Friday P.M.

Daddy, my dearest

Yours of October twenty-ninth came this afternoon. Darling, I cannot understand why you have not heard from me. This is the ninth letter I have written you since you left and it is only Friday. You must have felt perfectly dreadful that night when you returned to the Hotel expecting to find a message waiting for you and none was there. Poor, poor boy, how sorry I feel for you. I am quite sure, tho', that my
letters reached you before you left Thursday noon.

I know that I shall be delighted with the interior decoration of our home. The description of the material that you ordered sounds wonderful. You were very wise to take things into your own hands. My idea were a bit impractical.

I know.

So you met Mr. Grogan's daughter! She is the one that reminded Mrs. Grogan so much of. Do I resemble her, dear?

I shall keep the wool as
fur moccasins in mind and get a pair when I reach Quebec. Cook, doesn't that sound wonderful.

It was indeed very nice of Mr. Mac Farlane to tell the captain of the ice breaker about my trip to Shelter Bay this winter and fine. I forget it, dear, when you write. Mr. Bogan again ask him please not to forget to notify me by telegram when it is to sail. Daddy. I can hardly wait to get back to you and I hope, hope, hope that it will be SO SOOOO!!!
I have been at home all day today. Aunt Susie's little family came late this afternoon and had dinner with us. We hadn't seen them for seven years, so you can imagine that their visit was most enjoyable. They left at nine thirty and it is about half past ten now. I am going to read for a while and then go to bed."

Daddy dear, the nights are so dreadfully hard without you. As dusk approaches I seem to think that my try must come.
running in and when you don't, I — well, there is no
not in describing the feeling.
I know that you understand.

I hope to receive a telegram
from you soon telling me of
your safe arrival in Shelter Bay.
Don't forget the night letters,
dearest, that you have promised
to send later. M. I must hear
from my Daddy [line cut] 
shall be very very unhappy.

Good night, my dear one.
I love you, love you, love you,
[Signature]
Saturday A.M.

My dear, dear Daddy,

The letter that you wrote just before sailing came this morning.

I am so glad that you finally heard from me, for it would have been very bad if you had had to leave Quebec without having received a line from your wife. This may sound unselfish, but I am merely judging from my own feelings and the Tableshere turner.

My telegram hasn’t come
yet. Oh, I hope it gets here quick, so my music will be

This afternoon sister and
I am going downtown. I shall
make inquiries about the materials
in my floors.

I spent a very restless night.

Got up about ten this morning,
had breakfast, read the paper
for a while and now it is
time for luncheon.

Bye-bye, my own dear.
Lots, hugs and kisses for the

dearest man in the world who
is adored by his little

Bubbles

P.S. Pardon changing pencils, the other one broke. B.S.
Captain Arthur A. Schmon
Shelter Bay, P.Q.
North Shore Gulf of St. Lawrence
Canada.

Via Quebec.

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