Aug 23/33  Villa Lonaino  Tues.

Dear Frances,

Your Friday letter came yesterday. Not too bad considering the journey. I am glad to hear you are accompanying motion to the corner shop to purchase ice cream cones. I think she stands for every day but never by the back road and, if possible, never alone. Now that weddings are in the air there is no telling what may happen.
we are living a quiet life most
days but yesterday Mrs. H. drove me
over to call on Charlotte Whitten and
Margaret Grier who have a cottage on
Le PQen Lake. Such a road! Dolly
nearly has heart failure. 10 miles, par-
ty it along the edge of a lake & not
wide enough to pan. Drop on one side
& Dutch in it. Other will great rocks
in the middle. We got lost and had to
hike and Dolly stalled us wise in it
was and then we were holding her with
stones. However a nice man came along
& rescued us. They always do. And we
has the most wonderful hot biscuit & tea
& macaroons so that Dolly didn't mind
coming home so much. To-day the silex
took us for a picnic on one of the islands.
Chicken stew with potatoes (hot in a little
black iron pot) tomatoes, cucumbers, artichokes
peaches, bananas, cake & judge. No
fast days here.

we went for a row to the end of the lake afterwards. The wildest place. We hoped we were see a bear but there were none visible.

I am enclosing the notice of Tom Fairbairn's death. Know nothing about its particulars but since he has been ailing a long while.

I must go to pick up a few pine knots to put on fire. We go to bed with lit birds.

Do you have your Chem. lesson come but you do your best. Are you moving home next week?

Best love. Tante.
Aug 23/33

Villa Lorraine, Tues.

Dear Frances,

Your Friday letters came yesterday. Not too bad considering the journey. I am glad to hear you are accompanying mother to the corner shop to purchase ice cream cones. I think she should go every day but never by the back road and if possible never alone. Now that weddings are in the air there is no telling what may happen.

We are living a quiet life most days but yesterday Mrs. H. drove me over to call on Charlotte Whitton and Margaret Grier who have a cottage on McGregor Lake. Such a road! Dolly nearly had heart failure. 10 miles. Part of it along the edge of a lake & not wide enough to pass. Drop on one side & ditch on the other with great rocks

in the middle. We got lost and had to turn and Dolly stalled crosswise in the road and there we were holding her with stones. However a nice man came along & rescued us. They always do and we had the most wonderful hot biscuits & tea & macaroons so that Dolly didn’t mind coming home so much. To-day the sisters took us for a picnic on one of the islands. Chicken stew with potatoes, (hot in a little black iron pot) tomatoes, cucumbers, olives peaches, bananas, cake & fudge. No

fast days here.

We went for a row to the end of the lake afterwards. The wildest place. We hoped we would see a bear but there were none visible.

I am enclosing the notice of Tom Fairbain’s death. Know nothing about the particulars but think he has been ailing a long while.

Must go & pick up a few pine knots for our fire. We go to bed with the birds.

Too bad your chum couldn’t come but you did your best. Are you moving home next week?

Best love. Tante.