

26<sup>th</sup> Nov 1909

My dearest Lois

I can't thank you enough for thinking of me on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. You know the tie is exactly what I like. I wore it to Mr. Spragge's the evening that I got it and Bee remarked at once that she thought it a pretty tie.

So I'm taking Bee to the match tomorrow — for good behaviour.

I had to buy a place in the line for seats and then stand till 1.30 A.M. after which another boy took my place and the tickets were got at 8.

Some of the places in the line

were kept for twenty-four hours.

The man who was 9<sup>th</sup> sold his place for \$25<sup>00</sup> —

And the book. It was too good of you to send it. I love nice books.

This one I have never read but I shall enjoy it on my next trip, which will be on Monday.

I seem to have been careless about writing. Please excuse me.

Everything is so new and I am rushing about at such a rate that I have not been able to settle down long enough to write a letter.

It is half-past eleven now and my room-mate (temporary) is asleep.

Lois, please believe all I wanted to say to you that night, but couldn't.

I miss seeing and being with you very much and I am afraid that I shall soon be getting lonely - which would be rather new to me.

I enjoyed being with you in Montreal more than I can tell you but it felt so stiff and unnatural meeting you in town, in the drawing-room or somewhere with an interested audience, when it should have been in Metis or anywhere under the sun, so long as it was out of doors. Thank Heaven for that one fog. It was a God-send to me, I think. It quite altered a very stern resolve of mine.

I can't get at your letter without disturbing "the lad" so let me answer it again in a day or two.

It seems ~~it~~ to me that you were going to the Junior Dance (was it that then?)

I am wondering if it is tonight. Tell me all the news - gossip will not be barred when you are the writer. They want me to go to the Bal Poudre but I'm not going to "go out" here as I can not do it properly owing to my long trips.

The weather is quite mild and I expect a beautiful day for the Championship Football tomorrow.

It seems ~~quite~~ peculiar to be in touch with the changes in climate. I understand that our men in the north are now running in supplies over winter roads. We have no snow here.

Please do not be - if one of your letters is unanswered for a time now & again. I shall write often but it may not always be possible for me to get my letters promptly. All my love to you & best wishes. Yrs. lovingly E. S. W.