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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste. Famille Street
Nov 3rd 1901.

My own darling Boy,

It is with a very heavy heart that I come to write my usual Sunday letter. Last night's papers tell us of the serious encounter the British & Boers had near Bethal & in which "Col. Benson was killed with a number of others. They also say fifteen other officers were seriously injured but give no names & no date" – You can perhaps imagine the state of my feelings & the terrible tension the waiting will be for your own poor little wifie.

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My! But this cruel war lasts a long time & how many lives are lost & homes made desolate! – God grant that you are safe my pet & that He will protect you until we meet again. Who would have thought that it would have lasted all these months, in fact years, for the third year has already commenced? My trust is in Heaven – who has taken care of you during all the past dangers if not the most High? I sincerely hope & trust all will be well with you. Tomorrow will I expect bring me some of your dear letters.....

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they are so very long on the way that you might be goodness only knows where, when they reach me.

The McGill professors gave a large dinner in the Sherbrooke Club for Lord Strathcona last night – wives & one daughter of all the faculty attended – the Mt. was illuminated with two large "S".s – in his honor I presume. there were to be sixty or more, Miss Girdwood told me when I met her while out shopping in the morning. The little ones have bad colds, but are somewhat better – it is epidemic I believe, every one seems to have a cold – it is bronchial no doubt – the weather has been fine of late but one cannot let them out for fear of fresh cold. They are difficult to amuse, I assure you & I am not sorry when the hour for bed comes. We have at least got a girl – she seems to be willing, is pleasant & affable & will I sincerely trust, remain

for some time. is a French Canadian, speaking very little English, so the children will have an opportunity of learning French. They are, as a rule tidier than either Scotch or Irish.

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You will see by the enclosed that your old corps of "Strathcona's Horse" are not afraid to let the world know what they think of "Buller". There is not much news to give you, my dear – things are pretty quiet, in a way. Lord Strathcona leaves for England on the 10th via New York. I find he has aged very much since he was here just twelve months ago. Did you not notice a change when you were with him last? He is full of energy & go, still time is beginning to tell on him, but of course eighty two is a nice old age.

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I wrote Mrs. Moon on the 1st. Clarke & James sent us small boxes of beach [sic] nuts by mail, which we enjoyed, but the nuts are much smaller than they were when I was a youngster, it seems to me. Well, my own pet, this is not as long a letter as usual, but I do not want to weary you. All the little ones join me in fondest love & many sweet kisses to the dearest old Papa in the world.

With many fond embraces, yours as ever, the loneliest, most devoted warm hearted little wifie in the world,

Maye.

[/pg 5]