

-1913-

Wednesday, May 14

When I looked out of the window in the morning, there were immense snow-clad mountains on both sides and we were well into the Rockies. We went through marvellous scenery all day and the [rail] line was simply astonishing. We went through the wonderful figure of eight tunnel and, when we were above it, we saw the line on which we should presently be, immediately below us. I wired to Mr. Syson from Revelstoke, such a lovely place, and we first saw the [Shuswap] Lake at Sicamous, stretching away from us. We arrived punctually at Notch Hill at 8:23 and were met by Mr. Syson, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and Mr. St. George with two buggies. We heard a dog barking in the front van and I rushed up and, to my delight, found Kim and Jack there. How they got there, I simply can't imagine. None of our heavy luggage arrived. We drove down, apparently a most perilous drive, to the Kinghorns' house where we found various people to meet us. Everyone [is] so kind and hospitable. They put us up for the night which was a great relief and we were very comfortable. The house quite up to date – petrol gas, bathrooms, telephone, etc. which seems so wonderful out here.

Thursday, May 15

After breakfast I surveyed our future home. The view is more lovely than can be imagined. Sorrento (a town still to be made) though plotted out, stands on the steep south bank of the Lake. Mountains behind on the other side a mile and a quarter away, some of them with pines and silver birches to the top. None here have perpetual snow. The scent from the trees is so sweet and strong and pure. Mr. Kinghorn has cleared a lot of land and there are various other clearings planted with young apple trees. We inspected the Church after breakfast and it is a beautiful little place. I was surprised to find it furnished to the smallest detail so far as I could see and lovely altar frontals, etc. Such a pleasant surprise. After lunch, we walked to the town-site and saw our house which is not quite finished. That and a store, kept by Mr. Syson's brother and a log house are all the town at present. We then went on to our present house, a jolly little bungalow which we like quite as much, if not more, than our proper house. We went back to the Kinghorns' for the night, although we could have easily have slept at the bungalow as it is furnished practically ready to go into. It was so thoughtful of them.

Friday, May 16

After breakfast we moved into our temporary house but we went back to the Kinghorns' for meals. We bought a lot of stores at the shop and found everything we wanted there. It is a mercy that there is a place so near at hand. I had a talk with Kinghorn after lunch about my stipend, etc. Apparently a minimum wage is nine hundred dollars [per year] which is more than I had expected. He said that there was absolutely no point in taking less and no-one would be thanked for it. I asked him how well off a person here would be with three thousand dollars and he said that no-one in the neighbourhood (bar himself, I suppose) had anything like that! So we ought to do well and I daresay that I might be able to devote my stipend to the building of a Rectory which would, I expect, cost about three thousand dollars. A most lovely day and, for here, wet, so I was told. There was one shower!

Saturday, May 17

We had a capital night in a most comfortable bed and we got through breakfast pretty quickly. I went over to Kinghorn's after and we went to see a man called Beemer who is ill, they fear, with tuberculosis. Such a good-looking man and wife and quite young people. They have a charming little house which would be a model for a Rectory. He had a rough looking man ploughing whom he introduced to me. So thin and "tough." Who should he turn out to be but A.G. Martin who was at school with me! I wondered what history lay behind his appearance here. He has a place where he has to leave his wife some 13 miles away. He is obliged to go put ploughing in order to get blasting powder to clear his land. I went to the Church after lunch where I met a Miss Dickie who is to play and she had a practice on the harmonium whilst I was there. Then Maud and I went fishing and I trolled with a rod but I didn't catch anything as I expected. I hadn't enough line on the reel.

Sunday, May 18 Trinity Sunday

My first Sunday at my church! Such a lovely day and quite hot. Service was at 11:00 and we had quite a good congregation although it [the information] wasn't given out last Sunday. I celebrated afterwards and there were 13 communicants. We went to lunch at the Kinghorns' and, in the afternoon, Mrs. St. George, Mrs. Kinghorn's mother, Stewart St. George, Mrs. Kinghorn's brother, who lives with them, and I rowed up the Lake as far as another brother's place some little way off. Quite a nice place with a large orchard, most of which is bearing [fruit]. The family, a young wife and a little daughter 18 months old. It was lovely on the Lake. We went to *Spes Bona* [*Good Hope*, the Kinghorns' residence, now part of Sorrento Centre] to supper and then home. Just before supper two men called King and Lloyd brought us two beautiful trout caught in the Lake today.

Monday, May 19

Men were blasting so close to the house in the morning that they were obliged to protect the windows on the one side. Mr. Stewart, the Vicar of Ducks [a place named after people with the surname Duck], who had had this district taken from him, came to call in the morning and gave me a good deal of information. He is a small, slight man with a black beard and about forty years old. Maud made a fish pie for lunch which was very good. It was lucky that we had some fish in the house. After lunch I went and did my first visiting near at hand and I found the people very pleasant. It was quite hot. After tea, I went up to the [logging] camp here where there are some twenty men living and clearing the land. Martin sleeps there. There is a big log house with sleeping-room and stabling. All very rough. The men were all right and much better informed and more intelligent than English working-men and we had some quite interesting talk. One man was at Cannock Chase [in Staffordshire, England] and had worked on the railway there when I was curate at Armitage nearby.

Tuesday, May 20

In the morning did nothing in particular beyond helping Maud. It was quite hot – very hot for England but I didn't notice it so much as the air is so dry. After lunch I paid some visits and saw Mrs. King over at the store, a young woman, married three months from Lincolnshire and then a long way beyond the St. Georges' to see some people called Moore and some Belgian Roman Catholics called Cosbeaux. They seem quite well off and go away for the winter – this last winter to Honolulu. I was back late and just in time for supper. Martin came down later from the camp and we talked till late. He is thinking of coming here if he can exchange his farm for some land here.

Wednesday, May 21

I woke very early and went down to the Lake to fish. I went at it for two hours and never saw a sign of one. The sun was blazing down and the water was like glass and that may have accounted for it. After lunch I started off to see a Miss Rhodes who lives on the road to Blind Bay. Such a beautiful road through the forest with much bigger trees than elsewhere. But it was much further than I had expected. Such a queer little house and such a talking woman and, so I had been told, somewhat dangerous. She is correspondent for a local paper and regards herself as a literary woman. She insisted on having my biography which I gave her as shortly as possible. I had to hurry from her as hard as I could as I was due at a tea party at Mrs. Davidson's. I met one or two people whom I had not seen before – Mrs. Hilliam and Mrs. Dickie, the latter of whom is a Christian Scientist, I believe. At all events, Christian Science seems to agree with her for she looked very plump and well and she seemed a very pleasant sort of woman. I was tired after a long hot walk.

Thursday, May 22

Maud and I went round to the new house in the morning and found that they had got on a lot. In fact, it is almost ready to go into. Stewart St. George told me that the Syndicate here would put in a sink, etc. and drains to carry it away and that, if I put in a bathroom, they would recoup me when I leave. He estimated a bathroom at about sixty dollars so I told him that I would put it in. We also saw Eric Syson at the Store about a stove which will cost about forty dollars. I got some planks from the carpenter who is working on the house and, after lunch, started making a big bookcase six feet each way. At four, I met Miss Dickie at the Church and she went through the hymns for next Sunday. It was quite a hot day and everything getting so dusty. We heard from home today.

Friday, May 23

Even hotter today than yesterday. I worked hard at the bookcase in the morning and I got a good deal of it done. Making the uprights and all the notches so that the shelves can be moved up and down was a laborious job. After lunch I borrowed Syson's boat and pulled Maud and both dogs almost to Blind Bay where I saw a Presbyterian woman called Burrill. She has been out ever since she was a small girl – 40 years, I daresay, and she seemed pretty prosperous. I called at the Aitkens on the way but they were out. I had asked Syson to look in after supper and he came

rather late but stayed a good while. I had a long talk with him about parish affairs and he seemed very sensible about everything. I am very thankful that there is a man of that sort here as people's warden. I don't think that Stewart St. George was quite right about the Syndicate paying for my bathroom ultimately. They don't want to stand in the racket of a too elaborate system for a cottage. But I daresay they will pay for part of it at all events.

Saturday, May 24

A very hot day and the mosquitoes beginning to be troublesome. I worked at my bookcase all the morning and got it finished after lunch. It should hold about 300 books and it stands pretty firm. After lunch a woman from Notch Hill, whose name I didn't catch, came to call with three children, two of whom, a girl of about eight and a boy about six, had not been baptized. She said that she would bring them and that, though she was C[hurch] of E[ngland] she went to the Presbyterian Chapel there because all religions were much the same! Curiously enough, she comes from Walsall. I think that I was talking to her husband at the Camp on Monday night as he lives there during the week and goes to his clearing at Notch Hill for Sunday. She came at three and left after five so our limited tea service was strained. She was deaf and altogether rather a trial. I went over to the Kinghorns' after and came back with some lamb, fig-coffee, butter and the newspapers.

Sunday, May 25

Quite a hot morning. We went across to the Church at 11:00 and there was a good congregation including some whom I did not know. The green frontal and hangings were up and looked so nice. They even have the curtains in colours – all the set, markers and everything and all so good and not a bit tawdry. We went to the Kinghorns' for lunch and home again afterwards to write letters. I wrote the first letter to the Rector and one to Mother. We did not go back to *Spes Bona* till late and just in time for supper. I went into the Church on the way and played on the harmonium which is not at all a bad one though two stops are dummies. We did not stay long after supper but went home fairly early.

Monday, May 26

In the morning I met Stewart St. George at the new house and we decided on the bath and other things. We found that the largest size bath procurable here – a 5'6" bath – would go in all right so I decided on that. There will be a sink with hot and cold water in the kitchen which will make it very comfortable. After lunch, Kinghorn drove me up to Notch Hill and I saw the station-master and his wife and Smith, the storekeeper, an "old-timer" here. Mrs. Ashdown, the station-master's wife, told me, quite casually, that she had a swelling coming on her neck and that she thought that it was due to drinking the water here. A goitre, in fact. I told her that she ought to see a doctor at once. There are many more houses at Notch Hill than I had thought including a school and a Presbyterian Church. We got a lost box – the wooden one containing oddments – at the station and took it back to the new house. In the evening I went up to the Camp and bandaged up the foreman's dog's leg which was very badly cut and sprained from being run over.

Tuesday, May 27

I went down to Chase in the morning with Kinghorn in the steamer. We arrived after a very pretty run down the river between the big Lake and then across the little one. I had a rather unsuccessful time. I saw the Bank Manager to see if he had heard from Leamington about my transfer but he hadn't. Then we went through the little town, past the enormous sawmill, The Arrow River Lumber Company, which has made the place. I wanted to see a man who would build me a boat. He was away at Seymour Arm so I left word for him to write to me about it. Then I tried to buy a straw hat and some tumblers and couldn't get either and ultimately came home with only one of the things I wanted - a tent which cost \$9.75. We had lunch and quite a good one in the steamer and, when I got home, I went out fishing and at last succeeded in catching a fish and quite a good one after pulling one right in and then losing it. We had it for supper and it was delicious. I had Mother's second letter today.

Wednesday, May 28

After breakfast, Maud and I went over to the Store and ordered various things for the house. A roll-top desk, some chairs, a kitchen cupboard and so on. After lunch I borrowed Kinghorn's boat and rowed across the Lake and then walked about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to see Mrs. Hilliam. Such a pretty walk through thick forest on the flat at the mouth of the river there - Scotch Creek. I saw a young man called Zouski there but only for a moment. A Remittance Man [one who receives money from home, usually a son who does not inherit the property], I fancy. I must try and see more of him. I had tea with Mrs. Hilliam and then had a long walk along the shore to a Mrs. Morris. I found her there living alone as her husband has gone to England to fetch their daughter. She is C/E. They live there just for pleasure, not even a garden nor poultry. He is an expert engineer. She showed me some beautiful machines which he had made. Then a long pull home. The Davidsons came in after supper and I offered to start a little school here for which they seemed very grateful.

Thursday, May 29

Another hot day. I went over to the new house and found them busy fencing the garden which Syson had ploughed yesterday. I got Davidson to run a disc harrow over it so that we can plant it soon when the fencing is done. After lunch I went out and saw first Mrs. Jackson who was not in when I called on her husband last week - a very pleasant woman and a Scotch Presbyterian. Thence to the Dickies, the Christian Scientists. There are just the mother and daughter, both very pleasant, from Nova Scotia. They have a pleasant little house with one thing I should like to have, an oil stove, very neat and clean and capable of cooking anything very quickly. I had meant to go on to the Aitkens' but was hot and tired and so I went home.

Friday, May 30

We got one or two letters today and I heard from the Bishop [The Most Rev. Urias de Pencier] that he intends coming here on Monday week, 9th, I suppose, to institute me. We also got the Illustrated London News which was very acceptable as we have practically nothing to read. After lunch I went to see Mr. and Mrs. Aitken who were very pleasant. He is a Scot. From there

I walked some way up through the forest and saw Mrs. Currall who came out last year. She was at Selfridge [name of home?] and “not going out just now” [expecting a baby.] A lonely place with very little cleared. Then further on to see some people called Kite. He is a long, lean colonial and, so he told me, a “fruit expert.” He originally came out from England. She is a very nice woman with her first baby girl, just three weeks old. He has been here some time but has only just begun clearing. Then a lovely walk home and I went down to the Lake with Kinghorn and we had a bathe. My first. The water was rather cold but refreshing.

Saturday, May 31

We were busy packing up all our things for the move all the morning and Kinghorn drove round to take them across. It was very hot work and it took four loads. We have already accumulated so much. The house is not quite finished but very nearly and quite liveable in. We were so thankful when it was all over and I hope that we shall remain in this, our fourth house in three years, for some considerable time. But I understand that we can be given 70 days’ notice to quit at any time. We were in a horrible muddle and all upside down but we put the camp beds up and got them ready. No water is laid on yet so I had to get it all from the spring below the Store. We went over to the Kinghorns’ to supper which was a mercy as we were both so tired we could hardly walk. Luckily, it was a cool night – quite cold for here.

Sunday, June 1 – 1st after Trinity

There was a fair congregation in the morning and ten communicants which wasn’t bad as there was an evening service. We went to lunch at the Kinghorns’ and we meant to write letters afterwards but, when we came back, we were so sleepy that we sat on the verandah upstairs. It was a very hot afternoon and we were thankful that we could let out the stove as we were having meals at *Spes Bona*. We went across again to church at 7:00. I was rather disappointed that there were only two men from the Camp though, after all, that was something. I heard afterwards that some men came later as they thought that it was at 7:30. Miss Dickie made a diversion by playing the Magnificat immediately after the versicles so we were obliged to leave out the Psalms. We went back to supper at the Kinghorns’ and came home rather early.

Monday, June 2

When I was at the Store I was horrified to hear that the Archdeacon [The Ven. Henry Beer] had arrived to see me for I was decidedly negligent but he was such an old bushwhacker that it didn’t much matter. He is about 70 and wears an apron and gaiters. A white moustache and spectacles very spare and wrinkled and rather like an old hawk. He glories in being a bushwhacker. I found him very pleasant and I got lots of information from him as to the boundaries of the parish, etc. The man at Salmon Arm wants me to have some of his parish but I rather kicked at that and the Archdeacon agreed with me. The money for my motor-boat is forthcoming and I wrote to the Bishop at New Westminster asking him to help me get one at the Coast. The Archdeacon had to stay until 8:00 pm and Syson nobly took him and Kinghorn and me out in his motor-boat which went well for a trip to Blind Bay. I went to supper at the Kinghorns’ and then down to the cricket-field (so-called), to clear some of the stones away and help to make a pitch. Thirteen men came and we did a good deal and made it possible, at all events, to play.

Tuesday, June 3

I went and had a bathe before lunch and was delighted to find that the water was so much warmer. I could have stayed in a long time. I caught the steamer at two and went up the Lake. I was the only passenger the whole way. We went to Seymour, about 40 miles. It was nice and cool on the boat and we called at Celista and Celista Creek. The mountains on the left side were much higher than here, and there were houses now and then until we reached the Narrows. After that, there was scarcely anyone at all. We arrived about 7:30 and I found Captain Hilliam waiting for me on the government pier of whose construction he is in charge. I was astonished to find that there are only about 40 people at Seymour instead of the 200 I had been led to expect. A good hotel and a pleasant C/E (Church of England) manager where I stayed. There was a talkative young man from Sheffield whom I rather distrusted. Hilliam bored to tears with nothing to do except to sit on the end of the pier for which he gets \$125 a month. There were five young surveyors doing the town-site to one of whom I talked before going to bed.

Wednesday, June 4

I was up at five as breakfast was at six and I went out after and fished from the pier till lunch with very poor success as I only caught one. After lunch I had a talk with Moggridge, the hotel manager and then I went and visited practically all the houses. Most of the people are nonconformists and all were anxious for a service. Oh! for the motor-boat. I found several houses empty and the place seems dead. What chance there can ever be of a town springing up I cannot think. I found one interesting family, Collins, an artist of some repute, his wife and two sons. He has lived here three years, painting little water-colours which, so he told me, he sells in England for £30 to £40 apiece. They have a nice house. After supper I went out fishing on the Lake with one of the surveyors, Roe, from England and then I went to the Collins' where Mrs. Collins played on a small grand piano which they have and I also played. Thence to the Hotel to bed being kept awake by two idiots playing cards just outside my bed.

Thursday, June 5

I had meant to stay until Friday but I left in the morning as I had practically finished yesterday. The boat left at six. Hilliard came too as he was going to Chase to the dentist. We sailed to Sicamous towards Salmon Arm and there took the train to Notch Hill and I arrived home at 12:30. I found the bath installed and water laid on outside. After lunch Kinghorn drove me to Notch Hill where I saw Mrs. Smith, the storekeeper's wife, a pleasant woman with several daughters. I also saw Mrs. Brown, the wife of the foreman at Sorrento on the way up. They are from the States. Such a very nice woman. When we got back, Maud met us at *Spes Bona* and we all bathed but I was disappointed to find the water cold. The Lake has risen tremendously lately and I suppose that the snow water accounts for the coldness. Then home to supper and to bed, very tired.

Saturday, June 7

Mrs. Kinghorn heard from the Bishop [The Rt. Rev. Adam Urias de Pencier] today – at least, from Mrs. Bishop – to say that he intends coming here next Tuesday. He will arrive at 8:30 and leave at 4:00 a.m. and so he will not be here for a night. After lunch, Maud and I went to the Kinghorns' for some tennis, St. George and his wife, Mrs. Dickie and Mrs. Jackson being the company. I played one set very badly and wouldn't play more for fear of injuring my knee. The court didn't play at all badly considering it is the first year but was rather slow owing to the grass needing cutting. It was very hot all the afternoon. Some drops of rain fell while we were there and heavy rain was falling at supper time – at last! It made everything so cool and fresh.

Sunday, June 8

A beautiful fresh morning after the rain. All the dust laid, even on King George Road where it has been six inches deep. There was much the same congregation as usual at the church. I was glad to see Dingwall come in. We lunched at the Kinghorns' and then came home. I planted some seeds in the garden. About four I went down to the Wharf and Syson and Stewart St. George took me in the former's motor-boat to Blind Bay for service. It was decidedly rough and the boat danced about a good bit and took in some water and then, about opposite the point, the engine broke down. Fortunately, the wind was not so strong and, after about twenty minutes, Stewart got it going again. It made us rather late for an excellent tea with the Barnards'. There I saw his big orchard which is beautiful. Then to the parish hall and no-one came except Mr. Barnard. Rather a blow but I understand that a picnic had been arranged which, no doubt, kept people away. However, I shall go on trying. I walked back home, loaded with asparagus and Maud met me halfway.

Monday, June 9

I was busy all the morning starting making a washandstand and I bought some tools at the Store including a brace and bits. After lunch, I started for a longish walk to the local J.P. [Justice of the Peace] to get my signature witnessed on the customs forms which we have been sent. A very long way, first to the station and then some miles along the line. It was tiring walking along the sleepers as they are too near together and the sun was hot. I found the J.P. busy ploughing in potatoes, a decent man from Somerset called Porter. I had a bit of a talk with him and then Jack (my dog) and I started on the way home. I didn't feel really tired until Notch Hill and then felt nothing in my knee only my feet got sore. When I got home Maud and I had a glorious bathe. I found a big blister bust on my little toe which was very sore.

Tuesday, June 10

I more or less finished the washandstand in the morning but couldn't get the legs really firm. We had quite a big mail including a letter from Mrs. Glennie. I was very sorry to hear that young Glennie is so ill. He has had an operation and nothing can be done. The Bishop never came but wired that he had been summoned to the Supreme Court – presumably in Ottawa. Davidson came bringing a man called Macaulay who lives between Blind Bay and Notch Hill and I rowed back with him in the afternoon. I called on Mrs. Walter Dunne, Mr. Barnard's daughter, on the

way and found that she has a baby daughter whom I arranged to baptize on Sunday. Macaulay is a bachelor. He has a shack and clearing up the hill. He is a Scott from Glasgow. Very pleasant. I had tea with him and then walked home and had the inevitable bathe before super. I found some beautiful lupins on the way home and one pink one which I have not seen before.

Wednesday, June 11

The plumber still busy all day putting in the bath and connecting the water. The water never has run properly and, at last, he found the reason. One of the iron pipes has stopped up with the galvanize. When he had knocked it out, it was all right. I went out in the afternoon and saw some people called Sutherland who live in a good-sized house in a clearing behind Frank St. George. Very nice people. He was born in Manitoba and she originally came from Devonshire. They are church people and both have been confirmed. But they became Presbyterians. I had tea there and then back to the Kinghorns and we bathed. The water was much warmer. Then to the cricket ground where I spent most of the time looking for balls in the long clover and I had a net. The bowling was simply hopeless and I don't know how we can invite any team to come here until the clover is cut. It is one hit and then the ball is lost.

Thursday, June 12

A very slack day. I was busy writing letters in the morning including one to Mrs. Glennie. I am so sorry about her son. After lunch I went with a rod and tried some flyfishing off the mouth of the little creek with absolutely no success. Then I went and got a troll and fished for ages and never a sign of a fish. Fortunately Syson had one at the Store, brought by an Indian and we had half of it for supper. It was rather soft. The bath was fixed in today and then, when the unfortunate plumber turned on the water, there was a leak upstairs. There was more rain today and two rows of seeds have come up. Altogether a very slack, unsatisfactory day.

Friday, June 13

We had a fine mail this morning. Three papers, a long letter from Mother, one from Edith and one from Vi. The plumber finished in the morning and now we are actual possessors of a bathroom of our own and the water gets hot quite soon. I had meant to go to Celistia about twelve and I went over to the Kinghorns to borrow the boat but it came on to rain and simply deluged in torrents and it went on for hours so that I was obliged to stay at home. Another lost day. I was busy all the afternoon making a little table for the bathroom. I had a lot of trouble with the legs as I made them sloping outwards for a change and it was difficult to make them stand firm. However it fitted in beautifully which was a mercy. We had a change for supper this evening – some excellent beef-steak, such a nice change from the eternal tins and Syson unearthed some onions which still smell awful.

Saturday, June 14

I was busy making a towel-horse during the morning for the bathroom. It was light and strong but rather top-heavy. I hadn't time to finish it. After lunch, we changed and went over to the Kinghorns for tennis. Quite a party there including all the locals as before and a fat brother of

Kinghorn who has just been round the world in the Empress of Asia – a man of means who does nothing. Unfortunately it came on to rain very heavily soon after we began but we were able to play again after tea though the court was rather sodden. I played two sets. Miss Palmer and I against Kinghorn and Mrs. Jackson. Then Davidson (who can scarcely play) and I won both sets as one only had to hit the ball over the net to score, or thereabouts. The Cosbeaux came, having been caught on the Lake in the rain and were drenched to the skin.

Sunday, June 15 - iv after Trinity

A very nice day after the rain yesterday. There was a very fair congregation in the morning which included the christening party from Blind Bay, Mrs. Walter Dunne, Mr. Barnard's daughter being the mother. The baby, a little girl, was very good. There were 12 communicants. We went into the Kinghorns as usual for lunch and then came home for a long, lazy afternoon. I wrote most of a letter home and back for church at seven which I had arranged as I could not manage to get to Celistia in the week. There was again quite a good congregation but I was disappointed that none of the men came from the Camp. Miss Dickie did not come so I had to play and it was rather dark as something had gone wrong with the light. The collections during the day were very good – 12 dollars in all.

Monday, June 16

A cool day and showery. A good many of the seeds which I only planted last week have come through already. The lettuces and radishes and some of the peas in six days! I finished the towel-horse in the morning and made a much better job of it than before. I also made a bracket. After lunch I went out and saw some people called Defosses who live beyond Sutherland. Very nice French Canadians from the east who have bought a ten acre plot from the Company. Father, mother and three children. I was just leaving when they asked me to stay to tea and, when I said I would, I was horrified to see Mrs. Defosses hurriedly writing a note and I knew that it was to send out for bread. I waited for that tea until nearly seven o'clock. Two hours, during which we sat outside and talked and talked and talked until every subject seemed exhausted. Tea consisted of bread and butter, tinned tomatoes and blancmange which was actually cooked and cooled whilst we waited. My troubles for the day were not finished for, when I went upstairs to the bathroom, I put my foot right through the ceiling into the kitchen through a hole in the floor which the plumber had left for the carpenter to fill up. Maud nearly had a fit below and then, I found, that the kettle for which I had gone up was on the range.

Tuesday, June 17

We heard from Mrs. Gibbons, who is in Switzerland, this morning. I made another washandstand during the morning and we went out in the afternoon. We picked such a nice lot of wild strawberries and had them for lunch just outside here. Stewart St. George came after tea and said that he was going to Celistia and I asked him to try and see what he could do towards getting a 600 dollar boat there. I told him that I would go as far as \$525 for it. I really cannot afford any more. I hope that I can get it. He is to come back tomorrow. After tea, Maud and I went down the Blind Bay road and found several plants of pink lupins which we marked to tie up so as to get some seed to send home. They fenced the garden at last today, thank goodness, and I shall plant potatoes which will help to clear the ground.

Wednesday, June 18

Maud's washandstand was very troublesome but I at last got it to stand firmly on all four legs which was a great thing but I didn't quite finish it. It was tremendously hot in the middle of the day – perhaps the hottest we have so far had, but it was cooler later on. Stewart St. George came back from Chase (Celista was evidently a mistake yesterday) in the motor boat and I went down to see her. She is certainly a beauty but the difficulty is the price. Try as I would, I couldn't get the man to take less than \$575, and I may buy her at that. I am afraid that Master Stewart had gone to Chase after a commission and not on some business of the Hutchins' as he had told me. We went over to the Kinghorns for some tennis later on and were delayed on the way home by some heavy rain. I had one capital set. Davidson showed me a chair for the sanctuary today which the Hutchins' brought over. It is not at all bad.

Thursday, June 19

I managed to get the washandstand finished in the morning all except nailing it together. It fits capitally and Maud made a neat job of covering it with oilcloth which I had put on rather untidily in mine. There was tremendously heavy rain in the morning with thunder and lightning and one very violent clap just over our heads. After lunch I walked to Blind Bay and had tea with the Barnards. I took a notice of service for Sunday evening which I had written out to the Reedmans to hang up in the store. Mrs. Reedman has been bad as well as other people and it sounds like a mild form of Diphtheria and no wonder with fourteen people living together. Coming home I had to walk the whole way in heavy rain but, luckily, I had taken an umbrella and I kept fairly dry. Maud had tried to make some beans and bacon for supper but the beans were too hard. Then I tried frying them (she had boiled them and, when they came out, they actually bounced off our plates!

Friday, June 20

Maud saw a man who came yesterday wanting to sell me a motorboat – one which Kinghorn had tried with Hilliam and which toppled over when they both stood on one side and stopped there. So I was obliged to stay in until he came. I made a set of shelves today to go in the sitting-room behind the door and made a capital job of them. The motorboat man came after lunch and I shooed him away as his boat has only a 6 h.p. engine and he wanted 600 dollars for her. He left with the Parthian shaft that Bulmer's boat's engine is five years old. After supper Beemer came and asked me to go up and see his wife. I went up and found that she had a temperature of 104 and a bad throat. I advised him to send for the doctor if it were still up in the morning but he was uneasy so I went to the Store and wired for him to come in the morning. She looks so fragile and, I should say, has no stamina. They are both vegetarians and look as though a good meal would do them both good.

Saturday, June 21

I went to the church in the morning with the Davidsons and we took the chair there which the Hutchins have given us for the sanctuary. The church looks so smart as the floor has been

polished and the walls painted a cream colour. The doctor came about eleven and found Mrs. Beemer pretty bad. It looks very like diphtheria and he stayed all day and made them send for a nurse. He took a swab and sent it to Victoria but I devoutly hope that it is only tonsillitis. There was more rain today and we went over to the Kinghorns for tennis but couldn't play. A parson from Kamloops called. His name, I think, Akers [Akehurst] A dull dog of about fifty but quite harmless with a perfectly scarlet face. Maud had boiled a ham today and it was so good. We had it hot for supper.

Sunday, June 22

I heard in the morning that Mrs. Beemer is no better and no worse. There was a fair congregation in the morning, about the same as usual and I was glad to see one or two men, who have been absentees lately, back again. Quite a nice day and cool after the rain. We had lunch as usual at the Kinghorns and then I started for Blind Bay and got to the Barnards at five where I had tea and some excellent strawberries – not the first, though, as Mrs. Brown left us some and some lettuces last night. Young Barnard was there, too. We had service at seven and I was delighted to find a dozen there – such a pleasant surprise after the fiasco last time. The collection was \$2.75 which, with this morning, makes \$11.35 for the day which, I think, is very good. Mrs. Reedman told me that she has a little girl ill now and that the boys are actually peeling. I never heard more absolutely certain as scarlet fever. Perhaps we have diphtheria on one side and scarlet fever on the other!

Monday, June 23

I was delighted to hear in the morning that Mrs. Beemer is a good deal better which is such a mercy. Various things which we have ordered from Syson have now arrived and are now unpacked. The roll-top desk – a beauty – is in the woodshed awaiting the arrival of our furniture which is, I believe, now at Revelstoke. Besides that we have a reading-lamp, some chairs, the kitchen table and some tumblers. So now we are complete so far as getting things here is concerned. I was busy most of the day making a little table to stand by my bed and I made such a good one. So firm and neat and light. I sowed a long row of corn and finished planting the potatoes so now we have quite a lot in our garden. I heard after supper that the Bishop is coming here tomorrow. I am so glad as I can find out what he thinks about my getting an additional grant towards the boat.

Tuesday, June 24

We had a capital mail this morning which included a big summer number of the Illustrated London News with several coloured pictures which I shall frame. Also a wire from the Bishop from Salmon Arm saying that he couldn't get here so I telephoned to the station and heard that a freight left in 35 minutes. So I rushed home and tore through mud and rain to the station where, of course, I had to wait for ages. Fortunately the time was lightened by a fight between two drunk men. I got to Salmon Arm about three, found Archdeacon Webb in (a little man to whom I did not greatly take) and I found the Bishop at the bank. He is a tall, good-looking man looking about 48 and a Canadian. Very nice and practical. We had a long talk and all was satisfactory except as regards the boat as there are no funds available in addition to the stipend grant and he

advised me to buy it and to try and obtain the difference out of the people. I went to see young Ratcliffe from home who has a big, old orchard here. He is very young and boyish looking. Then I had tea with the Webbs whom I liked less than ever and caught the same train back as that on which Maud and I came by. I arrived home, rather tired, at nine o'clock.

Wednesday, June 25

I heard this morning that Mrs. Beemer is rather better but they have not yet heard from Victoria whether she had diphtheria or not. I started making Maud a meat-safe this morning to fit into the larder shelves and I got the frame and one of the two little shelves made. After lunch we changed and went over to the Kinghorns for tennis. Much the same people as usual and the court played somewhat better. There is quite good turf thanks to the rain but now sunshine is badly needed. I had two sets and won both of them and then Kinghorn, Eric Syson and I went down to bathe. The water was warmer than I have felt it although it has been so cold. The Lake has started to go down and we stayed in a long time and had some fun with a big log but I was cold for ages after when we had come out.

Thursday, June 26

Telephoned to Ashdown about our furniture and he said that he would wire to Revelstoke and see whether it had been sent off. I was obliged to put off a meeting of ladies I was having here about cleaning the church tomorrow as it hasn't come. I worked away at the meat-safe and finished it and made quite a neat job of it in spite of using odd bits of wood, some of which was warped. More rain again today and everything coming up so fast in the garden. After tea, Maud and I actually went for a walk together by the road towards the Sutherlands then down a very pretty clearing there and home by Beemers'. Such a lot of new wild flowers out and some of them so pretty. I saw Jackson and he told me that Mrs. Beemer is better but there is still no word from Victoria. We actually had some pork for supper and it was so good. I was busy after writing a long letter to Ottewell and one to Murray Bulmer saying that I would give him 575 dollars for the boat.

Friday, June 27

Ashdown telephoned down this morning that our furniture is at Revelstoke and that it wouldn't go through the door of a car and that they were waiting for a flat-topped car. Such a nuisance. Capital news from the Beemers. She has not got diphtheria. I am so thankful as I was sure that she had. We had a moderate mail. No papers but a good letter from Mother. After lunch I went across and saw Mrs. Beemer who is ever so much better and delighted that it was not diphtheria after all. They hope to leave for Montreal the week after next for a year as Beemer wants to have some treatment as he is rather consumptive. I had taken a book with me and I went on into the forest a little way and read there until about six and then home to supper. I went to cricket practice after but it was rather rot as there was no-one there who could bowl and, if got hold of a ball, it was lost at once.

Saturday, June 28

Such a very wet day here off and on. We seem to be having no sunshine. I went over to the Store and fetched the best part of 100 ft. of clear cedar which I had ordered. I want to make a big cupboard with it but I had to change my mind and get some V-joint which fits tighter. Beemer was the agent for the lumber company but I found that he had given up the job yesterday! I could only order 100 ft. of 2" X 4" for the frame and I shall have to write direct to the company for the rest. After lunch I made a new saw-bench which I have been wanting for some time and I made it very strong and firm on its legs after some trouble. Eric Syson and I had meant to bathe but there was a Presbyterian picnic party on the wharf so we couldn't go. We had beans and bacon this evening done in Eric Syson's way and they were quite good. This time, the beans were soft.

Sunday, June 29 – vi after Trinity – St. Peter

Alas! My birthday. 28 years old today. Would that I could stop there. Maud gave me a box of chocolates marked "Welcome" which she had got at the Store as a little present. I had a very good congregation in the morning including the Hilliams who came over in a motorboat he has either hired or bought. There were 13 communicants including Miss Rhodes who came in just before the administration [of communion]! Old Kim, who had already disturbed the service in church during the responses, showed his disapproval by instantly engaging in a fight with Mike outside which began with long growling like a train and culminated in a perfect uproar – all in the porch. We lunched at *Spes Bona* and spent a slack day after except for going for a walk after tea in the bush behind the church where I at last succeeded in finding some walking-sticks. We had a pie at night marked "Many Happy Returns" which was rather burnt but with the inscription still visible.

Monday, June 30

Char's birthday. It was a most frightfully wet day here, the rain at intervals being heavier than I have almost ever seen. After lunch I went for a longish walk beyond Moore's to see a young man called Biddulph who lives there but was working at another place of Moore's a mile further on. I got more or less lost in the bush. I got caught in a terrific storm and was drenched. However I found Biddulph, a typical aristocratic degenerate, slight, about 22 and great-grandson of Lord Biddulph [<http://www.cracroftspeerage.co.uk/online/content/index877.htm>] I took him some money on an order from Eric Syson so I suppose that he is a remittance man and shipped out here to be out of the way. He seemed nice but I doubt if he will stay long. I was glad to get home and change and I had letters to write after dinner, as the mail goes early tomorrow being Dominion Day.

Tuesday, July 1

Dominion Day and nearly everyone gone to Salmon Arm for sports and festivities. Luckily it was quite a nice day all day. We had a splendid mail. I shouldn't like to say how many newspapers which included the local ones from Lichfield which I had ordered and the Guardian. What pleased me much was a cheque from the Treasurer of the Diocese for 95 dollars, the

balance for my boat. I had quite made up my mind that I should have to pay it all myself. The Armitage Parish Magazine came but it contained very little news of any interest. After lunch Maud and I went over to *Spes Bona* for tennis. We had some very good sets and I played considerably better. About six, who should come up but Murray Bulmer with the boat so I had got her! He wanted me to go back with him to Chase then and there but I arranged for the next day. Such a tremendous relief that I am at last provided with a boat and a real good one at that.

Wednesday, July 2

Maud and I journeyed down to Chase in the morning for the boat. Ashdown told me that he had heard nothing further of our furniture. We did some shopping in a store in Chase and I bought a straw hat and some weird boots which are very cool and comfortable. We found Murray Bulmer after some difficulty at the pub and we lunched there – such a capital lunch for fifty cents. Then we went down to the pier. The boat was all ready and, instead of a couple of hours in her, I had about five minutes and was quite satisfied. So we embarked after paying the bill for 590 dollars together with some petrol and oil. After having various things done, we started for home.

Thursday, July 3

We had a very busy morning getting ready for a trip to Seymour Arm. We had meant to start early but our preparations took so much longer than we had thought, that we weren't off until nearly one. It was such a rush and we took such ages filling her up with petrol and wasted a lot doing it. We ran for an hour and then stopped between Copper Island and Eagle Bay and had lunch on the shore. Maud hadn't packed much and we had a very simple meal. Then away again and we drove on until about six and then we stopped in sight of Celistia Creek, about 12 miles from Seymour Arm and got ready for the night. There was a little creek where we stopped and I tried to catch some fish but without any success. We had some difficulty in putting up the tent but eventually got everything fixed up for the night and we went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday, July 4

We had a rather middling night but it might have been worse. We woke up early. I had meant to start as early as possible but we were disgusted to hear the rain pattering down on the tent so we just lay in bed until nine o'clock. We got away about eleven and we reached Seymour Arm in exactly an hour. Hilliam was waiting for us and he got us some lunch in the shape of a cup of tea and some cake and things. I saw Moggridge and arranged with him for Sunday, and after staying about a couple of hours, away for home. We took Hilliam back with us, anxious, as ever, to see the last of Seymour Arm for a bit. We got home, into the house, that is, at nine and then I unpacked the beds which had arrived from London all the way round by Cape Horn and I put two of them up so that it was just twelve before we were in bed. The beds are very comfortable with spring mattresses.

Saturday, July 5

I was off pretty early and I got off in the boat at 10:30. Maud didn't come but Hilliam brought his wife so we were three just the same. We stopped short of the Narrows for lunch and we

arrived at Seymour about five after an uneventful trip. When we got there, I found to my horror that the steamer had brought no petrol and I only succeeded in getting some after the greatest difficulty from Collins, the son of the artist, whom I met on the beach. I had to pay that back to a man from whom I borrowed some yesterday and then had to rely on a promise of some distillate from Hooper, the motorboat man. I saw Moggridge from whom I heard that a Methodist minister had arrived by the boat so I rushed round to "Judge" Daniels and got the key of the school for the service. We all went to the Collins' after and, on the way back, Hilliam told me that he had said that none of them had been in a place of worship for 25 years, which is a great disappointment to me. To bed in my tent, very tired at eleven.

Sunday, July 6 – vii after Trinity

A hot morning. After breakfast I went round to the school and got things ready for the service. Unfortunately there was no musical instrument of any sort. There was really an excellent congregation of about 25 people but scarcely any church people which made it rather awkward as no-one knew when to stand up and when not. However, we got through it all right and the hymns went well. The Methodist minister was there and he seemed quite pleasant afterward and anxious to arrange things so that we might not clash in the future. I hope to go there once in three weeks. I got Mrs. Hilliam off after some difficulty (neither of them came to the service) and then away for home. We had it a bit rough in the Arm and very heavy rain after but we got home, after a very fast run, at 5:30. The distillate seems to make her go even faster. Service was at 7:00 and there was a fair congregation including Biddulph who came over to tea and into supper after. He is remarkably well-read and we had some interesting talk after which was quite a change for here. Thank goodness these perfectly awfully strenuous days are over.

Monday, July 7

I was glad of a slack, quiet day. I started making the door of the cupboard which I am going to put into the "spare room" as the wood I had ordered from Chase came down this afternoon by Hammond. After tea a message came down from the Camp that a man had cut himself and would I go up? So I took the surgical box and found that a man from over the Lake called Nicholls had a great gash just below his knee. He was very plucky and didn't seem to mind much and had actually walked home with it and washed it himself with soap and water! I washed it out, drew it together and bandaged it up. But I don't suppose that he will ever keep still. We wrote our letters after supper.

Tuesday, July 8

Not much of a mail in the morning, in fact, a very poor one and no news from the Bank yet which is so trying. I went and saw the Dickies in the morning and arranged the hymns for Sunday. After lunch, Maud and I went out in the boat and towed the Davidsons' boat (we took them in ours) to Scotch Creek before going on to Celista. I saw Fowler there and then went on to Riley, the postmaster, and arranged for a service there on Sunday. Rather queer people as I believe many of them are in Celista. When I got back to Scotch Creek, I found that Maud had caught several [fish] little but big enough to keep. We drove some way up the Creek where I fished but we were simply eaten alive by mosquitoes and I never had a rise so I gave up and we

went home. We had a lobster salad in the evening which was so good! We had the lettuces from Brown as ours are not quite big enough yet. The lobster was tinned, from the Store.

Wednesday, July 9

I was busy all the morning at the cupboard and I very nearly finished one door. I went up and saw Nicholls at the Camp after lunch and found his leg going on all right. I put another dressing on it. As I expected, he had been walking about on it and it had opened and bled a good deal. After lunch it rained and we waited until it cleared up before going over to the Kinghorns for tennis. Much the same people there as usual. We played one set – a men's set – and then the rain began again and we had to stop playing altogether which was very tiresome. There was a furious storm and very heavy rain later on. After supper I wrote various letters including the Traffic Superintendent at Vancouver asking him to speed up our furniture which is still at Revelstoke.

Thursday, July 9

Great news in the morning. Eric Syson came over to tell us that our furniture has come at last! So, immediately after breakfast, I walked up to the Hill and found it there in an enormous box, 6" [?] each way. It was too big for Hammond, so we unpacked it and he was to bring it down after lunch. Unfortunately, it simply poured all the afternoon so he could not bring it. I had got the mail at Notch Hill as I wanted to see if a parson, the secretary of the Diocese [The Rev. Herbert Solly] had replied to a letter I wrote to him on Friday. He said that he was coming today at 7:45 pm to inspect the parish and we had written to him saying we had no furniture. There was nothing from him which was very worrying. After lunch I finished door number two for the cupboard and then I went and saw Nicholls who is going well. After dinner I was summoned to the telephone and the parson had arrived after all. He had never got my letter. So I was obliged to tell him to go to the Hotel at Notch Hill and he did not seem very pleased. Maud wasn't feeling well.

Friday, July 10

I went up to the station in the morning and met our furniture coming down. Hammond had succeeded in getting all of it, together with the crate, in one load. I saw Mr. Solly, the Diocesan Secretary, at the Hotel and we walked down together. Not a bad sort of man. He has been 25 years in this country. His job is to try and see whether parishes can get on without a grant. That is whether they can be self-supporting. His visit here is rather premature because I cannot tell him yet how many church people there are round the Lake who might be likely to subscribe. He wants us to raise 1200 dollars. I wish we could get it! We worked all the afternoon getting things straight and finished more or less. Such a change from squalor to comparative comfort. After tea, I drove Solly round to Blind Bay in the boat and, after supper, Syson and Davidson came in and talked over the finances. We more or less settled on the envelope system. Maud had been poorly all day but was better in the evening.

Saturday, July 12

I got a long and rather impertinent letter from Miss Rhodes in the morning which she had left at the Store. What it is about, I can't make out. I went to the School Meeting in the morning only to find out that I am not eligible to be elected as a trustee because of my profession and not qualified to vote as I have not been here long enough. So I couldn't do much. They settled to have a school which is a good job and build almost immediately. Maud and I went over to Mrs. Hilliam's for lunch and we were terribly bitten by mosquitoes coming back. They positively swarm at Scotch Creek. She gave us some very welcome vegetables. It rained as we were starting. After lunch we went back and Maud went to clean the Church with Mrs. Jackson and I went home and fetched Solly (who stays till Tuesday) and we went to the Kinghorns. I found them trying to play tennis without much success as it was so wet.

Sunday, July 13

An appalling day. Floods of rain incessantly and quite cold. Solly had a celebration at eight and then were only four. He preached at the service at eleven. There was a wretched congregation which was particularly unfortunate as he spoke to them about the object of his visit. We went to lunch at *Spes Bona* as usual after the service. Then home and Biddulph came in again. I took him and Solly over to Celista for service. The rain was coming down as hard as ever and we had an awful time of it especially as the boat would not start up at any price for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. We got there at last in floods and as I had feared, found scarcely anyone there. Only Riley from the post-office and a woman called Nelson who had walked with two children for five miles. I was glad that I had the service if only for her sake. Biddulph and Solly had quite a heated argument at supper about socialism. Biddulph evidently can't bear having his leg pulled.

Monday, July 14

I had a very busy morning making another book-case to go along the other wall at right angles to the other one as far as the stove projection. I made it with fixed shelves so it didn't really take very long and I practically finished it before lunch. Syson called for Solly in the morning to go round Sorrento to see what people would give per week. I don't think that the result was altogether satisfactory. Mrs. Dickie, on being approached, declared herself a Christian Scientist and then burst into tears which didn't add to the pleasure of the call. Solly said that parishes averaged fifty cents a week for each church person, so, if we could get fifty people, we should get 1200 dollars a year which would be very good. It came on to rain very heavily when they got back so we couldn't go out again and I finished the book-case instead.

Tuesday, July 15

Solly left early in the morning and I wasn't very sorry as a little of him goes a long way and he had an objectionable habit of crabbing all the other clergy. More heavy rain. In the afternoon I drove the boat round to Blind Bay to try to arrange a service on Sunday and saw Mr. Barnard about it. Unfortunately they are to have a show of some sort in the room on Friday and don't think that they can get it cleared in time. So I shall have to try and have one at Eagle Bay instead. I went round to the Reedmans and there saw a Mrs. Stewart, a friend of the Davidsons,

who is lodging there. Then home where I found Mrs. Kinghorn and Mrs. St. George who had come to tea. Just after, a man came over from Celista, young Riley, to ask me if I would go over there on Friday and bury a young man named Major who has died there. I was busy arranging my books in the evening on the new shelves.

Wednesday, July 16

A fine day at last. Eric Syson told me that Dingwall would sell me five acres of his land at 200 dollars an acre, or, if I would lend him some money, that he would make his improvements. Then he could obtain his patent and sell. It is worth thinking over. I drove off to Eagle Bay in the morning and saw a good many people there. I was surprised to find that all the land right up to the Narrows is now taken up, though, of course, a good many of the people have not yet come in. I found a Bible Society man there called McKay who was anxious to have a service and eventually I arranged to have it on Sunday at 11:00 at a shack belonging to a man called Rhodes. Everyone there, or, almost everyone, has only just come out and all are busy clearing and building log huts. They were all most pleasant and it was altogether very encouraging. I had a mishap getting started as I slipped in the boat and went through some of the wires and it took some time connecting them. I got one wrong but she came back all right and I put it right with the help of some men building the Hutchins' house. One of them has a motorboat.

Thursday, July 17

I was away up to Eagle Bay to see the people again. I went before lunch and I had a thoroughly satisfactory afternoon's visiting. I found everybody at home and all were very pleasant. I found a man named Read and wife and family. He is a native of Cheltenham. He knew Boddington [Manor - Maude's family's estate]. Also another man called Argyle who lived for many years at Rugglely and knew the Rector well when he was at Brereton! He seemed a very decent sort but no good from a church point of view. I had me a man called Shuttleworth in the train coming back from Seymour and I found his wife and daughter and another little girl staying in a log hut on the site of their future home. They were anxious to come to the service on Sunday and I arranged to pick them up and several others on my way up. Altogether a very nice but very hot day and I was back very late having finished every house on that side of the Lake.

Friday, July 18

I had very bad news in the morning. I had a letter from Aubrey Powell telling me that Wily Hulton had died in India on 26th of last month. It seems so terribly sad. His is the only photograph of any of the twelve men at Trinity [College, Cambridge] who were such friends that I have on my desk. The first of our twelve to go! I wrote to Mrs. Hulton. I was hard at it writing letters all the morning but I went down to the wharf with Syson to bathe before lunch. Then I left for the funeral at Celista. Such a crowd of people, practically all men. The steamer brought the coffin at about three and then there was a long delay as they wanted to get it out of the shell. They eventually found that they couldn't as it was enclosed in a zinc case so they widened the grave instead. Such a long wait in a blazing sun. I went home immediately after and about 7 or 8 ladies came to tea and arranged themselves into pairs to clean the church month

by month. They left about six. Today was quite the hottest day we have had and Maud and I went down and bathed before supper.

Saturday, July 19

Another even hotter day. I was hard at it during the morning at the framework of the cupboard upstairs and didn't get on very well as it is hard to do. The usual bathe at 12:00 and, in the afternoon, to the Kinghorns for tennis. We didn't play until after tea as it was so fearfully hot. There was quite a crowd there including the Hon. [John] Aylmer and his wife from Chase. He is the Government Inspector of Waterways, quite a pleasant elderly Englishman. He is a keen fisherman and he left me three good flies and gave me some good advice. He has caught a lot at the mouths of the creeks. One of the C.P.R. engineers was also there and he told me that the new line will miss the church by fifty feet. Quite near enough to be pleasant. The tennis was too rotten for words as there was no-one there who had the ghost of an idea how to play bar Syson so that it was practically a farce. We had some green peas and raspberries for supper this evening.

Sunday, July 20

Maud and I drove off in the boat to Eagle Bay in the morning and I had a service there at Rhodes' at 11:00. We picked up Mrs. Shuttlewood and two little girls (one her daughter), and the entire Read family with Snowdon Malzer, on the way. There was an excellent congregation considering the population and I held the service in the open air as it was so hot. The collection was \$3.10. We had lunch at Copper Island on the way home in really intense heat before which we bathed. I went in all face as I had not brought any kit and, of course, a motor-boat came up in the middle with a large party and passed within a few yards. We found Biddulph at home when we got back and he had tea and stayed to supper after evensong. I had Sunday School before for the first time but only the Davidson children came. Joe knows nothing and he can scarcely read and knows literally nothing of religion. I arranged for him to come to me in the mornings in future for an hour. There was a very good congregation for the service.

Monday, July 21

Still sweltering hot. Maud has a nasty looking bite behind one of her knees. I was hard at work at the cupboard during the morning and, after lunch, drove the boat to Celista to baptize a baby of a young couple called Kappel. He had asked me to do so at the funeral. They live in a pretty little log hut beyond the post office. There were about ten people there and all went satisfactorily. I, of course, declined a fee but said that he might make a donation for the Church and I shall try to start a fund towards church-building from any fees which I receive. Then I went and arranged a marriage at a house this side of Thomson's Bluff opposite Copper Island. The girl wouldn't be married in church so I said that I would marry them there on a license. There was a niece of hers there aged five and I arranged to baptize her when I came for the wedding. I came home. It was a very hot night – the first we have had – and neither of us slept well.

Tuesday, July 22

I went down very early (6:30) to send a message on the steamer to Seymour Arm. She was so long in coming that I left it with Dingwall who was working on the pier and, at the same time, arranged with him to see him in the evening to lend him 600 dollars. Joe Davidson came in the morning and had his first lesson in reading and it was rather hard work as he is so ignorant. I worked hard at the cupboard all the afternoon in the heat. Upstairs it was almost insupportable. In the kitchen it was 108 without a fire and 93 in the shade outside and 116 in the sun. I found the cupboard rather hard to do. I went down to Dingwall's after supper and arranged to lend him 600 dollars at 8% on his note which Eric Syson had agreed to back. I am afraid that it is rather unbusinesslike as there is really no security but I think that I can trust Dingwall to buck up and get the necessary improvements done so that he can get his patent and then, of course, the money is as safe as possible. Maud's knee still bad.

Wednesday, July 21

Joe came again in the morning after which I spent most of the day working at the cupboard and I got the worst of it done. It was melting work but I want to get it done before Maud's Aunt comes to stay on Saturday. It will be very useful when it is done as it is partly hanging, partly shelves which draw out. I bathed with Eric Syson at twelve, the water so warm now. Poor Maud's leg not much better although the place has broken. To the Kinghorns at tea-time and we had one set [of tennis] and we went down to bath afterwards. Yesterday and today are the Pageant days at home. How I wish I were there to see how they got on!

Thursday, July 24

The hottest day we have had so far – 95 in the shade but we did not notice it much. I suppose because we are getting used to it. Joe came as usual and I spent a strenuous day at the cupboard. It was terrific working up there all day and I felt tired towards the evening. However, I got most of it done and put up most of the hooks on which to hang the clothes. But I had to leave the shelves as I have no more lumber owing to Syson's man pinching some of mine to finish off the Store. I had a lovely bathe with Syson in the evening, the water being simply tepid - nearly 70. After supper, I wrote letters to Armitage. Thank goodness, a cool night. Almost chilly, in fact.

Friday, July 25

We had a most strenuous day although it was hotter than ever. At all events, it felt hotter for there was that horrible thing, a hot wind. But, as it was 95 in the shade, it could scarcely have been hotter. I heard from Mrs. Glennie that her son is worse and gradually getting weaker and that they are now only waiting for the end. It is very sad. I finished the cupboard in the morning except for a few small jobs and, after lunch, we were busy cleaning the room and getting it straight for our visitor tomorrow. We swept away all the rubbish – such a quantity – laid the carpet and furnished it, putting in the spare room furniture. That is the dressing-table from home and one of the new beds. I was glad when it was done. I finished a heavy day by scrubbing out the kitchen with the new broom scrubber. This wretched wind gave us a hot night which was very unpleasant.

Saturday, July 26

I was up very early getting things tidy and finished off. Maude drove King's trap up to the station and met her Aunt Frances from Vancouver at 8:30. Soon after breakfast, I went down to the boat and spent a long time at her, filling her with petrol of which I now have a large stock, greasing her and so on and getting her in thorough [shape] for Seymour Arm tomorrow. I had a job straightening the tiller bar which had got bent and putting it on again but eventually I finished everything and ran her out for a short trial trip. It was hot but not so hot as yesterday. We went over to the Kinghorns for tennis after lunch and I had some capital sets but lost a tie in a competition. Mr. St. George, Mrs. Kinghorn's father, was there. He is an Englishman but has been out in Canada for more than forty years and a great engineer. Very pleasant and still speaking like an Englishman. Home to supper and we had one of a couple of ducks which Maud roasted yesterday. Our water was cut off as they are cleaning out the Creek above the Camp.

Sunday, July 27

Quite a hot day again. Service at Sorrento was at 11:00 and I had Joe Davidson and his sister at Sunday School. It is disappointing that more do not come. There was not a very good congregation which was unfortunate especially as we have our visitor here. Immediately after we went down to the boat, just calling at home for the beds and last things and we were away in good time and arrived about six after an uneventful journey. Moggridge met us. He has a very [deep] cut on his hand from an axe and he had to have a good many stitches in it. The unfortunate man has his wife laid up with pleurisy and is sending her to hospital tomorrow by boat. I had a capital congregation at seven, the room being quite full but a poor collection. Maud and I camped round where the steamer lies as I found an old camping ground there with poles up which saved a lot of trouble. We all three had supper together and then to bed after seeing Aunt Francis safely back to bed in the Hotel.

Monday, July 28

A truly ghastly day. We left at 10 and had tremendous rain in the Arm which was very unpleasant but worse was to come. I saw another boat on shore and thought that the man was signalling to me. This was before rounding the Point. When we got round, we ran into a strong wind and a very heavy sea. I drove about 200 yards and then ran her straight to the shore. I got Aunt Frances out and kept the boat off the rocks – there is a high cliff there – and eventually managed to get her round and round the corner. There I found a man sheltering from the wind. I climbed over the cliff with some difficulty and so to Aunt Frances and the wind dropped quickly. So we waited to be fetched until, at last, when no-one came, I climbed back up the cliff to fetch my boat. Needless to say, I saw him coming round when I was at the top! I fetched my boat, we had a sort of lunch, and then started off again. There was a heavy swell but not much wind. Then I ran out of petrol. Another delay. The waves were ahead but, sooner or later, we had to cross and we did opposite Eagle Bay, the other boat following in my wake. We had a lively time as my engine began to miss and he nearly swamped. Soon after we got over, he ran out of petrol and I had to go back to him again and then, starting up, the propeller shaft came apart from the

engine. That was another long delay but we got it right at last and we were home at 6:30 after being eight and a half hours on the trip and I was very glad to get home safe and sound.

Tuesday, July 29

Aunt Frances left at 8:33 and I drove her up to the station in King's rig. She is nice and I was very sorry when she left. Maud has another bad place come, this time, on top of her knee. I was busy during the morning doing odd jobs but I felt my knee rather stiff. I had meant to visit round here in the afternoon but I just looked at my knee first and was horrified to find quite a lot of fluid there again. It is too sickening and I feel so miserable about it especially as it is almost impossible to rest it properly. Poor Maud's knee is so stiff and painful too. We are a pair and we spent the afternoon sleeping in chairs as we were both tired. I heard from Dorothy Glennie today. Her brother, Bob, has died. I expected it from Mrs. Glennie's last letters and I expect that it is a merciful release. I wrote to The Times today ordering a good many books from its secondhand catalogue.

Wednesday, July 30

Our knees no better and poor Maud's so painful. Mine doesn't hurt the least bit but I daren't do much on it. Kinghorn came over in the morning with old Mr. St. George bringing some raspberries and I asked him to send Dr. Burriss round here as he is in Sorrento at present. He came in for the afternoon and, to my disgust, told me that I must rest my leg for a week or ten days. So all the services will have to be put off on Sunday. It is a bitter disappointment as I had hoped that my knee was quite well. I must have done it climbing about on Monday. Fortunately, we have some of the powerful iodine here and lots of cotton wool. I got the doctor to look at Maud's knee and he told her to keep on poulticing it with linseed [oil] which we have been doing. Altogether a dismal day.

Thursday, July 31

Neither of our knees showed much sign of improvement although I don't think that either was worse. Maud's was so painful when she got up after sitting down. I had various visitors during the day. Joe Davidson, Kinghorn (who brought a rain-gauge for me to keep for the Government), Mrs. Dunne, who came to call and Davidson who came in after supper. Another hot day and it looks like a recurrence of the hot weather. Nothing personally to record as we both sat in here all day, only getting up for meals.

Friday, August 1

A most bitter disappointment in the morning. A most miserable mail – absolutely no English mail at all, no papers, that is. Poor old Mrs. Glennie wrote me a letter about her son. I wrote to her. Maud's knee scarcely any better. Some stuff, a paste like antiphlogistine, which Mrs. Kinghorn had sent, no use at all. So we returned to the good old linseed again in the evening. I thought that my knee had gone down a bit. I am lucky in having some of the extra strong iodine which is very powerful. It causes positive agony if it gets into one's eyes. Davidson came in in the evening.

Saturday, August 2

My knee decidedly better, thank goodness. Practically all the fluid seemed to have gone when I looked at it at night when we went to bed. Maud's seemed much more drawn up in the morning and, at night, the long-wished for result came at last. Thank everything for both as we have had a dismal week. Burkhart came over in the morning saying that he had got his license and I arranged to marry him today. So he and the bride with her Mother (who disapproved of the match with good reason as they haven't a cent) came over after lunch, turning out Mrs. Hutchins who was returning Maud's call. The Mother wasn't coming in but was going on to Notch Hill!!! But I had to make her to be a witness and we soon made a job of it. Syson told me that they started housekeeping on 2.50 dollars which doesn't sound very exciting. Poor things, they were caught in a dreadful storm going back home and, I believe, nearly swamped but got safely there in the end. Such a hot day again today with another of those horrible hot winds.

Sunday, August 3

Both of us a good deal better in the morning, especially Maud whose knee was not nearly so painful. We had Syson over in the morning and he cut a nice lot of wood for us. A very hot afternoon again. Biddulph came over in the afternoon and was as argumentative as ever. I feel very sorry for him. He is a decidedly round peg in a square hole as the Moores are pretty surly and disagreeable. He can't make out whether they want to fire him out or no. Which makes things rather *difficile*. Mrs. Davidson came over to see how we were but she didn't stay long. Rather a dull day with both of us getting tired of our ailments.

Monday, August 4

Maud's knee much better today and mine feeling practically all right only a bit weak. A really very hot day – scorching. Joe and his sister, Wentworth, came in the morning. I find her a good deal easier to teach than he is. She can read and write fairly well which is something at all events. I have made out a little time-table for them so as to map out a plan of what I want to teach them. It is hard work and not very encouraging at present. Mrs. Kinghorn came to see us in the afternoon and asked us to a party on Sunday for Mrs. and Mrs. St. George's wedding day. They have been married 43 years on Sunday. I wrote various letters in the evening.

Tuesday, August 5

Another hot day with one of those hot winds which we loathe. Both of us much better. My knee really looks smaller than it has done since the accident. If only it would keep so! We had quite a good mail today but only two letters – one from Mother which had evidently been delayed and the other from Mrs. Gibbons which just mentioned that the first performance of the Pageant had gone well with a fine day and that a £100 worth of tickets had been sold before the show. She also told us that poor old Billy, her dog, was dead. I was busy writing letters all the morning after Joe and Wentworth had gone. Joe is so stupid and tiresome. We ordered a two burner oil stove today from Syson. What a lot it would have saved us if only we had had it last week! We had some of our peas today out of the garden. They were so good but we have very few of them.

Wednesday, August 6

A beautiful cool day at last and some rain in the afternoon. Alas, for the garden! About five this morning a hateful cow got in. We heard a cow-bell and I found three beasts had eaten practically all the peas, all the corn, and all the lettuces. It was really too heart-breaking to see what little was left. I turned them out and couldn't even hit one owing to my knee! Joe came as usual in the morning and got on rather better. He is easier to teach when he comes alone. My knee a good deal better and I sawed and split a lot of wood in the afternoon and was glad of the exercise. Kinghorn came in the evening and stayed a good while talking. He wanted me to join the "Syndicate" which, I think, owns the property and he laid out the bribe of water in the winter. But I wasn't having any.

Thursday, August 7

A very wet day and torrents of rain in the afternoon. The coolness so pleasant after the heat. My knee ever so much better and practically well only a bit weak. Maud was busy upstairs putting things tidy and getting clothes into the cupboard although it is not yet quite finished. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard came to call in the afternoon and were very pleasant. He told me that the best thing I could do for the garden would be to get as many salmon as I could from Scotch Creek and bury them there which sounds rather unsavoury. But I shall try to do it. I got on with a sermon for Sunday after they had gone and wrote letters after supper including one to Basil Wilson to whom I never wrote and who never writes to me on our birthday. The first time that we ever missed.

Friday, August 8

We both passed a thoroughly slack day. Quite a good mail in the morning so far as papers go but very few letters. A long one from Vi all about the Pageant written between the performances but astonishingly little news of real interest. Princess Patricia at one performance which sounds healthy. I walked over to the Store for the mail; quite a change after being in so long. Eric Syson had heard from the piano people and can get me a piano costing 550 dollars for 475 if I can pay in six months. I ordered it right away and, by now, his letter is on the way. Hurrah! It should arrive before the end of the next week. Joe came as usual with Wentworth and the rest of the day we spent in idleness. I finished my sermon for Sunday evening. A very high wind and the Lake so very rough.

Saturday, August 9

Quite a hot day again but not so hot as we have had it. I went down to the Store in the morning and found Captain Hilliam there. He came back with me and told me that he had now finished at Seymour Arm. He told me that Moggridge had got the sack from the Hotel. I am very sorry to hear it as he was a great help to me there. Also, the storekeeper has likewise been fired. After he had gone, I was busy sawing and splitting wood and I have now got quite a pile. I hope to accumulate more and more gradually for the winter. Maud made a very pretty little workbox for herself. The water was running so badly that I went up to see it and I found the entry into the barrel silted up as the sieve had come away. I cleared out the barrel but the water didn't come

any better and I am afraid that the pipe must be choked. I saw Stewart St. George about it and he said he would put it right on Monday.

Sunday, August 10

Rather a hot day. I had service here at eleven and celebration afterwards. There was quite a fair congregation and a most excellent [collection] of \$34.80 which included a gift of 20 dollars for the bell fund from Mr. and Mrs. St. George. There was a big dinner-party on the beach afterwards to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. St. George's 42nd anniversary of their wedding. All the family there with Eric Syson and Mrs. Burris with her child and ourselves. They gave us such an excellent lunch after which some of them went over to Scotch Creek to see whether any salmon were coming up. I stayed behind and bathed. We spent the whole afternoon there as I had put off the service at Eagle Bay and we went home feeling that we had eaten too much.

Monday, August 11

I went down to the pier in the morning and worked at the boat. I hadn't been down to her for a fortnight. The bedding and things [were] still in her, so I gave them an airing in the sun. I ran her out afterwards just to see whether she was all right. After lunch I had intended visiting but we were both tired of being at home so we went down to the boat and drove to the mouth of the Little River to fish. I felt sure that we ought to catch something there after what I had heard but, alas, we got absolutely nothing. We met several of the *Spes Bona* party coming up from Chase and they stopped and fished there, too. Likewise with no result. We were home about six. I took Frank St. George with me and dropped him off on the way home.

Tuesday, August 12

There was again no English mail this morning so even now we don't know whether the Pageant was a real success. I was rather uneasy about my knee which seemed a little fuller but I hope not. Maud saw Dr. Burris at the Store and he said that he would come over but he did not appear. I finished off my letters in the morning and sent them off. It was very rough on the Lake. After lunch I started making the shelves for the other part of the cupboard but I did not do much as I didn't want to walk much on my knee. Altogether a somewhat cheerless day.

Wednesday, August 13

I was very busy all day with the cupboard and thought that my knee was better though I had some pain on the inside where I felt it when I first did it. Joe came in in the morning and his father happened to come in a listened. He was evidently not satisfied as I heard him give Joe a terrible piece of his mind afterwards! I wasn't very sorry as I am sure that Joe could keep his mind on it more if he tried. I finished the shelves (two pull out), by the evening and got them more or less in place in the cupboard. They fit quite well and pull out quite easily. There was heavy rain in the afternoon so we didn't go over to the Kinghorns as we had thought of doing. Davidson came over after supper and stopped some time talking. We were discussing the feasibility of starting poultry here with a view of making money.

Thursday, August 14

Stewart St. George came over in the morning as our water has practically stopped running. He found several of the pipes almost stopped up and now it runs better than it has ever done. Reid from Eagle Bay and young Thomson came to see me to ask me to bury the latter's brother, son of Thomson at the Bluff, who has died of typhoid at Kamloops. So very sad as he was only 26. The funeral tomorrow at Celista at 11:00. Dr. Burris came. He said that my knee was ever so much better but that I had better wear an elastic stocking. I finished off the cupboard in the afternoon. It is so handy and useful. There was heavy rain in the evening and the weather so much cooler – almost cold, in fact. Maud and I took a little walk first to the Church to get my bag and things and then to the boat to take them there. We had a look at the Hutchins' new home which is getting on well. Our new oil-stove came today. It is so neat and convenient.

Friday, August 15

Tremendous news this morning which I cannot help writing down first. Nance is engaged to Harold Ward! I am so glad for her sake but what poor Mother will do without her we can't imagine. She will be simply lost as she has come to depend on Nance so much. Quite a good mail in the morning including several local papers from home full of accounts of the Pageant which certainly seems to have been a howling success. There must have been fully 4,000 people at it including Princess Patricia of Connaught. I went off to Celista in the morning after terrific difficulty in starting up and I got there just in time for the funeral at 11:00. The engine was missing fire all the way over. There was a good number of people there and this time everything went off without a hitch. I drove the poor father and mother and one or two others back to the Bluff and saw Mrs. Thomson who was very much cut up. When I got home Eric Syson came over bringing a little music stool. The piano has actually come. Oh, that I were not going to Seymour Arm tomorrow.

Saturday, August 16

We packed up in the morning and we got away in good time. Stewart St. George, who wants to come to an arrangement with me to look after the boat at so much a year, came down and we got off fairly easily. Alas, before we had gone far, she began to knock badly and I was obliged to turn back and come home again. We took off the cylinder thinking that she might be carbonized up but we couldn't find anything the matter and, after some time, I was obliged to abandon the trip, Stewart St. George promising to take the engine down on Monday. It was most tiresome and, alas, the piano never came down to give me some consolation. There was a meeting after lunch to discuss delegates being sent to Chase to try to get a better boat service. That is, to obtain a larger subsidy out of the Government. Kinghorn and Moore were appointed. There was a School Meeting after to decide on a site but I didn't stop as I haven't a vote yet. I heard afterwards that they chose a site near Jackson's. But it is doubtful whether they will have a school as there are so few children. Kinghorn came in at night and I ordered some coal through him at 9.25 a ton delivered here.

Sunday, August 17

All the morning we were busy plucking and cooking two ducks which were very troublesome and took a long time as their second feathers had begun to come. We had one hot for lunch and reserved the other for supper. A perfectly poisonous afternoon – simply pouring. I felt quite glad that we weren't coming down from Seymour Arm. It cleared up later on and we went for a little walk down the Blind Bay road and got all the pink lupin seeds that we could send to Mother. Not very many, I am afraid. Then home and to church as usual. There was a good congregation and altogether a satisfactory service with a collection of ten dollars exactly. The envelope system really seems to work very well. Biddulph came in to supper looking, if possible, more untidy than ever. He said that he would most likely quit Moore this week.

Monday, August 18

Once again the piano never came down but I was promised that it should tomorrow morning. Joe came as usual and is getting ever so much better now. He seems to learn history better than anything else. In the morning we were busy trying to tidy things generally but it will take us a long time to get really straight. I had meant to help Stewart take the engine down but it began to rain after lunch and it has done ever since. So I stopped in and tidied up the wood-shed, or rather, started to, for it has got into a terrible mess. We chose a stove for our sitting room today for the winter, one which will show the fire, but we couldn't find one just right. I wrote to Nance and Harold today congratulating them on their engagement.

Tuesday, August 19

A long letter from Mother in the morning mainly about the Pageant which seems to have been a screaming success. They will take about £400 and net about £230 which will be a good nucleus towards building a Parish Room. Mother hinted all through her letter at some trouble or other which nearly drove us mad wondering what it could be. The piano came in the morning! Such a nice one to look at with a fair tone. We had a job getting it in and Syson was obliged to wrench off the bottom pillar of the stairs bodily away. Now it takes up about half the room. I walked up to see Mrs. Currall who has safely had a baby. I took my gun but didn't have a shot. There was a fight at the Camp last night. Nicholls got drunk and pulled the Chinese cook out of bed which scared him to death and no wonder. So he threatened Nicholls with an enormous carving knife and Nicholls knocked him down with a bottle. The Chinese got up and cut Nicholls across the forehead and the hand. The place was like a shambles I believe. Nicholls then knocked the Chinese out. The doctor has put I don't know how many stitches in him today. The Chinese was locked up in the cook-house and was then spirited away to Kamloops as the other men were very mad with him.

Wednesday, August 20

A perfect day. I was very busy tidying up outside during the morning and Maud was doing the same upstairs. After lunch we went over to the Kinghorns and watched the others playing tennis. I saw Nicholls after looking very ghastly and as drunk as a lord. He was going away over the Lake as he has been fired. Apparently the Chinese was unpopular and Nicholls was goaded on

by the other men to go for him and they showed the white feather when the Chink drew a knife. The Chinese are very well looked after by their organization and Kinghorn told me that a policeman was at Notch Hill today making enquiries about the row. Kinghorn gave me a capital map of the Lake today and I was busy making a copy of it in the evening to send home.

Thursday, August 21

Another lovely day. I heard that poor Eric Syson is laid up with some form of dysentery. I hope so very much that he has not got a touch of typhoid as there is so much about, particularly at the Camp. I more or less finished tidying up the yard in the morning and, after lunch, Maud and I went to Blind Bay to return the Barnards' and Mrs. Walter Dunne's calls. We found them both in and Mr. Barnard gave us some beautiful plums and apricots. We ran home to the Kinghorns where there was a big tea-party for Mary Kinghorn's birthday. I don't know how many people and children there. We had managed to unearth a necklace of blue beads for a present from somewhere. We came to an arrangement with Stewart St. George to look after the boat for 50 dollars a year which will be, I hope, satisfactory. I looked in on Eric Syson on the way home and he seemed rather better.

Friday, August 22

A most tremendous mail. I don't know how many *Tatlers*. A double supply all round and more owing, I suppose, to the muddle from the Pageant. Dorothy Jackson came today for the first time to school. She seems a sharp child. It is rather difficult teaching her and Wentworth with Joe. I heard that Flora Kinghorn is bad with some form of dysentery which, so Dr. Burris says, is very prevalent all over the Province. They are to send for a nurse for her if she is not better tomorrow. Quite a hot day. After lunch we went over to the salmon run at Scotch Creek taking Mrs. Davidson and Wentworth. Biddulph turned up too looking perfectly filthy. He has left the Moores and is becoming a great bore here. He has got a few days work at Davidson's. There were such a lot of salmon in the traps, most of them very battered and all brick red. I got three. One for us, one for the Davidsons and one for Eric Syson who seems rather better today.

Saturday, August 23

Felt very livery as Biddulph came in last night and stayed on and on. He is at present staying at the Camp which will be open for a few days longer. Today I bought a horse! The Hutchins' horse which he wants to get rid of as, so Davidson told me, he is going back to Montreal soon for a time. Quite a pretty little beast, four years old and quite quiet. I drove up to Notch Hill with Davidson after lunch to look at some hay still standing but we didn't much like it and I eventually bought some from a man called Newsome, an old timer who has been there for years and who has a lot of hay. It cost 15 dollars a ton. Davidson will keep the horse for us until we can put up some sort of a stable. Biddulph came in in the evening and bored me to extinction.

Sunday, August 24

There was rather a middling congregation in the morning owing to the absence of the Kinghorns. Flora seems pretty bad from what I hear. Maud and I went down to the Davidson's for lunch. Macaulay was there and we had such an excellent lunch including the salmon brought back for them. Thence to Blind Bay where there was a capital congregation and a nice service and tea at the Barnards afterwards. So far, altogether, an ideal Sunday. Then came disaster. We left in good time for Celista and soon the engine began to get hot and then stopped. The pump wasn't working and I found that the wretched coupling between the shaft and the engine had slipped again. It took me an hour and a half to get it right and I don't think I have ever felt more disheartened and disgusted. We got back luckily just as it was getting dark to find the inevitable Biddulph waiting. He had had nothing to eat all day and so had a remarkably good supper.

Monday, August 25

Another lovely day. I heard that Flora Kinghorn was decidedly better. After the children had left, (Dorothy Jackson told me that William Rufus died hanging in a tree by his hair) I was busy doing odd jobs and, after lunch, I went down to the boat and got her, I hope, in good running order. I took down gasoline and generally made her ready for a trip which we hope to make tomorrow. Maud went out in the afternoon and paid calls. Mrs. Jackson was out but he was in. When I got back, I found that she had hung up curtain rods which, with the door-mats, have just come. Really, the house is getting settled and furnished at last. Davidson came in at night and Biddulph but the latter did not stay long.

Tuesday, August 26

The usual dull Tuesday mail. A whole lot of [camera] films which I ordered came. All too small which is disappointing. We were busy packing up all the morning and we got away for our trip up the Lake after lunch. We went up as far as the entrance to Ross Creek and put up there for the night. I was surprised to find that it is quite a small stream but so very pretty. Maud and I fished after we had put up the tent and at last I caught a fish on a fly. About ½ pound. I got another and Maud was broken. There were such a lot of fish moving off the mouth, some of which, I expect, were salmon. We made our camp not far back from the beach in a sheltered place, very snug. Alas, Maud had forgotten to pack the sheets and we had a rather uncomfortable night and were rather cold with only two blankets.

Wednesday, August 27

Another lovely day. To my surprise we found the boat washed up high and dry on the beach. We couldn't move her so I went and paid a visit on some people called Wolfers on the point. I brought him back and we managed at last to float her again. It must have blown quite a bit in the night. After lunch I started visiting in the Bay. There are such a lot of people here – all along the shore as well as inland. I saw a good many of them, all of whom were very pleasant. The boat began behaving with her usual eccentricities again in the afternoon. We decided, as there are so many people here, to stay tomorrow and finish them off. So back to camp. I found three salmon in the creeks, poor wretches, unable to get up. Two were dead but the other wasn't, so I

took it out with a net and brought it home. It was very white and soft and scarcely worth the trouble of cooking.

Thursday, August 28

A beautiful morning again and we were up in good time after a good night. I started out soon after breakfast and first crossed to Eagle Bay where I arranged to have service on Sunday at 11:00. Then back across the Lake to see a man called Hudson whom I found at home and we worked back from there to the camp again. I found a very big clearing of 38 acres in very good order belonging to a man called Frazer. We were back at lunchtime and then we broke up the camp and packed for home. I visited the remainder of the houses on the way back except some remote ones several miles back to which I must go later on. The boat ran atrociously and we were obliged to crawl home at about half-speed. I called in on the Gregorys near Thomson's Bluff and arranged to baptize the little girl there on Monday. Nothing particular in the way of news here. Flora Kinghorn is well again and Eric Syson better. The inevitable Biddulph came in at night. Such a bore. Plenty of papers and Mother's letter.

Friday, August 29

A good mail. The mysterious trouble in Mother's letter last week was about Nance's engagement. She seems to have had a trying time as Nance couldn't make up her mind about accepting Harold. Eventually Mother wired for him to come to The Boynes which he did and his presence apparently carried the day. Nance seems to have been quite ill from worrying. The children came as usual and then was busy beginning a cupboard for the kitchen; a cupboard with shelves – and I got the most laborious part done by the evening. I heard today from the Bank at Chase that they had received 300 dollars so I paid another 100 on account for Dingwall. That positively ghastly bore, Biddulph, came mooning round again. He has finished working for Davidson now and there seems some prospect of his moving to Vernon soon.

Saturday, August 30

When I went down in the morning, whom should I see grinning round the corner of the woodshed but Biddulph busy mending his shoes! He went across to the Store but came back again with the news that Syson had caught a bug from him (presumably), and had forbidden him in the house! The children came with the news that Dr. Burris had wired that there is bacillus coli [*E. coli*] in the Creek water but no typhoid. So we must boil it all in the future. Such a nuisance. I was hard at work all day working at the kitchen cupboard and I got it sufficiently finished to put into the house. It looks quite nice with the plates, etc. on it. Maud went over to the Kinghorns but I stopped behind. I wanted to finish the cupboard. Biddulph came in during supper – such a good one which he completely spoilt. I could stand him no longer and I bolted to the Store. He followed me there but Syson wouldn't let him in so I went home after a while and was much relieved to find him gone.

Sunday, August 31

I left in good time for Eagle Bay taking with us a man who wanted to cross to Celista. I called for Mrs. Shuttlewood but found her in great distress with her son ill, she believed with appendicitis. I told her I would look in tomorrow. The Lake was very rough but the wind was behind me and there were not many there. I had dinner with the Rhodes off a 16-1/2 lb. trout and then crossed the Lake with another man named, much to my surprise, Rowan. The Lake got very bad indeed and we had a big tossing and got very wet, so I ran across opposite Ross Creek where the Lake is narrowest and eventually got to Celista in good time. I was disappointed at the size of the congregation and heard that I wasn't expected owing to the badness of the weather. I hoped that my troubles were over but then this horrible beast of a boat broke down! I ran her to Fowler's and, after some time, he found a plug all wrong. So he put in another and I got back just in time for service. There was an excellent congregation after a very trying day. Curiously enough, the second lesson was the story of our Lord stilling the tempest.

Monday, September 1

The children came as usual in the morning. After they had left I was busy with the cupboard for the kitchen and I got it finished except for the catches on the doors. So we were able to put it in place and it really looks quite nice. It has shelves for plates above and a cupboard below. After lunch I went over to Celista and baptized the child at the Gregory's. They had got everything so nicely ready for me there – a table and flowers on it and I used the little font which Mother gave me for the first time. Then across the Lake to Mrs. Shuttlewood's where I found the boy rather better. The pain had shifted across. I strongly advised her to take him to hospital if the pain comes back again. I ran back home and gave Miss Dickie the hymns for Sunday. Biddulph came in to say goodbye at last but it wasn't quite goodbye as we both travel on the steamer tomorrow, he to Sicamous, I to Seymour.

Tuesday, September 2

I helped Biddulph carry his things down to the boat at 8:30. I am afraid that I was not altogether sorry to do so. It was a lengthy trip with a wait of half an hour at Sicamous. I got into conversation with an army officer on the platform who was going to China from the War Office. He had come to Sicamous to stay on his way for the fishing. Needless to say, he hadn't caught anything. There was a fight on board while we were taking in wood in the Arm between the mate (who was very drunk) and the engineer. The former got a hammering and was put to bed. I found that the hotel is now managed by Mr. and Mrs. Bergen – such nice people. They were the couple in the other boat which followed us on our last disastrous trip down. There was a meeting in the evening which was very protracted to discuss the winter's service of the steamer. Murray, the manager of the Arrow Lakes Co. who run the steamer, had come up on purpose. They didn't end up with anything definite, and I am afraid that the chances of keeping the service going are very small.

Wednesday, September 3

A terribly wet night but it cleared up in the morning. Bergen lent me a tiny motor-boat which he has and I went round to Celistia Creek in the morning and I visited most of the people there. I found a lot of very nice people and several church families and it looks promising towards having services there. I walked up the old lumber road which goes miles back and saw a beautiful and very high waterfall with a huge log-chute on one side. There are 1-1/2 million cubic feet of lumber lying cut and wasted in the creek above as they have given up getting it out. It seems a shameful waste. I found out that there are one or two families 21 miles back and I must go and see them some day. There is a room on the beach where I can have services. After tea, I went out on the flat at the Arm where I saw a lot of duck and afterwards went to the Collins where he showed me a number of pencil sketches he has drawn on expeditions for water colours.

Thursday, September 4

A perfectly awful night again with floods of rain. I went over to Freeman's place with Bergen and we borrowed a gun to go after duck in the evening. Immediately after dinner I went out and saw one or two people whom I hadn't seen before and I arranged about using the school for services. It was fine during the afternoon but wet later on. But Bergen and I went out and tried for some duck. If only we had both had a gun we might have got a lot but, of course, we didn't see so many as yesterday when we had no gun at all. Still, he got three and I ought to have got one from a flock which flew over us and another single one later on. After supper I went down to the Store where I met a young Homan, son of Dr. Homan of Lichfield and had a talk with him about Lichfield affairs. He seemed a good sort and he has been with his brother at Seymour for four years. I went to the Collins after and then back to the boat for the night.

Friday, September 5

I had a fairly good night but was woken very early as the boat leaves at 5:45. A beautiful day and the usual lengthy trip. I was absolutely the only passenger from Sicamous where we waited an hour and a half. I met an English family there who were on a trip through to the coast and were hung up owing to the trains being much delayed by a landslide the other side of Revelstoke. I got home about 3:30 after such a pleasant trip this time and found an enormous mail but with only a few letters. An interesting one from Mother very largely about the engagement but with, as yet, no definite plans as to the future. Nothing particular has happened here. The parishioners have been very kind to Maud having her in in the evenings whilst I have been away.

Saturday, September 6

School again in the morning. A most beautiful day. Bright with just a faint nip in the air. I was busy in the morning making a little cupboard for the boots in the back hall as they have been so untidy. I finished it after lunch. Then to the Kinghorns for tennis but I didn't play. Quite a party there including Dr. and Mrs. Burris who leave tomorrow and various Dickies – Mrs. and Miss and a young Dickie, a lawyer in Edmonton and the married daughter, Mrs. Tupper. No particular news except that we must go on boiling our drinking water which is an awful nuisance. I went down to the boat after where I found Stewart St. George busy getting her ready for tomorrow's

trip to Seymour on which he is coming with me. I only hope that she will go better than she has been going lately. Quite the coldest evening we have had, getting on for freezing.

Sunday, September 7

There was a very good congregation here at eleven; Mrs. Currall brought her baby to be baptized. Currall laid up so he couldn't come. I found Stewart St. George ready in the boat after service and it was very much more comfortable getting off in every way. We had a splendid run – a lovely day – and we took it easy all the way, arriving at Seymour in nice time for the service. There was quite a crowd of people in the hotel but Bergen had room for us and we had supper soon after we arrived. Much the same congregation as usual but a lamentable absence of church people. I asked Hooper to act as my local warden as he is the only churchman who attends and he said he would. I went over to the Collins after taking some music with me. They were so interested hearing about the service and asking what sort of a congregation I had had and so on. Why, on earth, they don't come themselves, I simply can't think.

Monday, September 8

We were away in good time in the morning and another lovely day. I had taken my gun this time so, of course, we saw no ducks anywhere all the way down. The boat ran ever so much better but still misses now and then, the "mechanic" saying that there is some water leaking into the cylinder through the packing which he can put right. We were home at 12:30, taking four hours and five minutes. After lunch, I took my gun and went after grouse. I had one wild shot on the Notch Hill road but with no success, and then went right through the cedar swamp but never saw one. A most furious storm came on in the afternoon – quite the highest wind I have yet seen on the Lake so I went home again. We had a roast chicken for supper, the first we have had since we came here.

Tuesday, September 9

The usual poor mail and no English letters. I heard from Kamloops that the rest of my Times books had come and I sent off an order for the duty. I had such a lot of letters to write that, with those and the children, I was busy all the morning. I had meant to go out on the Lake after lunch but the wind began to get up so I went to Blind Bay by road instead and rode Polly for the first time. I got on better than I had expected. She is very full of grass and lazy. I called on Dingwall on the way and found him very busy clearing. He has now got practically all his 16 acres cleared and should soon get his patent. Then on to the Barnards, leaving a Baptism Certificate with Mrs. Walter Dunne on the way. I had tea with the Barnards and then rode home. I went around to the Store after supper. Quite a change as I haven't been there for ever so long. Only Dingwall was there.

Wednesday, September 10

As soon as the children had left, I went down to the boat and took a journey here and there round the Lake. More than a suspicion of autumn in the air and the leaves beginning to turn. First I went to the Shuttlewoods where I found young S. a great deal better and up and about. Thence

across the Lake to the Kappels where I left a Baptism Certificate. I called at some people's next door but found that they were only camping there for the time. Thence to the Rileys where I left a notice for service there next Sunday, and thence to the Thomsons as I had found that I needed some more details for the son's funeral for the register. Thence to the Gregorys to leave a marriage and a baptism certificate. I found Nicholls there with a big scar on his forehead from the Chinaman's knife. He told me that the Chinaman was all right again. So much for rumours of his death. I found Nicholl's daughter-in-law there with four unbaptized children and I hope I may christen them. They are going to live behind the Gregorys higher up. Thence home calling at the Dickies' first to leave the hymns for Sunday.

Thursday, September 11

A most beautiful fine warm day. After the children had gone, I was busy making a horse for sawing wood and I made a capital job of it. So firm and strong and made so that I always cut the four foot pieces of cordwood into three all the same length for the stove. After lunch, Maud and I went out in the boat as I got quite near to some duck yesterday and I took my gun. Of course, when we went definitely after them we never saw one although we tried for a very long way from the mouth. We were home quite late – only just before dark, and, for once, the boat behaved capitally and ran beautifully. Mail tomorrow!

Friday, September 12

We had a capital mail in the morning. I heard from Mother – rather a complaining sort of letter and from Char. and from Dorothy Gardner. A lot of papers and three great parcels of books from the Times. Such a splendid lot this time, all brand-new. The Elizabethan books such nice ones. What with papers, letters, etc., there were about 30 packages of various kinds. Char. said that the London house had sold so well and that he enclosed particulars. Needless to say, he hadn't. So characteristic! A most beautiful day. In the afternoon, I went out along the Blind Bay road with my gun and at last had some result. First I got a rabbit in the bush and then, coming home, I got a grouse. Not a very sporting shot as it was sitting in a tree. I brought the rabbit home although I had been told that they are not very good. But one never knows till one tries.

Saturday, September 13

It was quite a wet morning and the children did not come up for their lessons. It cleared up after lunch and we went over to the Kinghorns. I was rather late as I had been busy making a tall bookcase to take an overflow of books. It is between seven and eight feet high – tall and narrow – and I managed to make a good job of it. The court was so wet that there was no tennis at *Spes Bona* but various people came there. After tea, I went with Kinghorn to his clover field and we whacked golf balls about. He is thinking of making a small course along the low land between him and Frank St. George. It would be possible. Then to the pier to get the boat ready for tomorrow. Stewart St. George has bought a small motor boat, not at all a bad one, with a 2-1/2 h.p. engine. After supper of the rabbit, which was quite good, I finished my sermon for tomorrow.

Sunday, September 14

To Celistia in the morning. There was a rather better attendance which included the Thomsons. Mrs. Riley, who is not quite *compos mentis*, sang again and I shall have to stop it. The Thomsons told me afterwards that it would spoil the "meeting" if she went on. I was home for lunch, and afterwards we drove down to Blind Bay having borrowed Davidson's rig. What was my horror to see that I had put up the notice for eleven o'clock. It was too terrific. We went to the Barnards and were told that there were not many there. So back in very low spirits. There was a fair congregation at Sorrento which included the lay-reader, Mr. Hammond, who helps Stewart. He was at Notch Hill for a short holiday, he had walked to the Kinghorns and they had asked him to stay a couple of nights with them. He read the lessons and came in here afterwards. Such a good sort, but very deaf. Son of a parson in Cornwall. He has been out here a good many years. I was very glad to meet him and hope to keep in touch with him.

Monday, September 15

Hammond came over in the morning and I did various things while he read, etc. The children came as usual. After lunch to the Kinghorns to get some warm water and then I christened Dr. Davidson's twin children. The "company," which was quite considerable, came at three and everything went off very satisfactorily. A girl and a boy – the latter such a poor little creature. I doubt if he will live. Both behaved very well. Then down to the Davidsons for the christening tea and very good it was. Dr. Davidson had had a bad fall from his rig some time ago and actually broke one of the vertebrae in his neck. He suffers from it still and will for a long time for it is so stiff. He may come here some day to live as he has bought land here and it would be such a good thing. I met Dingwall on the way home and he asked us to tea on Wednesday.

Tuesday, September 15

I had arranged to go fishing with Kinghorn today so he, Boileau, Hammond and I went out to Scotch Creek about ten with very little hope of catching anything. However, for once, I was agreeably disappointed for I certainly had some of the best fishing I have ever had in my life. I caught six beauties averaging nearly 2 lbs. each in the morning – almost as fast as I could get the line out and then Kinghorn must needs come home to dinner! We went back afterwards and I took Maud. They didn't come so fast but I got five more before we came home. Kinghorn, Boileau and Hammond caught four between them. I attribute my success to the fly which Aylmer gave me. I dropped one overboard but I stripped and got it back from the icy water at the bottom of the Lake. There are only a few salmon there as it is a poor run. So home, rejoicing, after the first good fishing I have had in _____. Hammond left after coming in later on.

Wednesday, September 16

The children came as usual in the morning. I wrote many letters afterwards including one to Mrs. Gibbons answering several questions which she had asked me. After lunch Maud and I went down to the Dingwalls and we got there about four. Evidently it wasn't afternoon tea to which we were expected as he took me out and showed me round the place first. I was pleased

to see how much he has got slashed – more than sufficient to get his patent when he has got his eight acres under cultivation. I chose the block which I should like to have ultimately. An acre along the shore next to Hemstrich stretching three acres back. We walked down the Blind Bay road and, coming back, I got a grouse. Then we had a most excellent tea and they showed us some beaver skins. We should like to give Nance some skins for a wedding present. Thence to the Store and I arranged to take Lloyd and Davidson fishing tomorrow.

Thursday, September 18

It was so rough on the Lake that I hardly wanted to go over to fish as I knew that there was nowhere sheltered to leave the boat near the mouth of Scotch Creek. However, eventually we decided to go and got over to Hilliam's Landing all right, the boat behaving all right. Then a long walk to the mouth of the creek and the fishing. I didn't have quite such good luck as the other day, but still not at all bad. Chiefly because the precious fly wore out. Lloyd had quite good sport and eventually we came home with eleven all nice fish, the biggest being a shade under 2-3/4 lbs. Davidson didn't fish. I was rather tired after our long walks over the loose sand and we had it rather rough crossing – towards the end, as bad as in the morning when it got very squally. However, we had no real difficulty and I was glad of a good tea and a rest and a read in some of my new books, "An English Gardener," which are so interesting.

Friday, September 18

Another most beautiful day. The usual mail including letters from Mother and Nance. Nance to be married on November 27th. She and Harold will live in London and have £1,000 a year and what he earns. She seemed very happy about it all. I was so sorry to hear that Char. is depressed about the pumps that he will probably give them up this winter. So different from a cheery letter which I had from him last week. I went out in the boat after lunch and saw one or two people in Blind Bay whom I have not seen before, Mrs. Bayne, Archie Reedman and Mrs. Immel. I brought back some fine melons from the last place. Coming home, I saw a lot of duck on the water, several flocks and was able to get within range of one lot. I let off both barrels at them and missed!! Such a horrid shock as I felt certain of one at least. I was busy with my sermon at night.

Saturday, September 20

In the morning, after the children had left, I tried to finish off the kitchen dresser but I couldn't get the doors to hang properly. Such a nuisance. They will do but that is all. After lunch to the Kinghorns where there was tennis. I did not play. The poor Frank St. Georges have had such terrible bad luck today. They have lost their one and only cow – a beautiful Jersey. It died this afternoon. They were very upset about it. The usual people at *Spes Bona*. I was obliged to go down to the boat before supper, taking gasoline and pumping her out ready for Eagle Bay tomorrow. She takes in such a lot of water now, leaking up the rudder pipe and she will do until we bring it up right through the stern. We had a most excellent roast duck for supper, cooked to a turn. I finished a sermon after.

Sunday, September 21

There was not quite such a good congregation here in the morning and it was a little flat. Syson once more was very offensive afterwards and I am afraid that I very nearly lost my temper. However I held my peace and let it pass again but I am afraid that there is a big row looming some day. So tiresome. We lunched at the Kinghorns which was quite a change and then I started for Eagle Bay. Alas. Once more the boat failed me. She would only fire on one cylinder and, though I drove her a long way, hoping that she would pick up on both, eventually I had to turn round. It was rather lucky as it began to blow hard before I got in and much harder after. What with Syson's rudeness, the difficulty of working the parish and so on, I felt very despondent when I got home.

Monday, September 22

A most beautiful day but windy. I started to make a plate rack to dry the plates in, which is rather tiresome. But I got it finished in the afternoon and made quite a fair job of it. Maud went out on Polly and called on Mrs Mitchell and brought back some lovely pears. I rode out to Dingwalls when she came back where I tied her [Polly] up and went to see if I could shoot a grouse. But I only had one wild shot which I missed of course so I came home empty handed. I rode along the beach to the Davidsons where I saw Dr. Davidson and I arranged to buy his partner's buggy for 20.00 dollars. Rather too cheap but I hope it will do.

Tuesday, September 23

I was busy writing letters in the morning and, after lunch, walked out and visited various people. First I saw old Bill Nicholls who lives on the road behind the Beemers. He is an old man with a grey beard and he originally came out from Wales. He has been out here for many years and is quite alone in the world. He said that he had [heard] nothing of friends or relations for more than twenty years. From there I went to the Dickies to take the music for the Harvest Festival. Miss Dickie told me to look out for somebody else so I suppose that I shall have to find someone else and that that wretched Christian Science is going to take her away. Thence to the Mitchells where I found Mrs. Mitchell at home. A very nice woman. From there I went to the Frank St. Georges where I arranged with a carpenter who is working there to put up a stable for us. A beautiful, cool day.

Wednesday, September 24

We were up early and off to the Salmon Arm Show. We drove with the Davidsons to the station. Quite a party went from Sorrento and we got there about 10.00. The show was in a big building belonging to the Salmon Arm Agricultural Society and pretty poor it was. Fruit, vegetables, provisions of various sorts, a children's exhibit inside and a few animals and poultry in a field. No attractions of any kind but a baseball game between Chase and Salmon Arm which was very dull. We had lunch at a Hotel where we stayed for a long time and then back to the field. We were absolutely fed up. There seem to be a lot of English people in Salmon Arm and I met several including, much to my surprise, young Cowan from Bushley who has been out eight years and has a wife and a little child. I met Webb, the parson, who asked me to preach at his

Harvest Festival but it is on the same day as ours. The train home was late and, eventually, we were back after nine and after a boring and tiring day.

Thursday, September 25

After the children had gone I set to work and cut a lot of wood with the bucksaw ready for the stove. I cut all that was left of our original cord and got quite a nice pile in the woodshed. Joe Davidson said that he would come and pile it after lunch but he never came and I didn't quite get it all split and piled. We had expected Mrs. Walter Dunne to come after lunch but she didn't, and, after tea, Maud and I walked down the Blind Bay road to try and get a grouse. For once, I didn't get a shot at one but I managed to get a nice young rabbit which we brought home. I was busy writing letters for tomorrow's mail at night.

Friday, September 26

Quite a good mail in the morning. The chief item of news being that Connie Grice-Hutchinson has had a daughter and goes on well. Mother and Vi's letters show that there must have been a big row over the Pageant which is unpleasant to say the least of it. After lunch, we went down to the boat to go across to the Hilliams and, after an hour's unavailing efforts, Stewart appeared on the scene and said that the batteries were out. So we went over in his small boat and got there about four. Hilliam has a very bad boil on his arm but he was very busy nevertheless clearing more land. A man called Biscoe was working for him, an English doctor, gone under from drink. He seemed a nice chap all the same and I hope he will come over to see us. We had quite a nice time there and we came home loaded with vegetables. Our ceiling in the kitchen was at last plastered up today. Two pair of very comfortable boots arrived today from Harrods. A vice came today through Syson and I nearly finished putting it up in the woodshed. It will be very useful. I saw the carpenter today and he will build us a stable for 100 dollars.

Saturday, September 27

I was away early on the steamer for Seymour [Arm]. Of course, as it was a most beautiful day, I was not in mine. The usual long, uneventful trip with practically no-one on board besides myself. We arrived about six and I was delighted to see Bergen on the pier as I had heard that he had left Seymour for good and Freeman, whom I don't much like, in charge. Besides which I had sent the notices to Bergen on Tuesday. As a matter of fact, he had been down to the Coast on business and was back today. I meant to have slept on the boat but went to the hotel instead. After supper, I went to the Collins and played some of the pieces from the books of Bach and Handel which I had brought up last time.

Sunday, September 28

I had a most disappointing Sunday – one of the worst I have yet had here, and I felt very depressed and discouraged after it. There was a poor congregation at Seymour at eleven, almost all being men. It may be that the notice was put up late owing to the Bergens being away but that wouldn't account for all of it. After lunch, I borrowed a boat and had a long pull to Celista Creek. I found Porter, the elderly store-keeper, had arranged things very nicely for me but, alas,

after waiting half an hour, no-one came at all. I was dreadfully disappointed and so was old Porter who had really done his best for me and all the more so as there are several church families there. However, I suppose that I must keep on trying. On the way home, the Collins picked me up in their motor-boat and we stopped at Freeman's where I tried a little folding harmonium he has and I found that it would suit me admirably. Freeman away at Sicamous and I offered Mrs. Freeman five dollars for it and she said that I could have it. Then down to the boat for the night.

Monday, September 29

After a wretched night, I was awakened soon after four and I didn't get to sleep again. There was quite a crowd as far as Sicamous but only one or two afterwards. I met another Frazer who was put off at the Frazers' place at Ross Creek who seemed very pleasant. We picked up Kappel at his place going down to Chase on business. Another beautiful day. We got to Sorrento at 3:30 and so home after a very dispiriting trip, the only bright feature being the picking up of the harmonium which should come on Friday as Captain Smith hadn't got time to stop at Freeman's on his way down. I met Stewart St. George at the Store and he told me that the magneto and a new pump had come for the boat which is a good job. I was busy finishing the vice when I got back but haven't quite got it done yet. I found Maud with a bad cold and how she caught it is a mystery.

Tuesday, September 30

Rather a good mail for a Tuesday. I heard from Basil Wilson in answer to my letter. He has been married some time now and has a practice in Lincolnshire. How we are getting old and settled! The children came as usual and I was busy writing letters afterwards. After lunch I walked to Blind Bay to tell the Barnards that I wouldn't be having service there on Sunday as I expect that most of them will be coming here for the Harvest Festival. I had tea there and drove back with Arthur Barnard who was loaded down with grapes and apples. After supper I went over to the Store and stayed some time talking with Dingwall and Syson.

Wednesday, October 1

We were up early and walked up to the station and caught a train to Kamloops at nine. Quite a lot going and nearly all to the dentist. Eric Syson, Mrs. St. George and the entire Kinghorn family. Such curious country after leaving Chase – the "Dry Belt" – very bare, with brown hills everywhere. Such a change from here. We went straight to quite a nice hotel in the clean, pretty town and we lunched there about two. I went to the dentist after while Maud shopped. Dr. Harvey, the dentist, seemed very pleasant and up to date. He found very little to do and soon put me right and I arranged to go there again tomorrow morning to have my teeth cleaned. I met Maud afterwards and we were busy shopping the rest of the afternoon and then I had a game of billiards with Eric Syson who was suffering agonies after his visit to the dentist, poor wretch, and then we dined and joined Kinghorn and Dr. and Mrs. Burris and we went to the theatre. Not a bad piece but only one person who could act – a woman. We were much amused at an English duke who spoke with a terrific American accent. So back to a rather uncomfortable bed.

Thursday, October 2

I went to the dentist at 9:00 and he soon finished me off. We did some more shopping. Amongst other things we arranged for a butcher to send us some meat every week in future which will be very acceptable. After lunch, I called on Mr. [Henry] Akehurst, the Vicar, and arranged to go to tea there later on and then went to the fine hospital where I saw Harry Brock who is almost well from typhoid and Nicholls who is recovering from pleurisy. Then I walked right down the town to the Chinese part and I went to the Customs Office and saw the boss there, Mr. Howell, who wants to see his niece whom I know as she is the school-teacher at Celista. I more or less arranged things for him. Then to the Akehursts. He is a dull, worthy man of about 45 and she much younger, rather smart and striking-looking. They have been there for eleven years. Then back and we packed all our numerous purchases and caught the train back at 7:00 which was nearly an hour late at Notch Hill. We dined on board and eventually arrived home, rather tired, after a very jolly trip, about eleven.

Friday, October 3

I had meant to over to Celista today to see that all was right for Sunday's service but Stewart had not got the boat right which was tiresome. A cold, very autumnal day. We had the usual Friday's mail which included a book from the Times - "Social Life in Germany in Luther's Times" - an amusing contemporary memoir by a German lawyer. We were busy all day tidying up. I worked away in the woodshed which was in an awful mess and I got it all clean and tidy. I had bought several new tools in Kamloops and I was busy on the bench making places to take them. Felt rather slack and as though I had a cold coming. I hope not to have caught Maud's.

Saturday, October 4

After the children had left, I went down to the boat and found that Stewart had got her into running order more or less. It was very rough but I drove her to Celista and found that I was expected there all right. I had gone down to the pier yesterday to meet the *Andover* and she had never come but I saw her lying off Argyle's so I went across the Lake and had a rough time, the engine only firing on one cylinder. To my disappointment there was no sign of my harmonium. Such a blow. And worse still. The steamer will no longer run which is really an awful nuisance. They were towing the house-boat in which the Captain lives at Seymour back to Kamloops. Thence home and back to the church where they were busy decorating for Sunday. It looks very pretty but what to do with all the fruit and vegetables, I simply can't imagine. I felt very coldy in the evening.

Sunday, October 5

I celebrated at eight and mattins was at eleven. There was a good congregation and a capital service in every way. Only I felt very miserable with a cold. It was rather a blank day and, after lunch, I drove the boat over to Celista. I was much more encouraged when I got there. Instead of the two or three as heretofore, there was a much better attendance due, almost entirely, I am sure, to old Thomson who is my best supporter. Thank heavens Mrs. Riley, to whom I had given a strong hint, never even offered to sing. Altogether I was very much pleased. I drove old

Thomson home and arranged to pick him up and some more people nearer to the school called Smith if I am "flagged" in future. The boat ran very badly, only on one cylinder and none too well on that, and I began to feel my cold pretty bad in the evening.

Monday, October 6

Felt really quite bad all day and I did very little. Quite one of the worst colds I remember to have had and it made me feel quite miserable. I must have caught it from Maud last week. After lunch we went over to the church and packed up all the best of the flowers in two boxes as it seemed a dreadful pity to throw them away and we sent them to Kamloops Hospital. The Matron there happened to have told me that they were very short of flowers. Maud rode up to the station on Polly and she managed to carry both boxes. I did nothing after save to cook supper as I felt so poorly.

Tuesday, October 7

My cold got gradually better during the day but was pretty bad in the morning. The children came as usual. Nothing particular in the mail except that some films came at last the right size. Of course a dull day so that I couldn't take any photographs. I must get some before the leaves, which are now falling fast, are off the trees. After lunch I went to see a woman called Bischoff who lives on her father-in-law's place on the way to Notch Hill. I took my gun with me. She is a church woman but all her husband's people are R.C. She said that she would very much like to come to church here in the morning but, later in the year, they go to their homestead across the Lake. I got a grouse on the way home and got back after quite a long walk in the woods at six.

Wednesday, October 8

Another dull cold day. After the children I actually fixed the plate-rack firmly in place. At last! After lunch I went for a long walk taking my gun. First to the Sutherlands whom I wanted to see again and then along a very pretty road to see some Swedes called Fredericson and Jardine. Mrs. Jardine is the Fredericsons' daughter. I can't get much further with them as they can hardly speak English. Then along the road which runs through the Bischoff's and joins the Notch Hill at right angles and then down another trail to Ernest Moore's place which lies below the Curralls. He was not at home. Then down the hill to the Blind Bay road to see whether I could get anything and home about six through Dingwall's and along the shore bearing a grouse which I had shot before I got to the Fredericsons. I found Maud had ridden up to the station to find that it hadn't come and had also brought up the beds from the boat on Polly. My cold much better today.

Thursday, October 9

Rather a cold day. I went out in the boat before lunch meaning to make quite a round. As usual, she only ran on one cylinder and soon she stopped altogether. Just opposite Dingwalls I tried many things including swabbing out the cylinders but she has baffled even the expert Stewart lately and I had not much hope. It began to get rough so I got out my lunch and a book and prepared to drift ashore. Just before I got there, after drifting about an hour, I had one more try

and, to my surprise, she started on both cylinders and went like the wind, a thing she hasn't done for ever so long. I suppose that swabbing out was what was wanting for some time. I ran to the Shuttlewoods and saw Mrs. S. who is here for a fortnight and took them over to the Thomsons (they were just going there), towing their boat. Then back to Blind Bay to leave Sunday's notice and then home where I found Mr. Akehurst. We had some good talk after and he wanted me to join in a Parish Magazine which I shall do. He seemed very much less subdued away from home. Our new stove for this room came today. It looks so nice. A cold night and frost.

Friday, October 10

The usual good Friday's mail but I was rather perturbed to hear from Mother that Char. has a lump in his throat. However, towards the end of the letter, she said that it had gone down very much on being painted. I was horrified to hear that Eric Syson had overslept and so had never given a note to Smith to take to Eagle Bay about service on Sunday. It was such a horrible day that I couldn't face going up there in drizzling rain especially as my cold has not gone yet but I shall have to tomorrow. I split a lot of wood which Dingwall had brought in blocks ready sawed in stove lengths and, afterwards, I walked through the rain to the Dickies to see that the hymns were all right for Sunday's service. I played on their new piano which is not a bad one but shows decided signs of wear. When I got back I found Biscoe and Zouski stranded at the Store owing to Hilliam's boat breaking down and going to sleep on the floor in the plumber's "office." A cheerful prospect.

Saturday, October 11

A perfectly appalling day only equalled by the celebrated trip down from Seymour Arm. I left for Eagle Bay in the boat at 10:30. She only ran on one cylinder and it was rather rough and I put into Blind Bay to tinker her up. The only result was that she ran on the other one! So I ran on until I was in the Bay and then, all of a sudden, she broke down altogether. I threw out the anchor and was nearly two hours getting off. It was getting late but I ran to the Rhodes and arranged for service there tomorrow and then started for home. She was running on both cylinders in capital style. After about three miles I stopped to fill up with petrol and, after that, she never started up again. Luckily I was just outside along Bayliss and he rowed out to me with a lantern but eventually I had to give up and we hauled her up as well as we could and I had tea with him. Then we rowed down to Argyle's and he most kindly rowed me across to Reedman's and I walked home and arrived about 11:15 after a very trying day. Argyle has a friend staying with him who is in the motor trade and they said that they would go up to the boat tomorrow which is a mercy as she is in a very bad place.

Sunday, October 12

A very dismal Sunday. It was, of course, very windy and I felt very anxious about the boat. I could have no service in the morning and we had lunch at the Kinghorns. Afterwards I rode to Blind Bay and once again no-one came except the Barnards. I was very disappointed and I went back to them afterwards for tea. A man came in presently who, I heard, had been staying up the Lake near Eagle Bay and I asked him whether he had seen anything of my boat. "Why," he said, "that must be the one I have just come down in." I rushed out and, sure enough, there was mine

making for Sorrento but too far off to hail. When I got back, I met Argyle and his friend and they had brought her down. They wanted me to take them back but I couldn't owing to evensong but I said I would try and get up tomorrow. There was a most wretched congregation and, to crown all, just as I was getting to bed, I found my miserable knee full of water again. Such a depressing couple of days and this a fitting crown to them.

Monday, October 13

When I got up, my knee was no better. If anything, rather worse. Joe Davidson came and said that his Mother, who has been ill for a week, is rather better. They are afraid of typhoid. It would be too dreadful if she has it. I was obliged to lie up all day. It was cold and dull and was glad of our little heater. We are not quite so badly off as the last time for one of us is sound, at all events. Maud went down to the Hutchins' as the Davidson children are staying there so that Mrs. Hutchins has to cook for the rest of the household and Maud thought that she might be of help. Poor old Mrs. Hutchins has been in bed, quite bad with a gathered [inflamed] finger and she said that she was very short of bread so Maud will make them some tomorrow. We had a grouse for supper which was so delicious.

Tuesday, October 14

Not much sign of any improvement in my knee yet. There was much the same mail as usual on a Tuesday – mainly local. Maud heard from the dentist making an appointment for next Tuesday. Dorothy Jackson came in the morning. I have not encouraged the Davidsons to come until we can be more certain as to whether their Mother has typhoid or not. I was busy writing letters and Kinghorn came to see me and stayed some time. My knee, perhaps, a trifle better.

Wednesday, October 15

A much nicer day and some sunshine at last. There didn't seem much sign of improvement in my knee but, at all events, it was no worse. Maud went over to the church in the morning and brought back a sackful of apples. They aren't up to much, these Canadian applies – so thick-skinned and coarse, at least those which I have so far tasted except some Ribstones which old Barnard gave me on Sunday. In the afternoon Maud went over to the Kinghorns for a tea-party. Eric Syson came over to see me and King brought a joint of meat which had come for us from Kamloops. I arranged for King, who is going to help to build our stable, to put a fence round the next lot. He told me that our lumber had arrived on the pier. Mrs. Hutchins, who came back with Maud to fetch the bread, told me that Mrs. Davidson's temperature, which has been round 103 all last week, has been normal yesterday and today. So they hope that she may not have got typhoid but some mild form of it called "mountain fever."

Thursday, October 16

My knee seemed a trifle better though there wasn't much change. Dorothy Jackson came in the morning but not the other children. I heard that Mrs. Davidson is much the same again which is very tiresome. Nothing particular happened all day. I wrote letters including one to Hammond

at Monte Creek. I felt depressed and miserable about everything. Have we made a mistake in coming out?

Friday, October 17

A splendid mail in the morning, thank goodness. Mother wrote that Char's lump was a good deal better though he may have to have a slight operation. The Guardian full of the Church Congress at which the Bishop of London seems to have made a sensation with a sermon on the Communion of Saints. No particular news otherwise in the papers. My knee seemed better in the morning. This morning Cameron Davidson brought up our kitten from their house. Such a little mite but so tame and friendly. We named him Paddy for old remembrance. Our lumber for the stable came today. So it really looks as though they are going to begin. Dingwall brought some more cordwood. We heard that Mrs. Davidson is much the same. She is to be moved to the Hutchins' soon and the Curralls are going to stay at the Davidsons.

Saturday, October 18 St. Luke

Wentworth and Joe came in the morning but we were interrupted by Frank St. George coming about insuring the contents of the house. The rate is .75% and one gets three years' insurance for the cost of two so I insured for 1500 dollars. My knee seemed decidedly better which was a mercy as I was anxious not to give service a miss tomorrow. After lunch Maud went to the church where she met Mrs. Jackson who is to help her clean it whilst Mrs. Davidson is laid up and, after tidying it up, they both came back to tea. Mrs. Jackson such capital company and full of conversation. It seems so sad that she and her husband are on their beam-ends [suffering financially]. He has sold his team to Brown for 300 dollars. I had heard this so I supposed that this is the beginning of the end. I was so glad of a visitor I finished my sermon in the evening. Poor Mrs. Davidson is neither better nor worse.

Sunday, October 19

Quite a nice day and warmer though dull and misty. We had asked Davidson to send his rig to take me to church but I had to start before it arrived and it took me a longish time to walk there. There was a wretched congregation. Taking things all round, I feel, as I write this, that I am doing very little good here and there seems so poor encouragement for my work. We went to the Kinghorns for lunch. Maud had driven down to the Davidsons so I was able to ride home. Syson a great deal more pleasant now. He told me that the bell-fund was actually over-subscribed now but the difficulty is as to whether the little belfry is strong enough to take a large enough bell. After lunch, home again and a longish afternoon. This has been a long and trying week. I do hope there will be easier ones in future. Mrs. Davidson was moved across to the Hutchins' today. I am afraid that she is no better as yet. What a bad time they are having, poor people!

Monday, October 20

Maud's birthday – thirty today. I went over to the Store to get her a little pres. but, alas, it was not open all day as it was "Thanksgiving Day," whatever that may mean. Joe and Dorothy came

in the morning. Mrs. Davidson seems none the worse for her move and, indeed, Maud heard later in the day, that her temperature had again fallen to normal. A dull, warm day with not a puff of wind. My knee seemed a good deal better though it is still puffy. Maud went quite a round on Polly after lunch. To the Jacksons to borrow their rig for tomorrow, to Dingwall's because the rig was there, to *Spes Bona* to tell Kinghorn not to drive her up as he had offered to, and, of course, to the Davidsons. I got about more and cut some wood. Stewart came up and said that he had got the boat into good running order as I want to go to Seymour on Saturday. We had Irish stew for supper. Maud's first attempt.

Tuesday, October 21

We left for the station after breakfast, driving Polly in Jackson's rig. The roads perfectly awful. We put Polly up at the "hotel," and then found that the train was 1-1/2 hours late. So stupid of us not to enquire at the Store. However, eventually, we got to Kamloops and the dentist was able to see Maud and put her right. Nothing very serious was the matter. I did various things and saw Dr. Burris who said that my knee had gone down well but held out very little hopes of its getting right, at all events, for a very long time. I saw Mrs. Barnard who had come in with her husband who is a juror at the Assizes and Hilliam who is also a juror. Numerous people from our way were there, as a fact. I got my hair cut at last and the man made a very fair job of it though he cut it rather short. Needless to say, I declined to have the back of my neck shaved! We left by the seven train and got home safely about ten to find that Eric Syson had lit us a nice fire and it was very comfortable to get back to. My knee seemed none the worse for the long day and all the walking about.

Wednesday, October 22

A most beautiful, warm sunny day. The children came up as usual and I heard that Mrs. Davidson's temperature had gone down to normal and that she seemed really a little better. It must be a pretty tight fit at the Davidsons – the Currells and their baby, D– and Mrs. Davidson and the twins and the three children. Eleven souls in all. The carpenters came and began building our stable. King helped him. The pace they put up was simply amazing. By night the shingle roof was finished! There will be a good-sized loft above which will be very handy and two stalls below. It is all on skids so that it can be moved if necessary. I was busy all day splitting wood, some of it being hard, and Dingwall came up with the remainder of the cord which I have had from him. I gave him a cheque for 250 dollars being the next payment for our spec[ulation] and leaving 150 to pay. I only hope that it may turn out profitable but I am a little doubtful.

Thursday, October 23

I was busy cutting wood practically all day and I got a good deal done. There is quite a good-sized pile in the wood-shed now. The carpenter practically finished the stable! It looks finished outside but there is, of course, a good deal to do inside still. The partition to put up and so on. I am afraid that we may have to put another layer outside to keep it warm. The children came as usual. Mrs. Davidson is better so I hope that she may be out of the woods now. Her temperature

keeps down. After supper to the "Club" at the Store where the usual lot, Syson, Lloyd, Dingwall, and I. I came home tired to bed.

Friday, October 24

Quite a large mail in the morning. Mother wrote rather serious news about Char. It seems he has to have a somewhat bad operation, or rather, as I read further on, he has had, for the removal of a stone from a salivary gland which had to be cut out. It was performed at Worcester and he is going on quite satisfactorily but has had a good deal of pain. I had no idea that he was in for such a bad time. I heard that some more books had come to the Customs and am not sure what they are. Likewise the harness has come. After lunch I finished off the wood and now have such a noble pile on the wood-shed. The carpenter finished the stable but will have to come again to make the lean-to for the rig. I am afraid that I may have to put up another layer on the outside of the stable to make it warm enough. Of drop siding. Lloyd came in the evening and stayed some time.

Saturday, October 25

I left for Seymour with Stewart about 12:00 and we had a glorious trip. The Lake was like glass and the engine running well. I saw Freeman's boat put off out of Horseshoe Bay just before we got there and then saw something swimming in the water. It turned out to be a retriever puppy which they had dropped overboard. We were able to rescue it and return it some miles further on. They had never missed it. It was rather cold on the water and we arrived at Seymour at 4:00 p.m. Once again I had bad luck. Hooper, to whom I had written, went out last week and so my notices had never gone up! It was so disappointing but one good thing had happened. My harmonium was there ready for me to take down on Monday. I went to the Collins' at night and arranged for Stewart to see them about their plumbing.

Sunday, October 26

Rather a dull cold day. I went over to Celista Creek in the morning without much hope of success and found my hopes justified. Once again, no-one turned up and so home again after. Such a number have gone out since the boat has been taken off. I cannot expect many now. After lunch to the school and there were not many there. I used the harmonium for the first time. Such a help. I had some talk with Johnson, the Methodist, after. He seems rather fed up with the Minister from Salmon Arm [W. Fremantle Webb] for not coming. He said that he would stick to me if I would stick to him so I really think that it will be worthwhile going there again. At present there is very little encouragement. I went to the Collins' after supper and he showed me some more of his paintings. He wanted to trade one of them for my gun but I wasn't having any!

Monday, October 27 SS Simon and Jude

We left about ten and again had a lovely trip. I took two men down, one to Celista and one to here. The first was a man called Garland who lives at Celista. He confided to me that he was expecting an addition so I instantly suggested a baptism in the future. We ran into rather rough water after that – so queer as it was perfectly smooth further back and was obliged to slow her

down a bit but we got home safely about two and I brought the harmonium back with me. I went to the Store at night for a short while. Only Dingwall was there.

Tuesday, October 28

Another beautiful day. The children came as usual and told me that Mrs. Davidson (whom I saw on Saturday, by the way) goes on well. Her temperature is normal all day but goes up a little at night. I wrote various letters in the morning – we had a poor mail – and then intended going over to Celistia in the boat. I went and pumped her out as she was full of water and it took me ages. Then I found that Stewart had taken out his coil (mine has been up some time drying) so I gave it up and cleared up all the remains of the wood instead. Maud was busy digging in the garden. We went down to the Davidsons before supper to get our milk. Such a houseful of children – 6, including the babes. They seem to think that Mrs. Davidson has had typhoid but is recovering now.

Wednesday, October 29

A most beautiful day. After the children had gone I went out in the boat across the Lake after the usual difficulty in starting up. I went to Mrs. Gregory's first to see whether I could arrange to christen Nicholl's grandchildren. I found that Mrs. Nicholls had moved to their homestead some seven miles back but found another young married couple there with two children, both unbaptized. She seemed willing to have them baptized but wanted to talk it over with her husband so I said that I would call in on Sunday and see what they had decided. Thence to the old Thomsons to see a man called Tom Jones who once owned Kinghorn's land. I found him a pleasant old Canadian who has been out here many years. Then I saw two families of Smith, father and son, who actually appeared to be C/E. They seemed willing to come to church on Sunday. Thence to the school where I found a young Riley who took my notices and then across the Lake to see Argyle who was out and home just as it got dark. Quite a successful afternoon.

Thursday, October 30

Another gorgeous day after a very hard frost at night which froze up our water tight. The children came. Mrs. Davidson is not so well and in a good deal of pain. Meggett, the carpenter, came and gave me an estimate for putting paper and shiplap outside the stable – 20 dollars for the labour alone which seemed to me to be a great deal too much so I said that I would think it over. I may do it myself. I went down to the Davidsons after lunch but found her too bad to see me. Davidson asked me if I would go for the doctor if it became necessary and of course I said I would and I went to the boat to get her ready. I found such a lot of water in her that I knew she must have a leak and I was obliged to go back and tell him that I could not go. However, Stewart was there and said that he would go. I said that I would go with him. A lovely night but cold.

Friday, October 31

A dull cold day. I heard that Mrs Davidson is a good deal worse and in severe pain. They are afraid that she has developed pleurisy. Luckily a friend, a trained nurse, arrived last night.

Stewart and I tried to haul the boat ashore in the afternoon but couldn't get a team so we decided to try and bring her to the pier tomorrow to stop the leak. A good mail and good news from Mother about Char. who seems quite recovered from his operation which seems to have been quite a serious one. Rain late in the afternoon, the first for some time. I wrote my sermon for Sunday at night.

Saturday, November 1

I went down to the boat with Stewart in the morning and we started to haul her out by slinging her to the pier. It was a difficult job but, at last, we got the stern out sufficiently to get at the stuffing-box. Syson came down and annoyed me by giving much unnecessary advice and saying that we should never do it. We did do it and he came back later on and was obliged to climb down. At dinner-time a man came and asked Stewart to take him over to Celista and, to my disgust, he went and never came back until four o'clock. I was pretty annoyed and I made Stewart lower the boat back into the water. I think a little cussing – the first I have tried – had a good effect. Poor Mrs. Davidson rather bad with pleurisy. They had a doctor from Chase. I am afraid that her condition is serious.

Sunday, November 2

The Davidsons sent up word in the morning asking for prayers for Mrs. Davidson who is worse. She has developed pneumonia on the top of the pleurisy which was what was feared. I went down there after Mattins. I went to Celista after lunch and arranged on the way to baptize some children on Wednesday at two. I was very glad that they were willing to have them baptized. Quite a nice service at the School, the harmonium being a great help. Mrs. Riley came and wanted to sing again and I was obliged to ask her not to which was rather painful. The boat went very well and I should have had a very pleasant trip if I had not been so worried about Mrs. Davidson. I called again and stayed some time and there seemed to have been some improvement. She has suffered a good deal of pain, poor woman, and, at times, is in considerable pain. Davidson and Mrs. Hutchins look so worn and ill. I feel so sorry for them.

Monday, November 3

Very good news of Mrs. Davidson this morning. She really seems a great deal better after a good sleep towards the latter part of the night. I went down there after school. These things loom very big in a place like this. I do hope that she may be out of danger now. I did not see her in case it might alarm her as she is very nervous and no wonder. I went to the boat and was pleased to find that she had very little water in her and I pumped her dry. After lunch I went [for] quite a walk to see if I could shoot a grouse for Mrs. Davidson who may have anything in reason to eat, but, though I saw several, I did not get one. I went up to Currall's house by the government road and I saw the first white rabbit I have seen here and they are beginning to change. King came and agreed to dig the pipe trench for me for 30 dollars and promised to start tomorrow which is a mercy.

Tuesday, November 4

I wrote letters all the morning and went down to the Davidsons after lunch. I was glad to hear that she keeps on well though she had had a bad night with severe pain. Our hay came in the afternoon and it wouldn't all go into the loft overhead so there had to be an overflow in one stall. We shall have Polly up from the pasture tomorrow. I went to Kinghorns to arrange about various church things. Syson had got a baize cover for the organ and we went up to the church to put it on. He was a good deal more pleasant than he has been lately. Kinghorn told me that the invoice for the coal has come but that he can only let me have two tons instead of four which is a nuisance. I went to the Store at night but did not stay long.

Wednesday, November 5

Mrs. Davidson is a good deal better. She must be quite out of the wood now but it will be a long time before she is out of the house and about again. A wet morning and so only Joe and Wentworth came in the morning. The school-house, by the way, is quite finished but there seems very little chance of getting a teacher owing to no-one being willing to put her up. I got the boat ready before lunch and went out after to christen the Sheen children at Celista. She only ran there on one cylinder and I was afraid I shouldn't get there. However, I was not late and found Mr. and Mrs. Sheen, her brother, and Mrs. Gregory there. The Nicholls' did not bring their four little heathens as it was so wet so I just had the two – a little boy aged 4 and a baby girl. Such nice people and so grateful. She is a Norwegian but she speaks English with no accent and I took her for a typical American. He comes from California but he told me that he was born and brought up in Herefordshire. The boat picked up on both cylinders and ran splendidly home.

Thursday, November 6

The children came as usual in the morning. After lunch I went to the Dickies' to take Miss Dickie the *Te Deum* chants which I have transposed down to a lower key for her. I found that I had dropped into a party – Mrs. Tupper, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Jackson being there. They were planning bridge and I stayed and taught them auction which caused a lot of excitement. I asked Mrs. and Miss Dickie to tea on Tuesday and they are coming. I walked back by the Kinghorns to enquire about Mrs. Kinghorn who has been laid up with a heart attack and found her better and up. We had some talk about church matters and decided to order a bell which will be a great addition to the church. Syson is much more pleasant nowadays. Then home and I was busy writing a long letter to Jocelyn Perkins who wrote to me more than a month ago and whom I ought to have answered long ago.

Friday, November 7

A poorish mail in the morning. Nance's wedding is fixed for the 25th this month. Mother told us that Char. is practically recovered but was still in bandages. It must have been quite a severe operation. After lunch I went out in the boat and down to the far end of the Lake to look up the Mackays whom I have not as yet seen. Mrs. Mackay quite pleasant and C/E. She has three children, one of them unbaptized and she said that she would try and bring him over to Sorrento.

From them I went to the mouth of the Little River where I found an elderly couple just below Squilax, eastern Canadians who have been there two years. Nice people. I had tea there and, as it began to rain, I had a wet trip home. The boat ran well and it looks as though I were through the worst of my troubles. I fancy that it was in the coil and, now that I have Stewart's, she goes splendidly and scarcely ever misses. I was busy writing a sermon for Sunday at night and got most of it done.

Saturday, November 8

The children came as usual and, after they had gone, I worked hard at my sermon and finished it. A fine day and warmer. The weather nowadays here is really milder than it would be at home. And they are having zero temperatures and heavy snow on the prairies. Polly was shod this morning. She seems quite happy here and reconciled to her new quarters. After lunch I went down to the boat to get her ready for Eagle Bay tomorrow. Stewart was there going to take some groceries over to the Nicholls' so we went in my boat instead of his to give her a trial trip. I saw young Nicholls and he told me that he had moved to Brown's place on Scotch Creek Flat for the winter and would like me to get over there to baptize his four children if I could manage it. So I must go there soon. Home then to an excellent supper of roast chicken and to the Store after where there was a full house and much Saturday talk until a late hour.

Sunday, November 9

To Eagle Bay in the morning. The boat ran capitally. Argyle had rowed a man out from his place called Hewitt, a bachelor from Birmingham out eleven years who lives at Canoe but has a homestead at Eagle Bay. I took him up with me. The Rhodes' so pleased to see me. Otherwise, not much of a congregation but two men had come from Salmon Arm in a motorboat and were actually churchmen and a great help. Once again the harmonium of great assistance. Home then, the boat not running so well. She stopped once for no apparent reason and I thought that I was going to have my usual Eagle Bay experience. However I got home in time for the service which was at three. I was disappointed at the congregation. No-one from the Davidsons for which there was no reason that I could see. Still, we had quite a nice service. I looked in at *Spe's Bona* on the way home and then back for a rather long evening.

Monday, November 10

A most beautiful day and sunshine at last. So warm and bright. The children came as usual. When they had gone I started making a new case for my little harmonium. I dropped the wretched thing last night and, as the case was very rickety, it is in poor condition now. Unfortunately I have no thin wood and I am afraid it will be rather heavy. I stayed in all the afternoon and worked away and eventually got only the box done. There is any amount to be done yet. Kinghorn came in the evening to tell me that the coal has come – 2-1/2 tons for us which I shall put in the big packing case which is just outside. It has cost me 23 dollars altogether which I paid him. I don't think that it is particularly dear. Of course I haven't seen it yet. We had a white rabbit for supper.

Tuesday, November 11

Not so good a mail as usual for a Tuesday considering that we had a poor one on Friday. No letters worth mentioning. A nice day after a frost last night – quite a sharp one. King has finished digging the ditch but Stewart is away in Kamloops giving evidence in a libel case. So I can't put the pipe down yet. We were busy making preparations for a tea-party in the afternoon and about four Mrs. Jackson and Dorothy, Mrs. and Miss Dickie and Mrs. Tupper came, taxing our supply of china and teaspoons to the uttermost. Needless to say, there was plenty of conversation and all went well. Mrs. Dickie is going to try and start regular Bridge and she asked us to go there on Thursday. Anything for a little change! They left about 5:30. The first part of our coal came today. Not bad looking stuff but very small lumps all the same size like pebbles. Nicholls came to see me today and I arranged to baptize his grandchildren on Wednesday at 2:30. I am very glad to do it.

Wednesday, November 12

A perfectly lovely day, warm and sunny after a sharp frost at night. After the children had left, I went down to the Davidsons and arranged to take them out in the afternoon in the boat. So away we went after lunch – Davidson, Joe and Cameron, Mrs. Currall and the nurse, Miss Cave. I ran up to the Flathers towards Celistia but they were out and then across to the Shuttlewoods but they were out too. I had a shot at some duck without success. So far the boat had gone well but, opposite Blind Bay, that wretched coupling came away and I had a job to get it right. Alas, this time it has really broken and I shall have to get a new one. At present its hold is very precarious. However we got home all right soon after four and quite time too as it gets very cold after the sun has gone down. I had some talk with Nurse Cave. She is doubtful of staying here to live unless she gets enough work. I have a good mind to get her to massage my bad leg as I fancy it might do it good. Anything to induce her to stay here. She seems so nice.

Thursday, November 13

I started off after lunch to baptize the Nicholls children. All in a few yards the coupling had another piece break off and now it won't hold at all. And I had a lot of things from the Store to take over and could see people waiting for me on the other side. But I couldn't get there despite anything I could do. Misfortunes never come singly as, last night, our water froze up hard and it has shown no sign of running all day and Stewart St. George is away at Kamloops giving evidence and goodness knows when he will be back. The ditch is dug and ready and we are only waiting for fresh pipes to replace the burst ones. I walked over to the Jacksons after tea to take the hymns to Miss Dickie as I knew that she was there. After supper to the Store to wire for a new coupling for the boat from Vancouver. Maud rode to Blind Bay this afternoon to take the notices for Sunday.

Friday, November 14

Another sharp frost at night. No signs of the water all day. Stewart St. George still away at Kamloops but he came back at night, thank goodness. I wish he could start on my job soon but so many people want him. A very fair mail in the morning including a useful little book by the

Bishop of London. Mother wrote that she had been staying at Fulham and she told me that the Bishop was sending me a book. I suppose for a Christmas present. The Lake was so rough that I couldn't row over to the Nicholls as I had intended doing and I went out shooting in the afternoon, quite a long walk, and succeeded in getting a rabbit for Mrs. Davidson on the town site near home.

Saturday, November 15

I was busy most of the morning at my sermon and I got most of it done. Stewart St. George came in the morning and said that he was getting started on our job at once. I decided after all to carry the pipe further up the creek so that we can get the barrel sunk and more or less protected without preventing the water rising to the house. But it will cost me a lot of money. We went up to the dam and I found a little gate at the sluice which prevents a lot of water coming down and I pulled it out with the result that a perfect spate began. I hope that it will run enough to keep it from freezing up in the winter. I went out shooting later and managed to get a grouse. When I got home, I found, to my joy, that the water had begun running again, that Stewart had finished so far as he could go, that King had dug the rest of the ditch and that most of the pipe is now buried. So we should be safe for the present. Club night at the Store!

Sunday, November 16

I was rather horrified to see a perfect pool of water in the field near the Hutchins' house due to my artificial spate. There was a much better congregation at church at eleven. Mrs. Kinghorn asked me to speak to Stewart who, it seems, was away at Frank St. George's digging a ditch. Another unpleasant job for me. We went into lunch at *Spes Bona* after and then home and then to Blind Bay driving Polly. The road bad in places but good on the whole. I went with but little prospect of a service but was agreeably surprised to find quite a fair congregation and we had a most excellent collection. We went to tea with Mrs. Baynes and I met her husband whom I have not seen before. We went to the Barnards after to get a beautiful fern and he gave me a sackful of vegetables. I was quite horrified when Brown came over to ask me to arrange the funeral of one of the unbaptized Nicholls children who died this morning. It seems too dreadful, the boat breaking down on Thursday. I am to go over tomorrow to make the arrangements.

Monday, November 17

I heard that a parcel had come express for Kinghorn in the morning and I thought that it would be my new coupling as I had wired for it in his name so Maud rode up to Notch Hill while I got the boat ready. Alas, when she came back, it was not my thing at all so, after lunch, Stewart drove me over. We were met on the beach by old Nicholls and Sheen who told me to my utter astonishment that the funeral was that afternoon. We hurried to the house – a mile – I said some prayers and then away to Celista in Stewart's and Brown's boats. We got there just as it got dark and I buried the poor little thing, only a year old, as well as I could and we filled in the grave afterwards. Then home in bitter cold Stewart running out of gasoline so that Brown had to tow us to Fowler's where, after considerable delay, we got a tin. Eventually we got home, simply frozen, after a really ghastly afternoon. I have never met people so helpless in every way and it

all seemed so terrible. I am afraid that the child died largely of neglect as it had pneumonia and all the children are insufficiently clad and fed.

Tuesday, November 18

There was quite a good mail in the morning and I had a great number of letters to write in the morning. I wrote to the Salmon Arm Observer asking them to let me know how much they would charge for printing bills and postcards for my services in the future. Also several letters to Seymour Arm to try and make sure this time of my arrival being known. Maud rode up to the Hill to fetch the new coupling for the boat which arrived today. I went down to the boat after lunch to see if it were right. Thank goodness, it is. Though rather a tight fit which is just as well. The shafts on both sides will have to be filed down a bit and I could only do one side in the afternoon as I only had a small file. However, it is right and that is the great thing. The water gave out again at night and we thought that it was all up but it began to run again ages afterwards quite fast for some mysterious reason.

Wednesday, November 19

Stewart was busy all day at the water so we had none until night. Just before the children went, Sheen, who lives at present with Mrs. Gregory, came to see me. I was afraid at first that another Nicholls child was ill but it wasn't that but to tell me that he had lost a brother in Vancouver. Their half-brother, Preece, who lives with him, has gone there and they are afraid that their old mother may collapse. He wanted to know if I would take a wire over the Lake as the one they received about the brother was sent last Friday and they only got it yesterday. Of course I said I would and he seemed so grateful. There were quite a number of men from Steamboat Bay in the Store. All that long way. Trade here increases. Eric Syson and I went out shooting after lunch but we only got a rabbit and a grouse and I couldn't find the grouse as it was too dark. He would have liked to have come in to supper but they wanted him at *Spes Bona* so he will come next Wednesday instead.

Thursday, November 20

After the children had gone I worked at the new case for the harmonium and I got on with it fairly well. I am afraid that it will be heavy as the wood is too thick. However it will "do for now." After lunch Maud rode over to the Mitchells for bridge. I walked for I wanted to find the grouse I lost last night behind Beemer's house. After some time, to my astonishment, I actually found it. I went over with Mrs. Tupper and Mrs. Jackson and found the Dickies there. We played hopelessly rotten auction bridge in a stifling room which made Mrs. Dickie's face the colour of a beetroot – my partner at that. It got very dark outside and we were glad of a lantern to help us home. No water again! But the work is nearly done now and I hope that, after all the bother and expense we have had, we may have water at least for the winter.

Friday, November 21

A good mail for papers but a poor one for letters in the morning. I was busy most of the day finishing off the box for the harmonium to take to Seymour Arm tomorrow. I managed to get it

done and I painted it with the stain and really it does very well except that it is rather heavy. One piece of the old box is still in[tact.] I tidied up the wood-shed afterwards which is in an awful mess. Mrs. Baines came to call in the afternoon and talked considerably much of it about relations between Mrs. Barnard and the rest of the family. She left about 4:30 after asking Maud to spend a day with her.

Saturday, November 22

We were up early and drove to the station so that I could catch the train at 8:20. There was a light powdering of snow with the going so heavy that we had to get out and walk most of the way. However, we were in plenty of time to catch the train. I got into the *Annavanna* at Sicamous and we went up in company with lumberjacks on their way to the camp at Seymour Arm. We got there about 3:30 and I was surprised to see about six inches of snow there. It is curious that the weather seems so much more severe here than at Sorrento. I found my notices were up with only one mistake this time. Mrs. Freeman had put one up in the hotel on her own with the wrong time on it. I found young Hooper, the school-teacher, staying at the hotel as his father has gone out for the winter. Such a nice chap and really well-read. We went up to the Collins' after and found them in their hall as they are busy plastering the chimney in the sitting-room. So we had no music for once. I sat up late in the hotel talking to young Hooper.

Sunday, November 23

I had service at Celista Creek in the morning and I had to row there in such a heavy boat. It took me more than an hour and a half. I had a sort of service for once and it may be the beginning of better things. Then back again and it began to snow and it snowed nearly all the way home which was decidedly unpleasant. There was a better congregation at Seymour in the afternoon which included two English people who have not come before – Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Gillman. I was very glad to see them for many reasons. The service with only two or three church people goes so much better. Then back to the hotel and to supper with the Collins' where we had some music. Collins told me that the pictures which he had offered to swap with me for my gun would fetch perhaps 800 or 900 dollars! He said that he had refused 500 dollars for them. A man came to me today and offered me two dollars for the church.

Monday, November 24

Freeman did not leave until about one o'clock. There was quite a thaw and the snow melting everywhere. At lunch Freeman was boasting about the speed of his boat and declared that he would catch another boat, a stern-wheeler, a scow, which had left Seymour Arm some hours earlier. Eventually he offered to bet a dollar and to his disgust, it was taken! When we got round the Narrows, the boat was in sight sure enough, a long way away and Freeman was jubilant. We got nearer and nearer and then it turned out to be a different boat and the scow was safely tied up at Sicamous! I had two hours to wait at the hotel which I passed very comfortably in the reading-room under the building. I dined in the train and got to Notch Hill after eight and walked home. They had had some snow yesterday but not nearly so much as at Seymour and it was scarcely freezing. But it looks as if winter has begun.

Tuesday, November 25

Joe and Dorothy came as usual. Wentworth is away at Salmon Arm. There was quite a good mail and I was busy writing letters until lunch time. Then I walked down to the pier and should have got to work on the boat but it was so very rough. The pile-driver there, starting to build our new "harbour" this afternoon. What for, I simply can't imagine. Then to the Davidsons where I saw Nurse Cave and I arranged for her to come to me on Thursday afternoon. I saw Mrs. Davidson who seemed a great deal better. Maud had gone to a "Browning Reading" at the Tupperts and so I got old Jackson to come to tea which was very pleasant. We cabled to Nance in the evening as she is to be married tomorrow. King and Stewart had a tremendous row today over our water and almost came to blows. When, oh when, shall we get any? Kim seemed poorly today and refused to eat his supper or breakfast.

Wednesday, November 26

After the children had gone I went up to the ditch and helped Stewart dig up the pipe at various places as there is a stoppage somewhere. We did not find the place whilst I was there but he found it later and, at last, we had some water. For how long? I wonder. I never knew such a piece of work as this water is in all my life. After lunch Eric Syson and I went shooting. We were out almost all the afternoon and we never saw a thing and came back empty-handed. We ended up at Dingwall's and I was glad to see a large pile of wood which he has cut ready for the little stove. I also inspected his new chicken-house which is a great work. He has most of the land ploughed now necessary to get his patent, thank goodness. Eric Syson came in to supper when we had the grouse we killed last Wednesday. It was excellent. Nance's wedding day. I do hope it went off satisfactorily.

Thursday, November 27

A most beautiful warm sunny morning. The plumber still busy at the waterworks. After lunch we went across to the Tupperts to play bridge. The usual people there and it was rather boring. The play so very slow and of a low quality. The proceedings warmed up towards the end by Mrs. Dickie getting rather warm with Mrs. Jackson over a dispute about some play. Mrs. Jackson, as a fact, was perfectly right. Unfortunately, she appealed to me and so I was almost drawn into it too! When we got home we found that we had got water but by no means a full supply so I suppose that there is still a stoppage somewhere. Nurse Cave came and gave me my first massage on my leg. She does it well and is not nearly so rough as the nurse at home. I had a fairly nice hot bath after although the water ran too slowly to give me a really good one. It was very welcome!

Friday, November 28

A dull damp day. Stewart St. George was here in the morning and found another stoppage in the pipe near the house. When he had got that out, the water ran much better. King had finished the fence round the next lot so Polly was able to have a run outside and seemed to enjoy it. I went down to the boat in the morning and worked hard at her both before and after lunch., I gave her a thorough everywhere – cylinder heads, carburetor, distributor, timing-wheel, etc. - and at last

got the new coupling on which, as a matter of fact, doesn't fit perfectly. I am afraid that we shall have to take a piece off the engine-shaft. However, she will run now which is a mercy. There was such a lot of water in her – several inches and I had to pump her out. Then home, very dirty, to find that Mrs. Tupper had been in to tea. Quite a good mail today including a letter from Char. who has had a bad spill off his motor-bicycle. Little Charlie, in the side-car, was stunned and Char. had to have some stitches in his leg.

Saturday, November 29

Another rainy day. Drizzle in the morning and heavy rain later in the day. I heard that there have been four inches at Notch Hill and I saw the first sledge I have seen here as yet. I went down to the boat in the morning and saw Stewart there. We put the coupling in again but we couldn't get far enough up the shaft. I am afraid my coil is done for and I shall have to have a new one which will cost between twelve and fifteen dollars. The boat seems a ceaseless drain on me. Stewart will put in his coil tomorrow and she should then be in good working order. I was busy splitting a lot of new short wood in the afternoon for the little stove of which Dingwall has brought half a cord. Then Nurse Cave came and gave me my second massage. To the "Club" after supper where I have not been for a week and so to bed. Thank goodness the water has run clear now and is in full blast. Once again, I wonder, for how long?

Sunday, November 30 1 Advent

Another nice warm day. Service here at 11:00. There was a good congregation and a nice service though the harmonium squeaked abominably and there was a note ciphering. I had almost my favourite hymn, the St. Andrew's Day hymn, "Jesus calls us" and Miss Dickie played it to "Through the night of doubt and sorrow!" Away to Celistia after and the boat ran abominably. Alas the new coupling does not fit and came off every time the boat stopped. I picked up four at the Thomsons and we were half an hour late. The service much as usual, Mrs. Riley not offering to sing. The boat behaved worse than ever on the way back and I was ages getting her away off the Thomsons. It was a black night with the rain falling. However I got home at last about half-past six. My first experience of driving in pitch darkness and it is very curious to say the least of it.

Monday, December 1

A colder day but not freezing. The children came as usual including Wentworth who has been away at Salmon Arm on a visit. I heard that Miss Dickie had consented to be school-teacher but it is very doubtful whether the education board will consent unless she gets a certificate. I was very hard at work all day splitting wood and I got all the rest of it done and stacked in the woodshed which is a good job. I tidied the shed. Maud rode over on Polly (the little wretch has got at the oats for the second time), and called on Mrs. King and had tea there. She took some papers for Mrs. Davidson and left them with her. I wrote many letters before supper (a most excellent roast chicken) as the nurse comes tomorrow morning to massage my leg. I went to the Store afterward.

Tuesday, December 2

A perfectly lovely day. A moderate mail and no letters worth mentioning. The nurse came and massaged my leg for the second time. She is going to bring a vibrator next time. After lunch I went down to the boat which I found deep in water! I am afraid that the leak in the stuffing box gets worse and worse. I tried to put on the coupling again but couldn't do any good with it. It is such an awful nuisance. I am literally doing nothing nowadays and it is getting on my mind. Maud had gone out to the second of the Browning readings at Mrs. Dickie's and Jackson came to have tea with me. We had quite an interesting discussion afterwards and he seems a very well-informed man. I feel very sorry for him. Their position seems so sad. Maud came in about 5:30 and said that there seemed some searchings of heart because Mrs. Dickie is to have bridge on Thursday whereas it was originally arranged for Mrs. Jackson to have it. How simply too small-minded these women are! As if it mattered. I had a grand tidying up after supper as the rooms were in a terrible mess.

Wednesday, December 3

A much colder day. It looks a good deal more like snow tonight. I saw Stewart in the morning and he made some washers to fill up the crack between the two parts of the coupling. We went down after lunch and I had the usual long pumping out while he fixed the coupling. I had meant to go to Nicholls' but, alas, she wouldn't go at all. I just got away but never started again and I drifted down to Frank St. George's till dark. It was bitterly cold and I can't imagine what can be wrong. Good sparks on the plugs and apparently nothing the matter with the carburetor. Fortunately Stewart had gone across the Lake and I had told him to look out for me on his way back and he towed me home. Really it is too bad luck with this wretched boat. I hear that Murray Bulmer is coming up on Saturday and I shall try and get him to look at her. I went home very cold but was restored by a glorious hot bath.

Thursday, December 4

The children came as usual with the exception of Dorothy who has a cold. She seems very delicate. The Nurse came at 11:00. It is so cold and tiresome having to go to bed in the morning but I really think that she is doing me good. She brought the vibrator and used it after the massage. After lunch we went over to the Kinghorns for the bridge and the same lot as usual with the exception of Mrs. Hutchins who came instead of Mrs. Tupper. We actually play four rubbers, each winning two though we were far behind on points. Altogether it was a much more amusing afternoon than usual. I stayed after and had a game of chess with Kinghorn and, to our mutual surprise, nearly beat him. I should have had I not let him have a castle back which I had taken. To the Store after supper where we dismissed the feasibility of a club with a billiards-room though it would be a great asset here.

Friday, December 5

Such a dismal letter from Mother. Poor Edward Wakefield is dying of colitis. Canon Yerburgh, Vicar of Tewkesbury, died of heart failure out hunting, and young Taylor of Strensham, with whom I was at school, has shot himself in India. The farmer who ran Char. down was heavily

ined in the police court for driving without a light. After lunch I went out shooting. Maud actually came with me. I found a pretty trail near Sutherland's leaving the road and bending towards the Lake and then running parallel to it and eventually coming out opposite the school. I shot a rabbit. Maud went to visit Mrs. Davidson who is a great deal better and I went to have tea with the Tupper and had an interesting talk with her about books. She has read a good deal and it was a pleasant change. I went home and worked at a sermon for Sunday.

Saturday, December 6

A cold windy day. After the children had left, I went down to the boat and pumped her dry, ready for Stewart to put her in order for Eagle Bay tomorrow. Shall I ever get there? They have got on with their work at the wharf and have nearly finished driving the long row of planks down one side. We shall have a capital harbour when they have done especially if they put them down the tail of the L too. There will be a row of piles to act as a break-water further out than the tail of the L and parallel with the body. Stewart came down after lunch and we worked at the boat till four. He found that the float was not working properly and he connected up the batteries a different way which gave a tremendous spark. Maud had gone to tea with Mrs Tupper. The Nurse came at 4:30 and massaged my leg. I was busy with my sermon and so could not have my usual Saturday night with the "Club." I had to go over and then tear myself away again.

Sunday, December 7

Stewart came with me to Eagle Bay and so, of course, as always when he comes, it was a perfect day, sunny and a glassy Lake. The boat ran well going up, though she missed a little. A moderate congregation there though Mrs. Read and the children came. I asked Mrs. Rhodes whether her little boy had been baptized and she asked me what it meant! She said ultimately that she would think it over. Stewart had been tinkering with the boat and she came back like the wind. Copper Island – home in 19 minutes. If only she would go like that in the future. I was in nice time for lunch before the service but there was a poor congregation. Afterwards we went to tea with the Kinghorns and he showed me a most offensive postcard from Miss Rhodes which he has lately received. I also had a rather nasty letter from her yesterday but tackled her at once. I think that she was rather frightened. I went down to the Davidsons afterwards and found her downstairs. Why none of them come to church now, I can't imagine. It is so worrying. Old Hutchins resplendent in a frock coat. Home for a quiet evening.

Monday, December 8

I went down to the boat after the children had left and was a long time pumping her out. Then I had a good deal of difficulty in starting her up but I eventually got her off and went over to the Nicholls' to arrange about the christening. I walked to their place through the bush only to find them out so I went back to the boat, getting a grouse on the way, and so on to the Browns where I found Mrs. Nicholls and the children. I found that one of the little boys had been bitten quite badly on the arm by a dog just before. I arranged to have the christening on Wednesday morning. Mrs. Brown gave me a piece of venison and then on to the Thomsons to return a lantern which they had lent me last week. The boat was running beautifully and I crossed the Lake to Shuttlewoods to see young S. I found that he has a sister staying with him who has been

there some time. He expects to go out some time before Christmas as he will have done his six months then. So home, very pleased with the boat running so well.

Tuesday, December 9

We were up early and away to Kamloops by the 9:30 train, getting there in time for lunch at the hotel. Then we were busy all the afternoon shopping. Maud wanted me to get her a revolver so I went to the ironmonger. The man told me that I must have an order from the police so I went to the court where I heard two men sentenced to 6 and 3 months, the first for stabbing an Indian, the second for selling whiskey to an Indian. I was refused an order so I went back and told the ironmonger that there was nothing doing. So that present is off. We finished shopping in plenty of time to catch the train and, after dining on board we got to Notch Hill. We paid for Polly's keep and landed safely at home with all our parcels with just five cents between us. I found that I had lost my cheque-book somewhere.

Wednesday, December 10

I left for the Nicholls about half-past ten and, after the usual pumping out. The boat started like an angel and I got there in good time. Thank goodness, we shall lift her with the pile-driver next week and mend up the stuffing box which now leaks in a perfectly awful way. I had to have a very dubious dinner (venison) before the christening and, afterwards, successfully made the three children Christians. Mrs. Brown and old Nicholls there. When I got home, I found Eric Syson putting in the drum downstairs and the new stove pipe below. It makes the house so much warmer. We went out shooting after and actually got two grouse and two rabbits. We got the grouse behind Jimmy Nicholl's place, both together. We saw the slot of a deer behind in the wood. Then home. We should all three of us have gone to Mrs. Jackson's to supper but she had sent a note saying she was poorly so we didn't go. I started making Maud a chest of drawers after dark and got on better than usual as I have a new blade for my plane.

Thursday, December 11

I worked away at the chest of drawers for a bit and then went to Blind Bay in the boat to take the notices for Sunday's service. Such a joy now that she runs so well but the pumping out is such a nuisance before I can get away. I saw the Barnards and he gave me some pears and then home. We were to have had the bridge here but the Dickies could not come as Mrs. Dickie has lost a sister and, with Mrs. Jackson poorly, only Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Hutchins came. Mrs. Kinghorn came to tea and told us that her father and mother come here next week for Christmas which is good news. We had quite a supper – fish from Kamloops and venison. The Nurse came in after to massage my leg. I had seen Dr. Burris at Kamloops and he had thought it better. I only hope it is.

Friday, December 12

A tremendous paper mail this morning and the accounts of the wedding in Mother's letter, together with the Upton News at last. It seems to have been a great success. I was busy at the drawers or, rather, drawer, all day and I got one finished and stained by the evening. It is much the most professional job than any I have done before, chiefly because I now have a sharp plane.

If only the drawers will pull in and out when it is all done! It is an ambitious piece – four drawers with a cupboard below. I am afraid that I have scarcely enough wood for it all. After I had done, I went down to Mrs. Davidson taking her some pears and a lot of papers. She seems ever so much better now and looks perfectly well. Home then and, after supper off some very good venison, to the Store where there was a poorly attended “Club.”

Saturday, December 13

I was busy most of the day at the chest of drawers. I finished both sides which stand about five feet high. It was a laborious job planing all the V-joints to fit together but it looked quite professional when it was done and I was very careful to get the pieces really square. It was such a warm day with no sign of frost. I gave Hemstrich my old plane with the notches in it to grind down. We had an excellent grouse for supper and, afterwards, I went over to the Store and Eric Syson suggested putting up a small billiards table overhead knocking two rooms into one. I said that I would write to Riley's in England and he said that he would write to the coast. I had to work at a sermon when I got back.

Sunday, December 14

A fine day. Church at Sorrento was at eleven and there was a poor congregation though not so bad as it might be. The organ ciphered again and we had to get on without it and we sang the hymns unaccompanied quite well. We lunched at the Kinghorns and Maud brought round Polly there and we drove off afterwards to Blind Bay in good time to put up the horse at the Barnards. I was quite surprised at the excellence of the congregation – far and away the best since I have been here. It was reinforced by some young men, two Vernons, who have lately come back, Frost and another. So we had a good service and the collection was 6.15 dollars. I was so pleased at the improvement. We went to tea at the Barnards afterwards and stayed so as to have the moon to drive home by (we didn't!), and we got home safely and had the usual number of things to do before supper when we had a very good cold venison pie.

Monday, December 15

I was busy most of the morning with the chest of drawers. It got on very slowly indeed but surely. I got the frame more or less fixed and standing up but it takes me such ages thinking out how to get over the difficult parts that I lose a lot of time. I am afraid that it will be a long time before it is finished. The Davidson children came but not Dorothy as it is her birthday! Eleven years old today. The Nurse came in the evening. She arrived with Wentworth just as we were sitting down to supper. Such a hurry in consequence. I was busy earlier in the evening writing out the notices and sending postcards for Seymour Arm for Sunday which I intend treating as Christmas Day.

Tuesday, December 16

A poorish mail in the morning with a new cheque-book from the Bank in place of the one I lost at Kamloops. It doesn't seem to worry the Manager at Chase in the least. Two beautifully packed parcels came from home, one containing a pudding and various other Christmas things,

the other just a cake which arrived without even a crack in the icing. No answer to any of the letters I wrote to Kamloops about the lost cheque-book. I heard today that the old St. Georges have wired that they arrive tomorrow for Christmas which is good business. I was busy at the chest of drawers and finishing off the rest of the frame and made the drawers for the bottom which look quite smart. It takes much longer than I had thought. I went to the Store at night but did not stay long.

Wednesday, December 17

The children came as usual. After they had gone, I spent most of the day at the eternal masterpiece. There seems so little done at the end of the day. I ordered some handles for the drawers at the Store and I got some smart brass hinges for the doors. I spent ages and ages hanging them as I have had such ghastly failures before and I managed to get them level and hanging beautifully. Eric Syson couldn't go out in the afternoon but he and Tupper came over. The latter leaves tomorrow for Christmas and the Dickies on Tuesday so Maud will play on Christmas Day. I finished off the doors with edging and they look so smart. The Nurse came to supper with us and we had a grouse and macaroni cheese! She massaged my knee after which seems ever so much better. Mrs. Currall walked up to go home with her.

Thursday, December 18

Another day at the perpetual task which is now really almost finished. I made the two little top drawers (I made such a good job of them) and got them to run beautifully. I made them on runners which makes such a difference. They slip in and out capitally. Now I have only one drawer to make and it will actually be finished. When, I wonder? I must go up the Lake tomorrow and on Saturday I go to Seymour Arm. I heard that the old St. Georges had arrived safely last night. Maud rode over to call on young Mrs. Dunne in the afternoon and said that she was so very pleasant. Such a warm day and actually thawing. I went to the Store for a short time after supper. There was a light fall of snow beginning.

Friday, December 19

Quite a fair mail in the morning including some Christmas presents which we did not open except when we thought that there might be an enclosure. The children came as usual. I heard from the people to whom I had written about my cheque-book. No news of it. I went down to the boat and found her literally half full of water. Such an awful mess. Water actually up to the carburetor and both cylinders half full. It took me ages to pump her out and wash out the cylinders with gasoline. I never expected to start her up but I did and she went splendidly to the Thomsons. I wanted to arrange about a Christmas service at Celistia but they said that I had much better stick to Sunday. I was rather disappointed. When I got home, I went over to *Spes Bona* and saw the old St. Georges who seemed very well. I am so glad that they have come as they are so pleasant and jolly. It was as well that I looked in as evidently I had been expected.

Saturday, December 20

We were up early and I was away by the nine-something train for Seymour Arm. I got there after the usual tedious journey at 3:30 and found that Gillies was driving the *Annavanna* which he has bought from Freeman for 1300 dollars, Freeman being sick of running her! I met young Hooper at Sicamous going out for good. I am so sorry and all the more so as it seems likely that all of them may go too. They are all away at present – my only church people worth a cent. I found only old Bass, the trapper, at the hotel where he is staying as he is unwell. I had a good deal of talk with him and he is a nice old chap. I met old Collings and went there to supper and wanted it as I had had only a modest breakfast since last night. They were quite festive after producing dessert, liqueur, etc. after. He told me that old Bass had been turned out by main force by his brute of a partner, Barker, which is a great shame and the old fellow hasn't the gumption to take proceedings. We sat up a long time talking when I got back to the hotel.

Sunday, December 21

The Collings boys had offered to take me over to Celistia Creek in their motor-boat so it saved me a very long row. I never expected a soul there and was most agreeably surprised to find a capital congregation of 15 or 16. It was a shock! I hadn't enough prayer-books with me. However, we had quite a good service, the Collings brothers staying outside! Then back, very glad that I had persevered there. After lunch to the School and a very fair number though not so many as I had hoped for. I found that all the postcards I had sent last Tuesday had never arrived which was so disappointing. So no Johnsons nor Daniels turned up. However a lot of men from the hotel came together with old Bass who hadn't been to a religious service since 1894. We made a grand noise singing the Christmas hymns. Back to supper at the hotel and then to the Collings'. It was a very cold night – five above, but so bright that one didn't seem to notice it.

Monday, December 22

I left Seymour Arm about 12:30. Just as I got away, I happened to see one of my postcards in Gillman's boat which I had sent to his wife and it was postmarked quite correctly here and at Sicamous where it had been delayed. Such a pity. Poor Gillies had trouble starting up and we were delayed for some considerable time in the bay but we eventually got off. We called in at Beach Bay which is such a pretty place and into which some new settlers have lately come. I didn't have quite such a long wait at Sicamous and I spent the time very comfortably in the reading-room below the hotel. I dined in the train after considerable delay as it was very full. Maud was not at Notch Hill so I started walking down and met her driving up on the way. It was a cold night but, when we got home, we found that Eric Syson had got a nice fire for us and everything comfortable. Particularly a good hot bath.

Tuesday, December 23

Quite a good mail in the morning including some more plum puddings. We shall really have to give a party some time. I went down to the boat in the morning as she was half full of water and pumped her out. Then, in the afternoon, I worked at the chest of drawers and stained it with one coat. It didn't cover up the mark as much as I had hoped for but it really looks quite nice and

smart. I looked in at the church and helped Maud sweep it out after the decorating. It looks so nice with a beautiful new dossal over the altar and a screen of evergreens below the chancel steps. The new bell has come – quite a big one – but won't be hung until next week. It sounds, of course, somewhat "tinny" close to but very good further away and it can be heard for a long distance.

Wednesday, December 24

Maud rode up to the Hill in the morning for the meat and came back with the usual nondescript piece of beef. I was busy finishing putting the last touches to the chest of drawers and I finished all but the handles ready for tomorrow. After lunch we went over to the Kinghorns for the Christmas Tree. Such a crowd there including one or two people I hadn't met before. I met Mr. Morris from across the Lake, a very pleasant Englishman. The tree looked so pretty all lit by electric lights and I was surprised to find that there were presents for everybody. Syson was Father Christmas and gave them away. I had a nice little pocket-book and Maud a bag worked by old Mrs. St. George. There was a great tea afterwards. After supper I went over to the Store where there was a full "Club" night.

Thursday, December 25 Christmas Day

Thank goodness a beautiful day. Service was at 11:00. Maud played, Miss Dickie being away. There was a good congregation which included Mrs. Davidson whom I was very glad to see in church. There were 16 communicants and the collection was \$31. I had declined this so it went towards the debt of \$200 on the church which we are paying off in four annual installments. I was sorry that no-one came from Blind Bay. After lunch, a leg of mutton and a plum pudding, we opened our presents and then we walked to various houses taking the children some Christmas presents sent out from England. Dorothy Jackson, the Kinghorn children and then the Davidsons. Then home, and, after tea, we dressed and away to the Kinghorns to dine. There were 13 in all and we sat at two tables. Mr., Mrs. and Flora Kinghorn, Mr. and Mrs. St. George, the old people, Stewart, the two Sysons, Hilliam and ourselves. It was a very merry party with an excellent dinner and plenty of good champagne and moderate port. There were many speeches after and, altogether, a most jovial evening. Taking it all round, it has been a very happy Christmas for us.

Friday, December 26 St. Stephen

A perfectly awful mess in the house and another stupendous mail on top of it. Mrs. Hunter sent me a big book about St. Paul which was very acceptable. It was very kind of her. A warm sunny day and we were busy tidying up all the muddle of the last few days. Maud inside and I outside and a pretty desperate job it was which we didn't get half done. I had got some brass handles from Syson for the chest of drawers and I put them on. Such an improvement. Then we carried the masterpiece upstairs into Maud's room. It looks really rather nice but I have made a bit of a mess staining it. Some snow began to fall at night. Is this the beginning of winter? I hope not. It felt too warm. The Nurse should have come but I put her off as we were in such a muddle.

Saturday, December 27 St. John Eve.

It was snowing slightly in the morning but I went down to the boat and pumped her out. She was in a perfectly awful mess and a can of oil had burst again which added to the horror. So, after lunch, I took a scrubbing-brush and some soap and scrubbed her out. She looked so clean after and I tidied her up generally. Then I took my [c]oil out of Stewart's boat and put it in and got an explosion and so left her covered up for tomorrow. Then home and the Nurse came to supper when we had a new dish, some fresh beef fried up with forcemeat balls – so good. She massaged me and told me that this was the twelfth time so we are going to give it a miss, at all events, for a time. I really think that it has done me good. My leg looks bigger and stronger and I hardly notice the difference when I walk.

Sunday, December 28 Innocents' Day

Service here at eleven and there was not at all a bad congregation considering how near it was to Christmas. I had a celebration after and was disappointed when the Barnards, who had not come to church on Christmas Day, did not stay. However, there were six communicants. We had a rapid lunch and then down to the boat where I found Stewart who had put in my new coil. The result at present not very good as I went all the way on one cylinder, picking up Mrs. Kappel on the way. There was a very poor congregation. I seem to do very little at Celista somehow but the Shuttlewoods rowed over. When I started back the fun began. She went round and round and wouldn't answer the helm. I got her ashore and routed out Fowler who is living in a scow at the wharf and he said that the rudder was broken. So I made her snug and walked to Riley's and borrowed a boat and had to row home, dropping Mrs. Kappel at Thomsons'. It was a pitch black night but fortunately the Lake was calm and I got home safely but tired at 9:30. Maud had thought that Stewart was with me which was a mercy so she was not at all alarmed.

Monday, December 29

I saw Stewart in the morning and he said that he would be going over to Celista and would fetch back the boat which is a mercy. The children came as usual. After they had gone I was busy doing various jobs including mending the leg of a little table which stands in our bedroom. I started splitting wood which Dingwall had brought as it looks very like snow. Sure enough, it began in the evening and soon there was quite a lot. Very small flakes but so persistent. It looks as though winter has begun in earnest. I was busy coping with the arrears of many letters as I am very behindhand but they take such ages out here. I wrote to Mrs. Hunter. I had to rewrite the whole of the second half as I had acknowledged a letter from her as from Dorothy. I mistook the signature and noticed the signature just in time.

Tuesday, December 30

Quite a fair mail in the morning including a letter from the Rector enclosing a cheque for a guinea which is so good of him. I was hard a work all the morning writing letters and I got a good many wiped off before the mail left. The snow had stopped but it began in the afternoon again with a vengeance. Stewart had left in the morning towing two boats with two men and 17 cwt [hundredweight, or 112 lbs] of freight. I heard him coming back about seven in a blinding

snowstorm and went down to meet him. He wasn't able to tow back my boat and had lost his way. I sat down three times very violently on the way down which made me very uneasy about my knee. I went to the Store in the evening, the snow still falling fast and getting quite deep.

Wednesday, December 31

Snow fell all day and it did not stop until night when it got quite clear with a brilliant sky of stars. I was busy all day splitting wood and I got all the rest that Dingwall had brought finished. So now we have a nice pile again. Maud rode round to Mrs. Mitchell and asked her to a tea party which we are having tomorrow and brought back a quart of milk. Eric Syson came over in the evening and stayed until we saw the old year out and the new year in. So ends this year with a frightful rumpus over Home Rule. Just at present it looks uncommonly like civil war in Ireland but I suppose that some way out will be found. The USA is having a row with Mexico which also might lead to war. In our life, I suppose our coming out here is the chief thing. In the rest of the family Nance's marriage in November is an easy first. Then Co. and Connie's baby and then Char. and Alice moving into their new house.

-1914-

Thursday, January 1 Circumcision

We were busy in the morning making preparations for a tea-party in the afternoon. The company came about four and, for once in a way, we were ready before they arrived. I had swept away the snow in various places outside so as to make paths and I banked it up round the house to keep out the frost. The people were the old St. Georges, Mrs. Kinghorn, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Mitchell and Kinghorn who had to leave early to get a sledge to drive back in. All went well and old St. George stayed afterwards to have a talk and to walk over with us as we were dining there for a New Year's dinner. We didn't dress this time so we were soon ready and we got there at seven. The same people there as at Christmas save Hilliam and we had a very jovial evening but no champagne this time. An excellent dinner and speeches after. We got back about eleven, rather cold. I had a bit of a headache and went to bed.

Friday, January 2

A perfect nightmare of a day. Something yesterday must have disagreed with me. I was roused from slumber about six and was most horribly ill over and over again – five times before nine o'clock! Every time I was seized with a cataclysm which rent me in pieces. I had promised Stewart to help him with the stuffing-box but I couldn't do anything except stay indoors all day. I got gradually better and there were no further convulsions after the morning but I felt very poorly all day. As always happens when I am laid up, there was an exceptionally poor mail and so I had nothing to read till ten when I went to bed pretty tired and aching all over as though I had a chill.

Saturday, January 3

I was quite restored today and felt ever so much better after an excellent night. I saw Stewart soon after breakfast and we went down together to the boats. He had hauled his up yesterday as his stuffing-box was leaking so first of all we attended to his and then we hauled mine straight up to the pier. It wasn't at all a difficult job and we soon got her up and then Stewart had to go to the inevitable dinner. When he was gorged (he eats like a tiger) we went down and got to work on mine. Then he found that he had no spanner big enough so we had to go to Frank's where he had been working and where his tools were and fetch one, bringing back Frank and his father. It didn't take long to stuff the box and then we lowered her in again and I pumped her out. I do hope that we shall have stopped the leak at last. In the evening I went over to Stewart's shack where I found him busy making a temporary rudder for tomorrow out of pipes and sheet iron. He made quite a good job of it but it is rather bendy. Unless the Lake is calm, I doubt if it will do.

Sunday, January 4

Alas, an awful day. A strong wind blowing. However we got up early and went down to the boat with Stewart. I was so disappointed to find some water in her but I do hope, with all my

heart, that it is not more than I left in her yesterday. When we tried to put on the rudder, we saw at once that it was too bendy and that the iron gave much too much to make it safe. So, very reluctantly, I was obliged to abandon the trip and I felt very downhearted about it. Service here was at three and there was quite a good congregation. I gave out the notice for the annual vestry meeting next Sunday which we shall have in the church. Kinghorn told me that there is every prospect of the railway having a new course along the beach. Two C.P.R. engineers arrived at Notch Hill yesterday and the question is as to whether to drive a long tunnel between Blind Bay or no. It would be a very bad thing for Sorrento and death to *Spes Bona* so he is very anxious about it. I suppose that our little spec[ulation] on Dingall's land would mature rapidly. I daresay that we should get \$500 an acre for it which would be a quick return and no mistake.

Monday, January 5

Extremely heavy rain all night – the most I have yet measured - .86". Practically all the heavy fall of snow has disappeared. It seems incredible as there was more than six inches. The day as warm as could be. The School under Miss Dickie opened today and so I have lost my children for good. I went over to the Store in the morning and took old Syson some of my printed postcards to send out about the meeting on Sunday. Then I started scattering manure over the garden and I had got a good deal of it done when it started to rain again and I had to come in. After lunch Maud and I were busy fixing the sink, at last! It has been propped up for weeks waiting for the plumber but we tackled it in despair and made quite a good job of it and got it firm. But we shall have to get Stewart to come to make the joint good underneath which we had to break. I was hard at work in the evening trying to catch up the arrears of letters for I am terribly behind.

Tuesday, January 6 – Epiphany

Another wet, rainy night. We have had more rain so far this month than the whole of several months together. There was not a bad mail in the morning but nothing particularly interesting. I saw Kinghorn at the Store and he told me some very important news about the railway. Apparently the two surveyors are really at it near Blind Bay so he went to see them. They gave him the figures. If the cost is justified, they will drive a long tunnel near Blind Bay and bring the line all along the beach. It would be almost fatal for Sorrento and utterly spoil *Spes Bona* and a good many other houses. Our little bit would, I suspect, be a very good spec. if they brought the line through. Apparently, so far as the junior surveyor saw at present, there would not be sufficient justification for spending two million dollars on the tunnel but they have, of course, to survey right through before they can be certain. Maud went to tea at the Davidsons. I went too but found that I wasn't expected and so retired. Davidson came up at night and I settled the wardenship with him, i.e. to ask Lloyd to stand – and, I think, without offending Davidson at all. A great relief for it has been much on my mind.

Wednesday, January 7

Another very wet night which effectually dispersed all the remaining snow around here. I was busy in the morning putting up a shelf in the kitchen over the oil-stove which will be a great help. I had heard last night that one of the little Burrill girls was ill with pneumonia so I walked

there after lunch and found her very bad indeed. They are having Dr. Scatchard from Chase nearly every day which must be a pretty big expense. She seems a very delicate child but should get over it I think. I had meant to walk on to Blind Bay but the roads were so bad that I didn't go. Coming back, I saw Dingwall who was cutting some poles for my shed outside and I arranged to have six. I want to try and get it started next week if I can get King. It was a good deal colder today and freezing hard at night.

Thursday, January 8

A much nicer day. I wanted to take the notices to Blind Bay and so walked there in the morning. My longest walk since I hurt my knee ages ago. I had dinner with the Barnards and then home. Maud had seen me go out and thought that I was going only to *Spes Bona* and, knowing that I was going to Blind Bay, had told Mrs. Mitchell that I could not play bridge there which led to a lot of explanation. However she went and I didn't. In the afternoon I went to the Kinghorns to tea and to talk over next Sunday's meeting. Everything seems to be going on all right. While I was there, Mrs. Kinghorn asked me to stay to supper so I telephoned to Maud at Mrs. Mitchell's and she said that it was all right and came too. She went back first to change. Quite a good supper – better than usual and a very pleasant evening. But these Canadian houses are so hot that being in them for some time almost always gives me a headache. I had a game of chess with Kinghorn and he beat me after a tremendous struggle after I had presented him with his queen and got a pawn right through.

Friday, January 9

Rather a poor mail. No news yet of any of the books which we ordered, some through Vi, some through the Times. Vi had said that her lot had been sent off so they should have arrived at Kamloops. After lunch I went on a long walk, first to the Burrills where I found the little girl much the same. Then on to Macaulay who was in. From him I went up to the Vernons where I have not been before. There was quite a lot of snow up there which made it tiring walking but it was a lovely day. I found their place which is a clearing with a saw-mill in it. There are two brothers, one married and the other, whom I found laid up, a bachelor. He seems quite a clever chap and is going in for surveying. Frost and Salter, two other young men, live there and work for the Vernons. From them I walked to Notch Hill and so home in a bright moonlit night after a very long and tiring walk. My leg stood it well.

Saturday, January 10

I was busy writing a sermon in the morning. I finished it before lunch. Afterwards I started writing my address for tomorrow and worked at it during the afternoon and got it done before tea. I had asked Lloyd to stand as my warden last night and, to my surprise and consternation, he told me that he had not been confirmed. So I asked Davidson in the morning and he said he would. The old St. Georges came over in the afternoon bringing a coat of Maud's. I went over to the Store after supper but Davidson telephoned there asking me down there and so I went. I stayed there talking till rather late. No-one else there besides the children. He seems to take the coming of the railway through his place very calmly. If the truth were known, he would, I daresay, welcome its arrival and a good sum of ready money. Home about ten.

Sunday, January 11

There was only a moderate congregation at church at eleven. It was disappointing. We had the Vestry Meeting immediately after. First of all I read my report and then Syson read his accounts. We seem to be in a very satisfactory position, starting the new year with a balance of \$80. Syson had consulted me as to that and we had decided that it should be handed over towards a fund for purchasing a site for a Vicarage. Stewart St. George (!) and Syson were elected lay delegates and Lloyd and Mrs. Hutchins to the Church Committee. The churchwardens as before. Maud and I lunched at *Spes Bona* and then we drove to Blind Bay for service. We had been advised to use the cutter but were very sorry as there was very little snow and we had to walk a good part of the way. However, we were in time and there was quite a fair congregation. We had tea with the Barnards and then home. I looked in at the Burrills and found the little girl, if anything, rather better. I was relieved for I had heard the most terrific reports at Blind Bay – *in extremis*, and so on. Then home and, after a sort of supper, to bed, glad that the Vestry Meeting was over.

Monday, January 12

I met Stewart in the morning and we went down to the boat together and started taking out the engine to get it out of the boat. We got everything ready and undone before lunch. It was entertaining morning as Miss Rhodes arrived in the middle and started giving him a tremendous piece of her mind getting more and more excited until she finished by threatening him with the law! It was all about a stove which she had ordered and wouldn't have. Too complicated for me to grapple with. Before she left she told me that the Burrill girl had taken a turn for the better last night and was a good deal better. Of course the inevitable happened after dinner. Two men arrived and wanted Stewart to take them across the Lake so away they went but not until we had actually hauled up the engine and swung it onto the pier. It was pretty heavy. Then I tidied up and moored the boat and waited until Stewart came back when we wheeled the engine into the pier-shed in a barrow ready to take up tomorrow. Then we made a skid for the boat during which I trod on a nail which ran right through the sole of my rubber moccasins into my foot and was horribly painful. However all was ready by night for pulling her [the boat] out.

Tuesday, January 13

Stewart, Frank St. George and I went down to the Lake in the morning and started on the boat whilst old St. George stood by to superintend the operations. Frank had brought his team but they couldn't pull the boat out owing to the mud so we went over to the boathouse and got a big block and tackle on and then, after great efforts, we got her up high and dry by about one o'clock. Nicholls was down there looking perfectly ghastly as though he were on his last legs. We found one tiny little leak near the bow. Frank St. George came up to lunch and then we went down again and got the engine and drove up and put it in Stewart's plumber's shop. I am so glad that the boat is hauled up and everything ready for a good clean up. I went back to the plumber's shop after (Maud had gone to call on Mrs. Frank St. George) and started taking the engine down, Stewart having gone on the inevitable trip across the Lake. The photographs of the church have come and those of the inside are quite good but those of the outside have not come out at all which is disappointing.

Wednesday, January 14

Maud drove up to Notch Hill in the morning to do various things including taking up some letters, amongst them being Mother's which I missed getting off yesterday. I went over and did some more cleaning up at the engine and took some more of it down. I saw two nice designs for screens for the church which Mr. St. George has drawn and which would be an immense improvement. It was wet after lunch and raining again but Maud and I went down to Mrs. Hutchins' for bridge. There was only one table as only Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Dickie were there. Mrs. Kinghorn came in after with her mother. Then home and we got ready to go to supper with the Jacksons. I had walked home with Mrs. Kinghorn and arranged to have Flora for scripture. Eric Syson came with us to the Jacksons and we had a very pleasant party playing "Happy Families" afterwards – a mild amusement. So home after quite a society day. It is getting really gay with teas, dinners and all sorts of other entertainments.

Thursday, January 15

I heard last night that Harry Brock, who has never really recovered from typhoid, is down with pneumonia at the hotel at Notch Hill where he was left by Moore, his uncle, without a cent in his pocket to get to Kamloops Hospital as best he could. He had been staying with Moore. I found him pretty comfortable. Luckily Miss Chamberlain is a nurse and he is well looked after. They expect the doctor tomorrow. We had a delightful drive in the little cutter which Kinghorn has lent us. Before lunch Maud went to the Hutchins' (he is in Montreal) where Mrs. Hutchins had a party and a Browning reading after. I went to lunch at *Spes Bona* and then back to take some more of the engine down. I went back to *Spes Bona* to tea and quite a good magic lantern after for the children. The Hutchins' party seems to have been a success, Mrs. H. reading a paper but marred by Mrs. Dickie continually interrupting her in order to show off her own knowledge which made everybody very indignant. Lloyd came in at night and stayed fairly late. We played Nap [a card game].

Friday, January 16

When I went into the Store for the mail, Davidson told me that Mrs. Hutchins had lost her brother and would I go down and see her during the day. I was due at Miss Rhodes' at one to witness her signature to a deed. I got there almost too punctually as I found her very décolleté so I went on to the Burrills taking the little girl some papers. I found her much better. Then back to meet the "notary" from Salmon Arm and he produced the papers which were the conveyance of ten acres from Burrill to Miss Rhodes at \$100 an acre – just a patch or strip of land, I believe. We had lunch and I tore myself away as quickly as I could afterwards and home to change and to go down to Mrs. Hutchins whom I found very much distressed. Her eldest brother and no details save the bare fact of his death. She feels it more with her husband being away in Montreal. I stayed some time with her and said prayers and then I went to *Spes Bona* rather late for tea. We had a farewell dinner then at night for the old people who leave on Monday and I played a game of chess after with Kinghorn and beat him after a great struggle. So home after a busy day, very sorry to see the last of the old St. Georges.

Saturday, January 17

We overslept in the morning and so I was obliged to leave without any breakfast. Of course I had a good deal of time to wait at the station so I went over and enquired about Brock and found him somewhat better. I had breakfast on the train and the usual uneventful journey to Seymour Arm. It was rather cold going up and there is a good deal of snow there. For once in a way I found that all my notices had arrived safely. Mrs. Freeman gave me a cup of tea when I arrived which was very acceptable. I saw poor Dore - "Ceeecil" - who had such a bad smash in the *Annavanna*. The lever of the fly-wheel started up on a backfire striking him on the jaw. He had to have 13 stitches put in but is nearly well now. After supper I went in to the Collings' and had the same evening as usual. Thank goodness the boys offered to take me over to Celista Creek in the morning. When I got back we were entertained with a gramophone which Freeman has picked up. I heard that a poor fellow has been killed at the logging-camp on Thursday and the policeman from Sicamous had come up with us to take the depositions.

Sunday, January 18

Up rather late and only able to shave somewhat with cold water. Then down to the wharf to meet the Collings boys. There was such a dense fog that it was quite hard to steer. As I had feared, there was nobody at the service. I suppose that the deep snow had put them off. I went back feeling rather chastened. After lunch to the School for service and I was thankful to have a very good congregation which included Mr. Jenkins for the first time. I only hope he will continue to come as he is just the type of man I want. It came on to rain heavily afterwards and I didn't go out to the Collings' but stayed in and indulged in a lengthy disputation with a man called Easthope who runs a stern-wheeler scow from Sicamous having secured the mail contract. He seemed to be a kind of Adventist and up in it. He came originally from Wolverhampton.

Monday, January 19

I was busy writing this up in the morning as I have got very behind-hand lately and then away by the boat as usual about twelve. There was a little mild excitement as Easthope had an hour's start and we were racing him. We caught him two or three miles from Sicamous after a great race. I went to the Bellevue with Freeman and had numerous games of billiards with him on a terrific table and won them all by miles. It passed the long wait away in fine style and I caught the train comfortably and dined on board. I met a parson on the train and got into conversation with him. His name was Lewin and he was on his way back to his parish in Australia after a twelve months' visit to England. He told me that he was at Westminster and Christchurch. He seemed to be about fifty years old. Maud was waiting for me and Davidson was at the station. He asked to go down and see Mrs. Hutchins tomorrow. I go to stay with Hammond, the lay reader at Ducks, on Wednesday. No news except that King cut his leg badly while putting up the lean-to on our stable. That lean-to seems fatal.

Tuesday, January 20

I went and saw King in the morning. His knee goes on all right. It is a deep cut but clean. It was done by the corner of a very sharp little axe. I saw Mrs. Hutchins in the afternoon before

she leaves for the coast. She is still very down but better. Maud drove me to the Hill to catch the 8:23 train. After she had gone, I found that it did not stop at Ducks and I had to wait till 11:10! However, I dropped into a "soiree" at the Ashdowns, the soiree consisting of a piano-player and light refreshments. I met the Presbyterian minister, a student and the schoolmaster, an Englishman and the time soon passed until the train came. Fortunately the hotel at Ducks was open and a note in the office said "numbers 39 and 46 vacant. Take your choice." So I took 39 which was quite clean and comfortable, leaving word to be called at 5:30. I could not get to sleep for a long time though it was nearly one when I got into bed.

Wednesday, January 21

I was up at 5:30 and, after a hasty breakfast of a cup of coffee, left by the "stage" – an open rig, at 6:00 a.m. in the dark and very cold. I travelled with the local constable, once in the Birmingham police force, also on his way to Grande Prairie [now Westwold]. It was a long, cold drive and I was glad to get to Hammond about ten. His house is nicely situated on the big main road between Vernon and Kamloops which runs between him and a lake some five miles long. He has a nice sitting-room comfortably furnished. Two bedrooms and a kitchen besides, all built by himself with logs and scrupulously clean. He has about 140 acres of wooded land, of which, so he told me, only 16 are of any use. The woods have no undergrowth like ours. He hopes to get his patent this year. It is a lonely life, his nearest neighbours being a mile away but he seems to like it. He told me that he had been here 14 years and he has absolutely nothing to live on beyond what he makes and he is now living on ten dollars a month! We did literally nothing all day but loaf about. I was glad to do nothing. It is much colder here than at Sorrento as we are 2,200 feet up and the lake is covered by four inches of ice.

Thursday, January 22

A most beautiful day with brilliant sunshine. An immense quantity of horses went past in the morning – several hundred, led and followed by the first genuine cowboys I have seen, all on the way from Kamloops to Grande Prairie. We walked to the scene of Hammond's ghostly labours in the morning – about 4-1/2 miles and a very pretty walk though in fairly deep snow. Grande Prairie is a curious place, a huge, egg-shaped valley surrounded by sparsely treed hills, obviously an old lake bed. It is all cleared and fenced – many thousands of acres but held back by the inevitable land company hoping for the equally inevitable railway which is really coming next year. But there are prosperous-looking houses here and there and some 50 or 60 people altogether. Right down the middle of the valley runs the broad road, perfectly straight with the hotel, where we lunched, about halfway down. After lunch I went and saw the church which is quite nice – better than I had expected and then we went back to the hotel for some billiards on a table with immense balls and larger pockets. I met a typical Remittance Man called Thynne, about 45 years old and an Old Carthusian [went to Charterhouse School in Surrey, England]. He has been here 14 years. We went back to supper and to bed after much talk.

Friday, January 23

The stage passed about ten. There was no seat behind so I lay down on the floor covered by a rug and much more comfortable than sitting up. Not such a long journey going down and we got

to the hotel in about 2-1/2 hours, in time for lunch. After that I had a pleasant sitting until nearly eight o'clock. Fortunately there was a bit of a library in the "Parlour," and with that, I was able to pass the time satisfactorily until supper at six. The cuisine at the hotel is very much out of keeping with the rest of the establishment and leaves much to be desired. Eventually I reached Notch Hill and Maud was waiting for me there with Polly and much news. The Times books have come to the Store which is a great joy and, far more than that, the Squire [Maude's father] has presented each of the family, including Mrs. Gibbons, with \$500 apiece to do whatever they like with. We shall spend a little of it squaring up and buying a rig and cutter of our own and invest the rest. With that, we ought soon to have £1,000 saved which would make quite an appreciable difference to our income.

Saturday, January 24

All the books save two which I ordered from the Times have come this time and a very interesting lot they are though mainly of horrors. Four volumes of "Famous Crimes" by Dumas, the "Spanish Inquisition," "Sufferings of Protestant Slaves," and one or two more. I found that the cut on King's leg is not going on as well as it might. If it doesn't mend soon, he must go to the doctor. Stewart has finished the engine and went down to put the boat in the water. But not until after midday as Brown had not finished the new rudder and I spent the morning helping him in the smithy. He made a fairly good job of it. We were trying to get the blessed boat into the water all the afternoon without success though we shifted her some on the way and nearly succeeded. So, very unwillingly, I had to give up in the evening though I ought to go to Celista tomorrow. I must go to Stewart's boat. To the Store at night – the first time for ever so long.

Sunday, January 25

There was positively a miserable congregation at 11:00. The smallest I have ever had here, due, I suppose, to the "bad weather." It seems almost a farce my being here at all with such ridiculous attendances. Immediately after lunch I left for Celista in Stewart's boat in a snowstorm. I wanted to go largely because I had promised to call at the Thomsons' about the wedding on Tuesday. I was introduced to the bride there. Luckily I decided to go on to the school-house for I found a most excellent congregation there so that I was thankful that I went. Coming back I brought Mrs. Kappel and her baby whom I had baptized. There was a very heavy snowstorm and it was as black as pitch and we had a hard time finding our way home. We couldn't see more than a few yards. We skirted along the shore until we got to Scotch Creek wharf and then headed straight across as we thought, but we struck the other side at Burrill's! We were home about 6:30 and we went to *Spes Bona* for supper and so to bed.

Monday, January 26

We were very busy all day with the boat and we got her into the water successfully in the morning. It was quite a business but we managed it by lifting up the stern with a block and tackle and then levering her down. I was glad when I saw her at last in the water again after a month on land. In the afternoon we lowered the engine into place and bolted it down and then made the connections. Then we tied her fore and aft and started her up and she ran beautifully. So now nothing should prevent me having a successful run to the wedding at Celista tomorrow.

There are several small jobs (of course) which still want doing and, even now, a long since ordered magneto is not in but she is in good running order which is the main thing. I saw King today who is uneasy about his leg which, he said, is discharging but it looked quite healthy to me. I dressed it again for him and then mended his water supply as he has a burst pipe under his house.

Tuesday, January 27

A perfectly awful day. The worst storm I have ever seen on the Lake and piercingly cold. Smith went out early in the mail boat before it really blew up and never came back and I heard that he had been blown into Blind Bay. I went down to the boat about ten and waited about all day in the hopes that the wind would moderate but it hardly slackened at all, whirling the dry snow up in clouds and blowing up a heavy sea on the Lake. We went down to try and start in the afternoon when there appeared to be a lull but it blew up as hard as ever and, ultimately, at five, I was obliged to give up all hopes of crossing. Such a day of worry and anxiety. The gale blew stronger than ever at night and it became colder and colder with a falling temperature all the time.

Wednesday, January 28

I was up early and thankful to see a moderately calm Lake. When I looked at the thermometer at eight o'clock, I was surprised to see that it was registering two below zero – the coldest we have had. But there was a bright sun and no wind at all later on. Stewart and I went down to the boat about ten and then more bad luck. She absolutely refused to start owing, I suppose, to the intense cold. After a long time at her, we tried his and that would not start either. I was in despair until I saw Smith's boat coming from Blind Bay, driven by his nephew, "Vic." Smith and eventually I were able to hire her after telephoning to the "Boss." I arrived at the Bluff to find them preparing to come over here. They were very nice about yesterday and said that they never expected me. I married the young couple, he 23 and she 26 years old. After tea and the wedding cake, they came back with me here and I sent them up to The Hill in the cutter driven by King who, thank goodness, was back working at the lean-to. I was thankful that the wedding was over and much relieved that all the difficulties were at last surmounted.

Thursday, January 29

Flora came in the morning for her scripture and, after she had gone, I went down to the wharf to help Currall try to bale out the government scow. Davidson has charge of it but he is ill in bed so I told Mrs. Davidson yesterday that I would go and help. She filled on Tuesday night and now, of course, some men have come for her – the first time anyone has wanted her for weeks. Unfortunately a wind as strong as on Tuesday got up and we could do nothing. If we had succeeded, she would have filled again so we had to give it up. Hilliam was down at the wharf, back from a visit to the coast with his wife who was at the Davidsons. He was anxious to cross. But the pump on Stewart's boat was burst from the frost and, even if it had been fit, the Lake was too rough to be safe. So Hilliam and she are staying at the Davidsons for the night. I went and saw Davidson who seems very poorly with a touch of influenza and I stayed some time with him.

Maud was out at Mrs. Dickie's playing bridge in the afternoon. It was warmer today and, later, it was just freezing.

Friday, January 30

A fair mail in the morning but still no sign of the books which Vi has sent to us. I am afraid that they must be lost in the post. So disappointing as we spent ages marking the catalogues. Four nice books from Mother by Bishop Gore. I was busy helping King put tar paper all over the stable the whole day which was cold work. We put the remains of the scoots of which the stable was built along the cracks between the strips – any amount of scoots are left now – and had almost finished by night. It will keep out all the draughts and make it so much more comfortable for Polly. Tar paper should last a year. Mrs. Tupper came to tea and I wanted to show her my books but Miss Dickie came too soon in their cutter. She leaves next week which is a pity as she is very nice. The C.P.R. surveyors were through the town site today.

Saturday, January 31

It was snowing hard all the morning and now it lies to a considerable depth. The Davidson children and Flora came in the morning and I was glad to find that the former had not forgotten what I had already taught. King finished off the stable and the outhouse in the morning. In the afternoon Maud and I drove up to Notch Hill and did various small jobs. I saw Brock who seems a good deal better now though still in bed. It was a beautiful drive. We went back to Mrs. Jacksons' where I dropped Maud as she was going to tea there. I went back home and then to *Spes Bona* as I wanted to see them about one or two things. I had tea there. Home to supper and then to "club" night at the Store. Biscoe was there and I saw one or two of his paintings – very small with minute detail and so good. The very antithesis to Collings'. He is just about on his beam-ends as he has left Hilliam and hasn't literally a cent as he had no pay there. So he may make a few dollars from his paintings.

Sunday, February 1

I was up at seven with a forlorn hope of starting the boat but there was a very rough Lake. Stewart had hurt his knee coming back from Celista yesterday and I couldn't thaw her out alone. But I tried hard till about ten and then I had to give up. After lunch, church was at three and there was a rather better congregation but still disappointing. A perfect blizzard began just before church – short and sharp which may have had something to do with the small attendance. We went to *Spes Bona* for tea and would have stayed for supper but I had asked the unfortunate Biscoe in. He had been up to Notch Hill trying to get on the C.P.R. survey and he had to borrow 60 cents from Syson to get some lunch there. It seems too bad somehow though I suppose that it is his own fault. He came in about eight, to say that he had failed to get a job there and he stayed late. I am very sorry for him but somewhat afraid of another Biddulph.

Monday, February 2

I was hard at work splitting wood, the last installment, all the morning and got a good deal done though there is an appalling lot ahead of me now, alas, covered with snow. After lunch Maud

and I drove out to Blind Bay and I took the notices there first to the Reedmans and then to the Barnards. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Reedman has been quite ill and I knew nothing whatever about it. Maud went on to call on Mrs. Baynes while I went to the Barnards. The old man told me that there was a play there on Friday so I arranged to go and have tea with him before. Then on to Mrs. Baynes where we had tea. She was very pleasant and so was he but I am afraid that he is a bad egg so far as church is concerned. I called on the Burrills on the way home and found the girl a great deal better, and up and about. Home then and rather a cold night but a glorious hot bath to make amends.

Wednesday, February 3

Just after breakfast the water began to run badly so I went up to the place in the creek where it enters the pipe leading to the barrel to clear it out as last time the trouble was there. I cleared it out thoroughly and pretty cold work it was and ran a pipe through the holes. Alas, there was no result and so no water at all, all day. And just at the coldest weather. It is too sickening just when we should enjoy hot baths so much and so on best. I was backwards and forwards most of the afternoon doing all I could to make it run but with absolutely no result. A bitterly cold day but fine. At night the thermometer dropped to zero so now we cannot hope to save the pipe under the house from freezing up. Maud had meant to drive to Notch Hill with the mail but it was so cold that she didn't go. I saw two of Biscoe's small watercolours at the Store where he is staying. One of the Lake and one of *Spes Bona*. I shall try to get some from him.

Thursday, February 4

No signs of water and still intense cold so I suppose that it is quite off now. I borrowed Stewart's soldering lamp and tried to thaw out the pipe in the kitchen to see if that is the trouble but with no result. I started the interminable task of splitting the last instalment of Dingwall's wood and got some done. After lunch Maud and I drove up to the Hill to take the mail and do several small jobs. I saw Harry Brock up there for whom they have collected about 100 dollars to try and compensate him for his bad luck. I took him some papers. He seemed a great deal better and was sitting up a little but he still has a sore spot on one side. Polly was very free and came back at a great pace. The Lake has started freezing and I shall let her [the boat] freeze in as I am heartily sick of her. It has already nearly frozen over in the wharf and the cold is as intense as ever. I went over to the Store at night but did not stay very long.

Friday, February 6

Another very snowy and pretty cold day. A moderate mail in the morning – plenty of papers but few letters. The snow continued all the afternoon and I was busy splitting wood and I got a big pile done. Fortunately it cleared up in the evening and Maud and I drove over to Blind Bay at about 4:30. The going was good except for two deep drifts. We had an excellent tea at the Barnards about 5:30 and sat there until eight when we went to the entertainment and dance at the Hall. There were about 60 people there. First there was a short concert, then some acting and then the dance. The acting, "Ici on parle francais," was really good – the men excellent but the women sticks. We stayed until supper at midnight and Maud danced a lot. I [danced] a bit with her and we really enjoyed ourselves. The people dance really quite well and I met a good many

whom I was glad to see. Altogether a very different kind of show to what we expected. I met Dickenson, the schoolteacher at Notch Hill (I think) and was surprised to hear that he had played for Oxford City at football (he was at Oxford), and for Corinthians he knew lots of men whom I knew. We were back at 1:30 to a very cold house.

Saturday, February 7

We were up so very late that I was only down as Joe and the children arrived so we had to have a breakfast lunch. I had quite a party – Flora, Dorothy and the Davidson children and we got on well. After lunch Maud and I drove out together as I wanted to see Best who has lately come back from the Asylum and who was at church last Sunday. Quite a long way far beyond de Foncier, and at the very end of the road. When we got there he was out! But I left a message saying that I had called on him. It was rather cold coming home and, of course, no sign of water. So unpleasant this cold weather, to say the least of it. I was busy after supper writing a sermon and did not go over to the Store although it was “Club” night.

Sunday, February 8 Septuagesima

Service here was at eleven and there was rather a better congregation than usual. We went to lunch at *Spes Bona* leaving Polly tied up outside. When we came out, in a great hurry, of course, we found that she and the cutter had disappeared. But we tracked her down and found her standing in the orchard behind Syson’s barn. Mercifully no damage was done. Then to Blind Bay and I was disappointed in the congregation as I had hoped to see some of those who were at the dance on Friday. However, we had a nice service and we went to the Barnards for supper afterwards. He asked us to make a regular practice of coming in the future which will be very pleasant. A nice drive home with a bright moon but Polly got very blown for some reason or other.

Monday, February 9

A much milder day at last and a good job too for the Lake practically froze over yesterday and it wouldn’t have taken much more to finish it off. I took advantage of the day to have a go at the water as I am sick of employing a “plumber.” I dug up the barrel after a big effort as the ground was like iron and found it full but with no water coming in, i.e. stopped above. Of course I thought that the pipe was stopped up and, after a lot of trouble in icy water, I got the sieve off and passed a wire through. It was perfectly clear! Quite by accident, I partially blocked the stream with ice below our little pool and at once water began to run into the barrel. So I knew that the little pool had worn too low. King happened to come up and we blocked the stream with a dam of boards and two sacks of earth and he crawled under and thawed out the pipe and, to our joy, water came once more. I went up and made a temporary cover for the barrel and Maud made a huge fire and we each had a glorious bath, I before and Maude after supper. Kinghorn came over and I had the additional satisfaction of checkmating him at chess. He was very full of the railway survey.

Tuesday, February 10

A horrid snowy day again just as we hoped for nicer weather. A letter from Mother in the mail in which she told us that Co and Connie were to go to India in a year's time. Rather startling news but added in a post script as if we had heard. Not much else of interest in the mail. I am afraid that our expected books are gone beyond recall as there is no sign of them. After lunch, the snow stopped and Maud rode over to the Mitchell's to get some milk and I went and called on Mrs. King whose event is expected about the middle of March. I had tea there. They have got the little house quite nice now. I saw Macaulay in the Store and he came over after supper and stayed some time, in fact, till half-past eleven. I asked him to see Dickenson and come in to supper with him on Saturday week for a game of bridge and he said that he would see him on Saturday and ask him.

Wednesday, February 11

A nice day at last and much warmer. The thermometer went up to 42 which is warmer than we have had for some time. But there is quite a lot of snow everywhere. But any chance of the Lake freezing now seems gone and some regular fields of ice, which were floating down yesterday, have disappeared. Flora came in the morning and, after lunch, Eric Syson, Stewart and I went out in the latter's boat to see if we could get some duck. My poor boat frozen in for there is still ice at the wharf, full of snow and in an awful mess. We went down below Moore's and saw a lot of duck and had several shots but they were mostly too far away. So we came back empty-handed. I was rather cold and so had a bath before supper and then wrote this.

Thursday, February 12

After breakfast I went down to the boat armed with numerous cloths, etc. to try and get her clean and out of the ice. I wasn't able to put the cover over her last time I worked at her, only over the engine and so she was full of snow, so she was in an awful mess. I found that the ice would bear round the boat, though rather bendy and I walked out to her. I gave her a thorough clean and tidy up before lunch though she had to remain wet and then, after lunch, I set to work and smashed the ice by using the anchor as a pile-driver and at last succeeded in getting her out into the strip of clear water beside the skidway. I managed to thaw out the cover sufficiently to get it on again and left her tied as usual and very pleased to have got it all done. After supper to the Store.

Friday, February 13

Not a bad mail in the morning including a letter from Mother. Apparently there is another big row on at home, now about the projected Church Room and she is, as usual, in the thick of the fray. I went down to the boat again after Flora had left and gave her another clean-up and more or less thawed out the exhaust which was full of ice. I used Stewart's soldering lamp. Then, towards the end of the afternoon, I started her up and she ran well only that, for some reason, the pump wouldn't work and the engine got hot. I was disappointed as I had hoped to get her out for a little trip. I couldn't find out the trouble and I couldn't find any ice in the pipes. So I was obliged to leave her until I get back from Seymour Arm on Monday and I went back to cut more wood. I heard today that Mrs. Hutchins has come back from the coast with Nurse Cave so I went

down there after supper. Though it was only eight o'clock, I found all the Davidsons in bed and Mrs. H. and the nurse just going and very *déshabilles*. I didn't want to go in but she begged me to and seemed so pleased to see me so I stayed a short time before going home.

Saturday, February 15

Away for Seymour Arm by the usual train. I met old Collings coming back from Victoria where he had been interviewing the Minister in the hopes of getting the *Maud Annis* to be put on between Sicamous and the Arm. He told me, with great glee, that he had been successful and had managed to collar the whole subsidy. So I suppose there will be a fearful row all over the Lake. In consequence the *Annavanna* was not running and only Easthope with the mail in his wretched old scow. We had an awful trip. We crawled to within 8 miles of Celista Creek where we ran into 5 miles of ice through which we laboriously ploughed. Curiously enough there was 3 miles of clear water and then the whole of the bay frozen over with much thicker ice. There was a channel cut by the *Maud Annis* (she lies at Sicamous), ready to start the new schedule on Tuesday but it was full of broken ice. It was quite dark and we were hours getting through with three of us continually pushing away the ice. Although we seemed absolutely jammed at times, we eventually landed at the pier at 9:30 having been about ten hours on the way up and I fourteen hours from home!

Sunday, February 15

It was quite impossible to think of going to Celista Creek in the morning and so I went for a drive with Gillies in the sledge instead. There was a perfectly miserable congregation in the afternoon, none of those from across the Lake being able to come and I felt very disheartened and disappointed after such a long trip. I went round to the Collings at night where [things were] much as usual. He disgorged 7.20 dollars which he owed me for some dog biscuits. He had had it sent from the Store here. When I got back to the Hotel I had a long talk with young Homan about people in and around Lichfield where his father is a doctor. He told me, amongst other things, that Nurse Truman who nursed Dean Luckcock and my dear old Principal at the Theological College, is now somewhere in B.C. He seems a good sort – would that he were a churchman and many others.

Monday, February 16

I had been in some anxiety lest there should be much frost as very little cold would effectually freeze up the channel. Thank goodness there had been none and we left about eleven o'clock. We had an awful job turning round and I had to walk on the ice and drag the boat with a rope – a very unsafe proceeding – some 300 yards where the steamer had turned round last week. It took us getting on for two hours before we had her ready to go. It was easier going through in daylight and the going was better but it was a very long trip and I was afraid that I might miss the train but I caught her quite comfortably. Fortunately the boat is roomy and one can lie down. On the *Annavanna* this long trip would be simply insupportable. I met a pleasant Englishman from Coldstream on the Okanagan at dinner and had much talk with him. He had no great opinion of fruit-growing – no return after 8 years experience. Maud met me at Notch Hill and we drove home fast. I had a fine hot bath before bed.

Tuesday, February 17

Not much of a mail in the morning but a letter from the Bank saying that I had 600 dollars there which enabled me to settle with Syson for the remainder of Dingwall's loan - \$150. I only hope that we may anticipate the railway – if it ever does come on the beach and buy our land there. After I had written my letters, I went down to the boat with Stewart and we did several small jobs and then started her up and ran her out. Alas! A dreadful knock from the screw-shaft (something quite fresh), which may mean taking it right out and having it bent. The pump was all right, the engine ran well and, best of all, no water came up the rudder shaft. Even so, there are several small jobs to do still. When, O when will they all be finished, I wonder? Mrs Davidson and Nurse Cave, who leaves for a time tomorrow, came in to tea and Lloyd came in after supper and we had the usual game of Nap. He was, as usual, pretty gloomy.

Wednesday, February 18

Once more down to the boat in the morning. Stewart and I fixed up the rudder and, at last, put in the magneto. Then I ran down to Morris to see if he could bore one part of the coupling which has never fitted and advise me about the shaft. I found him in, the boat running splendidly, and so fast. First of all he put the coupling on his lathe (he has swarms of machinery everywhere) and soon cut it down. Then we had lunch and I had a talk with Mrs. Morris about church affairs and then to the boat. Great joy when the adjusted coupling, having been screwed into position, cured the faulty shaft which wasn't bent after all! So away, very pleased, to join Stewart and Eric Syson who had come down in the former's boat to see Mackay. We engineered a duck shoot together (I saw a big flight of geese, too) and I drove them to the others. Syson and I got a brace – a mallard and a butterball – but I had only one shot at a flight, a very long one. It got rather cold and the carburetor freezing gave me some trouble. So home to find that Maud had been to Notch Hill and had fetched the new cutter down which arrived from Calgary. So smart.

Thursday, February 19

A nice warm day but cloudy. I went down to the boat with Stewart soon after breakfast and we did various small jobs in her. I made a better job of the coupling and so on. I left after lunch and went across and up the Lake to see the Flathers. I found them in their new house and they were very pleased to see me. I saw the finger which she cut off and put on again, rather a botched job but at all events, in business. Then on to the Rileys to take the notices for Sunday and there I met the married daughter, Mrs. Ashby, such a nice-looking girl. I am told that her husband left her for good immediately after their marriage. Then across to see Argyle whom I found in. He looked poorly I thought but he said he was better. It was getting late then so I only just looked in on young Shuttlewood and so home just as it was getting dark. The boat ran well enough but she missed a bit going home and she won't have it on the magneto which is annoying. I went round to the Store at night where there were the usual three, Syson, Lloyd and Dingwall.

Friday, February 20

Another perfectly lovely day and so warm with bright sunshine. The thermometer went up to 62 in the sun. A miserable mail. One letter! And three of those wretched News Advertisers. I went down to the boat in the morning and just ran her out and tried one of the electric lights. Of course it wouldn't light. After lunch away up the Lake taking Lloyd who wanted to come for the trip. We went and saw young Shuttlewood and went round his place and then on to see the Blakes across the Lake. They were in and have built a new house. Mrs. Macdonald and her married daughter, Mrs. Johnson, were there visiting. Blake has a lot slashed, some 30 acres, quite a large clearing which we walked over. Mrs. Blake a very nice woman with three children. We had some tea there and left about five and got home soon after six, the boat running really well but on the batteries. I went over to *Spes Bona* before supper because Syson had told me that Flora was bad and had been for some days. He had forgotten to tell me. She seems rather seedy. Home then to find Maud just back from bridge.

Saturday, February 21

I had intended going up the Lake again but it was a very bad day and snowing. The children came for Scripture and Maud drove Dorothy home after as I had promised to take her back in the boat and couldn't manage it. After lunch I went down to the boat and gave her a good clean and tidy up. I heard at the Store that only Macaulay was coming to supper as Dickinson had telephoned to excuse himself owing to the weather. So I asked Lloyd to come instead to make up four for bridge. However, when the time came, Dickinson turned up, Syson took Lloyd and we spent a very merry evening with cards and music including Macaulay's banjo. What I really got Dickinson to come down for was, I hope, partially successful – i.e. to play the harmonium in church and I expect him to come down when the weather improves. They did not leave until nearly eleven. Horrible walks home for both of them, poor wretches.

Sunday, February 22

Service here was at eleven. A bad morning with sleety snow and another depressingly small congregation. All went as usual and I was thankful that the weather cleared up about lunch time and quite a nice afternoon for my trip to Celista. Stewart came with me and had a capital journey picking up the Thomsons on the way. To my joy there was a capital congregation of more than twenty including some who have not been before. Mrs. Nelson, who had a thirteen [mile] walk there and back, came! We had a splendid service and it begins to look as though what was apparently the worst place of all will be the best. I took Mrs. Flathers and her children home and the Thomsons and so home, the boat running well. We went to *Spes Bona* for supper which was much as usual. Old Syson being apparently a little [...] once again.

Monday, February 23

Another nice day. I went over and taught Flora in the morning. After lunch I went across the Lake to see Zouski and the Hilliams. I wanted to see the former because I heard he wished to be confirmed. I had a talk with him and found that he had already been confirmed in the Presbyterian church so I hope that he may have some religious knowledge at all events. Then we

walked to the Hilliams and found him sawing. He was very pleased to see me. She was by way of being tired after a wash (she never does any work, I believe), and was lying down. Whether this was the truth or whether she was offended at some mysterious affront, I don't know, as she is a queer, touchy woman. I had tea there and then home at last shooting a duck, a butter-ball, on the way. After supper I went down to the Hutchins' and found them both in and I stayed some time. I like them but wish that he was a churchman. Mrs. Hutchins persuaded me to stay later than I intended and she insisted on making us each a Welsh rarebit. It was so delicious.

Tuesday, February 24 Shrove Tuesday

Another poor mail. We are having such rotten ones lately and no signs either of the books or of the Squire's £500 which should have been here by now. I went over to *Spes Bona* and taught Flora in the morning and, after lunch, went out and paid some visits. First to Mrs. Duckett who was quite pleasant but seems rather dissatisfied and unsettled about living here which seems foolish as they have a very soft job with Kinghorn. Then on to the Mitchell's but she was out so I went on to the St. George's who were in. I found Biscoe there and was introduced to the lady help, Miss Chapman. I had tea there and then back to Mrs. Mitchell as I saw her just coming in from visiting Mrs. Davidson in her boat. I didn't stop long there as it was getting dark but went on home. A tiring walk through the snow [all] the way. Maud made some capital pancakes for supper.

Wednesday, February 25 Ash Wednesday

I had service here at eleven. There were not so many as I had expected. Litany, Communion Service [a formal denunciation, especially one threatening divine punishment, read out in church on Ash Wednesday], address and hymns. We had some fish sent from Kamloops (salmon for the Fast!) and we had it for lunch. I had intended to make a raised walk to the woodshed. I worked hard at it all the afternoon, raising the planks on little logs of wood sunk in the ground but I did not quite finish it. The ground was like iron a few inches below the surface. Such a muddy, dirty job but it will be very useful when it is finished. Mrs. Currall came down for a bit and Mrs. Kinghorn with St. George who had paid a fruitless visit to Mrs. King. I felt very dirty and untidy.

Thursday, February 26

Maud and I left for Kamloops about ten after the usual desperate preparations for departure. Alas! Whom should we see half way up to Notch Hill but the old Archdeacon [Ven. Henry Beer] coming striding down the road. There was nothing for it but to turn back again and we did. I was pleased to see the old gentleman, nevertheless, though it was rather a long day till the train at nine something. He was on his way back from the Provincial Synod at the coast. I heard a good deal of interesting news from him, chief of which was the expectation of the Diocesan Synod meeting in May for the election of our new Bishop. I heard that there is a chance of the Bishop of New Westminster calling in here presently on his way to Nelson. After lunch I took the Archdeacon over to *Spes Bona* where we stayed about an hour and then home again. So much talk that I can't put it down but eventually we shipped him off to the train, Maud driving him up and away he went to Sicamous to visit other parishes on his way back to Nelson!

Friday, February 27

We had a note from Mrs. Mitchell in the morning asking us to go to a surprise party at Mrs. Davidson's in the evening. We were not too keen as we did not know how the Davidsons would take it but Maud enquired from Mrs. Jackson at the bridge in the afternoon and found that the Davidsons had been expecting the "surprise" every Friday during the past month so we thought we might venture. I went out in the boat after lunch up to Eagle Bay where I saw the Rhodes' once more. They seemed so pleased to see me. I was sorry that it has been such ages since I was there. Rhodes showed me a really capital boat which he has made. His first attempt and so beautifully done. Coming back I had it pretty rough and it was dark as I had left it rather late but I got in all right about seven. After a hasty supper, we went down to the Davidsons and found them more than ready – carpet up and all ready for a dance! The rest of the party soon arrived, Curralls, Mrs. and Miss Dickie and Alfred, Lloyd, Mrs. Mitchell and ourselves. Quite a festive evening which finished about one a.m. with a very good light supper. All very different from what we had expected.

Saturday, February 28

A horrible slushy day with very wet snow falling. Only Dorothy came to school, the Davidson children being so sleepy after last night. After lunch I finished the "side-walk" to the woodshed and made a fair job of it. It is much better walking there in the dry instead of in the mud as before. I had meant to go and give the boat a good tidy up but suddenly remembered a cricket club meeting to which I went at Stewart's "office." Kinghorn, Dingwall, Hemstrich, Lloyd, King, Syson and myself. The usual discursive consultation from which it emerged that the Club should continue somehow for this year. It was rather sad to hear the fixtured read from the season's minutes, all which had been cancelled. After supper I went to the Store for "Club Night" and something very nearly definite seems to have been reached towards putting up a clubhouse and billiards room which would make such a tremendous difference to this place.

Sunday, March 1

I went up to Eagle Bay in the morning picking up Shuttlewood and a friend of Argyle's on the way, the latter a butcher from Henley-in-Arden who came out last April and is still "looking round." Long may he look! Very poor congregation but great satisfaction to me because of the prospect of baptizing several children there including those of Mrs. Rhodes. Home then, meeting rough weather opposite Eagle Bay and in nice time for service here. Thank goodness there was a very much better congregation than we have been having lately and the whole service went very well. We went in to tea at the Kinghorns, the Barnards, who had driven over for the service, being there too. We were prevailed upon to stay for supper and so home after a really very nice Sunday. Such a howling gale at night and the wind warm. The snow goes very fast now and it did not even freeze at night.

Monday, March 2

A warm still day. The Lake must have gone down very quickly after the gale. Maud drove up to the Hill in the morning for the washing and I went down to the boat to give her a good clean up. Quite a pleasure to do now that she doesn't take in water. Kinghorn had asked me to run Duckett over to Hilliam to look at a pig and he came as we went for the run. Alas, the boat ran very badly, missing on the one cylinder again. I left Duckett and then ran Kinghorn round the point and saw Mrs. Brown. We inspected the outside of Clifford's house outside on the way. Not very lovely, standing in a huge bare clearing like a great tooth. They are expected to come out in June and I wish they would as I hear they gave 250 dollars to the church. So they should be good church people. Home after tea to write this and letters after supper.

Tuesday, March 3

Rather a poor mail in the morning but someone sent me a copy of the South Staffordshire Times and it was a great shock to me to read in it an account of Mrs. Samson's funeral. Apparently she died early February and I have never heard a word about it. She was ill with pleurisy only a few days. It must be a dreadful blow to the dear old Rector and one which he will hardly get over I am afraid. I went to pay some visits after lunch and called on Mrs. Jackson with whom I stayed some time. There seems some chance of their leaving here for their place at Vernon which would be a great pity. I went on to see Mrs. Mitchell and was unlucky enough to find her out again, this time at *Spes Bona*. I wanted to see her so looked in on my way home to find her paying a state call with Mrs. Dickie. Such a heavy proceeding and such a gush of humbug from Mrs. D. After they had gone I had a game of chess with Kinghorn and won.

Wednesday, March 4

We left for Kamloops by the morning train. The dentist had not answered our letter but we chanced it and heard that he could see Maud in the afternoon on telephoning from the Leland where we lunched. We had the usual busy afternoon and, of course, spent a good deal of money. We went to the morning show of pictures at the Opera House and a pretty rotten show it was. While Maud was at the dentist I had my hair cut (it was an awful length) and I got my razors set. Then we met and walked up to see Akehurst and I was disappointed to hear that he was arriving from a holiday in England by the night train. So I couldn't arrange about the Parish Magazine and other matters. We saw a nice saddle and some double harness at a shop and then away for the station. We arrived at Notch Hill after the usual sumptuous dinner on the train.

Thursday, March 5

I was away up the Lake in the morning. I took Lloyd over to Scotch Creek as he wanted to do some pruning for Hilliam. I left him and then crossed to Blind Bay to take the notices for Sunday. I was very surprised to see a lot of very thin ice which I had to be careful to avoid. Then away to Eagle Bay, meeting more ice on the way and I ran into the Bay with considerable difficulty and went up to see old Lemy. I was distressed to find him in such a state – crouched over the fire in his miserable shack, filthy dirty with his hair and beard all matted. He has dropsy, poor old man. One hand, both legs and his face all swollen. I had been told that nothing

would induce him to go into hospital and I spent about an hour trying to persuade him without effect. Then I walked up to see some Germans called Whitehe[...] and found that they were anxious to have their youngest child baptized. Then back to the boat and called in at the Reads whom I found in somewhat serious financial straits but so clean and neat. Then home and a lively journey as the boat broke down at Blind Bay and I had great difficulty in getting home about eight o'clock.

Friday, March 6

A good mail in the morning but still no signs of Maud's £500 which is a nuisance. Flora came over about ten and I had letters to write until lunchtime. I went down to the boat after lunch and brought up the carburetor which was the cause of the trouble yesterday and Stewart soon put it right. Maud was not very well all day and we could not go to bridge. Mrs. Kinghorn had asked me to tea to meet a Miss Bowden from Salmon Arm who was staying with the St. Georges. A nice looking and pleasant girl. Just those two and myself besides the usual party. I had a game of chess with Kinghorn after and he beat me for once in a way. Home then to find Maud rather restored and a very scratch supper which I cooked.

Saturday, March 7

Maud quite all right again. Joe, Wentworth and Dorothy came at ten and we had a good go at Scripture. A certain amount of snow fell in the morning but it does not lie and goes very fast. I went down to the boat in the morning and gave her a good clean up. So tiresome that a five gallon tin of oil which I bought at Kamloops has never arrived. Maud drove up to the Hill for it and other things but came back empty-handed. I had to stop in all the afternoon and write my sermon which I got done but not without considerable difficulty. Then to the church to help Maud practise for Sunday, "Come all ye works of the Lord," a heavy test! Thence home to change for supper at *Spes Bona* where Dickinson was, having come down with Maud from Notch Hill. I was more than delighted when he said that he would play on Sunday mornings and begin tomorrow provided that it was a decent day. Such a good thing as he plays well and such a relief to Maud and me. He walked back here on his way to the Hill and we had some talk about people here and other things.

Sunday, March 8

Service here was at eleven and I went early as I wanted to go through the service with Dickinson. I hardly expected him as it was a very wet morning but he arrived in good time. There was quite a good congregation – much better than we have been having lately. Dickinson played well and, altogether, we had a capital service. I had meant to go to Blind Bay in the boat but the Lake was so very rough that we decided to drive. We started away and got as far as Burrill's where the road was so bare of snow that we gave up and I walked while Maud walked back. There was not such a good congregation which was disappointing but a very good collection. I went to tea with the Barnards after as usual and I walked home after. Maud had driven to meet me and we met at the Dunnes so we timed it well but we had to walk as far as the Burrills and again here and there where there was no snow.

Monday, March 9

A perfectly lovely day – cloudless blue sky and a hot sun. The thermometer went up to 72 in the morning. I went down to the boat in the morning and gave her a good tidy up while Maud went up to the Hill. No result again of the oil which is so tiresome. Stewart came down to his boat after lunch and ran her out and I followed him in mine. He just stepped out of his boat into mine to try out the magneto and, lo and behold, she never started again! We couldn't make it out until we found the cylinder perfectly dry inside from lack of oil and so no compression. So we were obliged to row to the little boat which had drifted for some considerable distance and tow mine back to the pier. I took the cylinder heads off and made all ready to put oil in her tomorrow. Maud and I ordered a buckboard today through Syson from Vancouver for double and single harness. We want it badly now that the cutter is out of action from lack of snow. It only remains to buy a second horse. Where?

Tuesday, March 10

A very good mail in the morning. The books turned up at last – an interesting lot. Also some photographs which I had sent to California for development. Some of them failures and some of them good. No sign of Maud's £500. A perfectly lovely day again but not quite so warm as yesterday. After lunch Maud and I drove up to the Curralls taking them their mail and some papers, the going still good up to the Hill. We were rather worried about Polly as she has had a hind fetlock rather big and full but she went sound on it. The Curralls were in and we had tea there. They have made such an improvement in their house, knocking two rooms into one below and making the upstairs habitable in expectation of the arrival of a friend who is coming out soon to keep Mrs. Currall company. We took several photographs on the way there and home, for the usual evening, at about six.

Wednesday, March 11

Quite a nice day again. I was busy carpentering in the morning and made some shelves above the carpenter's bench and a saddle-rest and shelf for the stable. Polly's fetlock seemed rather better. After lunch I went down to the boat as the oil from Kamloops arrived today. I forgot to say that she went on the rocks on Saturday owing to there being no oil in the cylinders. Thank goodness, no trouble in pumping her out nowadays but I was a long while putting oil in the bases, cylinders, etc. filling her up with fresh oil and gasoline and so on but eventually I got her off and ran her out. She still misses now and then which is a great nuisance but, on the whole, she ran very well and very fast. I just ran towards Copper Island and then home again. The batteries are weak but Stewart has more and would have put them in today but he took an Insurance tour over to Celista and he won't be back until Friday.

Thursday, March 12

A very nice day. I heard that a man called Bert, whom I drove to see some time ago, would be at home so I went down to see him. I drove beyond Moores in the boat and then walked up to his place through the bush and partly through the far clearing of Moores (practically a deadfall), and then along the track. I found Bert at home and a very nice man he is, about 40-45, originally

from Plymouth. He has a very rough shack but over twenty acres cleared and he is ready to prove up. He has had a sad time of it. More than a year ago, his wife left him taking their little boy with her and has since disappeared. He was so upset that he went off his head - put sleepers [wooden beams] on the [railway] line, so I subsequently heard, and he had to go to New Westminster where he was for a time. Then he had to work out and, finally, he came back again. He is a confirmed member of the Church. I was glad to have found him at home. I went to the Store at night.

Friday, March 13

At last the money has come. But, unfortunately, as a cheque on a London bank. I sent it off to Chase and said that I hoped that the bank would credit us with the amount as we are about broke. A good mail besides but a very great nuisance of a letter from Freeman from Seymour. Did I know that the boat day had been changed from Saturday to Friday? Of course, I didn't and now it is too late. Such a great bore. I saw in the paper that Bergen is back on the Lake and staying with Argyle so I went up there in the boat before lunch and sure enough, there he was. We had a bit of a talk together on the prospect of his going back to Seymour Arm which seems small which is a pity. I had an excellent lunch there as Bergen is a professional cook and then I crossed the Lake and called on Mrs. Sheen who is such a nice woman. They were back on their own place, some mile and a half back. The Davidsons looked in in the evening and were very pleasant.

Saturday, March 14

Just my luck! I started off for Seymour in the morning and it began to blow great guns. I went as far as Blind Bay and then decided to run in and wait for the wind to go down. It never did all day and I spent part of the morning and the whole of the afternoon on the shore. Eventually I tied up the boat and left her there and walked home. Reedman asked me in for a cup of tea and I had some talk with Mrs. Reedman who was bathing two of the smallest children. She has to cook for fourteen at every meal! What an awful life. I got home pretty well but I took it fairly easy as I don't want a repetition of my walk from Eagle Bay again. Round to the Store after supper where [there was] some more talk about the proposed billiards room.

Sunday, March 15

The most unclerical Sunday I have spent since my ordination. And a miserable one, too. I walked to Blind Bay in the morning taking Dingwall with me and some papers for Mrs. Harry Reedman who is ill again. We found the boat all right and soon got home though Dingwall managed to run us on a small bank on the way. After lunch I went round and saw Mrs. King who leaves tomorrow for Kamloops for her confinement. I spoke to her about confirmation but she said that she wouldn't be confirmed for fear of hurting her aunt's feelings! A most unusual reason. She seemed quite cheerful though she has been very nervous about her confinement. Home then to supper and bed after a most unsatisfactory Sunday.

Monday, March 16

Seeing that the long expected money has come, I decided to order definitely the new things I wanted for the boat and so Stewart and I went down in the morning and measured the size of the cockpit according to the instructions in the catalogue, not a very easy matter. We measured the length twice over and both results were much the same. I was busy making the hot-bed today and I dug out the place in which to put the manure a foot deep. It was a heavy task as the ground is so hard a few inches below the surface. I made it 6" X 4" as we intend ordering a light of that size. Joe came up in the evening and I arranged to take his mother to Scotch Creek tomorrow.

Tuesday, March 17

Baddish news from the Bank. They won't honour the cheque until it has gone through England first and that will take a month. Likewise, I am actually overdrawn 40 cents! I wrote to the local head office at Kamloops and to Chase as it puts us in rather a fix. I had a fun morning as first Zouski came in to see me about confirmation and then Best about writing a letter to the C.P.R. to make a claim for a cow killed on the track! I picked up Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at 12:00. Lloyd and Andrews came too as they wanted to go down to Freeman's. I left the Davidsons at the wharf and then went on down the Lake. I called at the Morris' and saw Freeman and then Lloyd went up Scotch Creek to fish with a minnow but with no success. I saw some curious, very pretty duck there I haven't seen before. Thence to the wharf and I saw the Hilliams for a moment and so home. The boat ran moderately well. She has started missing a bit.

Wednesday, March 18

I was hard at work starting digging in the garden. I was at it all the morning and pretty hard work it was. One can't get the spade in far enough. However, I "wore away" a good piece by lunchtime. I tremble to think when it will all be done. There was a tremendous row in the local paper this morning – a long piece of abuse from the Socialist Mr. Noakes of Magna Bay against "your paid correspondent" (Kappel). So I went up there after lunch to find out what it was about. I found Mrs. Thomson there, come up to advise about the baby who is unwell. Kappel showed me a letter of reply to Noakes and I suggested one or two improvements in it which he adopted. I saw his brother there who is very nice. A perfectly lovely day, as is every day now, a positive blaze of sunshine. Curiously enough the very light frost which we had each night freezes the Lake over almost entirely. It is so perfectly still and glassy and the water has been thoroughly chilled.

Thursday, March 19

A beautiful day. Maud and I were busy at the somewhat uncongenial task of "turning the muck." It was a much longer job than we had anticipated and, what with turning it and watering it, we were at it the whole morning. But we have a fine, big heap ready for the hot bed. After lunch I ran out in the boat as far as the Thomsons as I wanted to arrange with them about Sunday. I cannot bring them home as I am having tea with Mrs. Ashby at Celista. I found quite a party there as a man called Bagland was hauling some cordwood cut there by Leopold, down to the Lake. I was glad to meet Mrs. Leopold there – a nice-looking woman, very pleasant but scarcely

able to speak a word of English. It was a dangerous steep place to get the horses down with nearly a cord of wood on each load and Bagland gave a fine exhibition of driving. I had tea there and left.

Friday, March 20

A fair mail in the morning but nothing of any importance. Things seem to be moving pretty fast in Ireland and now it looks almost like civil war. Another perfectly beautiful day and I ran right up to Salt's near Eagle Bay and found him at home and busy at his fine new house of which I had heard a good deal and was anxious to see. A very large log house and so beautifully finished so far with immense windows and a lovely view. The dining-room is 24' X 16'! He told me that he was expecting his sister and perhaps his parents (the latter only for a visit) from England. I went in at all the houses on the way down and found Rowan in and a very talkative partner busy putting up a log house on the place he has lately taken up. I saw "Long" Bayliss' brother who has arrived there now, the long one being in England and going to be married. I tried to persuade him to take a trip to England to persuade an unwilling young lady of whom he told me when I was stranded there last autumn so I suppose that it bore fruit. I saw a rather disagreeable woman after the Reads whose name I forget and so home. For some unearthly reason the pump jammed opposite Blind Bay and I had such a job with it that I only got home just before dark. Then Stewart borrowed my boat to cross over to Celistra with Dr. Scatchard who had been called to see Mrs. Orser.

Saturday, March 21

I was busy in the garden practically all day and got on with the digging. Unfortunately I came across an enormous stone only just below the surface but so deep down that, after wasting a lot of time trying to dig it up, I was obliged to leave it there. I walked over to *Spes Bona* after lunch taking back a lot of books which they have lent me some time ago. I saw Stewart there and heard the welcome news that the Kinghorns are coming back tomorrow morning. Stewart had only got back in my boat with Dr. Scatchard this morning and has cut her in the ice coming across from Copper Island. Mrs. Orser seems pretty bad and I must see her as soon as I can.

Sunday, March 22

I went across to *Spes Bona* before service and saw the Kinghorns. Mrs. Kinghorn is obliged to wear tinted glasses and must be careful of her one bad eye. Poor Flora has had to have her hair cut off and is also obliged to wear glasses. They brought me a tremendous piece of news. The Bishop is actually coming here on Thursday and wants to have a service. As he arrives by the 8:23 p.m. and leaves the next morning, nine o'clock will be the only possible time. There was quite a fair congregation at eleven and, immediately after lunch, I went across to Celistra with Stewart. There I had an immense congregation of 40 – by far the best I have had there. We had a capital service and tea at the Rileys after church. Before that I went and saw poor Mrs. Orser – a very nice woman, prematurely grey, with children ranging from 23 to 5! Indeed, her present trouble is, I believe, connected with a miscarriage. I was only able to stay there a short while but I promised to come again tomorrow. After tea we had a nice run home, taking Mrs. Flathers who

was going to Kamloops and a young man called Burton who lives with the Reedmans and had come across with Jack Shuttlewood to church. A very successful day.

Monday, March 23

Dingwall came up in the morning and worked in the garden. We finished the trenches for the sweet peas and, after lunch, I left him and went off up the Lake. I saw Mrs. Orser and took her some soup, jelly and a big bundle of papers. I had considerable talk with her. She is a very nice woman. They are Baptists. From there I went and saw the Browns near Fowler's landing, the son, John, being back from hospital after a terrible accident some time ago in which he broke five ribs and a leg by a tree falling on him. A very pleasant Scottish family, originally Presbyterians, now Plymouth Brethren, a new denomination on the Lake. Some were at church on Sunday. From there I went to another son, Tom Brown, who lives next door with his wife and six small children. Also very pleasant people. Home then and to *Spes Bona* after supper to talk over arrangements for the Bishop's visit. Everything seems to be going well.

Tuesday, March 24

Rather a poor mail in the morning and very serious news from Ulster. The leaders left the House after the debate for Ireland which looks bad. A most terribly wet day. I was obliged to go out, however, to leave notes and messages about the Bishop's visit. First I walked to Reedman's where I left various notes for Blind Bay. That was not so bad, bar the rain, as the road was good but, after that, the going was awful as I walked up to Notch Hill and, by then, was pretty wet. I saw Dickinson and he said that he would come down and play on Thursday which is a mercy. So down the road home, getting back about two. I changed and stayed in and wrote letters and, after tea, I went round to the Davidsons and arranged for him to drive up and meet the Bishop. I saw Mrs. Hutchins after and talked over with her a scheme I have in mind of starting a Parish Nurse here.

Wednesday, March 25

A bitterly cold day. A high wind and hard frost just like the hard time weather earlier in the year. It effectually put a stop to the efforts in the garden as the ground was like iron. I potted about in the morning – cut wood and so on and, after lunch, went to see Best about a C.P.R. letter which I have had about his claim for a cow about which I wrote last week. I got a lift most of the way on Lloyd's waggon as he was going to fetch a load of hay. I found Best in and drew up a letter with him in reply to that of the C.P.R. for which he was very grateful. Thence to *Spes Bona*, just looking in on the Frank St. George on the way. Syson showed me a coloured copy of the design for the new screen and we arranged to put up a notice asking for special contributions towards it. We talked over everything connected with the Bishop's visit and Kinghorn went back with me and we had a game of chess. He told me that Duckett was leaving and I am not sorry. Maud cooked potatoes a new way for supper. She boiled them, mashed them with onion and baked them in the oven. So good.

Thursday, March 26

I walked up to the Hill in the morning and saw Dickinson (I had lunch there), and reminded him of the service in the evening and heard the welcome news that, so far, the train was on time. Then to the church to see that all was well and then to *Spes Bona* for any final arrangements. Home then to change and then up to the station driven by Duckett in Kinghorn's rig with Davidson. Mercifully the train was on time and the Bishop got off and met us and then away to the church with Dickinson and Vernon as extra passengers. Service was at nine and, considering the time, there was quite a good congregation. I had a shortened evensong and the Bishop gave a good address. We had a collection afterwards towards the screen and it amounted to fifteen dollars which, together with the twenty-seven we have already, it practically gives us the required amount (fifty dollars). There was a large supper party afterwards at *Spes Bona* and then home to bed, very glad that the anxiety was over and that all had gone off so well.

Friday, March 27

I was up early and across to *Spes Bona* for breakfast. I had some talk with the Bishop after about various matters on which I wanted some information. Having heard what he said about Phillimore, I am thankful that I was not sent to him! The Bishop asked me if I would look after his son if he sent him here in the summer and I said that I should be very glad to. He would stay at *Spes Bona* and be here some time. I managed to get a good deal from the Bishop in a short time. Apparently the election of our own Bishop will not be until June and he will be ready for work in October. I drove up to the Hill and saw him off with Kinghorn. I hope he may come again for a short holiday later on in the year. I was glad that he came and thankful that these rather strenuous days of preparation are over. A poor mail this morning. I was tired and spent a slack day at home.

Saturday, March 28

I was busy all the morning carting over the manure and actually making the hot-bed. I worked pretty hard and about half finished it. It was pretty hot in the middle and I took the temperature – 93 degrees. It had rained in the night and went on a certain amount during the day. In the evening I heard that three hoboes from the li[ne] had broken into various shacks and were making themselves comfortable up at the camp. I went up to see and found them there and heard that Kinghorn had wired for the police from Chase. I went up again at nine and met him and soon after Davidson came and we went in. Davidson had them all out of bed and talked to them like a father. When we got there we found nine instead of three men! Soon after, the bobby arrived and took them all off to the Hill. They said that they hadn't done any damage but a bunch before them. The bobby said that he couldn't arrest any as he couldn't fasten the breaking in on any particular individual. Poor Davidson's team bolted and smashed his rig, frightened by the lights of the policeman's cart. The damage wasn't very serious for, when I walked back with Davidson, we found the horses standing unharmed outside his stable at home.

Sunday, March 29

I was away to Eagle Bay in the morning taking Kinghorn with me. I had not been able to get any gasoline but went on Stewart's solemn assurance that there was enough. He had borrowed the boat and had promised to leave sufficient. I picked up Shuttlewood and the Reads (with whom I left some little frocks and boots from Mrs. Kinghorn) and I had quite a good congregation and service. Then for home in good time, but just short of MacBride's, to my horror, the gasoline gave out. I started walking home and called in at his house on the off chance. To my joy, he had some – a gallon in jars, just enough and I went back to the boat, untied her and tore home. Mrs. Davidson met me at the wharf with our new buckboard which came yesterday and which they had borrowed, theirs being smashed, and I was in church in time! Such an awful squeak. We had a really good service and a capital congregation and to tea with the Kinghorns after before going home to supper.

Monday, March 30

I had promised to take back the gasoline I borrowed from MacBride yesterday and though I don't suppose that it was really necessary I thought that I had better though the Lake was rough. I took a man called Ruckle with me who was once a cow-puncher and now has a homestead at Celista. We towed his boat. I met Mrs. MacBride for the first time. They seem nice people. The first log shack that I have seen as yet with a stone fireplace. The weather was changeable and squally with rain now and then. We had a rough passage but not really bad. I went and saw Mrs. Orser who seemed a trifle better. She is still in bed and was grateful for the soup which I sent her on Saturday. Then home with the wind dead behind me but the boat began to miss again.

Tuesday, March 31

Quite a good mail in the morning and a lot of papers. The resignation of so many officers from the army over in Ulster has caused a lot of excitement and things seem pretty lively over there. Colonel Seeley has had to resign from the War Office and so has General French. Something definite must happen soon. Vi. wrote to Maud that Frank Gladwin has gone over to Rome. I believe that his sister is already an R.C. I had a quantity of letters to write and was at it all the morning and, even then, did not get them all finished. After lunch I worked hard all the afternoon and finished making the hot-bed. I boarded it in on the outside and then earthed it up. Now I suppose that the lights will never come. To the Store at night and McKay was there as he starts building a house for Harrington tomorrow. Harrington is getting married and he comes to live on his own lot by Beemer's. Mother told us today about the presentation of Nance at Court. She seems to have enjoyed it much.

Wednesday, April 1

Dingwall came in the morning and we were very busy working in the garden. Will it ever be done? I finished the one trench for the sweet peas and don't think that I shall increase the depth of the other. It uses so much of the precious "muck." Out in the boat after lunch and I called on the young Dunnes. There I met the husband for the first time to whom old Barnard has not spoken for two years. He seemed a very nice quiet man but rather deaf. Then over to the

Reedmans to take the Blind Bay notices and I saw poor Mrs. Harry Reedman who is very poorly again. She is quite a skeleton. Thence to the Barnards where I had tea and he promised me some dahlia roots. Home then, and, after supper, to *Spes Bona* to arrange the Holy Week services and several other things. Mrs. Kinghorn with a bad cold and she seems very poorly with it.

Thursday, April 2

Busy in the garden practically the whole day with Dingwall and I worked until I felt ready to drop. Flora came over at ten and I worked from eleven until dark. We finished and filled in the sweet pea trenches and now I only hope that the plants will get down to the deep layer of muck. We used a horrible lot and I only hope that I shall not want a lot more. We filled in the sunken part of the path with stones and gravel and got it more or less levelled up. We dug nearly half the front piece and should get it all ready for planting at the beginning of next week and quite time too. Dingwall came in for a cup of tea and, after he had gone, I cut a lot of wood. I heard that Wentworth had hurt herself today and had to be driven back from school so I went down after supper but found her only bruised. I had some talk with Mrs. Davidson, chiefly about gardening and then up to bed after a very tiring day. Fortunately I don't notice it much now and don't get at all stiff.

Friday, April 3

A good mail in the morning which brought us our photographs. Wonderful to relate, 9 out of my dozen were quite good especially those of Mrs. Currall. Very bad news from Mother of poor old Lee, her cowman, who has died after an operation in Worcester. He will be a difficult man to replace at The Boynes. The papers seem to think that the Home Rule question in Ireland will be settled by consent in some mysterious federation way. There was a heavy shower in the night which put Dingwall off coming to dig until after lunch. I was all the morning writing letters and then I worked hard in the garden and got all the mounds thrown up by the sweet pea trenches smooth and tidy. More than half is now dug but we need more "muck" if I can get it. We ought to be able to get some seeds in next week. Maud went to bridge in the afternoon, very peaceably now that Mrs. Dickie is away at Vernon.

Saturday, April 4

Very hard at work all day in the garden. Dingwall came up and, by the end of the day, we had dug practically all the rest. All, in fact, except about half the strip along the lower side of the house. I got the path done down the middle and the big heaps of earth from the trenches smoothed down. Likewise Maud's four little beds dug out and finished off, making six beds in all in front of the house. I was only able to work in the afternoon as the four children came in the morning. Busy at my sermon for Sunday after tea. After supper to the Store, "Club Night," both Lloyd and Dingwall being there.

Sunday, April 5 Palm Sunday

Another beautiful day. There was a capital congregation at Sorrento including Andrews whom I was glad to see as he has been away lately. I did not celebrate because of next Sunday. To lunch

at *Spes Bona* and then away to Blind Bay – my first drive in our new buckboard. There was a good congregation there and a nice service. But not so many as I have had there, but I was glad to hear that several intend coming to Sorrento on Easter Day, some by the Lake, so I do hope that we have a fine day. We went to tea at the Baines' [Baynes'] after, where we found the Davidsons who had rowed over with Mrs. Hutchins as Davidson wanted to get Bains [Baynes] to come with the road grader to level down the land outside his house. We had a very good tea and were amused to hear of a fight between Stanley Reedman and Richardson, a regular arranged duel (with fists), seconds and all complete, to settle which should "walk out" with one of the Burrill girls. The former was knocked out.

Monday, April 6

I was busy all day in the garden and worked hard. Getting the sweet pea trenches ready for sowing the seed. Wheeling round the best earth I could find to put on the top – just scrapings from the surface outside and, I suppose, full of weeds, and so on. We planted the peas with the utmost care, seed by seed, and a long and laborious job it was. After that was done I set to work and wheeled gravel from the heap outside and raked it over the path down the middle and the path round the beds which was hard work but I got it nearly all covered and it looks much neater and better in every way. All is now more or less ready for sowing and we have put some plants in the beds which were given to us by Mrs. Baines [Baynes] yesterday. Stewart put in the telephone today and connected us up so we are now in for perpetual ringing, I suppose.

Tuesday, April 7

Quite a good mail this morning for a Tuesday so far as papers were concerned. The Vancouver papers full of a horrible murder by a Chinese boy who killed his mistress and tried to burn her in an oven. When the husband came home, he couldn't make out where she was and actually opened the oven because there was such a hot fire. He had no suspicion that his wife was inside. Quite a time after – one or two days – when there was no sign of his wife, after many enquiries he called the police and they found bones which had not burnt. The Chinese boy confessed and Chinese servants are being sacked in Vancouver by scores. I was busy all the afternoon in the garden and I finished gravelling the path and tidying up generally. Kinghorn [King?] told me that his wife had had a son at Kamloops which is good news.

Wednesday, April 8

I went down to the boat in the morning with Stewart and he put some of the leaky joints in the water system right. We ran her out and he tried to find out the cause of the missing, and I think (and hope) that it may be due to the plugs. After lunch I went down again and met Mrs. Davidson and took her to Copper Island to see if the Easter lilies were out. There was a good number but nothing to what there will be. Such pretty flowers, yellow and rather like tiger-lilies with leaves like lilies-of-the-valley. Thence to the Hilliams and I took Mrs. Hilliam some papers. She has been ill and looks very poorly still and he is working like a horse there. As a fact, I doubt whether there is anything the matter with her except nerves but she hates being there like poison which must be jolly for him. We had tea there and she gave me some roots of "golden glory." So home, the wretched engine missing on the way back, of course.

Thursday, April 9

I was busy in the garden all day and got in a row and a half of peas and half a row of broad beans which exhausted the stock at the Store. So very tiresome. I went over to *Spes Bona* after supper and while I was there, I got a wire from King saying that the doctor had told him that his son would not live and would I go down to Kamloops and baptize it? I had heard from Mrs. Kinghorn earlier in the day that the child was not well as she had been to see Mrs. King on Wednesday. I was too late to catch the 8:23 and so went home and then up to the station in the buckboard and caught the 11:10. Luckily it was a most beautiful night with a bright moon.

Friday, April 10 Good Friday

King met me at Kamloops looking very upset and we walked to the Hospital together. He told me that his wife had had a very trying confinement and that there was absolutely no chance of the child living. I was relieved to hear that, at all events, I was not too late. Mrs. King was in a private room and she wanted me to baptize the child in there. She seemed very badly cut up about it and no wonder. One of the nurses carried it in and I could see that its condition was hopeless. I christened it George Edward and only stayed long enough to say some prayers. I walked back with King to his lodgings and then left as I wanted him to go to bed. It was almost two and my train did not go until 6:30 and I was lucky in finding the Silver Grill open and there I had a meal. Then I got into conversation with a policeman and sat with him in the Leland until my train left. Maud met me at the station and so home. Service was at two and there was a very fair congregation. Then home as, I hoped for a rest but, alas, a wire came to me from King saying that the baby was dead and would I arrange for the funeral? There was nothing for it but to foot it up to the Hill again (Maud having gone to fetch the milk) and, after immense difficulty, I succeeded in seeing first one of the trustees of the cemetery (a dismal spot) and then finding someone to dig the grave and so home tired to supper. King came on the night train and came in to see me. His wife very ill, he said. He goes back to Kamloops tomorrow morning and comes back on Monday with the body. A rather trying day.

Saturday, April 11

I started writing a sermon in the morning out of doors after the children had left but did not make much progress. After lunch I started putting the cutter away in the piano case which had been at last carried round from the front verandah. We had to take the cutter partly to pieces to get it in and then we put the piano case with the open side against the wall of the cart-shed. Eric Syson came over and we contrived a roof from an old concrete-mixing board from above this lot, left there after the building and altogether managed a fairly water-tight structure. Then to tea at *Spes Bona* to talk over the arrangements for tomorrow and all seems satisfactory except that the flowers have not come from Vancouver yet. Home then and to work on my sermon which I finished without much difficulty.

Sunday, April 12 Easter Day

Thank goodness, a beautiful day. Church here at eleven and a most excellent congregation, the largest I have yet seen in the Church, there being 39. Everything went off very well and there

were 22 communicants. The collection which was 22 dollars went to me and I am not sure yet what I shall do with it. Then down to the boat and away to Celista, picking up Mrs. Thomson on the way. There was again a good congregation, about the same number as last time and we had a good service. Some fresh people came including Mrs. Macdonald and her young married daughter, Mrs. Johnson. I went to see Mrs. Orser after who is still in bed but rather better. I forgot to say that Mrs. Shuttlewood came over with Jack who goes out on Tuesday but comes back for a while in the early summer. Home then taking the Kappel brothers who are going on a survey party and Jack Shuttlewood who went to send a telegram from Notch Hill. We went to supper at *Spes Bona* and so home to bed after a very happy Easter.

Monday, April 13

I was busy all day making the frame for the hot-bed light which has come at last – two lights, 6' X 4' so that we shall have a hot and a cold frame. I went up to the Hill driving Polly at 8:23 and met poor King with the coffin. Only Mitchell was at the funeral and he helped me fill in the grave afterwards. King said that his wife was rather better and going on as well as could be expected. He seemed very cut up and no wonder and he went back to Kamloops by the eleven o'clock train. All the afternoon I toiled at the frame and I got it done so that the light actually fitted! It was tight but ran up and down easily. Now it only remains to see whether the bed will ever heat. After supper I went round to the Store for a bit but only Dingwall was there. I arranged for him to help me in the garden tomorrow. A young man called Smith came to see me today. He has been working for Moore for seven months having come through the Y.M.C.A. from Manchester. No money, of course. Now Moore has fired him out at a moment's notice just like Biddulph. It is really too bad. I managed to get Lloyd to take him on, at all events, for a bit.

Tuesday, April 14

I was up before half-past six and so had breakfast early and was able to have a long day in the garden with Dingwall. There was a most wretched mail in the morning – only about half a dozen letters for the whole of Sorrento. Dingwall and I finished off the hot-bed and put in the earth on the manure. So far, of course, it has remained stone cold (of course!) After lunch we worked up the big patch in front, breaking up the clods and then planting about 1/3 of it with carrots, beets and spinach. It now really begins to look like a garden but it is dreadfully dry. Syson gave us quite a lot of plants and the Davidsons a dozen raspberry canes all of which I got in. I bought 100 feet of hose from Frank St. George which will be very useful. Mrs. Jackson, Dorothy and Miss Miller came to tea, the latter such capital company. Such a high wind at night. A regular chinook.

Wednesday, April 15

Joe Davidson came up in the morning to ask me whether I would take him with me in the boat in the afternoon and I said I would if he had his father's leave. So away we went after lunch to Celista with a big bundle of papers and other things for Mrs. Orser. I found her still in bed but rather better. I met another daughter, a potential school-marm. Then across the Lake to see the young Baylisses as I had heard that she had arrived and I found them at home and getting their things in. A nice young woman. They have had such bad luck. All their belongings came on a

scow which was moored outside for the night. When they went in the morning she had filled and sunk! Such an awful mess! Colours run from rugs to linen, books spoiled and so on. They were busy drying it all out. They will be, I think, regular at church she being C/E. Home then through quite a storm in which we took a certain amount of water.