Monday Morning
November 24th ,1919
54.

My very dearest,
I have felt very frisky
this morning. Got up at seven
o'clock and had breakfast with
Dad and sister – the first time
since I have been home. Then
I washed five pieces of my satin
underwear, darned two pairs of stockings
and put a patch in that black
and white checked skirt that I
tore getting into the Mariel as we
left Shelter Bay. Next I took your
two good suits (evening and walking)
out to the yard and beat and
brushed them. Then I wrapped

them all up in muslin and
hung them back in the closet.
I went into the living room to
read and discovered that the win-
dows had some spots on, so I
got some rags and gave them a
nice Thanksgiving cleaning.
The rest of the morning I spent
perusing the Times.

It is luncheon time now,
and I must run along.

Bye- bye, my own dear love.

All of myself

Bubbles.

Tuesday A.M.
November 25th. 1919
55.

Beloved,

Last night was the first time that I didn't write to you and this is the reason. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Tillon, the doctor's wife from next door, came in and invited me to go to a Minstrel Show and dance with them in the evening. It was to be given at Ridge Street School Auditorium for the benefit of Christ Reformed Church. I accepted. They called for me at eight o'clock. There were eight of us in the party – A Mr. and Mrs. Norman, whom I shall tell you more about later, Mrs. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. Walkover, Mrs. Tillon, her son Wesley (a boy about thirteen) and I. The show was very funny and I enjoyed it a lot. We stayed and watched the dancing and the time passed as quickly that it must have been eleven thirty before we left there. On the way home

we stopped at a Drug Store for ice cream and it must have been twelve fifteen before we reached here. I was terribly, terribly sleepy – yes, I could hardly hold my head up while I was saying "good-night" to them all – so got undressed and went right to beddies…The next thing I knew I was awakened by the furious ringing of the doorbell and found that it was the postman with a batch of mail from my darling Hubbie, the time being twenty-five of ten this A.M. Oh, I am so much happier now, dear one, because I have heard from you.

But before I begin to answer your dear, sweet, most wonderful letters I shall tell you what I was going to about the Normans. They are Canadians, and know more about the North Shore than I will probably ever know. He was connected with some Steamship Company that used to take timber from some place

on the Gulf- can't remember the name -
down the St. Lawrence to Toronto.
Every summer she used to go back
and forth on these boats just for the
water trips, which she loved. They
have often heard of Colonel M^{c}Cormick,
and know all about Shelter Bay. She
gave me some idea as to what kind of
clothes I ought to take back with me.
One of the things was a knitted helmet,
which I had already purchased. They
made their little pile up there and now
they have a very nice home in the city,
but she said that she often longs to go
back to the old life in the wilderness.
I was very glad to have met her and I
think that that was probably one of the
reasons why Mrs. Tillon invited me
to go with them.

What a shame that Chasson is not dependable. You must have had a terrible job straightening out those accounts. If Walter Meseroll will only fill the bill.

Speaking of Walter, what a terrible time he had getting there. Yes, dear, I gave him my picture and told Georgie to tell him that you should not open it until Xmas. Now that you have seen it I can talk about it. Isn't it a beautiful frame? The minute Keers saw it they said, or rather the head framer said, “I have just the frame for that picture. It came in this morning.” When I heard the price I thought my face wasn’t worth it, but when I thought of it being a Xmas present for Daddy, it was worth sixteen, fifty, a hundred

a million times that much, and I ordered it. Father was crazy about it and said that he wanted to steal it. It had a narrow escape, I'll say. I suppose that Walter left it at the hotel in all his excitement over money matters, etc. I feel sorry for the poor fellow, even though it was very carless. Just imagine his feelings when he discovered its absence. He ought to have a checking system like my daddy.

Dearest, I will gladly find out a good book on accounting from Mr. Cope and have Father get it.

I had to laugh when you told me that Captain Bernier she was storm bound at Saint Nichols River. Isn't it strange that it should always happen at that place? (Oh, your Queen

of the North Shore!)

The plan for the attic will be great. If you can only have the wall taken down between Bertha's and our room, it will be W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l. Her room will act as an alcove when we can have the bed and a chair and the rest can be sort of at dressing room where our three pieces of furniture can be spread out. Dearest please, please, please try to have it done. Our room was the only thing with which I was dissatisfied, but if it is inlays, I'll be absolutely tickled to bits.

I am glad the weather continues to be mild. Don't wait too long, tho, love, to put on your heavy underwear. And another thing, honey, move into [Chinrud's] before the severe cold comes on.

It is luncheon time now, so will continue this to-night. Lovingly lovingly Bubbles.