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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste. Famille St.
Oct 13th 1901.

My darling Boy,

Today, it seems to be as always when I come to write, raining, dark & gloomy. Yesterday the weather was charming, a bright hazy, autumn day most inviting in every way – this morning dawned cloudy & windy & it is now pouring rain. What shall I say to you dear? how much I miss you & how very lonely I am without you is an old, old story which you do not care to have retold so I will pass over that subject without another word. Your letters have all been

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answered, although tomorrow may, as usual, bring me three or four of them – did I allow Sunday to pass without penning my missive, it would seem an incomplete day. So of course, even if it does not prove as interesting as sometimes, I must write. You will, I feel sure, regret Mr. Clarke Wallace's death – his funeral was very fine, judging from press reports. The opera "Tannhäuser" was simply grand. Emma Eames has a magnificent voice & is a beautiful woman so it was perfect. I regret having missed it, but having no servant yet & not wishing to be under too much obligation to Louise

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on account of the little ones, I remained at home. I offered to bring her to "Carmen" but she refused. As Mamma is much older than I am & she may not have the same opportunities of hearing these artists, I made way & as the children are mine, kept them company. I do hope the day is coming, dear, when we will be together & if I want to go out, that I can go & will have some trusty persons we can leave to care for the little ones. Alice speaks of coming at Xmas with her Fred & baby – just fancy! what a house full! Frank has gone, but Antoine brought his dental chair etc & has taken one room as an office – Louise has come back, that is another gone – then Antoine has his bedroom..... I do not know which way to turn to find room

for mine & little ones clothes... I am heartily sick of having no home & living in this cramped up way & in the spring, I will certainly strike out for myself in some way. You will say, I have struck now, but my darling you can never realize what these

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years have been to me! not only your absence, but all the rest that I have had to contend against. When I came here Louise was in Pincher Creek – when it suited her, she packed up her [traps] & came back without even a “by your leave”. I never would have come here to live with her – never!! - - it is hard for my mother – she cannot see her want & she cannot get on without what I pay her – harder it is for me though, to pay & have to submit to what I do! – when we part this time, it will be perhaps to meet, but never to reside under the same roof.

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I will never raise a hand to help her or her boy, remember! You are kind-hearted, generous, & ever ready – so am I, at least I used to think so, but that is finished in this case.

You will be surprised at the enclosed clipping – I sent it in this, fearing the paper may not reach you & I am anxious for you to read it. I have sent a number of “Stars” – be sure & let me know if they reach you or not. Minto has evidently reached the end of his tether – there is still much indignation here over the way the city was treated during the Duke’s

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visit – it was due to Minto that the reception was cancelled – they say he dislikes the French Canadians since the rebellion – it seems that when the 65th Batt reached Winnipeg, he made an insulting remark about them & Col. [Onimet] in command either slapped his face, or mouth or something of that sort. [Onimet] had to resign as you may remember & has often been branded as a coward, etc – they say this is the reason Minto dislikes Montreal & he has always done everything he could against the city – he certainly will not finish his term of office, if he continues. his selection for the S.A.C. has also harmed him I fancy – the reception affair comes up in the House this session – all other places, things were as prepared – if the reception in Montreal was cold they can thank Minto’s want of tact! Strange, that he should act as he does. I have not called on Lord & Lady Strathcona – I am such an insignificant little mortal in this big city that I keep within my shell – people make nothing

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of me in a way, & I will not seek them in any way – I perhaps should call on your account but you did a great deal for Lord Strathcona & did your duty well & I feel that I owe him nothing & if I call, they may fancy I am seeking for something. They leave in Nov. I believe, for England once more. He gave several dinners when last here & had ladies & gents there & did not see fit to include me, so I am not going to call – when we are in London together we shall go, eh! dear? Richard has gone up to Vaudreuil

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again – when he goes, it is usually for a bout now & his wife does not relish it much. Our little ones are well – I brought them to Notman's yesterday & hope the photo's will be a success. I hope the last ones reached you safely - & that they pleased you. They were not good, being much too dark & Gertrude was not half as pretty as she is, still they will be something for you to look at, when the spirit moves you & that you get a little home sick fit upon you, my darling.

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Harwood is looking well & getting fat – I am feeling better now than I did last Sunday – my treatment at Dr. Macdonald's hands is beginning to prove a little beneficial. I will stick to it very closely, as I am anxious to get well, in order to be able to go as soon as you can send for us. I was asked to spend a day at Auntie Angelique's this week, but as the sewing girl comes tomorrow, I cannot go. When I can go, it is not convenient for them, so I end by not going at all. Have not been there since we were there two years ago! – Well, my darling, I have several other letters to write so I will leave you for today. Anticipating your dear letters tomorrow, I will I trust write a more interesting answer next time. The little ones send very many sweet kisses & very much love to dear old Papa. Heaven protect & bless you, my dear old darling. With a heart filled to the brim with every good wish & love, believe me, as ever,

Your own devoted, true hearted

lonely, loving wifie,

Maye

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As for De Blaquiere being a probable G. G. that is considered a great mistake. He was in the Bank of Montreal here for two or more years – led

rather a fast life & his poor beautiful sister, Mrs. Matthewson was mistress to Dr. Strange I think his name was in Toronto. He was a member or Senator, you will know. Her name was Louise & her life [illegible] – from one end of Canada to the another. So I do not think Canadians would tolerate a man like that over ~~that~~ there.

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surely the Home Government would never make such an appointment. He was an intimate friend of Willie Drayner – that says enough for him, eh dear? Au revoir – God bless you –

Maye.

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