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83 Wellesley St. Toronto  
Oct. 4th. /88

My dear Willie

Father thanks you for yr. letter received a day or two since and we congratulate you on the prospect of taking another upward step up the ladder only dear Willie take heed that as you climb and step firmly on this ladder, you get nearer and nearer to the Golden Gate of the and "So pass through earthly things, that you lose not the things which are eternal" there is a jubilant feeling amongst us all in hearing that honours are thrust on you in comparatively early life--may many of your fellows be benefitted as well as yourself. ~~Chattie~~ Chattie said she had not heard of you lately, any news of him send on word so Nellie wrote last evening and told her of your prospects. She has not been well lately, that Baby I fancy is too much for her. She is going to wean the little lassie next week and high time I think. G. Francis is making himself most agreeable to his family. May has him in perfect subjection on Sunday she took him to church!!!

Marian, George and May go to see the boys at Port Hope on Monday then he goes on to Cape Breton on his way back to England he looks so well and I do hope he will continue to do well.

It is cold cheerless weather no pleasure to go in the garden to gather grapes still they get brought in somehow and disappear in a most marvellous manner basketful after basketful the little W. Avenue girls are to come today after school for a few. Your apples were brought out today for the first time and are beautiful the boys are revelling in them at Port Hope for M had a basket sent down to them. As Nellie wrote you last evening it leaves me no family news to tell. All seem well as usual except that Amy looks very pale and is I fear far from strong.

Just hear from Emma Pickton that she is likely to be here some time next week. We shall hope for finer weather or it will be very dull for her.

Aunt Lizzie has been paying her usual visit at Bridge Water and was induced to go on to the worlds gre t City where she seemed to be enjoying herself with some old friends. Mary Dash had had an unpleasant encounter with their servant who went raving mad suddenly. After an exciting time she was captured escaped, then was recaptured and secured in an asylum.

Ever your loving Mother  
Ellen Osler.

*Sister the under-eyes he had sent her a letter from paper*