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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste Famille St.
June 12th, 1902

My own darling,

Yours of May 3rd which I suppose was intended as a birthday present, lies open before me awaiting an answer. So after writing Mr. Meanea , Cheyenne, Wyo. to send you as nice a saddle, etc as possible, I came to have my usual Wednesday evening chat with you. Col. Biggar keeps up his correspondence with you I see - he is I think very sincere. I hope your horses will be all right for a long time & that horse sickness will not

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be as bad next year as it was this. Too bad I never thought of sending you an easter egg - you never were partial to sweets you know - hence my forgetfulness. I hope your interceding on Col. Biggar's behalf will be of some avail & that the coronation list will contain some honour for him, as he deserves it. I cannot see how Mr. [Rae] can imagine you get no pension. I have written Mr. White asking him how you stand with regard to the bill, anyway, just for my own satisfaction - have had no answer as yet, but hope to hear soon. It will be hard on Mr. [Rae] if he has two to support - the engineer

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will, I hope soon find work. I have not yet found leisure to write our old friend J.B. Bright but will as soon as I do. I assure you my life is a very busy one. Yes, I too remember well his carrying Torla to the station the night of July 1st - he is really a good fellow & I hope he will get on so well that someday the one who threw him over for somebody else will bite her fingers for it; someday she may think he was not so bad, after all. He never drank & is not a spendthrift any way. I hope you enjoyed your visit to the hospital as Torla says - she did rub it in on Sunday & it was her own idea too. She is like yourself, inclined to be very sarcastic at times & is beginning young. You are

not at a loss for mirrors evidently & can study up your appearance from every side with three or four large ones in your quarters. You will attract some very nice young ladies I fear, with your nice tuned piano. You should have the children near to sing "Clementine" for you, my dear. I am not a bit sorry Col Biggar was a day late for the farm. It would be perfect folly for us to buy a farm if we are going to be some years away from the country.

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I can assure you I am not going to settle on a farm without you, make up your mind to that, my dear. I shall be glad to consult with Col. Biggar & enjoy a long conversation with him, but I fear farming will not be the chief topic. I suppose you think it is too bad to rush bringing me out - the climate being so very trying, it will spoil the little looks I have left. I much prefer remaining here, my dear boy, if you are not going to remain half-a-dozen years more. I am sure I shall never be long, lean & lanky, nor fat; I am not one of that kind, it is not in me.

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I firmly believe Lord D. would like to have you with him here & would find something for you. I can read between the lines of his letter, which is a very nice one. He will soon find out the spirit that prevails here & the cause of your exile from the country, my dear. Elmes has work as I told you in my last, with the C.P.R. once more. If he keeps straight & takes care of himself he will be O.K. Strange another Steele should take such an evident fancy to a Harwood, is it not? I would think one of the [latter] terrible females as they are! would be quite enough in the family.

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I had a letter from Mrs. Mac yesterday - in it she tells me of the awful time they had with the heavy rains. The bridges were all swept away & the river had to be crossed with ropes - it was awful, houses floating down the rivers etc. The distress is terrible on the river bottoms, particularly. Poor Jim Bell went to L. for brick for his new house; he got wet waiting around for a car, took cold, saw Dr. Mewburn who ordered him into hospital, was there a day & died of pleuro-pneumonia - his poor wife crossed the raging river in Macleod somehow & only just got there in time to see him die.

I must write her, poor soul - such deaths are so sudden that the shock is terrific & almost more than one can bear! Regie moved on Monday. Mama went out there today with Frank & found them almost settled & very comfortable - it is a nice house, bright & cosy - somewhat small, but they can manage anyway for a few months, until next May. Frank surprised us by walking in last evening - he looks well, but is not very stout - he succeeded in all his exams.

[Concorine?] has come to pass some of her exams at school. They

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are all well in Vaudreuil, but all find it unseasonable, it being still too cool for the season. It was much warmer in April than it has been since, as we too have had so much rain. One would almost fancy our seasons are changing. There is not very much news left for me to give you - things are quiet. You will see that poor old Col. Fletcher died from the result of an operation, aged 88. The Hong Kong contingent for the coronation are here just now. They are a splendid body of men, their

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physique is fine, all being over six feet - people are raving over them & they attract much attention. The children still have their colds, but are mending. I hope they will soon pick up & get fat, poor dears. Well, my dear boy, it is as usual late & I feel that I must seek my [bonny couch]. I wish you were here to lull me to sleep, my darling. God bless & preserve you dear. The saddle will cost almost \$100.00, I mean, bridle, bit, spurs etc, all included - he means to send something good, as he hopes it will be the means of bringing more orders to the firm. With many

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sweet kisses, believe me,

Your own true devoted
warm hearted, lonely
little wifie,

Maye.

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