

Toronto
June 13/11

My darling Girl

I am trying to
arrange to spend Sunday
at home - I mean with you
Your letters, I fear, are
days and days behind me
so I must see you yourself
and find out what you
have been saying and
doing.

I am again rejoicing.
Things again went well
today and for this month
I am happy.

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It would be nice if you could write to me but it would not be worth while because I can't tell you where to send anything. As you would say "It is most annoying." Darling I love you. A constant longing to be with you calls me to Montreal. I have stayed away almost as long as I am able.

The gold-hunters and the woods, the animals, the rocks and the streams all would fascinate me except that I want you to see them too - and to paint them and

remember and recall them³
as I do now to myself but see
so much that I forget
all but what is unforgettable.

Toronto, for a change, is
a treat. I have seen the
theatre, the pretty girls - had
good dinners and comfy beds
and have bought the thing
I needed, done what I
had to do and can sleep
in peace.

That will be a treat
because my work is hateful
about keeping me awake.

Sweetheart I hope you're
happy too. It is unfortunate
that I can't get to
Montreal now quickly.

But do not put off your holidays one minute on my account — only tell me before you leave so that I can make sure of scooting down in time to see you before you start.

I have just telephoned Ken at "Upper Canada". The lucky little beggar gets his holiday in about ten days. But the unlucky little beggar has exams beginning next Friday.

It is queer in Toronto. The Fraternity have sold their house and I have nowhere to go. Last night I stayed at the nearest hotel at bedtime. Tonight probably I'll do the same.

Best love to you — my own Lois —
 Please do not forget this wandering Jew.
 He feels half lost without you.
 affectly Edward S.W.