

Nice letter

Answering about CAT & clothes prices

P.S. today I took a walk
Club work
School work

Eastport, Maine

Nov 19th 1911

Sunday Aft^{noon}

My darling Girl

It seems quite a long time since I have written to you.

I have made a slip which doubtless you have noticed by this time but I hope it has done no harm. When Dad was in Fredericton he bought two game pictures, which are supposed to be very good, and left them with my Aunt who has never heard from him since. She asked me if I would take them & I said I would and use them too if we felt like it and Dad did not remember about them. So Don promised to express them to me. I thought it would be safer if they were addressed to you and so asked

him to so address them. Possibly they have arrived and you didn't know what to make of it.

I cannot tell you yet where to address me. I shall probably be in St. John again on Tuesday but after that I don't know where to go.

Heaven preserve me from ever coming down here again. I do not seem to be able to get away.

I have not heard from a soul since I got your last letters in St. John. Am still wondering what Dad's reply will be.

Darling I miss being with you very much. Last night if I had written when I intended you would have been swamped with things I don't often say. You would have been surprised at all the nice things

that could be thought about yourself, your hair, your eyes your hands Oh everything was perfect and I dreamt about you too - for the first time I think. I wonder what you were doing on Saturday evening to make me dream about you.

You are perfect still, my Lois, but it is daylight - dismal, wet, windy daylight - On a little Island near the bay called Minas Basin, I think, Canada is in sight, at least some of her Islands. The river here is called the Petiteodiac or some such name if I remember my geography correctly.

My room in the Exchange Hotel looks out on the back yard. The lilac bushes are dead and the ashes & potato-peelings cover up the only little bit of green there might

otherwise be. The only joke all afternoon was when the cat, walking along a high railing, stepped into a wooden soap-box full of clothes-pin and everything fell to the ground. But then a cat is such a stupid thing at seeing a joke. She just begins smelling about and pretending she did it on purpose.

I'd throw a glass of water on her if it were not for the fly screens. Imagine fly screens! when I am sitting here leaning one side against a half-cold radiator to get warm.

My bed is like the one at Rivierre Ouelle, minus the bugs. Thank Heaven for that!

I intended to go to Church this

Morning but came home from a walk to find that service begins at 10.30.

I'll make another try this evening. If I knew how to behave myself I'd go to the Roman Catholic Church. I think I will anyway. I've hardly ever been inside one.

My poor old Birthday. I had hoped to be in Montreal and get a kiss as ~~for~~ my best present. I want to hear a good many things. I wonder how Eva liked the "drawing room". Now, I suppose, they are all real ladies of our Vic-Royal Canadian Aristocracy.

How have you been Tiny? Please write me a little note to Moncton with "If not delivered in 5 days - etc"

Darling, I love you for a thousand things. A lot of girls are such snobbish good-for-nothing encumbrances. Positively I puzzle my brains to know what they will say when St Peter says "What have you done?" I must not forget that generalities are dangerous and that I am thinking principally of one girl I had the mis-fortune to call on in St. John. Her principal theme was How degrading and unfortunate it must be for men to have to work their way through college. And the thing that made me tired was that she was a friend of Wm Pugsley. Clever stealing or grafting of any kind

seemed to amuse her very much & her regret is that her father did not have enough sense or was too honest to graft and so he died not very well off.

But I got away off the track and said what I did not start out to at all.

I liked the way you took the trouble to teach at Sunday School for so long even though I was not very optimistic about anyone really being able to change those Chinamen. I think it is fine too the way you have stuck to your work at Miss Edgar's. And I love you for doing so much at the Girl's Club. I don't think there is a nicer thing being done in Montreal.

You are so good to me. I'm going to try and see if I can't avoid being

F.

rude again by keeping you waiting
for me. I never seem able to measure
up decently. You've got quite a job on
your hands.

I hope you are going to be able to
manage that trip to Europe next year
that your Mother spoke of. I think
it would be a good idea though I
wasn't very enthusiastic at first.

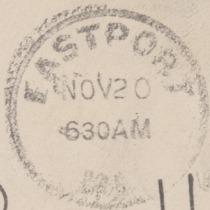
Love I want to be back very much.
I can only be half-happy when I'm
not with you.

Don't forget to write just a short
note to Merton. I'll be there by
Thursday at the latest.

With Love Yours Edward S. W.

X

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Miss Lois Harrington
295 University St.
Montreal
Que
Canada

Remarks
abt. L.W.S.
School work,
club work +
radio classes

