I dare say he's not responsible this year, but of course he did not need a lantern to walk home by. I'm meant you to give it to mother. Then you might have walked back and forth. Browning appears to be very unrelenting to the poor 20 cents but I should not wonder if Wiggins has not lasted of the ginger cookie by now. Don't be too cross. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, and have enough to put away up all the rest of the year. Listen to the words of one cold in such things and hearken, my dears, let [illegible] have Davy. Take him yourself in preference.
dear red lake. You can't wish half as much
that I could be true as I do myself. If
that I lie a— wings like a dove. but I
have it and I am afraid I should not fly
far if they weren't bigger than that. But
it is no use wishing and when you simply can't have
it, there is no use crying for the moon. You
just have to make yourself as cheerful as possi
ble under the circumstances with your tennis
ball, although it is a poor apology for that orbis
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 bronze with perhaps the
ghost of a smile around the corner. I remember
He knew you went to sleep when we were break
ing up a coconut on the beach! The evidence
is damaging. Truly, my lady, or not truly? You
are not to miss what Reminivil says.
By the way have you seen any of the dividends this year? You need not ask me if you can get that—Oh—erty 3 marriages, tho' after the dreary conduce I can bear any thing. It must be going to rain in my hair it frizzles up like a pecaninner 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 — I 🍀 (I guess there are only banty ones). I feel as if I had been practicing the court bow on pedestrianizing on the banks of Lake Jhon. Nothing exciting in Okawa just as present except a mea small poi outrack. 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 some one. Then a marriage in the Service
n causing some talk. Mrs. Jessie Christie (salary £3 50 0s. by the way) to Dr. Parmalee, Deputy Registrar J. T. & C. ages 70. relief only one year. You know the Chetwines now. Grandmas old friends. Jones rather myself have her position than her husband but they just moved up. She others in the office. Have not been driving with exchange yet. Nellie Harding stay rig with Aunt Ruth for a couple of weeks.

Here's firm so good-bye dear
2 kisses for Inez, one for her nose
& the other for her chin + one between you and B. Your very loving this desconocel write again on Sunday. Fuzzy.
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 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 orbed 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

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.

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.

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 piccaninnies 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 ___l. (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

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.