

Little Isles

July 30<sup>th</sup> 1903

Dearest Bernard,

We have just celebrated mother's birthday with the usual ceremony, & the best feature was that we had a really hot & smokeless fire. She has had Caieil build in two sides of brick & ready-set that iron plate, & at last it seems able to give satisfaction.

Caieil has undertaken to tinker up the green paint though he won't undertake to make a good job of it - & he will buy Luis' slary for \$3.00 as he says with plenty of tar he can cobble it up for a fishery boat, but it wd be useless to the children the weight wd be so increased & it is too heavy as it is.

The weather still remains rough, & the sun shines by fits & starts, scarcely any really sunny

ever weather as yet. The poppies  
are just coming up, that is  
the racus Turkey racum! there  
are a good many scattered  
plants but - they have been  
self-sown I think or dropped  
accidentally - Two roses came  
into bloom in time for G. M.'s  
birthday - The nasturtiums are  
magnificent - as to leaf, but as  
yet have no sign of flowers -  
a few days hot - sun wavered  
soon hurry things on - The crop  
trees about the country look  
splendid.

Quite a party of us went to  
Brauford's falls today - B.S.  
Willie Peterson Hugh Mack & sev-  
eral small boys - Ings Field  
Brauford, Taylor & our own  
flock - The fall was fine - full  
of water - The boys bathed,  
& we sat about - I sketched  
till we had to return.

Clare was hearing dreadful  
tales of Arrie Sutherland - They  
say Farber was in some pretty  
bad scrapes but - C. is far worse  
just one of the hopelessly bad kind

there was some very disgraceful  
story about New York, & a woman  
as these stories came through  
Kester Beck - I sh<sup>d</sup> be more in-  
clined to fear they were true, as  
Esmond is not a fellow to talk  
evil lightly, & of course he & Ban-  
are about-taken & hear such  
stories - His poor mother has no  
idea but all is right - Really  
such stories just make me feel  
sick - I to think of such a bad  
being spoken of as Cori's friend.  
People say that to be so utterly  
bad & law at his age - leaves no  
hope of the future - It seemed to  
me so easy & natural that our  
boys sh<sup>d</sup> grow up with high  
ideals as to purity, & honour -  
& Eric did - there seemed no  
effort on our part, nor on his  
he just grew up as one w<sup>o</sup>d wish  
but it is very very hard for  
these boys to come through life  
all right - The little was saying  
sately that her Howard & a  
yaching fellow we had here  
a few nights since a Mr Robertson

were the only two young fellows  
who ever heard speak naturally  
& clearly, as if they were of old-fogy  
men, with a firm-foundation  
of right-feeling, & living by some  
definite principle =

A grand entertainment  
again last-night - for the Golf-  
Club - the usual thing - tango  
music & a skirt-dance & cake  
walk - amusing but vulgar.  
Fancy Wren Sutherland with  
bare legs & a muslin dress  
seated on a nurse's knees &  
having Mellon's food given to  
him in a huge spoon. I was  
told the nurse was "Kene Cairns"  
but I think it - must - have been  
another boy - Little Cavershill  
& Robertson performing the chaunt  
dance. There are always two  
ways of looking at-things, but  
it does not recommend itself  
to me as "seemly".

Next the dance, on Monday  
Keth's posters look very well &  
are to be auctioned at the end of  
the dance - Keth does not seem  
to care about-going, & I don't  
think I shall let H.S. go, as the  
younger girls this year are not very

well behaved - Three or four  
of them were smoking with the  
boys lately - a Caverhill & 1/2 Peterman  
I forget the others - I wd gladly  
help to punish the mothers who  
let their children run wild &  
grow so bold & spoil the boys,  
as they do -

I enclose another of Joseph's  
letters it is a pity he shd work  
himself out - so -

Mrs M - continues well &  
bright - she keeps us all going  
& visits all over the place. Did  
I tell you she went up to the  
Fleet to see a little play that  
the children got up, & thoroughly  
enjoyed it - too -

Clare is going out to the Fleet  
tonight - & she & Ruth are at after  
noon tea at the Blake's this A.M.

We have been very remiss about  
calling on people & the scarcity  
of flowers has deprived us of our  
usual tokens of friendliness -

I am hoping for letters from you  
Tonight - we seem to have such  
long intervals - I still have to  
address to Eva's care but hope  
that this will be the last -

Love - but not least - dear  
we wish you every happiness

I many returns for your birth  
day - It will be over before the  
reaches you but - we shall think  
of you & pray for you & wish  
you every blessing.

I fear that W.G. has not  
accomplished his good intention  
of writing to you, & I scarcely  
know who has written this  
time.

We have found many more  
of those wonderful yellow brown  
atropas - the woods seem full  
of them.

Our Turkey was lamenting  
your absence anew - It is  
such a comfort - to feel that  
you are not alone this time  
but have Conrad with you &  
hope you will feel he is your  
best friend, as well as your  
oldest son before you part com-  
pany -

I did intend to write to  
Con. but must send him in-  
stead I hope he is enjoying  
every minute of his new expe-  
riences - & oh I do wish he wd  
give up smoking - I cannot  
help feeling it - a sad chasing of  
the war, instead of the better part.

We are to have Bishop Baldwin  
on Sunday, & that means a good  
sermon I hope -

The last moment is  
come, & I must send this off  
it seems a pity I cannot keep  
it till I get yours -

Lovingly

Anna