

T O R O N T O      N E W S      B U L L E T I N .

C. V. Jones.

Toronto, Ont.

July 14th. 1918.

People--let me tell you this is to be a "hot weather" edition, a short one. For today is plentifully warm--the first real penetrating warm day we have had this year. Really, Toronto has been a full fledged, first class "summer resort" up to the present time.

Last Tuesday I again had the pleasure of seeing Niagara Falls. Was delegated by the firm to take an English Bishop down to our store at the Falls and sell him an organ which that branch store had on hand. This I succeeded in doing then I "shipped" the Bishop back home on an early train, and I stayed over and took in the sights during the afternoon. Unfortunately it was a rainy day, a condition that lessened the pleasure of my outing. But I saw the Falls, and went across to the American side and took my hat off to the Old Flag on home territory.

There was a troop train at Niagara--U. S. A. troops--and the boys were off the train taking a hike when I first saw them. Later, when they were back at the train, I visited them and had an interesting chat with several. They certainly all have the right spirit and are anxious to get into the fight--to make the sacrifice.

I left Niagara Falls at 7.45 P. M., returning to Toronto via boat crossing Lake Ontario, but the weather was a trifle too cold to make the boat trip very pleasant.

Yesterday afternoon (Sat) being a half-holiday, I went across to Hanlon's Point, and enjoyed a double-header ball game. An old commercial traveller friend from Vancouver dropped in at one P. M., and went across with me. The weather was fine, the games were good, and our afternoon was much enjoyed. Hanlon's Point is across Toronto harbor on a spit of land between the city and Lake Ontario. To get there we take a ferry-boat, and the trip is very similar to that from Seattle to West Seattle, from Vancouver to North Vancouver, or from San Francisco to Oakland. As soon as I get this Bulletin away, I'm going to take the same ferry-boat and go across to the lake shore. Imagine it will be a whole lot cooler over there.

During the past week have had letters from mother, Mrs. Yeo, Aunt Emma Wiley, and Aunt Margaret. Without exception their reports are all good and most everyone is in good health.

Aunt Emma stated that Chet is home from Cape May on a thirty day furlough subject to call at any time--that he is enjoying his work, is looking well and is in better health than for a long time. His address is "Let Ships Co. Wissahickon Barracks, Cape May, N. J." He says to tell Bob that if he gets to the East Coast to let him know and he will hunt him up. Chet thinks the Navy is the only place in the service.

Haven't heard from my soldier brothers since last Bulletin, but don't blame them much for not writing as I imagine that the weather where they are at is hotter than that place where the Kaiser is eventually booted for--you know where I mean.

Mother's letter was dated July 8th and she reported all well at home and that they were having plenty of fruit. She was pretty lonesome without Bob, but expected him to be out of quarantine in a day or two when they would have the pleasure of hearing him jump down the stairs once more. She had heard from Ben and he was "fine as a fiddle and g uessed that the mumps had acted as a tonic". She had heard from George--his letters were very cheerful and he was being kept very busy in his new position

Good bye everybody--I'm off to the lake front to get cooled off.

Sincerely,

