

Fenwick
Jan 13.

My Dear Frank, ---

I am thinking
of you & your girls,
Elsie & Ellen, everyday
just now, & you will
know by that that I
am putting on those
good warm stockings
which came in ~~w~~-so
well when one is
either snowed or iced
in. Really, with new
stockings & slippers &
rose-and-grey winter
dress, & sweaters, one
could almost forget

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that it is not always
May. Thank you all for
your ever kind thought
-- & thoughts – of me.

Dorothy was here all
December & did not
return to Cornwall till
Jan 8th. She took her
little fox-terrier, Peanut,
back with her & gave
him to Charlie, who like
most Englishman, is fond
of dogs. I can't wish D.
here, as she is fonder
of Charlie than of any
one else in the world,
& he is equally devoted
to her. The consciousness
of her happiness keeps
my heart glowing. We

write to each other every few days. I am glad too that Peanut is well looked after. He was a lovely little dog out here^{^during D's absence} & couldn't understand why I wouldn't run out of doors & play in the snow with him instead of being a slave to the bottle (of ink).

We had a great treat during Christmas week. Duncan [Armbrust], an old friend & neighbor, whom I hadn't seen for seven years, came down from Kirkland Lake to see his people, & spent two days with us.

He is a poet, a cartoon-
ist, a painter & a nat-
uralist. Has sold sev-
eral paintings, but the
most he received for
one was \$75.00. After
we had talked ourselves
hoarse he surprised
me by saying he enjoyed
painting even more
than writing. Well
I certainly prefer words
to colors, especially as
I can't tell pink from
cream color. But I
do think writing is
the most delightful
hobby one could have
I hope to live to be 100 so
as to have the fun of
keeping on with it.

I get tired if I walk more
than 20 minutes at a time
but have no pain & can
readily pick up a heavy
soap stone with one hand
& carry it to the kitchen
stove. But I'm not allowed
to go out in the cold. When
dear Margaret wrote that
Jean had set her heart on
going to Smithville, ^{^for xmas} I said to
Dorothy & May Campbell,
"suppose I had set my heart
on going to Smithville (or any-
where else) would I go? Fat
chance!" Still I'm doing
pretty well in spite of being
too much babied."

With a great many
loving hopes & wishes,
Ever your affectionate
Ethelwyn