

York William  
Dec. 1909

Sun. morn. 27<sup>th</sup> Dec.

My dearest Lois

Your presents were lovely. It was a great temptation to have a look before the proper time — but I did it. I was up till after 12 on the evening before Christmas, and I had quite a debate whether it would be fair to open the shoes before I went to bed. Then I laid it down within reach, with a knife beside it and opened it up as soon as the kids waked me.

That baby ribbon and holly made all the difference. It seems to me that I completely forgot the spirit of Xmas until that recalled it. The stencil is better than ever and the calendar is certainly the prettiest yet.

I think you'd better not keep on making prettier things every day or you'll get what Heber calls a "Puff-but".

I certainly did not appreciate my first Christmas alone. — and I hope I never get a move at this particular time again. At any other time I don't mind being a stranger much.

I did not get a single thing from home not even a post-card. I got your present & letter and a very nice note from Hugh Peck.

I got a box of cigars from the "Foundry" and you can picture me trying to learn to smoke.

I've got to change my boarding-house as this gentleman has now got a job in Ft. Arthur and is going to move in a few days. It's a great nuisance having to change just now but I've no doubt I shall get a much nicer place next time.

When Ted passed thru here on his way to Winnifog I was anxious to tell him tactfully of my not being able to accompany him so I got down to the station in good time but found that the train was half-an-hour late. For that reason I went across to the "Kamanistkewia Hotel" to wait. As I was reading a paper a couple of fellows I know came in and we had a talk. They said they were also going to meet the train, so I was up against it as they were very loquaciously loaded (with absinthe & brandy) and I knew I could not get in a word to Ted edgewise.

So I started a note to Ted with a strange



pen and an animated conversation going on all the time. I passed the note to Ted when the time came but I'm afraid it must have done more harm than good because it certainly looked drunk.

Suckily I got a few words with him just before we were leaving, but I'm going to write now and explain that note. (ask Con if he knows "Strongbow" Matheson)

I got a very nice card from Ruth.

Oh! I meant to tell you something <sup>(after writing)</sup> in connection with my last letter. The next evening, Christmas Eve, I was down looking at the crowds and the shop windows and I saw a sign "Don't keep your wish-bone where your Back-bone ought to be." I felt squelched and decided that I'd never say "I wish" again. I guess a little more back-bone or a good kick would have helped me quite a bit just around Christmas time.

Been doing any more ski-ing? Is the Englishman still alive?

There's quite a lot of snow here now - more than there was all last winter, they tell me.

and still there would 'nt be enough for skiing.

Hockey & skating seems to be all the go here now.

We are also lucky in having a very good street company which appears to be stranded here.

I went to see them last night and they gave a very good performance indeed, but the people seem to prefer the cinematographs with vaudeville acts in between.

I counted the audience & I think it amounted to about \$25<sup>00</sup>. There are four people in the cast and, altogether, I decided not to become an actor.

Have you been to any theatres or hockey matches lately, Miss Lois?

Do you remember the first one we went to in the big cab. It does 'nt seem real. - and here I'll have to do my moving with a hand sled as far as I can make out.

Well Lois dear, I'm sure there's a good time coming. Don't take any notice whatever when you get a grumpy letter like the last one. It only means that she's cooked the potatoes in vaseline or something. With love from Edward.