

Nov 11 1910

295, University Street,  
Montreal.

Thursday.

My Darling Edward.

I sent this dreadful of  
me writing to you, three days  
running - I hope you don't  
mind -

I felt this morning that I  
was going to get a letter from  
you and I hurried home  
but on arriving was disappointed  
to find none - Clare the snip  
had carried your letter upstairs  
and so I did not get it  
till tonight - It was just

quite the nicest and dearest<sup>2.</sup>  
letter I have ever had from you,  
only it makes me feel how  
very lonely I am, and how  
much I want you - you silly  
old dear!

I do wish mother would come  
back. you know I think she  
is quite home sick - Clare  
may go out to Ruth after knee  
I think Ruth needs somebody  
with her, when Ted is away  
at his work -

I told you I was at your  
house to tea - and your  
mother was so exceptionallly  
sweet to me that I certainly

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will go and see her whenever  
I get the chance - I want her  
to come down to the club, perhaps  
(for girls)  
on Monday. I think she  
would be interested - We  
have got out the nicest little  
pledge and prayer for the  
girls & will enclose you one  
if I can find it - "Three  
of my girls got up and recited  
such a nice "trialogue"  
with such good sentiments  
in it - I was quite proud  
of them - Did I tell you  
that I am teaching 2 of

twain boys music, they are quite bright, and so anxious to learn - they come to me ~~and~~ on Tuesday and Thursday evening - Poor chaps they certainly have very few opportunities - as compared with boys of the upper classes.

I am reading Peary's book on his trip to the north pole it is quite long but most interesting - he tells you quite a lot about the Eskimos and their customs - about walrus hunting etc. I think

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It must take a person, with  
a very curious mind to be attracted  
to an ice country, cold and  
bleak and uncivilised - He  
speaks of wonderful red snow  
I don't quite see what it is,  
perhaps you know? - Does  
'ow' Dear! -

Speaking of reading have  
you seen one of Rippling's  
latest poems called "If"  
I think it is rather good  
I will copy it for you

some time, if you have not  
seen it already —

My new pink dress is  
going to be perfectly stiff.  
next time you come you  
will see me arrayed in  
all my glory. I hope —

How are you getting your  
top hat wat affair — you  
will be a swell, and  
will look fine in such  
a costume —

I just hate like poison  
to go to the Shaugnessys  
dance tomorrow — I suppose

I will enjoy<sup>7.</sup> it when I  
get there - ~~any day~~  
It would be quite a  
different thing if you were  
here and I could go  
with you -

I miss you more every  
day - and I suppose it's  
not nearly time for me  
to begin to ask you when  
you are coming back to  
see your "mighty Alton."

I'm so glad I met  
you five years ago  
and not five years

hence - Marian is a nice  
girl, I'm deeply obliged  
to her for introducing you  
to me - to your remembrance  
the old skating days when  
you were that sweet little  
blue tube! - and used to  
carry my skates home for me.  
I can't imagine why you  
ever did I'm sure -

Well my own darling  
for your sake I will stop  
this nonsense - did you  
ever know such a little  
"hi diot"? - I send you three  
little kisses one for each cheek  
and one for the end of your nose  
from your very sick, Ting -