Canadian Thanksgiving Day - - - October 8th., 1917.

It's just about bed-time for respectible people, and as, of course, I'm trying to figure myself in that class, it will behoove me to make this effort short and to the point, not entirely on the subject of respectibility, but because of the more important fact that I am "dead tired".

Have been working all day and most of the evening in my office getting it arranged for the future work. The mechanics finally finished their work last Friday, and I doe gan to move up at once, getting most of my necessary appliances up last Saturday, but there was some shelving to be rearranged, desks and letter fyles to be readjusted, and it struck me that while the whole office and sales staff were away on a "picnic" that it would be fine time for me to get on with the work, unannoyed.

And besides, hoping to take a day or two off when the other Thanksgiving comes, by putting in such a faithful day today. I will not feel that I have cheated the firm out of their time.

Have hated like the Dickens to stay in today, as it has been clear, sunny, and crisp--- dandy day to be out from every indication. But I can give "thanks" that after today's toil. I can go ahead without so much handicap. The way I have been working the past few weeks has been no great pleasure I can assure you

Most everybody in Toronto who can afford the trip, goes to Debroit, Buffalo, or some other American city on a holiday such as today. Not being a holiday on the other side, the stores will all be open, and regretable to many Canadian merchants, a great deal of shopping is done away from home by the Torontoites. "Distant pastures" you know.

Last week had letters from mother, Hazel, and George. all of which were fully enjoyed. Mother insists in trying to make me homesick by telling me how fine the yard looks. how beautiful the flowers are, and how luscious the fruit tastes-but I don't dare get homesick. Otherwise I would, good and plenty.

Took in a show again this lastweek with Mr. Conley. We went to the same theatre, Gayety, and saw the same calss of show that we saw two, weeks age. It was a splendid company this time tho', with a splendid array of singers.

Mr. H. H. Mason and Mr. Conley went to Quebec city to spend their Thanksgiving -- they're mixing up business with pleasure too, as they are calling upon one of our dealers while there. I would have gone with them, in fact that would have been just fine, but they did not ask met That's the only reason.

This will be about all for tonight-my eyes are getting groggy. Hope you are all well, happy, and fine. Will endeavor to get some "personals" away this week, and take up in detail some points that I know some of you are awaiting.

With best wishes and love to all,

Affectionatelly.