

July 19th /22.

Dearest Edward.

I never remember just when I
have off - I just feel as if I had
nothing special to say, but just
want to talk to you.

I have taken the Stevensons in to
town several times & today they have
brought the little boy back to the
boarding house - I am so glad
for it was hard for Mrs S. being
at the hospital. I had tea
yesterday on the beach with
the Pecks & Mr S. a terrible
rain storm came up & we all
had to scramble for shelter

Mrs P. + I ² had a great time
getting into a little house built
by some boys we laughed so
hard that we nearly shook it
down. — While sitting on the
shore we were much interested
to watch a baby duck who was
heading for the shore, the mother
duck who was not far off, was
frantically worried + kept circling
around it - but "duckie" was not
to be deterred + came in to shore
+ hid in a root where we all
had a good look at it - a
sweet wee thing!

Last night I³ went to the McKays
& played bridge - it was quite
a nice party - we had supper
& then a Mrs Hutchison a friend
of your families held forth
on how you could make most
wonderful gin out of this & that
& the other thing & how to make
beer port etc. She followed many
stories. As McKay brought me
home at about 12 P. M. I
was most tired as I had had
a wretched headache -

This morning I went to the
beach & talked with a few
people & got exasperated

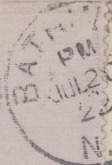
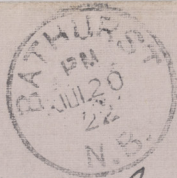
at the cruel & petty gossip that
goes on in a small place. Mrs
Peck causing most of it —

I am taking Mrs Whitehead
who is sweet & Sophie Campbell
& Gladys Dunlop out today.
for a drive & tea.

I might the Pecks etc are
coming to play bridge —

Well darling I would love to
have a look at you. There is
nothing so beautiful here to look upon
as you — It seems so far off till
we meet. I was so glad that
you had had a nice weekend
& to think of Mr Sangster owing
our lovely picnic ground!!!

Much love darling & a kiss.
Your loving wife. Lois.



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