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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste. Famille St.
Oct 27th 1901.

My own darling Boy,

I come as usual to write my Sunday letter, but as has been the case of late have none of your dear ones before me to be answered. Your last received last Monday & answered on Wednesday evening was dated Sept. 11th – does it not seem a very long time ago? You intended moving, so I suppose are on the go most of the time now. The papers give us very little news

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of the progress of the war in any way, so it is extremely difficult to keep in touch with things – we have seen nothing whatever of the movements of the S.A.C. except a skirmish they had some weeks ago. If you could only imagine the terrible worry this uncertainty gives me, you would I know, grieve for your poor little wifie. There is nothing new here, except a few teas, a wedding reception & euchres. I was asked to a tea, but Louise & Mamma went, so I stayed at home. You see the youngsters keep

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me here, as they must be cared for. We cannot get a servant & I do not know the reason in a way – they will not come where there are children – in fact, they want everything – out every evening, almost every afternoon, every Sunday, so there is no time left for us. Things have come to an awful state & we certainly will have to take to Chinese, if this continues.

Youngsters have no business to come into the world; still they are not to blame poor things; it is the parents who should have more sense. South Africa will be better than this, I am sure. We give good wages, as much as others I know well & it is always the children they object to. They have nothing whatever to do with them, but wash their dishes, still that is always the objection.... Louise is away a great deal at the hospital & lectures, so that her boy when not at school falls to my lot & he is a terrible bother – so

impertinent.... I will be charmed when it is all over & things change one way or the other. If we are not to go to South Africa, please be sure

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be sure & let me know as soon as things are decided. You know we must give our landlord notice on the 1st of Feb. so we must decide ere that. If we are to remain in Montreal, we move at any cost. As for going to Ont. if you are here & you wish it I shall go, but there is no use in my going alone with the little ones. I do not know many of the towns there & would positively not live there without you, my dear. Mamma would live in a very small house if we are not with her & I do not want to take a house if you are coming home & we would

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leave the city, so you see our predicament. You may fancy it is rather early to bother over this, but my letter will not be in your hands until Dec. & your answer not reach me until may be the end of Jan. so you see I am not talking too soon about it. We are so very far from each other my darling, & our missives are so very long on the way!!!.. I have followed up all "The Star" says of Gen. Buller & enclose the clippings – the majority of the people sympathize with him judging from the press reports & I am looking

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forward to the dinner which is to take place towards the end of Nov. & at which he will explain & right himself they say. When I said he had perhaps taken too much champagne I repeated what I had heard. on reading the speech which I sent on to you, I find nothing whatever which would cause them to make such an assertion, & find it just what a man of his stamp & bravery would say – he has proved his worth, done his duty & served his country faithfully & well & at the first mistake, the Authorities are ready to turn on him & disgrace him. He can hold his head up & until anything is proved against him, he has thousands among the nation who will always look upon him as a hero. I know you think a great deal of him, my dear. I wrote Mr. Bethune & enclosed your two letters, sending them to Dawson – he will I suppose, be there a while longer. I only hope his anticipations will be realized & that he shall do something good for you dear. If he knew how much we depend on what he helps you with, I

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feel sure he would do all in his power to help you. My first letter did not

come back, so it must have been forwarded & he may yet answer it. Anyway, as the new hotel is to be built in Ottawa just as he told us, he will likely be in the Capital this winter & may come down, so I expect to see him some time. As I have seen nothing of Major & Mrs. Z.T. Wood's movements, they are I suppose still in Halifax. I had a letter from Mrs. Sanders yesterday in answer to the one I wrote while in Ottawa with you & another I wrote congratulating her

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on her husband's honors. They had a fine time in Calgary when the Duke & Duchess were there – they lunched at the Barracks with the officers & wives, sixty including ladies – then Mrs. Sanders & Mrs. Perry went through to the coast with their husbands & the event & had a fine time. Paradis, inspector recently appointed had to resign last week – some queer appointments have been made, Mrs. S. says – I do not think it is what it used to be, in any way. Dr. Haultain is very independent of the Force, since his father's death & has just returned for a five months stay in California for his health. They are still

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as peculiar as ever where their youngsters are concerned & were home three days before they sent to Mrs. Watson's for them. they are yet in Macleod. Inspr. Cartwright & [bride] are stationed in Calgary & Inspr. Worsley is there also – he is very nice – his sister is going up to keep house for him, Mrs. S. says. We are having a fine day for a wonder, but we are prisoners without a servant. There is a lot of small-pox in the city just now they say – diptheria [sic] & fever also are raging. I try to be as careful as possible with the little

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ones. There is no use talking – we must be together after this, if we are both in this world. I am so sick & tired of living this way & life is too short, dear, to be forever apart – it must end. All the little ones are well & send their fond love to dear Papa. I look forward to at least one letter tomorrow. God bless & keep you dear, until we meet again. With many sweet kisses believe me, as of old,

Your own true hearted, loving little wife,

Maye.

My darling, I am also sending by this mail, two photo's which will I trust prove welcome. they are not at all flattering I find. I mailed books three in

number, sent me by Major Belcher on Saturday & trust you will get them
O.K. Lord Strathcona, I hear gives a big reception on Wednesday. Auguste,
Marie, & all the [Massons] are invited & they have not called. I am left out. I
do not mind it, dear, I merely mention the fact..... the world is peculiar, is it
not, my

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darling, but I am not surprised at anything. You shed the greatest lustre on
his name by the corps you raised & commanded so well – were you here,
of course things would be different – that is the way women are usually
treated when they are living apart from their husbands, my pet. such is the
world – the social world, I mean – with ever so many sweet kisses & fond
embraces from your own lonely little wifie –

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