

Friday June 2nd

After the big rain on Monday people seem to have been of the opinion that the weather had "took up" using Mr. Fleming's expression. I don't know why unless it was because it turned cold after it and the wind changed around but it does that lately with out a minutes notice any way. Then there was a new moon and a good muggy thought that would fix it but yesterday afternoon public opinion veered round again and the general belief was that we were about to have another little "spell of weather" and this morning's sultry air and cloudy sun rise and the lakes growling convinced us all of the fact. Despite all these omens we got up pretty early and Frank went back about half past seven. Dad. intended to take his team back after Frank got started but the sky soon began to darken and the rumbling and growling in the west began to get nearer so he didn't go I mowed the rest of the hay on the front lawn with the scythe but that didn't take long. About half past nine it began to rain and I had just time to get into the shop when it came down in sheets. The awful flashes of lightning seemed so close that thunder almost cracked while it was there. This storm lasted for ten or fifteen

minutes then it settled down to a sensible rain and soon stopped altogether. Frank come up with the team during this interval. he had been under a beech tree in the woods and was apparently dry. It soon began again however and I went into the house to put a new cloth on my feet and it developed into a worse storm than the first one, not only in rain, thunder & lightning but hail which seemed worse than the storm of last fall which did so much damage. It battered against the south kitchen window like bullets and I was sure they would break but they didn't. They weren't like ordinary hail stones being quite flat and the edges jagged. It didn't last so very long but the rain kept up most of the morning. Frank went down town after the mail after dinner and had a great time getting across the ditch the water was so high. We didn't do anything much this afternoon but I mended around in the shop with the old moulding planes. Old Monteith was past this afternoon and told Dad. he had never seen the water in the creek so high it was the wind more than the rain that caused it. Ait's flats where he had his oats were completely inundated. Dad. went down to a Mr. Smith's Revision meeting to night and as the walking was so bad stayed down all night at Auntys. Each spent the afternoon house cleaning the front bedroom.