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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste. Famille St. Montreal. [June 18, 1899]

My own darling boy,

I wrote about two weeks ago & answered all your letters up to April 17<sup>th</sup> the last letter received from you, my pet. Now that our little boy is in dreamland & Torla & Gertrude playing in the yard I come to have a chat with you, my own dear husband. I cannot tell you what a lonely fit came over me this morning & had I listened to myself, womanlike, I would have indulged in a good cry – however, perhaps writing to you my dear will relieve my weary heart in a way. How long time seems without you & how I sigh for a sight of your face...

[reverse]

I scan all the papers attentively & see by last night's "Star" that the first boat has come down from Dawson, so I trust a letter will soon come from my darling. We are fairly well settled; excepting the curtains & a few odds & ends things are placed & we will, no doubt be comfortable when finished. I only wish my mother had a good servant, but they are very hard to get even here & ask high wages. She does not want to incur any more expense until things in the States are settled & she knows how much money she has to go on. It is horrible to have such large fees to pay lawyers when if all the family acted as they should do [/pg 1]

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everything might have been settled in a satisfactory manner long ago. Frank has an office in the house & will I think get on. Mabel went on a visit to Milwaukee leaving on Monday last — she will, I believe be away about five or six weeks: John is "making hay while the sun shines" & has gone on a fishing expedition with Richard to Vaudreuil today. She is very exacting & seldom allows him a holiday, wishing to go every where with him — as that is sometimes out of the question, he remains at home. Richard still keeps his pledge well — he told me he had written you a letter this week. Aunt

Emma's boy returned home this week, apparently well. I called [reverse]

at the Hospital yesterday to find him gone. Torla & myself lunched with M. Louise Taché yesterday – she gave up housekeeping in May & lives at the New "Place Viger Hotel" It is smaller than the "Windsor" but is as nice in every way & as expensive. Torla, as usual when she pleases, was a perfect little lady & looked nice in a blue & white duck dress with her pretty white leghorn hat, trimmed with wide cream ribbon & white Marguerites with yellow centres, very sweet & becoming. I wore my new suit & looked well I hope also. I wrote Jim Clark & enclose his reply which will speak for itself. I sincerely

[/pg 2]

[pg 3]

hope the "Empire" will turn out all right as it means so much to one & all of us. You must be sure & let me know if your patrol & scarlet cloth serge are satisfactory in every way when you get them. I was very particular in following out all your instructions & hope they will do the same. Mr. White-Fraser has gone to Atlin – his wife accompanied him to Vancouver, will spend some time there then return to Kamloops. He is, I am told, spending all his money travelling around & does nothing. I forget whether I mentioned in any of my letters that all the children had been vaccinated & that it was a success with all. Torla

[reverse]

cannot say now that it never <u>took</u> as her arm was particularly sore. They have a new way of putting up vaccine much better than the old points – of course, they are all better now. Clare Casey was married to Mr. Mathews on June 7<sup>th</sup> – I have a small present for her, which I will send this week. I did not know the day until the cards came yesterday – she will <u>of course</u> be very happy & they are to reside in Macleod, where I am told he built a house last winter. Capt. Deane is supposed to move up to our old quarters this summer but I fear he will get out of it once more, as his wife does not care

[/pg 3]

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for Macleod. Well, my dear I managed to write this far this p.m when Gertie & her three youngsters came & put an end to my correspondence as well as Mamma's – this is rather hard, as Sunday seems to be the only day we can devote a few moments to our friends. The result is that I am so fatigued when night comes that I cannot pen any kind of a decent letter, as the children require a great deal of care, I must confess, & are sometimes hard

to control. I am not over strong & rather thin, but think I must indulge in the luxury of <u>port wine</u> for a time to see if it will do me good. We are going to take in the Circus tomorrow. Gertrude will not come being frightened [reverse]

of the animals or <u>amilums</u> as she calls them. It will be the first for years, as I have not seen one since Beau was a wee baby & I expect to enjoy it as much as Flora who is wild over the prospect of going: tonight I was scolding her about wanting to be one the street all the time & said "You do not take after me, that is sure" – "no! but perhaps Papa might have been on the street all the time, when he was a little boy!" – as much as to say she came honestly by her love of running about. They are well – baby seems to be cutting teeth & is under the weather now & then, but I watch them constantly. They are quite fat & look well – more than I can say for myself. There is not much going

[/pg 4]

[pg 5]

on just now. Golf is all the go, but I do not play as you know: the exercise would be too much for me, the links making one walk over eight miles. Mrs. Hope is a great enthusiast over the game but she has lots of leisure. I see that Grace Smith, Mr. Oliver Smith's daughter has come home. I will call as soon as possible. she has been in England for some years, I believe. Well, my dear boy I will say good night. Mamma sends fond love & hopes you are in the best of health. Be sure & write often, as I get terribly blue when I am for a long time without news. The little ones send warm, loving kisses to dear Papa & pray for you

[reverse]

every day. Received all the last papers re fire in Dawson etc. Did "The Star's" sent ever reach you? Alice & Fred are at present in Denver on their way to [illegible] where they are to reside for the present, time being. With ever so much love & many warm sweet kisses, believe me,

Your own true, devoted

wifie,

Maye.

June 18<sup>th</sup> 99.

[/pg 5]