

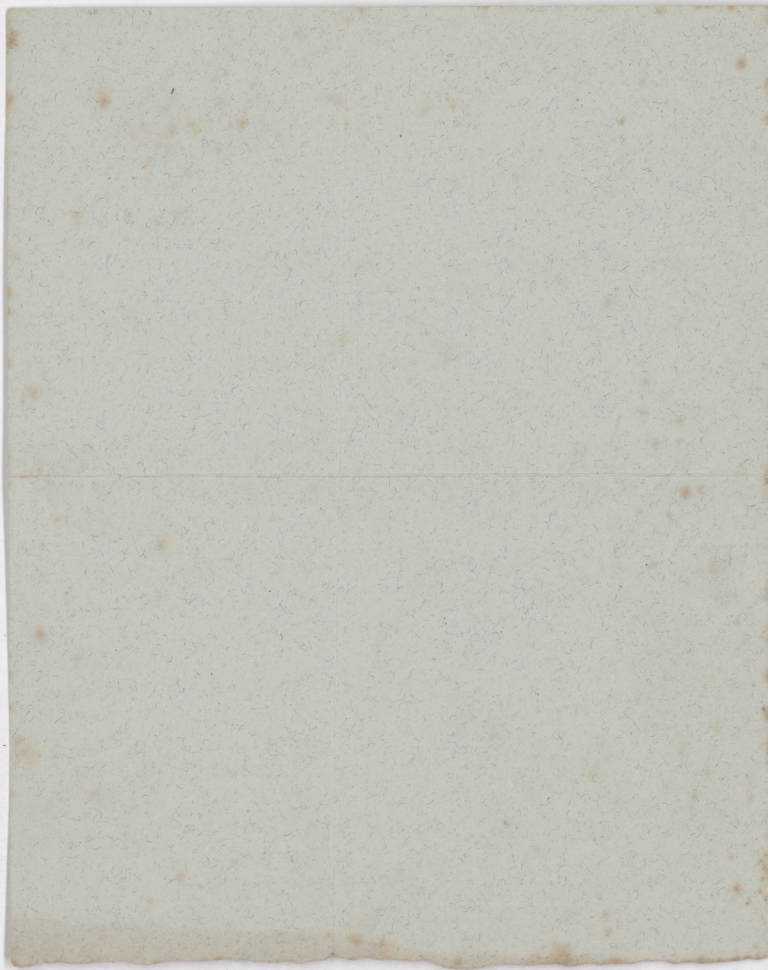
1899

My darling Boppie,

I wonder if it rains in Montreal, but it rains very hard -

We make a long way in the long big train, & then a short way in a short train with only one car. We see this out of our window.





We are in a very big
house, & many people
in it, but I miss my
dear little friend
when I wake in the
morning - I hope you
will be a good dear
little level till mother
comes home.

I hope you will
write me a letter, & I
will tell you all
about what we do
some day soon.

Love to Lais & Eva
from Mother

W. J. ...

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