

2008.1.1.1.1.326

Marie Steele to Sam Steele

[pg 1]

1513, 1st St.W.
Calgary, Dec. 20th

My own darling boy,

Your dear letters of the 15th reached me on the 17th & received the usual warm welcome. I should have written before, but I waited until Friday for the fish knife & fork to come & then hoping you would leave Winnipeg for home on Monday evening or when Flora passed through, hoped to see you instead - however, from the look of things, I much fear we are deprived of the pleasure of seeing you, so write today as usual. The fish knife & fork are very nice indeed & will, I am sure, be much appreciated by the recipients - why this little compliment on the side about the only perfect woman in the world, when speaking of the gift? My poor old decrepid [sic] husband's taste is the same as ever, the very best. You must have your hands full with such a lot to deal with - it is strange how many of these fellows dislike going anywhere with the King's uniform on!

You will be delighted I am sure, when all the present worry is settled - it will be a lesson to all I trust. It is well that I am discreet; otherwise

[/pg 1]

[pg 2]

think of all I should be deprived of hearing, were I not so, my dear.

I hope the dinner at the Gov's was enjoyable anyway & that you met friendly people.

We are having beautiful weather - sunshine & balmy as April: do you mean to say you have always found it like summer where I am? is that too a little compliment? it sounds like it.

Never mind riches dear, - money is a nice thing to have, but your love & deep respect are far more to me. I can do without what money will buy, but I should die without affection from you, my own dear one - together, we can be happy.

You are right in sending fish knife & fork. They are called fish servers, being used for that purpose, as you know & will see them under that name in the catalogues.

Yes, you are as a rule anxious to do something to amuse me as well as yourself & have always been very considerate for my sake.

Capt. & Mrs. Mackie will, I suppose endeavor to rent or sublet their house, since he has to go north on the 4th of Jan. too bad, is it not when they are only settled? These moves or having to

[/pg 2]

[pg 3]

be absent for so long, is trying to say the least of it.

They are the only friends who come in to see us & we shall miss them very much.

The Bazaar realized \$1700.00, with I suppose about \$200.00 on expenses to be deducted - very encouraging I think - never expected half that much.

Mrs. D. left everything there was to leave to Harwood's (Duffin's) children - so that Willie cannot touch a cent - it seems he is looking awful, being half dead from all kinds of excesses, so Gus told mother. Gus went to Quebec to look after Louise's interests - she will have enough to live on without working & to educate the boy & will likely return to Denver in the spring on the Dr.'s advice, as Duffin's is delicate.

The "Old Timer's" Ball was a success. Capt. Mackie walked to the door with me. I sat most of the time with Mrs. Costigan & Mrs. Mackie when not dancing. Mr. & Mrs. Pearse were also present & so many old timers' I had never seen before. You would have enjoyed meeting them, I know & I regretted your absence many times. Will tell you all about it, when you come.

If you do not come with Flora, I trust will not fail to telegraph, in order that I may meet her - she is en route & will, I pray God

[/pg 3]

[pg 4]

have a safe journey. I have not sent any more Xmas cards not knowing whom you have sent to. I hope you will soon let me know, for it will be too late. There are the family in Montreal to be remembered, in Vaudreuil, yours in Orillia, Moonstone, etc.

Well, my darling, I must write more, so I shall have to say bye bye for today. God bless you & pray come to us if possible, for what will Xmas be without you, my darling. Many sweet kisses & love. A p.c. from Birks says "your order is filled & they hope it will prove satisfactory" - if you do not come, what am I to do with it?

Your's as ever with deepest affection,

warmest devotion & the loneliest little
wifie imaginable,
Maye.

[/pg 4]