

Birkenshaw,
Little Metis.August 2nd/94

Dear Mother,

How long it seems
since we left you at Montreal
although it is not two months.

Grandmama got some beautiful
Black-Eyed-Susans she put
most of them in her flower bed

We have built the post office
in a different place, or rather
I should say, nearly built ^{it}. It
is a good many years since

Father was away for his

birthday. Is not the ~~the~~ summer
passing away quickly I do not
remember a summer passing
away so quickly before. How
is Eric? Thank you very much
for that Book you sent me I
received it last night. This is a
most beautiful day, but I have
wasted my morning in bed
with a bad head-ache. Baby
is ~~so~~ so sweet. continued July
August 9th

This morning Baby actually
said shut up I suppose he
learned it from the boys.
Muriel arrived here on Monday
Clare went up to the

station to meet her. Grand
-papa is going to take Muriel
and Clare out in the boat,
yesterday they went out
in the punt and as soon
as they got out a little
squall came on and they
were in a terrible plight
they were blown against
the rocks, the wind was
so strong that paddles were
of no use I had to take
off my shoes and stockings
and wade out above my
knees and bring them

in, the water was icy
cold. You remember Clara
Grandmama's housemaid,
well, she sent me a little
plush coal-scuttle ^{with} ~~made~~ string
in it. There was another
bazaar here and I bought
a purse. Clara is going
to the mail. So Good
bye.

Ruth