

Wednesday.

October - 19/10 -

Dearest Edward.

I'm afraid I have neglected writing very much lately - but if I have, it's not because I've forgotten you, but because I've ^{been} busy looking after the sick and afflicted. Eva hates to be left alone for a minute, consequently when I'm out Clara stays in and vice versa. She is getting along very well, and gets up every day and sits on the gallery -

Montreal has been as dull as ditchwater lately, I want to go on a "bat" in the worst way - Won't you come for a spree with me? -

The last excitement I was at was, the McGill Queens football game - It was quite a nice game to watch, but there were so many men hurt that it rather took the spice out of it -

This afternoon "Pete" & I went for a walk up the mountain steps, and when we got to the top we sat and gazed we were so hot and so exhausted - But the beautiful

view, and a balmy breeze soon brought us back to life - then we had a lovely ramble over the mt. top - I'm strictly forbidden to go on the mt alone, but that's a trifle -

It has been really hot today, I was out on the gallery for a long time tonight in an evening dress, and did not feel a bit chilly - The moon was so lovely - Isn't it funny that a moon light night should make your soul soar so? -

It is 9.15 and the family have retired - I followed their example, as there seemed to be nothing better to do - at present I am sitting at Clara's desk (as I am sleeping in her room for the time being) using all her best paper, pens, etc. fortunately for me she is Clara and not somebody else, or I might expect a tornado!

I haven't heard from you for a long time, what are you doing with your self? are you east or west of Younts -? - I wonder if you are coming down for Saturday - It would be so nice to see you - shall I

engage Will, as chaperon, ahead of time
in case you should turn up—

Have you heard the latest Griffin ton
bit of slang. "Hang a cîpe on your
nose, your brain is dead." — I think
it is so expressive! don't you? —
(nothing personal meant!) —

Well I better stop ^{this} choice (?) letter —
Is it proper for a girl to say she has a
"gronche" or whatever you call it — because I
have a very decided "gronche" today — I feel
as blue as a grape, and as cross as a bear —
those are "TINY'S" sentiments! —!! — and
you can be sorry for her, or laugh at her
which ever you think would do her most good!

Well as Con would say "me in the
feathers" — I hope I may dream of you
and perhaps I will wake up in a
better frame of mind —

With heaps & heaps of love.

ever yours —

Lois.

engage Will, on Chapin, ahead of time
in case you should turn up
Have you heard the latest puffing
bit of slang. "Hang a rope on your
nose, your hair is dead." I think
it is so ex pressing! don't you?
(nothing personal meant!)
Will I tell you ^{the} character (?) letter
As it refers to a girl being the for a
"grub" a what are you call it - because
have a very decided "grub" today - of
as true as a rope, and as true as a hair
there are things "sentiments" - ! - and
you can be sorry for her, a laugh at her
which ever you think would do the most good!
Well as I would say "no for the
feathers" - I hope I may hear of you
and perhaps I will write up in a
letter fine ^{old} friend -

With regards & regards of love.
Ever yours -
Oct 19
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