

1920

Fenwick

Ontario

Thanksgiving

Day

Dear Mrs. Page,

The card  
sent on your wedding trip  
reminded me that two of  
the happiest weeks of my  
life were spent with a  
friend on an island in  
the St. Lawrence. Two poets  
from Toronto and a novelist  
from Australia were there  
at the same time and we  
went boating in the moonlight

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at all sorts of impossible hours, but I doubt if we extracted half as much romance from life as you did from the same lordly river on your wedding journey.

Then came your beautiful letter with its repeated invitation to New Dundee. I like above all things to have something delightful to look forward to, and you have certainly given me something to make the future bright. There are so many chances and changes in this world

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that perhaps I may be able to go to you sometime. Meantime I want to thank you very sincerely for your kind invitation and I certainly shall not forget it.

Tuesday – I had reached this far yesterday, when Duncan Armbrust came over. I hoped to have a chat with him before Sam knew he was on the place, but Sam saw him first <sup>at a distance</sup> and remained a prisoner in his room all that beautiful afternoon rather than run the

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risk of having to speak to him.  
Isn't it a pitiful disease that makes  
one dread meeting even so [congenial]  
and sympathetic <sup>^a</sup> fellow as Duncan?  
We spent most of the afternoon  
eating honey - sweet Seckel pears  
and talking of the things we are  
going to write when we get time!  
Then I took him down cellar  
and showed him 800 bushels of  
Greening and Baldwin apples  
which Herbert is storing away until  
after New Year's when they will  
likely bring double the present price.

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Here is the 2<sup>nd</sup> sheet, and I have not yet thanked you for the generous piece of wedding cake that came the other day, but I do appreciate your kindness and wonder how you could spare me so much when you have such a host of friends. As to the magazines, this place is so cluttered up with them it's a relief to get some sent away. I know I never told you how much pleasure your lovely roses (sent by Dorothy) gave me.

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Sometime, when you have  
a spare half hour, wait[will] you  
please tell me the name  
of the lady who was visiting  
you at the time you sent  
the roses, and the circum-  
stances in which I wrote to  
her? It's a shame that  
I can't recall the incident.

I must tell you I am  
using every day a silver  
table spoon given by great –  
great – grand mother Abel to  
great grandmother Chamberlain  
and by her to grandmother  
Harris and by her to mother  
and then to me. It is 200

years old - rather more - and  
is so heavy and plain and durable  
that I wanted Jennie to get one like  
it <sup>for you</sup> but the best she could do was  
not nearly so heavy, so she put the  
rest of the check [cheque] I sent her into a  
tiny butter knife that struck me  
as suitable for a child to play  
with. Of course I would not offend  
her by telling her so, but if I should  
ever go to see you and you put that  
butter knife on the table I should consider  
butter a very scarce commodity in  
the vicinity of New Dundee.

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Dorothy seems to be getting on all right in Mr. Farr's room. She sends her love to you. I know she misses you. Sometime you should have a reunion of your old pupils as Laura Coleman had recently.

I hope you are enjoying every day of this beautiful weather with every good wish to Mr. Page and yourself. I am

Sincerely your friend  
Ethelwyn Wetherald

(Dorothy's nan nan)