

borrowed his spoon again to dig the earth out of the anchor post holes which has caved in since I dug them. When I got back we took out some sand, cement and the dipping tank which we filled with water hauled out of the holes (they were nearly full) and put in the locust posts for anchor posts. We set one before dinner and the other two this afternoon. I took John Wees spoon back before tea when I got through with it. Enah went down town this afternoon. I cut a little more lawn to night. Sunny but still a cool breeze.

Friday June 14th

We took out some brace posts and all the good fence posts we could find around the place this morning and gathered up the few that were left along the road. Frank and I put them in before dinner and finished the row from the road to the north west anchor post. Dad spent the day harrowing over the corn ground but didn't finish. This afternoon Frank and I pulled out the rest of the fence posts in the gully cross-fence and stretched a little more barbed wire on the top of the lone fence. We all quit early and after tea Frank and I went over to the potato patch. I rode Belle

over and cultivated the clay patch and Sig M. Birds cultivated the other, we also went through Lorne's. There were seven or eight hoeing but they only got the sandy patch hoed and we intend to hoe the clay on Monday. Frank took his foot ball over and we had quite a game when we got through work. Dad, Enah & Sid drove down town. Enah went to hear a missionary from the North-West and Dad & Sid went fishing. Cool.

Saturday June 15th

Dad took the team and waggon back to the top of the gully hill this morning and we hauled up a load of posts and fence boards out of the gully with the team and chain making several trips. We got all the stuff ^{from the fence} on the north side of the gully pretty well cleaned up. We got enough posts out of the load to go along the west side of the corner field and after we had unloaded the other stuff we took them out and Frank and I worked till noon putting them in and Dad went on harrowing the corn field. This afternoon Dad finished harrowing the corn field and the garden north of the shop and then cultivated all through every thing he could in the old garden. Frank spent the