



LAKE LOUISE CHALET
LAGGAN, ALTA. CANADA

August 19th / 12

My dearest darling Edward.

I am doing a thing which I don't often do, and that is write before breakfast.

The days grow more painfully long, it is wicked of me to find them so, when I am in such a perfect place, as Edward I never could have imagined that I could have been so unhappy, and find time drag so. I cannot ~~sit~~ sit still for more than about 3 minutes — And Edward

him, in case he would start capering
round and shoot me off, however
he finally did go on, but several
times he stopped like this, and
nothing that Ted or I could do
would move him. A nice little
rough stick we found he did
not like — We went first
to a little lake called
Lake Mirror, and then up a
very steep place, and came
to Lake Agnes, both so green
and pretty. We left our
ponies at Lake Agnes, and
climbed still further, the
view was simply perfect.
you could look far down
into the valley of the Bon
river, and far beyond, such a

wonderful range of white snow
capped mountains, coming
down we came a steeper
but more direct way, I thought
it was hoid a first, but soon
got accustomed to it, and loved
it — The hotting is fearfully
funny, you feel like a bagfull
of jelly being bumped around.

Yesterday morning, I went
out on the lake, it was so
quiet and beautiful, the water
is as green as it can be, and
very opaque, it looks as if
you had poured milk into it —

I rowed up towards the
glacier, about a mile and
a half, then sat & drifted
for a while, when suddenly
realizing that my time was

it is all this game of love!
exciting irritating, wonderful,
and altogether maddening -
I do hope that eventually
I will get back to you. I seem
such miles away yet though.

You would have been amused
if you could have seen me
riding up the side of one of the
big mountains here, on one of the
western ponies. The most stubborn
little brute I have ever seen,
the trail was pretty steep, and
in some places, the mountain
below you, went straight into
the lake, in the worst of these
places, my beastly little pony
stopped short still. I was nearly
desperate, I was 'tired & tuck'



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nearly up, I put on speed and scuttled home - it would all be so very very wonderful, if you were here, and could enjoy it with me - but by myself, it is just wonderful, without any rapture bit -

Yesterday Ruth Ted & I were going for a 20 mile drive, to the valley of the Ten Peaks - Ruth was not feeling very well so decided at the last minute that she would not go, Ted decided to stay with her, I thought I would go anyway. They have

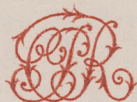
passed Paradise Valley, came
to the gorge of Sheol, where
there was the tower of Babel
the ten peaks were beautiful
all covered with snow, and
at the base of them was
Moraine Lake, formed by a
huge land slide coming down
and damming the river running
through the valley -

There are no adjectives at
least not proper ones to describe
all the wonders here, I seem
to say lovely and beautiful all
day - I will soon be driven to
using words such as "Sublime"
etc etc - My descriptions
wo I fear, are of the poorest
sort, I will be able to tell

you so much better - It was
a nice sight, as we were driving
in towards the hotel last night,
to see 2 cowboys driving all
the ponies to their stables, about
30 of them running better skelter
down the road. one of them
climbed up a steep bank by the
road, up went the cowboy after
him, the horse as nimble as
a mountain goat. then in a
minute both the cowboy, and
the other horse appeared, and
leapt off the bank on to the
road and off they went -

Last night they had a little
service in the drawing room
Ted, Ruth & I all went
we got rather badly stung
though, we forgot all about
collection, and went the

Sort of bus Tally - no business,
I did not think it would be
specially nice to go with a cart
load of absolutely "inconnus" -
fortunately, Dr Hamilton came
and asked me to go with their
party, and it was a wfully nice
Dr & Miss Blackader, Dr & Mrs
Elder, Dr Hamilton, Dr Taylor
& Dr Hardisty. I sat in the back
seat with Dr Taylor & Dr Hardisty,
they were both very nice, I wonder
if you know Dr Hardisty, he is
fun to meet & quite a dear.
The drive was wonderful,
along a mountain road, with
perfect views all the time. We



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plate began to circulate, Ted
wildly fumbled first in one pocket
then in the other, once he
produced a \$10.00 bill but that
was hastily put back, at last
he produced a \$2.00 bill, which
Ted placed reluctantly on the
plate, as Ruth whispered to me
you pay a third! however
as I said afterwards, it was
not very much to give as we
had none of us been to church
for several Sundays —
last Sunday we were out
on the water all day —
Ted is the worst man you

ever knew, you would think
by the way he did things that
he at least owned a million!
Everything has to be the best, it
is rather nice, to have somebody
make you be extravagant, it
is nice staying at the best hotels
& doing everything "à la carte"
even if you do have to live in
the poor house afterwards.

My beauty man, I hope my
letters are not too stupid
for a brainy person like yourself.
I wonder continuously, where
you are and what you are
doing? it takes such ages
to hear from you whole days!
Isn't it be fun when I get



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back, we will have heaps
to talk & think about until
we, the two months or month
& a half will fly - I am
not going to bother about anything
very much, I want just one
or two clothes, but I think
it is foolish to fuss over them
too much - don't you?
Have you decided what
you are going to get for
your trousseau? -
darling I must stop

although I could go on for
some time longer, just talking
nonsense. etc.

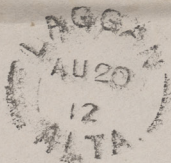
We will have to have some
grand concerts when I get back
I am positively starved for a
piano, you can never play
in these hotels the rooms
are so crowded. I am
quite anxious to hear the
little song about the
doughnut —

Well a nice hug & a nice
little kiss and all my love,

For you

Tiny —

Disrupting
"Love"



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