

No 31

34 Chicora Ave.

Toronto, Oct. 25

[1917]

Dear priceless bean,

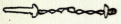
The family were overcome with joy and surprise at getting your photograph yesterday and are awfully pleased with it. I think it is the most successful one yet and the expression is tres bon (Jean thinks you look real lovin'!). We also think you look younger & a little thinner. Is all this dancing attendance on gay little flappers reducing and rejuvenating you, you gay dog? I see

by the Teller that Eastbourne is the
sublimas paradisi & we further you
surrounded by sweet young things of all
ages shapes & sizes. Ma noted with pleasure
your remark about the fair one at the
exhibition. Poor Ma it gave her rather a
jolt as it was evidently 729's de-bere-doverday
day. her chief object seemed to be to spread
her legs as far as her skirt would allow &
when that hampered her she spread 'em
further after Litching said skirt! That was
a smacking blow you dealt the here was she
I gathered that she was no longer young
nor beautiful or you wouldnt have

crushed her with that H. E. & I can
picture your wrath. Poor simp, she wont
attract young trockidollars in a hurry!
we are looking forward to your next
letter to hear how the flight from Hendon
got on - sounds rather well that your
men are the first to get the new
machine & I hope it is a decent one. We
are very interested about your room though
it sounds as if it might be a bit long & narrow
which makes it harder to arrange. Is
this a boarding house you are in or a
house set aside for officers quarters?
You speak of a (grate) in your room

which sounds comfy, will you use it as
a sitting room too, I mean is it the kind of
room you can settle down for the evening with
a book or is it too bedroommy for that? If you
had one of those little electric things for
heating milk or water would you use it
to make your self a hot drink of an evening?

I don't know whether you know the things
I mean, they look something like this

 one end goes into your cup or
glass & the other into the socket & in a
minute or two 'e is 'ot. It would delight-
me to send you one if you would use
it. (These look like a series of questions

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from 'Home Chat' - Can you advise me how
 to & make a pair of trousers for my little
 son, out of an old parasol and a real lace
 handkerchief?) I did think of making a
 pun on son-shade but I won't! Well all
 top when your letter came

It was an autumn evening, wet & full of gloom

and my work weren't done

But I left it, and hid me to my sun-room

where there weren't no sun

what cared I for that, I'd something better

all the sun I wanted

was in your letter



(to gentle reader that is not a portrait of
the authoress with her hair in curl papers
proclaiming "I love the sunshine of your
smile" for the scavengers Saturday night
social.) As I have already told you
it was a rotten afternoon + being Tuesday
noon was at St Pauls red cross meeting. I
stayed at home to do some much needed
sewing and was rewarded by a very nice
mail - your letter + one from Jimmie and a
note from a friend of yours Hammond. I
have now a lot of interesting things in my
book Jimmie writes in good spirits though

he has had that trench fever again.
By the time I had assimilated the
contents of the letters I had lost my
taste for sewing so like Kaffoyaham I
was carried for a while (not quite!). You
know every old hat we wear is a nail in the
coffin of the Kaiser, so I read, and anytime
now you may look for the following in the
social column.

Bring her Bill:

A charming
Miss Billie Shepherd
won the war by
not the famous
Houlihan pearls the



portrait of our stage favorite
Bessie Brantly who has paid to
wearing the same hat twice.
artificial diamonds and
part of the thing of nobody one.

Mum & I went shopping on Wednesday morning & were hard at it till noon. It rained after we got home & kept up a steady downpour all afternoon & evening. Trina & Lilo came to tea and as it was the first time they had been here, we took them over the house from attic to cellar and they were delighted with it. Father had rather an uncomfortable day as he got something in his eye early in the morning and had the doctor fussing at it for some time. He looked like a pirate when he came down to dinner with his red cap on & his eye tied up but it is

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all right now. On Thursday we had
a fairly active day. Father brought an
American professor home for early lunch &
then they went to the opening of the new
Connaught Laboratories away out Vaughan
Rd. Mr Goodham gave these laboratories
for research work I think and a lot of
prominent American bacteriologists were
here & the Duke of Devonshire opened them.
(the labs. not the Americans) Mother was
invited to the affair too but didn't go.
She & I made some Christmas cakes

after lunch & then I took up to Heath St.
to a tea party. I think I told you about
the wedding present Elsie was making
for Lady Maud Casendish and she wanted
those of us who were interested in it to see
its finished product. It was a tray, a
lovely bit of gray birch bark with a
most artistic spray of maple leaves of
every imaginable colour on it also three
Canadian butterflies. This was covered
with glass & had an edging & handles
of gray wicker. It was a great success
and will be quite a unique present.

The Keepers were there & Bert & Goy, Miss
Morgan, Mrs Lamb & the two Arnolds. We
had a jolly tea & the Keepers brought me
home. Father didn't get home till about
six & was due at a dinner at the York
Club at 6-30 but at that hour he was
placidly smoking so was rather late. The
dinner was given by Sir Robert Falconer
for Mr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rocke-
efeller Institute in New York. There were
about a dozen there. After doctors &
afterwards they went on to Convocation
Hall where Mr. Flexner gave an address.

Mr McPhedran insisted on father's going in his
motor & walked there himself which father
appreciated very much as he was pretty tired.
I went to the lecture & was quite interested
in it though it was pretty technical, all
about nasty little guys called bacilli. The
Duke & a couple of his aides were there having
come on from a M.C.A. dinner & looked
tired to tears. The sand man has got into
my eyes & my nimble brain won't work so I
must toddle along. Well tra la me dear &
lots of love

Your aff. sis.

Jeffrey.

