
 to call at Frank Dukate's for
 that projector bulb! - and make
 some girl happy.

Almost cloudless and somewhat colder. Couldn't find the bulb for Muala's projection either at Richwood or Paris so had to buy another. This evening's sky was perfectly clear and decked out with three planets in a row and equidistant.

♀ *

24

♀



More wintry temperature but not aspect. 10° above but the high waters are still keeping the rivers clear of ice. Stopped at Gargis while he fixed the fires and then brought them down. He was around town all day, bringing in presents of nuts and candy from time to time. Jack called for him at about 4.00 P.M. It is 9.10 and I still have a case to pack. Ye gods!
The equidistant line of planets was brilliant again tonight.

Saturday, December 31

Haw! Guess I'm still in the running, at least my nose is. Have a rotten cold to spoil New Years as it began to spoil Christmas. The pale sun peered faintly through clouds to see a barren earth devoid of snow or ice or any sign of winter. It is raining sadly tonight for New Year's eve and the barometric air registers 33°F . It is 8:15 and I promised to be home by 8:00. I can never win. Tonight is the big party at our place. Tell you about it tomorrow or next year. Mummy is a most amazingly lovely and clever person and I ought to be kicked for neglecting her so. Goodbye, dear old 1948. -!
 (you mean 1949) -!

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—JANUARY

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—FEBRUARY

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—MARCH

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—APRIL

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—MAY

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—JUNE

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—JULY

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—OCTOBER

Received

Paid

Date

CASH ACCOUNT—NOVEMBER

Received

Paid

Date

BILLS PAYABLE

USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT PROMISSORY NOTES

Demand Notes are payable on presentation, without days of grace, and, unless they are otherwise written, they commence to bear interest at the legal rate upon the date a demand for payment is made. An endorser on a demand note is holden only for a reasonable time.

To be negotiable, a note must either be payable to bearer or be properly endorsed by the party to whose order it is drawn. If an endorser wishes to avoid subsequent liability, he can endorse "without recourse."

A Joint Note is one signed by two or more persons. Depending on the tenor of the note, these persons may be either jointly or jointly and severally liable thereon.

Three Days' Grace are (unless the note in question is otherwise written) added to the period specified in all time notes and are allowed on sight notes after date of presentation. If a note is not paid on or before the expiration of the days of grace, endorsers, if any, should be legally notified to be holden.

Notes Maturing on Sunday, or on a legal holiday, are payable the day following, except when such holiday falls on Sunday, in which case they are payable on the Tuesday following.

Materially Altering a Note in any manner makes it void except as against parties already liable thereon who assent to the alteration, and as against parties who endorse it subsequent to the alteration.

A Note given by a Minor cannot be enforced against such minor.

If a Note is Lost before it becomes overdue the maker thereof may be compelled to give a duplicate, but if he is so compelled he is entitled to insist that he be given indemnity against all persons whatsoever who might base claims upon the original note in the event that it should be subsequently found.

An Endorser, should he be obliged to pay thereon, has a right of action against all whose names were previously on a note endorsed by him, except those who have endorsed "without recourse."

Whenever there is a Discrepancy between the words and the figures expressing the sum payable on a note, the words govern.

MOTOR CLUBS IN CANADA

Canadian Automobile Association, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

Alberta Motor Association, 813-A 1st St. E., Calgary, Alta.

British Columbia Automobile Club, Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C.

Manitoba Motor League, 312 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Montreal Motorists' League, Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

Ontario Motor League, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

Quebec Provincial Motor League, 2 Chauveau Avenue, Quebec.

Royal Automobile Club of Canada, New Birks Bldg., Phillips Square, Montreal.

Saskatchewan Motor League (Southern Division), 1837 Broad Street, Regina, Sask.

Saskatchewan Motor League (Northern Division), 252 Third Avenue S., Saskatoon, Sask.

About 100,000 miles of smooth-surfaced roads are now to be found in all parts of the Dominion, and the best time for touring is between May and October. The historic and scenic points are a great attraction.

The rule of the road is to keep to the right, and overtake on the left.

WAGE TABLE

ANNUAL MONTHLY, WEEKLY AND DAILY SALARIES

Ann.	Mhly. 12 mo. to yr.	Wly.* 52 wks to yr.	Dy.† 6 ds. to wk	Ann.	Mhly. 12 mo. to yr.	Wly.* 52 wks to yr.	Dy.† 6 ds. to wk
\$1000	\$83.33	\$19.23	\$3.20	\$2340	\$195.00	\$45.00	\$7.50
1040	86.67	20.00	3.33	2392	199.33	46.00	7.67
1080	90.00	20.77	3.45	2400	200.00	46.15	7.69
1092	91.00	21.00	3.50	2444	203.67	47.00	7.83
1100	91.67	21.15	3.52	2496	208.00	48.00	8.00
1144	95.33	22.00	3.67	2500	208.33	48.08	8.01
1196	99.67	23.00	3.83	2520	210.00	48.46	8.08
1200	100.00	23.08	3.85	2548	212.33	49.00	8.17
1248	104.00	24.00	4.00	2600	216.67	50.00	8.33
1300	108.33	25.00	4.17	2640	220.00	50.77	8.46
1320	110.00	25.38	4.23	2700	225.00	51.92	8.65
1352	112.67	26.00	4.33	2760	230.00	53.08	8.85
1380	115.00	26.54	4.42	2800	233.33	53.85	8.97
1400	116.67	26.92	4.49	2860	238.33	55.00	9.17
1404	117.00	27.00	4.50	2880	240.00	55.38	9.23
1440	120.00	27.69	4.61	2900	241.67	55.77	9.29
1456	121.33	28.00	4.67	3000	250.00	57.69	9.61
1500	125.00	28.85	4.81	3120	260.00	60.00	10.00
1508	125.67	29.00	4.83	3240	270.00	62.31	10.38
1560	130.00	30.00	5.00	3360	280.00	64.62	10.77
1600	133.33	30.77	5.13	3380	281.67	65.00	10.83
1612	134.33	31.00	5.17	3480	290.00	66.92	11.15
1620	135.00	31.15	5.19	3500	291.67	67.31	11.22
1664	138.67	32.00	5.33	3600	300.00	69.23	11.54
1680	140.00	32.31	5.38	3640	303.33	70.00	11.67
1700	141.67	32.68	5.45	3900	325.00	75.00	12.50
1716	143.00	33.00	5.50	4160	346.67	80.00	13.33
1740	145.00	33.46	5.57	4200	350.00	80.77	13.46
1768	147.33	34.00	5.67	4420	368.33	85.00	14.17
1800	150.00	34.61	5.77	4500	375.00	86.54	14.42
1820	151.67	35.00	5.83	4680	390.00	90.00	15.00
1860	155.00	35.77	5.96	4800	400.00	92.31	15.38
1872	156.00	36.00	6.00	4940	411.67	95.00	15.83
1900	158.33	36.54	6.09	5000	416.67	96.15	16.02
1920	160.00	36.92	6.15	5100	425.00	98.08	16.35
1924	160.33	37.00	6.17	5200	433.33	100.00	16.67
1976	164.67	38.00	6.33	5400	450.00	103.85	17.31
1980	165.00	38.08	6.35	5500	458.33	105.77	17.63
2000	166.67	38.46	6.41	5700	475.00	109.62	18.27
2028	169.00	39.00	6.50	6000	500.00	115.38	19.23
2040	170.00	39.23	6.54	6300	525.00	121.15	20.19
2080	173.33	40.00	6.67	6500	541.67	125.00	20.83
2100	175.00	40.38	6.73	6600	550.00	126.92	21.15
2132	177.67	41.00	6.83	6900	575.00	132.69	22.11
2160	180.00	41.54	6.92	7000	583.33	134.62	22.44
2184	182.00	42.00	7.00	7200	600.00	138.46	23.08
2200	183.33	42.31	7.05	7500	625.00	144.23	24.04
2220	185.00	42.69	7.11	8000	666.67	153.85	25.64
2236	186.33	43.00	7.17	8500	708.33	163.46	27.24
2280	190.00	43.85	7.31	9000	750.00	173.08	28.85
2288	190.67	44.00	7.33	9500	791.67	182.69	30.45
2300	191.67	44.23	7.37	10000	833.33	192.31	32.05

*Fifty-two weeks to the year instead of 52 1/2 weeks.
†Weekly rate on the basis of six days to the week.

TERMS AND SITTINGS OF COURTS

The Supreme Court of Canada

Sittings are held at Ottawa commencing on the first Tuesday in February, the fourth Tuesday in April and the first Tuesday in October in each year.

The Exchequer Court of Canada

sits at such places and times as the Court may appoint.

The Supreme Court of Ontario

is a superior court of record having both criminal and civil jurisdiction. It consists of two branches, the Appellate and the High Court, designated respectively "The Court of Appeal for Ontario" and "The High Court of Justice for Ontario."

Judges of the Supreme Court of Ontario are appointed either to the Court of Appeal or to the High Court of Justice. Each upon appointment becomes also a judge ex-officio of the branch to which he was not specifically appointed. All judges of the Supreme Court of Ontario have equal jurisdiction, power, and authority, except as may be otherwise expressly provided.

The sittings of the Court of Appeal for Ontario are at present practically continuous except in the Long and Christmas Vacations. This court may sit in two divisions and such divisions may sit either in alternate weeks or concurrently as the proper despatch of business may require.

Sittings of the High Court of Justice for Ontario for trials with and without juries are held in Toronto and in the County towns throughout Ontario at such times as are appointed.

Except during Vacations a single judge sits at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, as and for the Court on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday of each week and in Chambers on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

During Vacations a single judge sits at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, usually on Wednesday or Thursday of each week, for the purpose of hearing such applications as require to be dealt with promptly.

Long Vacation in the Supreme Court of Ontario consists of the months of July and August, and Christmas Vacation is from 24th December to 6th of January following, both days inclusive.

County Courts (Ontario)

Sittings of these courts for trials, both with and without juries, are held (a) in the Counties of Carleton and Middlesex twice each year, commencing on the first Monday in June and December, (b) in the County of York four

times each year, commencing on the first Monday in December, March and May and on the second Monday in September, (c) in the County of Wentworth four times each year, commencing on the first Monday in December and March and on the second Monday in May and September and (d) in all other Counties twice each year, commencing on the first Monday in June and December.

Sittings for trial of non-jury cases are also held in every County except York and Wentworth twice in each year, commencing on the first Monday in April and October.

In addition to the regular sittings special ones may be held for the trial of non-jury cases at such times as the judge may direct.

Surrogate Courts (Ontario)

In the Surrogate Court the usual procedure is to get appointments from the judge as required.

General Sessions of the Peace (Ontario)

These courts have jurisdiction to try all criminal offences except homicide and those mentioned in section 583 of the Criminal Code.

Sittings are held (a) in the County of York four times each year commencing on the first Monday in December, March and May and on the second Monday in September, (b) in the County of Wentworth four times each year commencing on the first Monday in December and March and on the second Monday in May and September, and (c) in all other Counties twice each year commencing on the first Monday in June and December.

In all counties, a court known as "The County Court Judges' Criminal Court" sits out of Sessions for trial without a jury of such persons imprisoned on criminal charges within its jurisdiction as consent to be so tried.

Division Courts (Ontario)

Sittings are held throughout the Province at such times and places as may be appointed pursuant to rules made by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

In the City of Toronto the present practice is that the First Division Court of the County of York sits every week except during August. The sittings commencing on Tuesday and continuing until Friday. Judgment Summons Court is held on the first Monday of every month except August, odd-numbered cases being dealt with at 10 a.m. and even-numbered cases at 2 p.m. Jury cases are heard at least once every three months. Matters which require to be heard in Chambers are dealt with as and when the necessity arises.

CALENDAR 1948																
	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.		Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	
JAN.	1	2	3	JULY	1	2	3	
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
FEB.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	AUG.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	28	29	30	31		29	30	31	
MAR.	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	SEPT.	1	2	3	4
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
	28	29	30	31		26	27	28	29	30	
APRIL	1	2	3	OCT.	1	2	
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	..		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY	1	NOV.	
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		..	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
JUNE	30	31	DEC.	
	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26		19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	..			

CALENDAR 1950																
	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.		Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	
JAN.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	JULY	1	
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
FEB.	1	2	3	4	AUG.	1	2	3	4	5
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		20	21	22	23	24	25	26	
	26	27	28		27	28	29	30	31	
MAR.	1	2	3	4	SEPT.	1	2	
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
	26	27	28	29	30	31	..		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
APRIL	1	OCT.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		15	16	17	18	19	20	21	
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		29	30	31	
MAY	..	1	2	3	4	5	6	NOV.	1	2	3	4
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		19	20	21	22	23	24	25	
	28	29	30	31		26	27	28	29	30	
JUNE	1	2	3	DEC.	1	2	
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24		17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	..		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
..	31			

