

Reference to
Mrs. Leonore of
Anna & the Ring of Siam
game. Max Hyshe who
married Olive was Mrs. L. grandson.

295 University Street.
January 16th/10.

My Dear 'Eddie'

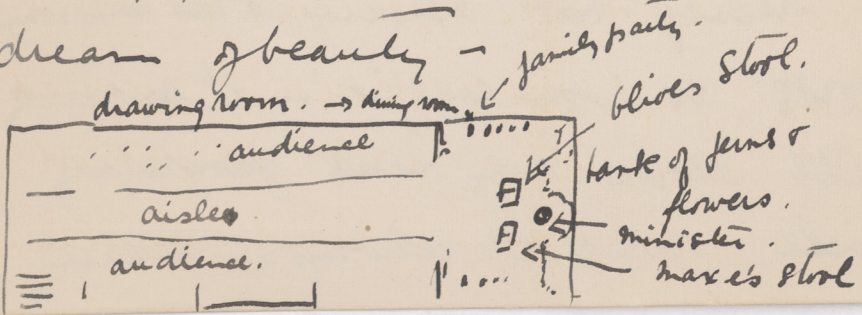
I have been trying all week to
get time to write to you, but I simply
have not had a second.

I got your 3 in 1 letter Friday
afternoon, and was very glad to hear
from you, you certainly are cruising
around a good deal, it must be
a relief not having to do 'missionary'
work, as you call it - I certainly
will know my hotel geography
well, and I always mean

to look up the places you go to, on the maps, to improve myself, but 'atlases' or 'atlas' are always kept in such extraordinary places - at least they are in this house anyway.

I went to Olive's wedding on Wednesday, she looked perfectly beautiful, in a long sweeping cream satin dress - and as for Mrs Stirling, she was absolutely a

dream of beauty -



The house was very prettily decorated, and the ceremony itself took place in the dining room. After the wedding we went upstairs and had a grand ~~speech~~ feast and then speeches, the best I have ever heard. Max's Grand-mother ^(MRS ANNA LEONOWENS) made a perfectly splendid one. She told of Max's & Olive's first meeting when they were each about 6. how ~~she~~ when she, Mrs Leonowens, began to lavish her affections on Olive, Max, frightfully jealous, rushed at poor Olive and knocked her down flat. (loud applause)

her whole speech was very clever, and much admired by the men, who all said she was a queen, and should have been made a Prime minister.

Anyway the wedding was as nice and nicer than most weddings - unfortunately I absolutely disgraced myself, I absolutely howled, did you ever hear of any thing quite so silly? I think I must have been frightfully excited or I never in this world would have let myself go, as I did -

I think it is because a wedding

is so frightfully sad, (for those left behind), and yet so very very glad, that it upsets you! dont you? -

I was passing through the McGill grounds the other evening, and it made ^{me} feel quite ancient to see dozens of faces who I did not know, skating around the campus rink, to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy - It made me think of long ago when I used to go there to skate with a most 'peculiar' boy in a 'coy' blue tuxue.

Gracious sakes, how time flies
 what a sweet little thing I
 was in those days.

I have got three
 dances this week, which
 is far to many - I hoped and
 prayed that nobody would
 ask me to the Mc Gill dance
 tomorrow night, because I did
 not want to go, & I knew
 I would have have to accept
 if any one asked me, of
 course they did! So I am
 going with Mr Duguid, the



boy who sent your mother
 violets on Xmas — then I
 have the Kap dance on
 Wednesday, at which I am
 coming home right after supper.
 And the Hedden's dance
 on Friday which is sure to
 be nice — how I wish you
 were here to go to them. I
 would stay to the last dance
 at each, if you were here,
 you bet! —

You were a good boy to
 confess to me about the day you
 kept me waiting so long.
 I had not the least suspicion

Of anything of the kind. I am very glad that you got something for your cold, although you did keep me waiting for such an eternity.

I do hope your cold is all better now - it is so miserable to have one, when you have to get up and work.

Yesterday was the most perfect day. Eva, Silvia & I went up on the mt with our skis - Eva and Silvia stayed at one stupid little hill on Fletcher's field -

9.

So I left them, and went
for a gorgeous tramp all
by myself, up the Indian
path, through the woods, as
far as the place I got
nervous prostration one afternoon.
It was perfect - not a
sole to bother me - and you
could just think & think
& think of everything lovely,
with the white snow under ^{your}
feet, the clear blue above you,
and the gorgeous sun warming
the cockles of your inmost heart.

I tried not to be 'skewed' but
 I fell on every possible
 occasion, and it does hurt
 so —

Please let me know if
 my letters are too long, and
 too long wided — yours are
 so clear, short and to the
 point, that I often feel
 as if I wondered about ^{and} ^{simply}
 wrote such a feeble letter.

I have heard nothing
 more of 'Boxer', I often

11.
wonder if you do talk in
your sleep, I should not
be the least surprised if
that was what it was!.

I am getting on famously
without my little brass
curtain ring. I grow more
attached to my seal now every
day - I am so glad that
Lou gave me \$5.00 for Mrs.
or else I would not have
had it. (the ring!)

I really must stop

I am ^{Mrs Leonowens} supposed to be writing letters to my family, and mother has called down several times to know if I have finished a letter to Punch. which is not yet started. but don't tell — Tramp a skis thru wood

Supp will be ready in about 2 half shakes so 'olive oil', as you say. lots of spice, and every-thing nice to you —
from "Loi E."