

Monday September 7th Labour Day

This being Labour day I laboured at a job that I have wanted to get at for a year, and now that I have started I will want to keep at it till I finish. I levelled down the pile of clay west of the kitchen and filled in the low places around the back door with it, and I made an ash path from the kitchen door to the pump and got started on me to gate but haven't got the sod all cut out for it yet. There are still large heaps of clay south of the house and under the crab apple tree to be disposed of and I am anxious to get them levelled and seeded with lawn seed as at present the place looks like a mining shaft or a shell crater but if it were trimmed up it would be an exceptionally pretty place, even now the vista that we see from the back door spreading out under the crab apple tree and the ash and disappearing gradually in the orchard is beautiful enough to make a fellow wish that Pegasus was not so particular who rode him. Mabel, Mrs. Walker and Min Cook all came up to-night and Mabel is staying all night. Marj. invited her when she thought she was going to be alone on account of my being with the Colonial excursion to Erie. Mostly cloudy & cooler

Tuesday September 8th

I finished making the path to the gate this morning and dug potatoes and garnered various garden produce for dinner as Mabel came back for that. I picked the cucumbers which ranged in size from an inch long to that of a Polypus, in spite of Marj's assurances that as the seed was that of small pickling cucumbers they would not grow beyond the desired dimensions suitable for that purpose. Now when I bring her in a half a bushel of these cucumberian monstrosities, she gnashes her teeth and hurls them at me. I also cut a water melon that looked ripe but when I dissected it I found it to be only pink in spots, however we ate the spots and they were delicious. This afternoon I picked a few of the Bartlett pears and Dad & Enah came over to get me to go thrashing tomorrow for a couple of hours at Out Farm as Grandma intends going to the Expo tomorrow with Grandma England. I got Dad to help me fell the dead maple at the back door. Grandma was here to-day. Mostly cloudy and sultry. Miss Butcher by died last night.

Wednesday September 9th

I finished picking the pears and took two bushel pumpkins down and shipped one to Dami