

Sunday, November 11th., 1917.

Am starting this edition just before dinner, and that may be a dangerous procedure--you know one is supposed to be better natured after a meal, but I'm feeling pretty fine, and good natured too, thank you.

Today has been foggy, the first real fog I have seen since arriving in Toronto. But the weather-man could have left "my part" of it out without having created any offense.

Have been favored with a few letters this week, mostly from the far-west--father, mother, Pha, and Bob doing the "donating."

Both Pha and Bob advised me that Ben had been called to the colors, having left home on November 3rd. He went to the camp at American Lake which is a short distance from Tacoma. If he stays at that camp any length of time, he will be able to get home occasionally which will no doubt be mutually enjoyed by he and the family. Ben is trying to get into the aviation corps, and with his knowledge of gas-engines he should have a good chance. It's a dangerous "game" though, but a very important one. In this city I daily see hundreds of the boys who are in the "Royal Flying Corps", and they are a mighty fine, bright looking lot of fellows.

The last word I have had from George was written at Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y., on October 31st., George was not very favorably impressed with the Camp owing to its being located on a great hollow plain that becomes a regular lake after a rain--he thinks they will all be good swimmers before they get away from there. Also cold there--to take George's own words, "the coldest cold that has bitten in my bones for a long, long time". George was in New York city but it did not make much of a hit with him--he said "old Seattle is good enough for me". Well, I hope it will not be many months until he can see good old Seattle again.

Am glad to learn that Pha has finally built a "barn" for "Old Betsy", but it will not seem hardly right for it not to be keeping watch alongside some avenue in the south side of the city. Pha better let it stand out a night now and then so it will not "get lonesome".

The past week has been about the busiest I have had since arriving here and there is another just like it, to follow. After that, think I can ease up a little, as all my Christmas ads will be in the hands of the various publishers, and I will not have to write any new "copy" until the first of the New Year.

Have another good window this week, and am stopping nearly everyone that goes up or down Yonge Street. Have some "action" in it, and that does the trick you know. At one time last eve we counted thirty-six people lined up against the glass. It has even pleased Mr. "H. H.", and he is a very hard man to get an expression of satisfaction from.

Bought some fleece lined gloves yesterday--not that they are needed that warm just at the present time, but we may awaken any morning now and find that "Jack Frost" has gotten busy. I know I shall "hate Jack".

Am off now, to the big dinner, and will post these on the way. Am feeling fine, and have had no further trouble with the "rhumatis", and hope the little touch I did have was not an indication of more to follow.

Love, and best wishes to all,

Affectionately,