

I dare say he's not responsible this
year, but of course he did not
need a lantern to walk home by
& he meant you to give it to mother.
Then you might have walked be-
hind. Browne appears to be very
unrelenting to the poor 20 cents but
I should not wonder if Wieris had
not tasted of the quizer cookie by
now. Don't be too cross. Gather
ye rose-buds while ye may, ~~and~~
it's not enough to be poor up
all the rest of the year. Listen
to the words of one old in such
things and hearken, only don't
let ~~me~~ have Davy. Take him yourself
in presence.

7901

Department of the Interior
Thursday, Aug 5.

Dear People.

In fear I should
not get time to - morrow. I had
better start this to-day. It al-
ways has to be done in odds and
ends of minutes before and between
hours or when I can consecrate
by piecing a few small minutes
from the Government. Your last
letters were delicious. To think
of you all together, up on the

dear red lake. You cant wish half as much
that I could be there as I do myself. O-
that I had - as — wings like a dove. but I
have it and I am afraid I should not fly
far if they were not bigger than that. But
its no use wishing and when you simply cant have
it, theres no use crying for the moon. You
just have to make yourself as cheerful as poss-
ible under the circumstances with your tennis

ball, although it is a poor apology for that orbic-
sphere. I am afraid Joe you were asleep
in church. Dreaming is a very nice
poetical sort of way to express it, but I am afraid
myself it was a veritable snore with perhaps the
ghost of a snore around the corner. I remember
the time you went to sleep when we were break-
ing up a coconut on the beach! The evidence
is damning. Guilty, my lady, or not guilty? You
are not to mind what Samivel says

By the way have you seen any of the divines this year? You need not tell me if you have that - I sh-
erty is married, she after one Millan's conduct I
can bear any thing. It must be going to rain
for my hair is frizzled up like a peccaninee
and I feel a strange disinclination to get to work
which is however not so unusual. Our elevator was
not running this morning and we had to walk all
the way up to the top, the 5th story. Stepping
heavenward does not agree with the calves of
my — l ● ● (I guess those are only banty ones). I
feel as if I had been practising the court bow
or pedestrianizing on the Raids of Lake Huron.
Nothing exciting in Ottawa just at present except a
mea small fox outbreak. Nothing serious but just suf-
ficient for the mayor to quarrel with the Health
officer. The mayor here is like a game
turkey-cock. Never happy unless he's fighting
some one. Then a marriage in the Service

is causing some talk. Miss Jessie
Christie (salary 1350.00 by the way)
to Dr. Parmelee, Deputy Minister of
T & C. aged 70. retires only one
year. You know the Christies mother
grandma is old friends. Does rather
myself have her position than her
husband but they just moved up.
The others in the office. Have not
been driving with exchange yet
Hattie Harding staying with Aunt
Ruth for a couple of weeks.

Here's four so good-bye dears
2 kisses for Moe, one for her nose
& the other for her chin & one
between you and B.
Your very loving
The disconsolate
write again on Sunday. Fussy.

Mother seems to have shown unexampled
bravery in attacking single handed
the young savages' org. dishybill'. It's
a good thing for them, mother, you're such a
bad shot. However I have heard of
girls who behaved - perhaps we had
better not mention this. This is just
the day for angel pancakes. I am
afraid I am getting my hands all
out of practice, and brown biscuits. I was
very near dropping into poetry just there
to the strain of "O who doth make the
pancake light, O who doth make the taffy light
O who doth eat them up at night, now
I am far away. But ah that word
Fare to my mind brings him back in
the light of his radiant - etc - you know. W.P. King

MB to Dear People, 15 Aug 1901

[1901]

Department of the Interior

Thursday. Aug 15.

Dear People

For fear I should not get time to-morrow, I had better start this to-day. It always has to be done in odds and ends of minutes before and between hours or when I can conscientiously pilfer a few small minutes from the Government. Your last letters were delicious. TO think of you all together, up on the

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dear old lake. You could wish half as much that I could be there as I do myself. O that I had as ___ wings like a dove. but I haven't and I am afraid I should not fly far if they weren't bigger than that. But it's no use wishing and when you simply can't have it, there's no use crying for the moon. You just have to make yourself as cheerful as possible under the circumstances with your tennis ball, although it is a poor apology for that orb'd sphere. I am afraid Joe you were asleep in church. Dreaming is a very nice poetical sort of way to express it, but I am afraid myself it was a veritable snooze with perhaps the ghost of a snore around the corner. I remember the time you went to sleep when we were breaking up a cocoanut on the beach! The evidence is damaging. Guilty, my lady, or not guilty? You are not to mind what Samivil [?] says

[pagebreak]

I dare say he's not responsible this year, but of course he did not need a coterie [?] to walk home by & he meant you to give it to mother. Then you might have walked behind. Brownie appears to be unrelenting to the poor 20 centers but I should not wonder if Wilfrid had ~~not~~ tasted of the ginger cookie by now. Don't be too cross. Gather ye rose-buds while ye may. It's bad enough to be grown up all the rest of the year. Listen to the words of one old in such things and hearken, only don't let Molly have Davy. Take him yourself in preference.

[pagebreak]

Mother seems to have shown unexampled [?] bravery in attacking single handed 21 young savages 'ong dishybill'. It's a good thing for them, mother, you're such a bad shot. However I have heard of girls who behaved – perhaps we had better not mention this. This is just the day for angel pancakes. I am afraid I am getting my hand all out of practise, and brown biscuits. I was very near dropping into poetry just there to the strain of 'O who doth make the pancake light. O who doth make the taffy bright O who doth eat them up at night, now I am far away. But ah that word Fair to my mind brings him back in the light of his radiant – etc – you know.

[pagebreak]

By the way have you seen any of the [?] this year? You need not tell me if you have that Doherty is married, tho' after McMillan's conduct I can bear anything. It must be going to rain for my hair is frizzled up like a piccaninny and I feel a strange disinclination to get to work which is however not so unusual. Our elevator was not running this morning and we had to walk all the way to the top, the 5th story. Slipping heavenward does not agree with the calves of my _____. (I guess those are only banty ones). I feel as if I had ben practicing the court bow or pedestrianizing on the sands of Lake Huron. Nothing exciting in Ottawa just at present except a mild small pox outbreak. Nothing serious

but just sufficient for the mayor to quarrel with the Health officer. The mayor here is like a game turkey-cock. Never happy unless he's fighting someone. Then a marriage in the Service

[pagebreak]

is causing some talk. Miss Jessie Christie (salary 1350.00 by the way) to Mr. Parmalee, Deputy Minister of T & C [Trade & Commerce] [?] relict only one year. You know the Christies Mother grandma's [?] old friends. Would rather myself have her position than her husband but hey just moved up the others in the office. Have not been driving with exchange yet Hallie Harding staying with Aunt Ruth for a couple of weeks.

Here's [?] so good-bye tears & kisses for Molly one for her nose & the other for her chin & one between you & B. Your very loving tho disconsolate

Fuzzy

Write again on Sunday.