

2008.1.1.1.1.97

Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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Macleod, Feb 5<sup>th</sup> 98.

My own darling Boy,

There being a mail today I cannot allow an opportunity to pass without penning you a few lines, even at the risk of your never receiving them. The enclosed letter came last evening from Auguste & send it on. I saw Morgan this morning & learned from him that you had got the telegram all right, so that set me at rest. I sincerely hope, my pet, that all will go well with these mines & that you will not have to worry over them when you are far away, beyond the reach of telegrams & weekly letters. I trust the letters mailed you will reach you safely by tomorrow or Monday, at the latest, & I am living in hopes of a letter from you, my darling, today. You see Sifton is the man for the Yukon Police I wonder why? is it because being a Norwester he is supposed to know more about the Country? I have heard nothing from Regie since he left – they have got the Anti-toxine for the sick riding the line

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I hear there are several more cases. the Comr.s returned Wednesday p.m, but I have heard nothing not having seen the Dr. since. The Bruneau's [sic] came down on Monday & Mr. Jarvis went to Lethbridge on Tuesday, coming back next day. I did not know until Thursday evening that the B.s were here, as they of course went to Lethbridge too. Seeing nothing of Mr. J. I wondered what was up, but meeting him accidentally on the Square, I saw Hollie with him, then I knew. They are still here. Mr. Huckrale is engaged to Jennie Evans, who has broken off with Dr. Cross, for the former. It is the talk of Lethbridge. I suppose he could have done much better & I must say, that considering he thinks himself such a swell, I am surprised. She is waiting or dining room girl in her fathers hotels I hear, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the latter information. There was a dance here on Thursday night & Mrs. Wood had a Euchre party attended by the elite I believe. I, of course was not among the number. The dance was a small affair. It is blowing

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a perfect hurricane today. I have been out calling two afternoons since you left me – sometimes the house is so dreary for me with you so far, that I cannot remain in so go for a walk. Alice will not return for some time yet: she is having such a pleasant time that Macleod will be quieter than ever I fear. She is to sing at an English Church Concert in L. next week. I have heard nothing as yet from Alec who said he would keep me posted, but I have not much faith in his promises. Well, my darling, the children are well but very lonely & are asking all the time when Papa is coming back “my darling old [Salium]” Gertrude says, looking at your picture in the dining room. I miss you very, very much & am trying hard to become reconciled to your absence, but every place I go, I see you & your smokingroom & dressingroom I cannot enter. Take good care of yourself my pet, & come back as soon as you can. A warm welcome awaits you, my darling. With many sweet kisses in which the wee ones & your dear little boy join me, believe me

Your loving, warmhearted devoted wifie,

Maye.

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“another big kiss to dear Papa from his little Gertrude” –

“We are very lonely & hope you will soon come back to us. a big kiss from Flora.

[/pg 4]