

Little Notes  
July 28<sup>th</sup> 1902

Dearest Mother,

My last week's letter was before but somehow was never finished. Yesterday & today it has been quite hot here, so that the evenings have been beautiful. Tonight after tea practically the whole family was out on the water for a while. Afterwards we came in & sat on the shore. Uncle Raukine built a little bonfire & fraudmanua, Aunt Florence, Aunt Jo, Clara & I sat around it & sang. I played the accompaniments on the guitar. Even fraudmanua

joined in <sup>2</sup> where we saw  
"Old Black Joe." Anna Tople  
left here a few days ago  
& was looking quite a different  
girl from when she first  
came down. Mabel Molson  
has been wretched lately  
she gets so weak sometimes  
that she will cry for a whole  
day. Mrs Molson left here  
this afternoon with her to  
take her a trip up the Saguenay  
to see if that will do her  
any good. I have seen very  
little of Evelyn this summer  
as she is pretty busy at  
home. Violet Haswell and  
her mother are down here  
now staying at the Petersons.

When we were sitting on  
the shore, if Boole & Cow  
Rock were there before Adam  
& Eve were made? His next  
question was what made the  
sea salt. Then he wanted  
to know if whales & fishes  
were ever sick at their stomachs.  
He was asking Father all  
sorts of deep questions about  
fire the other day & is  
deeply interested in tides  
& the influence the moon  
has upon them. Crystall  
is the funniest child.  
There are four imaginary  
characters - Jack Frost, Black  
Cousan, Mimmie McFuire &  
(I've forgotten the 4<sup>th</sup>) who she is

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5  
always talking to as though  
they were real people about  
her. She says to her mother  
'Oh look there is little Jack  
Frost - sitting on the log  
beside you.' 'There is Black  
Lonsau again peeping round  
the curtain &c &c.' It I think  
it is the most unbecoming  
thing I ever heard of. Aunt  
Florence rather encourages  
it. I am afraid the poor  
child must be slightly  
off her head. I suppose  
some member of the family  
told you how Wilfred Brady  
was upset while reading  
(a newspaper) out in his

Canoe & after about twenty-  
five minutes was rescued  
in a very frigid condition!!  
The latest tale about it is  
rather amusing: - That Wilfred  
was out in his canoe reading  
Cicero & that he was so  
interested in it that when  
he was upset - he went on  
reading under the water.  
Wilfred considers himself  
quite a hero now. There are  
a tremendous number  
of girls about Clare's & my  
age this summer. Dr Lopez  
is quite in clover as he is  
about the one & only man  
down here. I have been giving  
some music lessons but have

not been able to find a time  
for Lois as after breakfast  
she gives Margaret lessons &  
after lunch Clara reads to  
the youngsters. I am trying to  
instruct Eva a little in the  
theory of the music. She is as  
bright as a button & grasps  
what you tell her in an  
instant. You would be perfectly  
happy here as the whole  
of Nates seems to be literally  
full of babies. You can't  
go a square inch anywhere  
without coming across them.  
Fraudenau's birthday is  
tomorrow & there is a  
general racking of brains  
to see what is to be done.

I have played golf a couple  
of times with Lois & I think  
she is going to make a very  
good player. She has such a  
free swing from her shoulders.  
Father is receiving quite kind  
appreciation. The garden is quite a  
show with roses. Our small  
bush had more than a dozen  
blooms open today. I took a  
photo of it for Father & hope  
it will turn out well. Everyone  
is looking well, especially  
Clare. I have to play with  
Uncle Rankine before breakfast  
tomorrow morning so as it  
is late I had better go to bed  
so as to wake up time.

With heaps & heaps of love  
from your loving daughter  
Ruth.