

—the air is full of lovely sounds. You would agree with me if you were here.

Heaps of love, Betty.

P.S.—Bother Clarence. I Won't write to him. If you would just tell him exactly what I say he would stop worrying you about me.

July 3, 1918

Sister mine:—That twice a week correspondence seems to be petering out, and note-not altogether on my side. I have not heard from you before for three weeks and it is two weeks since I wrote.

What have I been doing? Well, there are always my four-footed charges to be looked after and for the last few days I have been picking berries. At first I found it hard work, but am getting used to it now. Great crop this year, I am told. I am very sure I never knew the real flavor of berries before. I eat as I pick, and we have them for all meals, mostly with cream such as your silly City Dairy never dreamt of.

So you get your vacation the last two weeks of this month. Come out here for one week-the first-and then you will stay for the second. There is a nice place near here where you can board. Do come, Sis! You won't want to think of a Muskoka hotel after you have been in the real country.

I have become acquainted with a number of young people, mostly girls of

eat doughnuts and drink milk after an evening of singing. It would kill me at home but somehow the combination here does not give me a single qualm.

Let me know if you decide to come. I really think you would find it a splendid rest and change, and I confess to being homesick for a sight of you. I feel such a pig having this good time while you are stewing away there.

Oh, I'm sleepy, sleepy. Good-night, dear.

Sunday, July 6, 1918.

Good! So you're coming! When I told Mrs. Johnston she said to ask you to come here and stay. I said you would not unless you paid your board and finally made her promise to take \$4.00 a week, compare that with Muskoka prices, not to compare the board. She says she would rather not take any from my sister, now, see how nice she must think me. I will get your room ready for you by the 17th. It is right next to mine, which I may say, is not the one I had at first. I am sure you will love it here.

It is just like Clarence to think because I've come across a man who can sing that I'll fall in love with him. Clarence can sing like an angel, but I am more sure than ever that I am not in love him, at least not while I am here. He does not fit in this picture.

Thanks for the music. We went through most of it last night. It was a

"Wintertime"

By Isobel Wilson

When blow the cold winds from the north,
Shaking the bare trees back and forth,
It's wintertime.
And softly falling white snowflakes
On the brown earth a carpet makes,
In wintertime.

Then frost bespangles everything,
And birds haste south until the spring,
In wintertime.
When folks to town their journeys take,
The sleigh-bells merry music make,
In wintertime.

Then warmly-clad the children play
Out with toboggan and with sleigh,
In wintertime.
With eyes so bright and cheeks aglow,
All heedless of the frost and snow,
In wintertime.

'Tis then the nights are dark and long,
The coyote howls his mournful song,
In wintertime.
But snug within by stove's warm glow
We sit around and read or sew,
In wintertime.

Life "Life," it passes day by day,
Some mornings bright and others grey,
In wintertime.
Then let us each do all we can,
To help and cheer our fellow man,
In wintertime.

course, as the men are in the army. It is wonderful the way the women are doing the work necessary to raise and save food now the men are away. They form a real Army too, though without the glory the men have, and also without the excitement the city war workers seem to enjoy so much. These women just work-hard, physical work that some of them are hardly more used to than I am. They are fine.

I've discovered that our neighbor and choir leader is a returned soldier. Was among the first to go and to come back with one eye gone. His mother died while he was away and he now lives in the big farm home alone except for a house-keeper, whom he says he keeps for her pleasure rather than for his! Mrs. Johnston says she is disgracefully lazy and that "Jack" is too easy going with her. His name is John Harrington. The Johnstons seem to be fond of him and he has been here twice in the last ten days. We have had some good old-fashioned singing, all four of us sometimes and sometimes Mr. Harrington and I sing a duet, or we sing alone. I wish you could send me a parcel of duets from my cabinet. He reads as well as I do, better than I can when I have to play, but I know most of those songs. I wish you could see us

rest after the long day. We work late now to get the fruit picked without loss. Tonight we sang one of the duets at the church and Mrs. Johnston said it was "like heaven", which was nice of her though unduly flattering. However, it is nice to sing with a voice that matches. That's an odd sentence, but you know what I mean.

Mrs. Johnston told me about her grand-son today. They both feel it very keenly that he was drafted as he was barely draft age and their only help on the farm. He is in England and writes them such nice letters. His parents died when he was a little child and this is the only home he has known. I hope it will come about that the war will be over before he is sent to France.

I have wondered about the heavier work of the farm and learned only the other day that Mr. Harrington is looking after that together with his own farm work with what help he has been able to get. The Johnstons think a great deal of him. I don't know what else to tell you about what I am doing. As I said at first so much of it is the same thing or the same kind of thing, over and over, so that I have only told you of some of the things outside the routine. As to why I am so interested and happy, I can't put that into

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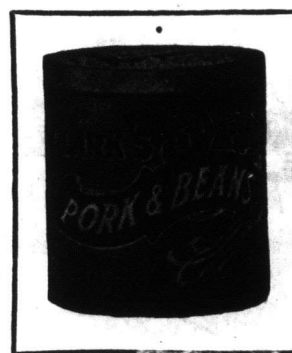


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