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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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162 Hutchison St.
Aug 16th, 8 p.m.

My own darling Boy,

Your dear letter to your "darling Pet" came in to help me relish my breakfast which you may be sure I did after perusing it, my darling. The P.O. Box needs to be larger, considering the budgets it contains from me almost every day. Yes, Torla is plucky Frank says & he is sorry he has to make her suffer so, killing the [illegible] nerves which are exposed, but of course, it cannot be helped & must be done, to save the teeth - she understands that & is willing to undergo anything, poor dear!

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I went out today & bought a nice present at [Cockouthalen?] for Miss Macleod, which I hope you will like. I have had it sent to your address not knowing hers & that you may see it first - it is cut glass salt sellers [sic] with sterling silver rim & mustard pot with sterling top & three spoons to match - enclosed card too. I sincerely hope it will please you & that you will think it nice enough - it cost six (\$6.00) & was as much as I could afford. I find it pretty & know it is good material & hope it will please the bride. I also purchased a plated goblet, napkin ring, table, dessert & tea spoon & fork for Torla as she needs them at the convent & had "F.M. Steele" engraved on all.

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I am sure she will be delighted, everything pleases the poor dear. She is still at Richards & comes back tomorrow, I believe.

Yes I think I have gained three or four lbs & am as hard as nails, walking quite a lot without too much fatigue. I had something more than a "bright smile" or "fig leaf" to cover me when I weighed 121, still it was not much.

I have read Davidson's letter with interest & it is really kind of them to wish me to stay a day or so, but I feel that it will not be easy to do so,

on account of the children. I shall have to bring extra clothes on the trip you see & that is not convenient - besides, once I leave, I want to come to the end of the journey, so as to see you, my own darling. The Miss Carmichael you met must be a daughter of the late Dean, who died I think, not very long ago & who was a great favorite in Montreal. I am sure you must have had a hearty reception in Edmonton & hope you found your inspections not too trying. Very likely they are

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eager to do well & will try hard to please you, my dear.

I am sure you are sorry Hilliam will not get a commission, especially as the reason given prevents his ever getting into the militia at any time. Gen. Strange will regret that his son cannot either - what will the latter turn to now, I wonder. Have you seen him since you went up? [Tennant] must have returned from S.A. too. I saw where a Mr. Randall was married in B.C. a week or so ago to a Miss [Pugsley] of St. John's - is he Birdie Herchmer's first husband? I had a very nice lengthy letter from Mrs. Lewis - they were at Margate for a time enjoying the sea air

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& every moment of the day - she & the Col. were well & when I answer, will send you on her's to peruse. There is not very much to tell you tonight - as usual, I am busy & although mother & myself were out twice today saw few people whom we knew - met Bob for a moments' chat - he looks better for his stay in the Agathe & Jessie also derived benefit from it. Gertie will stay the week at Gus' I think. I had Bagnall make a few jars of black currant jam for you, knowing how fond you are of it & it looks very nice & inviting, I assure you. Fruit has been more expensive than I have known it to be; owing to the late cold spring there seems to be a very small crop of everything. I hope my letter re the Bagnall's will not worry you, but I had to consult you, my dear & we will be better satisfied of course - man like he prefers dealing with you, I suppose & it is better so. The children are well & send much love & many sweet kisses to darling Papa whom they are anxious to see

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once more. Mother was delighted to receive the p.c. from you & will send another in return soon.

With a heart full of warm deep love & longing for a warm embrace
from my dearest & nearest,
Believe me, as ever,
Your own true, devoted little wifie,

Maye

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